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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

59813

VOLUME LVIII.

DECEMBER, 1878, TO MAY, 1879.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1879.

59813

CONTENTS OF VOLUME LVIII.

DECEMBER, 1878, TO MAY, 1879.

AFGHANISTAN ..... *Zadel B. Gustafson* 616

AGRICULTURAL SHOW, ENGLISH.—See "'Royal' on Durdham Down" 217

AMAZONS, AT THE MOUTH OF THE ..... *M. Mauris* 365

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Floating Islands in the Arary River 365
The Mouths of the Amazons 366
Entangled in the Sea-Grass on the Arary River 367
The Montaria, or Winter Wagon of Marajó .. 368
Affua, on the west Coast, Island of Marajó .. 369
Souré and Salvaterra 370
Chaves, on the north Coast 371
City of Pará 372
Government Palace 373
Rua de San José 374
A Paranese Belle 374
A Brazilian Senhora 375
Nazareth Square 376
Market, Pará 377
Theatre of Our Lady of the Peace 378

ANTS, A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ..... *Mary Treat* 176

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Slave-making Ant 176
Ant-Nest with under-ground Passages 177
Larva, Cocoon, and Pupæ of Red Ant 178
Front View of Red Ant's Head, showing Antennæ and Mandibles 179
Honey-Sac and Stomach of Red Ant 179
Ants attacking Larva 180
External Anatomy of Red Ant 181
Nervous System of Red Ant 181
Queen of Slave-making Ants 183

ART, AMERICAN, PRESENT TENDENCIES OF ..... *S. G. W. Benjamin* 481

ILLUSTRATIONS.

La Marguerette: the Daisy 481
A Landscape 482
Study of a Dog 482
A Child's Portrait 483
Moonlight 484
Having a good Time 484
Southampton, Long Island 485
A Study 485
Burial of the dead Bird 486
The Mother 487
The old Orchard 488
Sail-Boat 488
Study of a Boy's Head 489
A Bit of Venice 490
A Matin Song 491
The Apprentice 492
The Burgomaster 493
The Professor 494
A Spanish Lady 495
The Gooseherd 496

ART IN BOSTON, THE STUDY OF ..... *George P. Lathrop* 818

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Boston Museum and School of Art 818
Eight Original Designs, by Pupils of the Primary, Grammar, and High Schools .. 820–822
First Instruction in Drawing at Primary Public Schools 823
Original Designs, Evening Drawing School .. 824
Night School, Appleton Street 825
Ornamental Border in Plaster (Honeysuckle), Designed and Modelled by Pupil in Appleton Street School 826
The Normal Graduate 828
A Piece from the Alhambra (*two Illustrations*) 830
A Group in the Egyptian Room 831
Roman and Renaissance Room 832
The Torso, Boston Art Museum 833
Pulpit Door from Mosque at Cairo 834
Lawrence Room, with old English Oak Carving 835
Japanese Drapery 836
Antique School, Upper Class, Boston Art Museum 837
Carving School, Boston Museum of Fine Arts 838
School for Embroidery, Boston Art Museum 839

ATHLETIC WORK, THE RISKS OF ..... *William Blaikie* 923

BEN AZIM'S CREED ..... *Fannie R. Robinson* 896

BERG UND THAL.—SKETCHES IN TYROL ..... *George E. Waring, Jun.* 540, 641, 840

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Berg und Thal 540
The Watzmann, overlooking Berchtesgaden 541
Peasant Girl 542
Peasant 542
Entrance to the Königs-See 543
Königs-See 544
Costumes of the Salt-Mine 545
Lake in Salt-Mine, Berchtesgaden 546
Pass Lueg 547
Farm-House on the Mountain-Side 548
Schloss Fischhorn 549
The Wilde Kaiser 551
Hopfgarten 552
Costumes of the Ziller Thal 553
Edelweiss 641
Goldenes Dachl 642
King Arthur 642
Andreas Hofer 643
Philippine Welser, Countess of Tyrol 644
Terra-cotta Stove at Amras 645
Profile of the Brenner Railway 645
Maria Theresa Strasse, Innsbruck 646
Telfs 647
Wrestling 648
Finger-hacking 649
Parish Church, Botzen 650
Meran, from the Küchelberg 651
Schloss Tirol 653
Vineyard Watch 654
Alpine Roses 840
Village Street in Tyrol 841
St. Ulrich 842
Costume of Bride in the Grödner Thal 843
The Wood-Carver 844
Tyrolese Costume, Val Sugana 845
A Mountain-Porter 846
The Lang Kofel, from the Seisser Alp 847
Tyrolese Costume, Sarn Thal 848
Tyrolese Maid spinning 849
Glacier of Marmolata 850
Lienz, Puster Thal 851
William Howitt 853

BIRDS, SEA, A FEW ..... *H. W. Elliot* 497

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Gathering Eggs from the Cliffs, St. George Island 497
Brawling Puffins 498
A Visit to Walrus Islet 499
Column Vendôme, St. Lawrence Island 500
Choochkies 501
Plumed Knight 502
The stupid Shag 503
No Room for Argument 504
Fulmar's Niche 505

BONES, BRUDDER, THE ANCESTRY OF ..... *Olive Logan* 687

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Concert (Bass-Relief of the Eleventh Century) 687
Concert (Bass-Relief in Norman Church) 689
Fou Hi and the Musical Instruments he invented 690
Greek Clappers 690
The Beggars 691
Tambourine Player 691
Musical Instruments of Percussion 692
Assyrian Quartette 692
Antique Persian Procession with Drum 693
The Chinese Emperor's Drum 693
Ancient Etruscan Musical Instruments 694
Bosjesman playing the Gorah 695
Bengal Sitar: front and side View 695
Benares Sitar: front and side View 696
Dog and Monkey Minstrels 696
Education of Dogs by Music 697
Concert of Nile Negroes 698

CANADA, WINTER SPORTS IN ..... *Frederick G. Mather* 391

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frozen Cone of Montmorenci Falls 391
Esplanade Hill, Quebec 392
The Toboggan 393
St. John's Gate, Quebec 394
Sleighing in Montreal 395
Skating, Montreal 396
The Moose-Hunter 397
Shans-ko-nar 399
A Moonlight Tramp 400

CANDLEMAS-EVE, A CEREMONY UPON (*with an Illustration*) ..... *Robert Herrick* 539
CANNIBALS, A RESCUE FROM ..... *Mrs. Frank M'Carthy* 136
CHELIDONISMA ..... *A. T. L.* 776
CHILDREN, THE ..... *Paul H. Hayne* 82
CHINA, FIRST RAILROAD IN ..... *A. A. Hayes, Jun.* 131
CHRISTMAS CAROL, A (*with an Illustration*) ..... *S. T. Coleridge* 2
CHRISTMAS-DAY ..... *George Wither* 2
CHRISTMAS POEMS (*with Three Illustrations*) 1
CHURCH MUSIC IN AMERICA ..... *Mrs. A. B. Blake* 735
CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL ..... *Jennie J. Young* 211

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Modern Japanese Bowl: Cloisonné on Porcelain 211
Cover of Japanese Bowl 211
Old Chinese Cloisonné on Metal (*two Illustrations*) 212, 214
Modern Japanese Cloisonné on Metal (*five Illustrations*) 213, 215, 216
Modern Chinese Cloisonné on Porcelain 216

COAST SURVEY, THE ..... *Martha J. Lamb* 506

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ferdinand R. Hassler 506
Alexander Dallas Bache 507
Benjamin Peirce 508
Carlile Pollock Patterson 509
Magnetic Declination: Variation of Compass: Isogonic Lines for 1870 510
A Specimen of Triangulation 511
Reconnoissance Party on the California Coast 512
Apparatus for making and breaking Contact in measuring Base-Line 513
View of Base-Line as graded for Measurement 513
Method of marking the Point 514
Coast Survey Signal Pole 514
Specimen of Topographical Chart 515
West End of Base-Line 515
Morro Rock, in Coast Survey Chart 516
Morro Rock, in Coast View accompanying the Chart 516
Chart of the Gulf of Mexico 516
Disaster to the Coast Survey Brig Washington 517
Water-Bottle for obtaining Specimens 518
Sigsbee's Detacher, with a Modification of Belknap's Sounding Cylinder No. 2 518
Sigsbee's improved Machine for sounding with Wire 519
Under-ground Magnetic Observatory 520

COR CORDIUM (*with an Illustration*) ..... *Lizzie W. Champney* 712
CRIME AND TRAMPS ..... *Hon. Horatio Seymour* 106
DANA, RICHARD HENRY ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 769
DARK, AFTER ..... *Will Wallace Harney* 47
DUTCH MASTERS, OLD.—REMBRANDT VAN RYN ..... *E. Mason* 530

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Jesus driving out the Money-Changers 531
Rembrandt: the "Portrait Appuyé" 533
The Night-Watch 535
The Rabbi 537

EDINBURGH, PICTURESQUE ..... *Helen S. Conant* 673

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View of Edinburgh Castle and Grass-Market 673
The Old Town: Night View 674
Covenanters' Prison Gate 675
Mackenzie's Tomb 676
Cellar in which the Union was signed 676
Grave of the Regent Morton 676
Blackfriars' Wynd 677
North Bridge in 1876 678
Doorway where Rizzio was murdered 678
St. Anthony's Chapel 679
Water of Leith and St. Bernard's Well 680
Hawthornden 681

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

DRAWER FOR DECEMBER 157
DRAWER FOR JANUARY 317
DRAWER FOR FEBRUARY 477
DRAWER FOR MARCH 637
DRAWER FOR APRIL 796
DRAWER FOR MAY 949

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

CHAIR FOR DECEMBER 140
CHAIR FOR JANUARY 303
CHAIR FOR FEBRUARY 458
CHAIR FOR MARCH 619
CHAIR FOR APRIL 777
CHAIR FOR MAY 929

59813

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

United States.—Congress: Opening of the Third Session of the Forty-fifth Congress, 476; President's Message, 476; Southern Fraud Investigation, 476; Yellow Fever Investigation, 476, 948; Appropriation Bills, 476, 795, 948; Electoral Bill passed by the Senate, 476; Inter-State Commerce Bill passed, 476; Holiday Recess, 476; Re-assembling, 637; Edmunds's Bill to protect Voters, 637; Geneva Award Bill, 637; Certificates of Deposit Bill, 637, 795; Arrears of Pensions Bill, 795; Chinese Immigration Bill, 795, 948; Army Appropriation Bill, 795; Bill admitting Women to Supreme Court Practice, 795; Internal Revenue Bill, 795; Brazilian Mail Subsidy, 795, 948; Federal Supervisors of Elections, 795; General Merritt and Mr. Burt confirmed, 795; Census Bill, 948. General Lewis Wallace appointed Governor of New Mexico, 476. Expiration of the Forty-fifth Congress, 948. Extra Session, Forty-sixth Congress opened, 948. Charles H. Bell, of New Hampshire, appointed United States Senator, 948. Elections, 156, 316, 476, 637, 795. State Conventions, 156, 948. Payment of the Halifax Award, 316. Gold at Par in New York, 476.

Europe and Canada.—Great Britain: City of Glasgow Bank Failure, 156; British Parliament Opening, 476; Action on the Afghan War, 476; Irish Borough Franchise, 795; Transvaal and Zulu War Credit, 948; Woman Suffrage Bill, 948; Marriage of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louisa Margaret, 948; Marriage of the King of Holland, 637; New Canadian Ministry, 156. Germany: Socialist Bill adopted, 156; Bismarck's Parliamentary Discipline Bill, 637, 795, 948. France: Elections, 316, 637; Vote of Confidence, 637; Resignation of President M'Mahon, and Election of M. Jules Grévy, 795; New Cabinets, 795, 948; Amnesty Bill, 795, 948; Motion to Impeach rejected, 948. Spain: Attempt to kill King Alfonso, 316; New Cabinet, 948. Italy: Attempted Assassination of King Humbert, 316; Conviction of the Assassin, 948. Eastern Question: the Czar's Letter on the Berlin Treaty, 156; Definitive Treaty between Russia and Turkey signed, 795. Afghan War: Shere Ali's Reply to the Viceroy, 156; the British Invasion begun, 316; Proclamation of the Viceroy of India, 316; the Czar's Present to the Ameer, 316; Flight of Shere Ali, 476; Death of Shere Ali, 948; General Roberts's Victory, 637; March through Candahar, 637. Defeat of British Forces in Zululand, 795. Massacres in Burmah, 948.

Disasters: 156, 316, 476, 637, 795, 948.—Old Colony Railway, 156; Church Panic, Lynchburg, Virginia, 156; Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, 156; Railway in Wales, 156; Fire at Cape May, 316; Coal Mine Explosion, Sullivan, Indiana, 316; British Cruiser Fanny sunk, 316; Sinking of Steamer Pommerania, 476; Steamer Byzantium sunk, 476; Steamer Emily B. Souder foundered, 637; Explosion in Dinas Colliery, Wales, 637; Boiler Explosion, Stockton, California, 795; Reno, Nevada, burned, 948; Szegedin, Hungary, destroyed by Floods, 948; the Adriatic stranded, 948; Foundering of the Arrogante, 948.

Obituary: 156, 316, 476, 637, 795, 948.—Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., 156; Benjamin H. Latrobe, 156; Rear-Admiral Hiram Paulding, 156; Dr. August Heinrich Petermann, 156; Felix-Antoine-Philibert Dupanloup, 156; Richard Realf, 316; Cardinal Paul Cullen, 316; Christopher R. Robert, 316; L. A. Garnier-Pages, 316; Louis A. Godey, 476; Hon. Lyman Tremain, 476; General A. S. Williams, 476; George Henry Lewes, 476; George John White-Melville, 476; Señor Nicolas Maria Rivero, 476; Princess Alice of England, 476; Bayard Taylor, 476; Rear-Admiral Henry K. Hoff, U.S.N., 637; Major-General D. C. M'Callum, 637; Morton M'Michael, 637; Hon. Julian Hartridge, 637; Hon. Gustave Schleicher, 637; John Blair Scribner, 637; George S. Hillard, 637; Joaquin Baldomero Espartero, 637; Dr. Henry Lindermann, 795; Richard Henry Dana, 795; Hon. A. Bruyn Hasbrouck, 795; Elihu Burritt, 948; Rev. John Weiss, 948; Dr. J. M. Woodworth, 948; General Thomas W. Sherman, 948; Rev. Dr. James De Koven, 948; Adolph Anderssen, 948.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

Miss Young's The Ceramic Art, 145. Sherwood Bonner's Like Unto Like, 146. Kent's Sybil Spencer, 146. Eggleston's Roxy, 146. Mrs. Porter's Cousin Polly's Gold Mine, 146. Taine's The French Revolution, 147. D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin, 147. Quackenbos's Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, 147. Cruttwell's History of Roman Literature, 147. Trench's Lectures on Mediæval Church History, 148. Ihne's Early Rome, 148. Johnston and Browne's Life of Alexander H. Stephens, 148. Draper's Scientific Memoirs, 148. Wilson's American Ornithology, 148. Rolfe's Shakspeare's Hamlet, 148. Whittier's Vision of Echard, 149. Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold, 149. Cowper's Task, 149. Bryant's Thanatopsis, 149. The Speaker's Commentary: New Testament, Vol. I., 149. Shedd's Literary Essays, 150. Brooks's Sermons, 150. Dix's Sermons, 150. Hodge's Outlines of Theology, 150. Eggleston's A Rebel's Recollections, 150. New "Half-hour" Volumes, 151. Juveniles, 151. Porter's The American Colleges and the American Public, 307. Thwing's American Colleges, 308. Hitchcock's Socialism, 308. Prince Bismarck's Letters, 308. Calvert's Wordsworth, 308. Hamerton's Modern Frenchmen, 308. Miss Burney's Evelina, 308. The Bachelor of the Albany, 309. James's The Europeans, 309. Auld Lang Syne, 309. Lowell's A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town, 309. Flemming's Cupid and the Sphinx, 309. Townsend's A Woman's Word, and How She Kept It, 309. Holt's Margery's Son, 310. Black's Macleod of Dare, 310. James's Daisy Miller, 310. Baker's The Virginians in Texas, 310. Stewart's Canada Under the Administration of Earl Dufferin, 310. Day's Outlines of Ontological Science, 311. Harland's The Dinner Year-Book, 311. Cuyler's Pointed Papers for the Christian Life, 311. Allen's The Blessed Bees, 311. Duffield's The Art of Flower-Painting, 311. Johnson's The Studio Arts, 312. Loring's Hand-Book of the Telegraph, 312. Bailey's England from a Back Window, 312. Mason's The Old House Altered, 312. Coffin's The Story of Liberty, 312. Nesbitt's Grammar Land, 312. Tyler's History of American Literature, 462. Johnston's The Campaign of 1776 Around New York and Brooklyn, 463. Clark's The Races of European Turkey, 463. Macpherson's Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson, 463. Symonds's Shelley, 464. Landseer, 464. Holmes's The School-Boy, 464. Willing's Genevieve of Brabant, 464. Toland's Iris, 464. Rock of Ages, 465. Bruce's The Land of Burns, 465. Whitman's Poems, 465. Thaxter's Drift-Weed, 465. Ballard and Smith's The Scarlet Oak and Other Poems, 465. Goodale's Apple Blossoms, 465. Gustafson's Meg: A Pastoral; and Other Poems, 465. A Masque of Poets, 465. Coates's Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry, 466. Beers's A Century of American Literature, 466. M'Knight's Life and Faith, 466. Bonar's Hymns of the Nativity, and Other Poems, 466. Rolfe's Shakspeare's Much Ado About Nothing, 466. Fothergill's The First Violin, 466. Braddon's The Mistletoe Bough, 467. Roe's A Face Illumined, 467. Uncle Tom's Cabin, 467. Green's The Leavenworth Case, 467. Burnett's Lindsay's Luck, Kathleen Mavourneen, and Pretty Polly Pemberton, 467. Lange's Commentary, 468. Hodge's Discussions in Church Polity, 468. Cook's Conscience, 468. Church's Stories from Virgil, 468. Browning's Modern England, 468. Hay's A Dark Inheritance, 468. Piton's China Painting in America, 468. Fawcett's Gold and Debt, 469. Mathews's Oratory and Orators, 469. Juveniles, 469. Macaulay's History of England, Library Edition, 625. Johnson's The Normans in Europe, 627. Eggleston's Red Eagle, 627. Hardy's The Return of the Native, 627. Notley's Love's Crosses, 628. Macquoid's Elinor Dryden, 628. Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii, 628. Sandeau's Madeleine, 628. Hay's The Sorrow of a Secret, 628. Besant and Rice's 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, 628. Linton's Our Professor, 628. Lady Carmichael's Will, and Other Christmas Stories, 629. Kip's Hannibal's Man, and Other Tales, 629. Runeberg's Nadeschda, 629. Gilder's The Poet and his Master, and Other Poems, 630. Schaff's Popular Commentary on the New Testament, 630. Warner's Bible Narratives, 631. O'Flanagan's The Irish Bar, 631. Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier, 631. Towle's Pizarro, 631. Shaw's Castle Blair, 631. Adams's Railroads: their Origin and Problems, 783. Smiles's Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist, 784. Black's Goldsmith, 784. Huxley's Hume, 785. Mason's Samuel Johnson: his Words and his Ways, 785. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, 785. Brontë's Jane Eyre, 785. Collins's Man and Wife, 785. Signor Monaldini's Niece, 785. Cambridge's My Guardian, 786. Drake's Captain Nelson, 786. Hale's Mrs. Merriam's Scholars, 786. Tales from the German of Paul Heyse, 786. Ralfe's Exercise and Training, 786. Greenfield's Alcohol: its Use and Abuse, 786. The House and its Surroundings, 786. Premature Death, 787. Véron's Æsthetics, 787. Cowan's Southwestern Pennsylvania in Song and

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EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD—*Continued.*

Story, 787. Reid's The Telegraph in America, 788. The German, 788. Crabb's English Synonymes, 788. Conant's A Primer of Spanish Literature, 788. Swinton's New Language Lessons, 788. Lamb's The Adventures of Ulysses, 789. Verne's Dick Sands, the Boy-Captain, 789. Weisse's Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature, 935. Seeley's Life and Times of Stein; or, Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age, 936. Fanny Kemble's Records of a Girlhood, 937. Frothingham's Gerrit Smith, 937. Memoir of Bishop George David Cummins, 937. Goethe and Schiller, 937. Perry's History of the Church of England, 938. Geike's English Reformation, 938. Lady Blunt's Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates, 939. Ballantine's Midnight Marches through Persia, 939. Geary's Through Asiatic Turkey, 940. Constable's Afghanistan, 940. Miss Braddon's Vixen, 940. The Last of her Line, 940. Spender's True Marriage, 940. Kelverdale, 941. Greville's Philomene's Marriages, 941. The Lady of the Aroostook, 941. Rolfe's Romeo and Juliet, 941. Cicero's De Natura Deorum, De Divinatione, De Fato, 941. Pindar, 941. Hughes on the Currency Question, 941. Van Oosterzee's Practical Theology, 941.

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

Anthropology, 315, 472, 634, 792. Astronomy, 151, 313, 470, 632, 789, 942. Botany, 474, 794, 946. Chemistry, 154, 315, 472, 634, 792, 944. Engineering and Mechanics, 155, 475, 635, 794, 946. Meteorology, 152, 789. Physics, 152, 313, 470, 632, 790, 942. Zoology, 154, 473, 634, 793, 945.

EDUCATION BY HAND ..... *Horace E. Scudder* 406

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Institute of Technology, Boston 408
William B. Rogers 409
The Drawing-School 413
Forging Shop 415

ENGLAND'S GREAT SEA-PORT ..... *William H. Rideing* 161

ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. George's Dock, Liverpool 161
The Port of Liverpool 163
Strand Street 164
The Perch Rock Light 165
A Fleet of Mersey River Flats 167
Graving-Docks 168
Town-Hall, from St. George's Crescent 169
Wapping Dock and Warehouses 170
A Woodside Ferry-Boat 171
Sailors' Home 172
Lime Street 173
The Exchange 174
College, Show Street 175
Brown Free Library; New Reading-Room; Art Gallery 175

EXPECTATION ..... *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 135

FARMERS, FRENCH ..... *Phebe Earle Gibbons* 449

FLEMISH MASTERS, OLD ..... *E. Mason* 401

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Roger Vander Weyden 401
Jacques Jordaens 402
The Family Concert 403
Erasmus Quellyn 404
Youthful Satyrs 404
Franz Snyder 405
The Boar-Hunt 406

FRANCE, RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF ..... *S. G. W. Benjamin* 193, 337

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Lyons 194
Arch of Triumph at Orange 194
Map of Southern France 195
Castle of Crousol, on the Rhone, near Valence 195
Avignon 196
Rue Pétrarque, Avignon 197
Nicolas Gabrini de Rienzi 198
King René's Château, Tarascon 199
Arcades at Tarascon 199
Villa Neuve des Avignon 200
Castle of Beaucaire 200
Cloître St. Trophisme, Arles 201
Women of Arles 202
Place Royale, Church of St. Trophimus, and Obelisk, at Arles 202
Coliseum at Arles 203
Roman Theatre at Arles 203
La Maison Carrée, Nîmes 204
Fountain of Nîmes 205
Amphitheatre at Nîmes 206
Nîmes 207
Fountain of Diana, Nîmes 207
Roman Baths, Nîmes 208
Le Pont du Gard, Nîmes 209
Cathedral of Montpellier 210
Church at Frontignan 210
Shepherds of the Landes 337
Gate of Narbonne, Carcassonne 338
Towers of Visigoth and of the Inquisition, Carcassonne 339
Cahuzac and l'Évêque Towers, Carcassonne. 340
Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes 341
Lourdes 342
Bridge of St. Betharam 343
Pic du Midi d'Ossau 344
Château of Henri IV., Pau 345
Gobelin Tapestry at Pau: Henri IV. parting from Gabrielle d'Estrées 346
Cradle of Henri IV 347
Charcoal Vender, Pau 347
Pic de Ger 348
Road to Eaux Chaudes 349
Laruns 350
Musicians of Laruns 351
Peasant Woman of Laruns 351
St. Michel's Tower, Bordeaux 352
Eaux Bonnes 353
Eaux Chaudes 354

GARDEN, A KITCHEN ..... *E. P. Roe* 762

HAG, YE (*with an Illustration*) ..... *Robert Herrick* 235

HARVEST YEAR, THE GREAT ..... *Edward Everett Hale* 300

HAVANA, STREET SCENES IN ..... *Frank H. Taylor* 682

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Morro Castle 682
Court-yard of a Cuban House 683
The Market 684
Horses bathing in the Surf 685
Chinese Fruit Store 686

HEAVEN, THE TRUE ..... *Paul H. Hayne* 655

HELEN ..... *Alice Perry* 97

HOME ..... *Porte Crayon* 236

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Cribbage 236
Old-time Conveniences: carrying in Dinner. 238
The Driver 239
An American Ruin 239
Assault and Battery 241
Neighborly 242
The new Era 243
Inconvenient Pockets 244
A Man's Idea of a Closet 245
Elevated moral Sense 246
Horticultural Autographs 247
Finis coronat Opus 248

HOW ABEL M'APRIL PREACHED FOR MR. SMITH 729

INDIA, THE ENGLISH IN ..... *Thomas W. Knox* 568

INVALIDS, CLIMATES FOR (*with Dove's Chart of Isothermal Lines*).....*Dr. T. M. Coan* 583
JORDAENS, JACQUES.—See "Flemish Masters"..... 402
JOSEPH, THE NEZ PERCÉ.....*W. H. Babcock* 109
KNOWARE (*with Twelve Illustrations*).....*Rose Terry Cooke* 37
LIVERPOOL.—See "England's Great Sea-Port"..... 161
LOCOMOTIVES, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN (*with Three Illustrations*).*Charles Barnard* 555
'LORD ALLEN'S DAUGHTER (*with Two Illustrations*).....*Mrs. E. W. Latimer* 887
MACAULAY, THE "TOM" SIDE OF.....*D. D. Lloyd* 605
MACLEOD OF DARE (*with Two Illustrations*).....*William Black* 110, 261
MAGNETIC MOTOR, GARY'S.....*E. M. Bacon* 601
MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE (*with Portrait of Maria Brooks*).....*Zadel B. Gustafson* 249
MENDELSSOHN AND MOSCHELES.....*Lucy White Lillie* 56

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy..... 56
Ignatz Moscheles..... 58
Georg Friedrich Handel..... 59
Carl Maria von Weber..... 60
Sebastian Bach..... 61
Sigismond Thalberg..... 63
Robert Schumann..... 65
Madame Clara Schumann..... 67
Ludwig von Beethoven..... 69
Johannes Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart..... 74

MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS TO MADAME MOSCHELES..... 426
MERCY'S APPEAL TO GOD FOR MAN (*with One Illustration*).....*Giles Fletcher* 4
MISS MAY.....*Alice Perry* 910
MISS MORIER'S NERVES.....*Miss Thackeray* 611
MISS VEDDER.....*Constance Fenimore Woolson* 590
MITCHILL'S, DR., LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON CITY..... 740
MOONSHINERS (*with Two Illustration*).....*John Esten Cooke* 380
MOTLEY, THE HISTORIAN.....*E. P. Whipple* 897
MUSIC, CHURCH, IN AMERICA.....*Mrs. A. B. Blake* 735
NATIVITY, HYMN ON THE (*with One Illustration*).....*Ben Jonson* 1
NATURE, THE PRACTICAL INTERROGATION OF.....*Dr. J. W. Draper* 722
NECKLACE, THE.....*A. F.* 234
OXFORD—See "England's Great University".....*M. D. Conway* 17
PARSON, OUR TRAVELLED (*with Three Illustrations*).....*Will Carleton* 355
PAULDING, ADMIRAL HIRAM (*with Portrait*).....*Commander R. W. Meade, U.S.N.* 358
PENINSULAR CANAAN, A.....*Howard Pyle* 801

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dinner-Bell at an Eastville Tavern..... 801
Map of the "Eastern Shore" of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia..... 802
The County Road through a Cedar Swamp, Northampton County..... 803
The County Clerk, Eastville..... 804
Old Records..... 805
The Custis Tomb at Arlington Plantation.. 806
Old Mill..... 807
Fish-Hawk Nest on Sand-Dunes, Hog Island 808
Drum-Fishing in the Surf, Hog Island..... 809
Log-Cabin of Poor Whites..... 810
Aunt Saber..... 811
Mail-Coach from Northampton..... 812
Catching Sheep for Shearing..... 813
Old Fire-place, Aunt Saber's Kitchen..... 814
Buzzards..... 815
Mount Custis Mansion-House..... 816
Peace and War..... 816
A Family Party..... 817

PHILADELPHIA ZOO, THE.....*Marie Howland* 699

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Zoological Garden, Philadelphia..... 699
The Zebu, or Sacred Bull of India..... 700
Plan of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. 700
Interior of Carnivora House..... 701
Vicuña Llama..... 701
The Rhinoceros..... 702
Baby Camel..... 703
Kangaroos..... 703
The Bear Pit..... 704
Monkey House, from Beaver Pond..... 705
Maternal Solicitude..... 706
The jealous Chimpanzee..... 707
Prairie-Dogs..... 708
Polar Bears..... 709
Beaver Dam..... 710
Snakes and Frogs..... 711

PIANO AND ITS ANTECEDENTS, THE.....*Julius Wilcox* 854

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Piano on the Frontier: Officers' Quarters 855
Various Forms of Egyptian Harps..... 855
Egyptian Lyre..... 856
Cithara..... 856
Dulcimer..... 856
Clavicitherium..... 857
Clavichord..... 857
Italian Spinet, ornamented..... 857
Harpsichord..... 858
Virginal..... 858
Handel's favorite Harpsichord..... 859
Piano of about 1777..... 860

PICTURE AND A PARABLE, A.....*Helen W. Ludlow* 364
PINE-TREE, THE.....*Harriet P. Spofford* 538
PLAGUE, A STORY OF THE.....*Rebecca Harding Davis* 443
QUELLYN, ERASMUS, THE ELDER.—See "Flemish Masters"..... 404
RED RIVER COLONY, THE.....*General A. L. Chetlain* 47

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Louis Chetlain..... 47
Map of Hudson Bay and Territory westward. 48
Philip Schirmer..... 49
Peter Rindesbacher..... 49
The Voyageurs in Camp..... 50
Fort Garry..... 51
Armed Escort..... 52
On Guard..... 53

REPORTER'S ROMANCE, A (*with Three Illustrations*).....*Ernest Ingersoll* 184
RETURN OF THE NATIVE, THE.....*Thomas Hardy* 83, 285
ROUSSEAU (*with Portrait*).....*W. P. Garrison* 229

"ROYAL" ON DURDHAM DOWN, MEETING OF THE..... *George E. Waring, Jun.* 217

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Plan of Show-Yard..... 217
Plough for ordinary Use..... 219
Swivel Plough..... 219
Double Plough..... 219
Double Plough with Subsoiler..... 220
Single-cylinder Steam Ploughing Machine.. 220
Balance-Plough..... 221
Steam-Ploughing..... 221
Apparatus for working Ploughing Engine.. 222
Anchor..... 222
Portable Tram-Way..... 223
Flexible Harrow..... 223
Ventilating Window..... 224
Hedge-Trimmer..... 224
Ransome's Rat-Trap..... 225
Sack-Lifter..... 225
Loader and Unloader..... 226

SAN DONATO, THE IMAGE OF..... *Virginia W. Johnson* 276

SCULPTURE IN AMERICA..... *S. G. W. Benjamin* 657

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Eve before the Fall..... 657
Orpheus..... 658
Columbus before the Council..... 659
The Ghost in Hamlet..... 660
George Washington..... 661
Medea..... 662
The Promised Land..... 663
Latona and her Infants..... 664
Zenobia..... 665
Evening..... 666
Bust of William Page..... 667
Abraham Pierson..... 668
The Charity Patient..... 669
The Whirlwind..... 670
Thomas Jefferson's Idea of a Monument.... 671
Adoration of the Cross by Angels..... 672

SERENADE IN THE TROPICS..... *Will Wallace Harney* 863

SHORE, ALONG THE..... *A. T. L.* 505

SIGNAL, THE MARINER'S CAUTIONARY (*with Illustrations*)..... *E. H. Knight* 95

SILVER..... *Charles Barnard* 75

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Ton of Silver..... 75
Old Method of crushing the Ore..... 76
A timbered Gallery..... 76
Ideal Section of a Mine..... 77
The Shaft..... 78
Hoisting and Pumping Engines..... 78
Tunnelling with a "Power" Drill..... 79
Section of Retort Furnace..... 79
Amalgamating Pan..... 80
Section of Silver Mill: Wet Process..... 81
Section of Silver Mill: Dry Process..... 81

SNYDER, FRANZ.—See "Flemish Masters"..... 405

SONG..... *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 390

SONG, THE LIFE OF..... *R. H. Stoddard* 839

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON..... *William Winter* 864

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ye Antient House..... 864
House in which Shakspeare was born..... 865
Shakspeare House restored..... 866
Room in which Shakspeare was born..... 867
Old Bridge at Stratford..... 868
Stratford Portrait of Shakspeare..... 869
Guild Chapel and Grammar School..... 871
Holy Trinity Church..... 873
Anne Hathaway's Cottage..... 874
Interior of Anne Hathaway's Cottage..... 875
Entrance to Charlecote Park..... 876
Charlecote Hall, Seat of Sir Thomas Lucy.. 876
Interior of same..... 877
Old Mill at Stratford..... 878
Washington Irving's Chair at the Red Horse 879
The Weir Walk..... 880
Holy Trinity Church: the Avenue..... 881
Holy Trinity Church: the Porch..... 882
Bust of Shakspeare over his Grave..... 883
Shakspeare's Epitaph..... 884
O'Donovan's Bust of Shakspeare..... 885
Memorial Hall..... 886

SUMMER STORY, A (*with One Illustration*)..... *Alice Perry* 559

TRAMPS, CRIME AND..... *Hon. Horatio Seymour* 106

TREASURES OF THE DEEP..... *J. C. Beard* 321

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl..... 321
Pearl-bearing Shells..... 322
Bleak: Leuciscus alburnus..... 322
M. Jaquin's Experiment..... 323
Blowing the Beads..... 323
Corals..... 325
Sea-Anemones..... 326
Nautilus..... 328
Sea-Shells..... 329
Umbellularia and Sea-Pen..... 330
Virgularia..... 330
Portuguese Man-of-War (Physalia Atlantica)..... 331
Sponge-Fishing..... 332
Sponge and Turtle Pens, Florida..... 333
Catching Turtles..... 334
Ambergris..... 335
Narwhal and Walrus..... 336

TULIPS, TO A BED OF (*with Illustration*)..... *Robert Herrick* 656

TWO HUNDRED AND TWO (*with Two Illustrations*)..... *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 6

TYROL, SKETCHES IN (*with Illustrations*)..... *George E. Waring, Jun.* 540, 641, 846

UNIVERSITY, ENGLAND'S GREAT..... *Moncure D. Conway* 17

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Magdalen College, Oxford..... 17
The "College Governor"..... 18
Professor Benjamin Jowett, of Baliol College 19
The "Dragon"..... 20
Student's Room, Christ-church College..... 21
"Drunkenness," in Magdalen Quadrangle.. 21
"Lycanthropy," in Magdalen Quadrangle... 22
The "Tutor," in Magdalen Quadrangle..... 23
Entrance Gate, Magdalen College..... 24
Merton College Chapel..... 25
The Wesley Pulpit..... 26
Sketch of Dr. Pusey..... 27
Oriel College, Oxford..... 29
Dr. Henry Parr Liddon..... 31
Max Müller..... 33
Bodleian Library..... 36

URANIA..... *Frances L. Mace* 55

VANDER WEYDEN, ROGER.—See "Flemish Masters"..... 401

VOYAGE OF ST. BRANDAN, THE..... *William Gibson* 768

WASHINGTONS, THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE (*with Seven Illustrations*)...*A. T. Story* 521

YELLOW JACK, SOME PECULIARITIES OF..... *Dr. T. M. Coan* 126

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE (*with Illustrations*)..... *Dinah Mulock Craik* 418, 575, 755, 915

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXLIII.—DECEMBER, 1878.—Vol. LVIII.



HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light:
The angels so did sound it;
And like the ravish'd shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, the Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were one in stature;

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And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A martyr born in our defense:
Can man forget this story?

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

As on the night before this blessèd morn
A troop of angels unto shepherds told,
Where, in a stable, He was poorly born
Whom nor the earth nor heav'n of heav'ns can hold;
Through Bethlem rung
This news of their return;
Yea, angels sung
That God with us was born;
And they made mirth because we should not mourn.

His love, therefore, O let us all confess,
And to the sons of men His work express!

This favor Christ vouchsafèd for our sake—
To buy us thrones, He in a manger lay;
Our weakness took, that we His strength might take
And was disrob'd that He might us array.
Our flesh He wore,
Our sins to wear away;
Our curse He bore,
That we escape it may,
And wept for us, that we might sing for aye.

His love, therefore, O let us all confess,
And to the sons of men His work express!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night,
While sweeter than a mother's song
Blest angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she prest;



"THE SHEPHERDS WENT THEIR HASTY WAY."

And while she cried, The Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast;
Joy rose within her like a summer's morn:
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate?

Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story—
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

And is not war a youthful king,
A stately hero clad in mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their friend, their playmate; and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child.

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

"Then wisely is my soul elate
That strife should vanish, battle cease;
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me like a summer's morn:
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born."

MERCY'S APPEAL TO GOD FOR MAN.

Who can forget—never to be forgot—
The time that all the world in slumber lies,
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To earth, and Heav'n awakèd all his eyes
To see another sun at midnight rise
On earth? Was never sight of pareil fame;
For God before, man like Himself did frame,
But God Himself now like a mortal man became.

A Child He was, and had not learnt to speak,
That with His word the world before did make;
His mother's arms Him bore, He was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of heav'n could shake;
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold!
Who of His years or of His age hath told?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

And yet but newly He was infanted,
And yet already He was sought to die;
Yet scarcely born, already banishèd;
Not able yet to go, and forc't to fly;
But scarcely fled away, when, by-and-by



"AND FOUND THE LOWLY STABLE-SHED."

The tyrant's sword with blood is all defiled,
And Rachel, for her sons, with fury wild,
Cries, "O thou cruel king!" and "O my sweetest child!"

Egypt His nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who, straight to entertain the rising sun,
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings;
But now for drieth the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrun:

So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their snow,
When once they felt the sun so near them glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

The angels caroll'd loud their song of peace;
The cursèd oracles were strucken dumb;
To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press;
To see their King the kingly Sophies come;
And them to guide unto his Master's home
A star comes dancing up the Orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold, to make their Prince a crown, they all present.

Young John, glad child! before he could be born,
Leapt in the womb, his joy to prophesy;
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity;
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
Oh, how the blessèd souls about Him trace!
It is the Sire of Heav'n thou dost embrace:
Sing, Simeon, sing—sing, Simeon, sing apace!

TWO HUNDRED AND TWO.

THE town of Telephone is ten miles from Boston. It is comfortably situated on the Breakwater Branch of the Happiness and Energy Railroad, whose trains leave the Boston and Mexico Dépôt at all inconvenient hours of the day and evening, reaching Telephone when they feel like it, and departing at the same time, the half or even the whole of a minute in advance of their time-tables being looked upon, perhaps, by the corporation as a delicate atonement for avoidable delays in arrival, and as tending in the long-run to exhibit the law of compensation and the equality of things.

No one was ever heard, however, to criticise the railway communication of Telephone with the outer world except the house-hunters; and as this long-suffering class of society formed the larger part of the passengers, naturally little attention was paid to their preferences.

So at least a man was thinking, somewhat sulkily, one bitter day last November, as—having lost his dinner, gained a sore throat, and paid Telephone's most aspiring price for carriage hire to prospect the town in forty-five minutes, and find a home for a lifetime before the two o'clock train went—he found himself gaping at the empty track, whose conscious rails trembled yet with the thrill of departed force. He had not only lost his train; he had failed to find his house. Any under-graduate in human experience will comprehend how heavily the annoyance of the one circumstance was heightened by the existence of the other.

"Didn't lose the train, did you now?" The station-mistress said this. She spoke in a tone of cautious sympathy, not unlike that with which we approach the threshold where we are uncertain whether death has recently preceded us.

She came out from her little "parlor" into the deserted waiting-room. Beyond the swinging and uncertain door one could perceive the colors of a very modern carpet, a paper dado, German ivies, an air-tight stove, decorated blacking bottles, a child framing chromos in colored straws, a girl in a pull-back and imitation lace frill thrumming polkas at a piano with its legs in calico pantaloons, rag mats, a cat, and the odors of beefsteak and doughnuts. As the woman stood in the doorway a baby crawled after her, pushing aside her flounced alpaca skirts, and from beneath them regarded the passenger with the marble calm peculiar to a child of the railway, to whom men, machinery, and other sources of disturbance are as unimportant as a daily lullaby.

The mother's ankle, which the child first generously revealed, and then obligingly called attention to by clasping it with one hand and pounding it with the other in a particularly absent-minded way—the mother's ankle was incased in a shapely Balbriggan stocking of striped red and white, which lost itself in the outline of a well-fitting "Newport tie."

"Beg pardon, madam?" said the passenger. He was wondering if he had sworn a little about the train. He did not know that there were women about. What a consummately American scene it was in there behind that self-conscious, superior, jealous door! Comfortable enough, too.



"DIDN'T LOSE THE TRAIN, DID YOU NOW?"

They had a right to feel superior, these people with houses. He would have accepted five rooms in a railway station himself then not ungratefully. It might well be jealous, the door that creaked guard upon the blacking bottles and the kitten and the baby.

He felt to the full at that moment the indefinable eternal aristocracy of home, wondering if he had ever felt it before. She might put her piano in calico trousers to the end of her days, this high-cheeked woman; but she did not invite strange gentlemen into the room where her little daughter sat practicing in the pull-back and the frill.

"I'm sorry you lost it," pursued the station-mistress, with some vain effort to disunite the baby and the Balbriggan stocking; "and your dinner too, I'll dare say? Next one goes at quarter to five. Hope you'll set down and make yerself as comfortable as you can. I'll turn on the draught a mite; it's growing cold. There! There's a lady I've got to speak to. She left a bundle of salary here. They 'most always leave something—pocket-books and parasols and arctics; we have one man always leave sassingers. They come from Boston dead beat out, and so they drop things—butter, and silk dresses, and no end of neck-ties and that. I'll wait till she gits along. It seemed a pity to have her salary spile. She can't afford salary none too often."

"It *is* cold, as you say," suggested the passenger, idly, "and the mud is not yet frozen stiff. Allow me; I will hand the package to the lady. Oblige me by staying in-doors with the baby – as you should," he added, with unconscious autocracy. It seemed to him unnatural that a woman with a baby should go out of doors. It usually did, he thought, but he had never, perhaps, recognized this essentially masculine train of logic in himself before. She should sit down, in the clean red and white striped stockings, under the German ivies, and watch those patient frames go fitting themselves under impatient little fingers, colored straw to colored straw.

It was not until he got out into the keen

air that he remembered how much beefsteak and doughnuts this picturesque course of action involved breathing.

This lady now who had lost her "salary." As he explained his errand in a word, standing before her with lifted hat, he caught himself wondering incoherently whether she liked it, facing the full east wind. She stood with her face to the marshes, beyond whose pale gray tides the other tides of the sea could be neither seen nor heard. Yet the air was salt with them; he could taste them with his dinnerless lips. But the lady was protected with a veil of heavily figured old-fashioned lace; perhaps she did not taste the salt. At all events, she had her celery, probably her dinner too, and a house.



MISS VESTA ROLLINSTALL.

The passenger put on his hat again, and dreamily returned to the station. As the celery lady walked on, with rather a bounding step for a woman who could have been no longer in her first youth (he should judge by the gravity of her dress and the repose of her carriage), he bluntly wished he had some more women to think about before five o'clock. Probably the station-mistress had shut her Balbriggan stockings away with the piano legs by this time. He had a great mind to knock, and ask her to let the cat come out and stay with him. Not the baby. He wouldn't ask for the baby. It would probably attack the hem of his pantaloons to hunt for striped stockings—and his were a pale gray. Then it would be disappointed, and perhaps cry. Besides, he was muddy.

But the baby was already there before him; the mother held it deftly under one arm while she poked the fire in the sad cylinder stove with a cheerful muscle.

"How large is this metropolis?" asked the passenger, abruptly, coming to warm his hands before the burning heart of the coals, which acquired a preternatural homelikeness from the fact that it was the only spot of comfort or of color in the bare room; it was clean, though, that room: they always were when your station-master was a woman.

"Sir?"

"How many people are there in this town?"

"Two thousand."

"How old is it?"

"Two years."

"Two years! And all these houses?"

"There ain't a house in this town, Sir, hain't been built within two years—only one."

"And how old, pray, is that?"

"Two hundred."

"This is not a common state of things," said the passenger, after a pause.

"We wouldn't have that," pursued the station-mistress, in the regretful tone of one who is explaining away a blemish on a friend's character, "but for the b'und'ry line."

"The—what kind of line?"

"Well, yes. When they laid us out they cut the b'und'ry line acrost Palestine, and cut this lady right through; and so we hed to take her. And that's how she happens to be so old; for Palestine is full of that kind of folks, and the rest of us so young, Sir. There's three first-rate chances up that way—two sales and one rent, besides a barn—and not too near the steam-shovel."

"The steam-shovel?" echoed the passenger.

"Why, yes," said the station-mistress, closing the stove door with a snap of superior intelligence. "Don't you know? They use it for building the aqueduct, and for gravel trains, and all those things. Folks don't

always like it, because it shovels all night. Some take it to heart so, they move away. But you hev to pay higher as you get off from it. There's a good many things to consider in buying house lots in Telephone."

"So it seems," said the passenger. "I think I'll run out, if I've got three hours to wait, and look at those places opposite the house from Palestine. I surely have seen none such."

"I would if I was you," said the station-mistress. She seemed to have changed her mind about something she was going to say to the passenger, speaking with a slight reserve, as to a possible neighbor of whom one knew nothing. She gathered the baby into her neck and turned away. She shut the door upon her sacred little daughter and the pull-back and the polka.

She was at home, thought the passenger, as he turned out into the now fast-rising wind, and smacked his hungry lips again, to taste the salt from the unseen sea.

Miss Vesta Rollinstall came and looked at the clouds with a gentle sigh. Standing in the street below, one could almost have seen her sigh. She was not a sighing woman either. Her wooden house was gray, but not with paint; gray, too, was the sleeve of her cashmere dress which thrust the gray blind back, and held an ashes-of-roses curtain half drawn, as if reluctant to shut out the bleached grass in the front yard, the black trunks and branches of the few and faithful elms that the "b'und'ry line" had left her, the colorless gravel heaps in the empty corner lot, the dull outline of the aqueduct, the gray paint (mixed with kerosene) of the opposite empty house, and the grayer hue of the bending and more empty heavens. She *was* reluctant. She stood longer than usual on these pallid November nights taking her last look at the outer world, dreading to light the old lamps which had not yet yielded the field to that puffy and expensive suburban gas; slow to acknowledge that night had come; unready to admit by this mute leave-taking of her neighbors that it was time to turn the old-fashioned bolt in the uneven front-door, and to know that there would be no occasion to open it again till she peered out, shivering in her dressing-gown, at six o'clock next morning, to pull in the little pint can that the milk-man would leave at three.

She did not even keep a dog. The Rollinstalls never had.

The Rollinstalls, it is needless to say, were a very old family; none older in Palestine. Miss Vesta prided herself upon being too good an American to remember this fact—and accordingly seldom forgot it. She had acceded cheerfully to the geographical and political fate which had expatriated her into this truly representative American community with the absurd name and the absurder aspirations, feeling it to be her duty; parted even with the ancestral elms and the apple orchard, to make way for the Happiness and Energy Railroad, without an audible groan. Many of her Palestine friends had moved to town; Miss Vesta sometimes wondered why. Now and then they came out to lunch with her. Others had died; for Miss Vesta was no longer young. Some had married, which amounted to the same thing. Miss Vesta lived very much alone. As years went on she sometimes felt as if that "b'und'ry line," invisible, intangible, unassailable thing as it was, had in deed and truth cut her off from her old familiar life into this new and unnatural one, in which she felt herself as solitary among the bustling young couples who gossiped and laughed and trusted their way along, with unpaid debts and uncounted babies, as the gambrel-roofed, unpainted house itself, set wistfully down among its pert and peaked neighbors.

In pleasant weather she had a theory that she did not think about these things. But when it was stormy, as to-night, she could not deny that she hated it all—yes, all; the whole new, shiny, vulgar sight; the little square lots with the turned-up turf, in which no tree nor shrub had found a shelter, not even a make-shift of an arbor-vitæ, fresh from the nursery, and shivering to a stake, like a baby learning to walk in a baby-jumper; where the human babies played about in the mud, while their fathers painted the fences and put on silver door-plates, and their mothers wore trailing calico wrappers on week-days and velveteen suits on Sundays, and kept the blinds of the parlor shut. She hated the rows of cheap houses, all alike; she hated the signs put out, "For Sale" or "To Let;" the shabby paint peeling off; the smell of the concrete sidewalks; the barbarous steam-shovel; the gangs of laborers putting water-works into streets whose existence she had not heard of a month ago; the lines of lank men pouring every day to and from the business trains; the serenity of their uncultivated and unthoughtful faces: why, the half of them were mortgaged over the depth of soul and body for those square little showy homes of theirs!

Miss Vesta felt very lonely whenever she began to hate any thing. So now, as she stood reluctantly clinging to the ashes-of-roses curtains, casting her eyes up and down the empty streets, they slowly darkened and blurred; one quiet tear rolled and fell upon her gray dress.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Vesta, with a start. "Salt spoils cashmere!" and she went for the hartshorn bottle to rub off the spot. Miss Vesta did not often cry.

When she came back, resolutely this time,

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to draw the curtain close, she saw, across the gloom of the rapidly darkening street, and through the drizzle of the rain which now fell steadily, that lights were astir in the opposite house. She stood for a minute looking over. It was Mr. Jobbs, with tenants possible, or perhaps even actual. It often happened. She was used to it—rather liked to see it. Of all these people who came out house-hunting on the afternoon trains, Jobbs would decoy one some day to sign the lease of his leaky house; the family would have the rheumatism, but she would have neighbors. Possibly — who knew?—pleasant neighbors like the dear old lady Church who had pneumonia there last year; or the young Pettiwinkler, with the very clean baby, on the corner; or even the Pinchases, whom she liked so much when she helped them through with the scarlet fever; or the Adamses, who subscribed to her mission Sunday-school.

It was noticeable how perceptibly Miss Vesta's opinion of Telephone rose as she stood looking at the cheerful flicker of Mr. Jobbs's kerosene lamp from empty room to empty room across there in the dusk, and the broken outline of the shadows that the two men made, seen through the uncurtained windows as Jobbs threw back the blinds. The Jobbs shadow was short, square, and familiar. The tenant shadow was tall and strange, yet, after the moment's glance, seemed not unfamiliar either. This struck Miss Vesta pleasantly as she drew her curtain in good faith at last, shrinking suddenly back, as if she had herself been visible behind the small green panes of her old window. Perhaps it would be a gentlemanly person with a nice wife. Miss Vesta felt starved sometimes for a woman—a woman one would care to see, perhaps, twice a week. In Palestine how she and Susy Hemlock used to "run in" every day! There seemed no place to "run in" to in Telephone. And Susy was dead. And it was time to light the astral lamp and the kitchen lamp, and to put on the kettle. She must wash the celery too, which would not keep till to-morrow.

It was scarcely a Palestine custom, eating celery for supper. Miss Vesta crushed it delicately and doubtfully. She liked to do things as she was brought up to do them. She washed her solitary tea-cup and her two silver spoons and her lonely goblet daintily by themselves in the Dresden bowl upon the table, just as she used to do when she "kept help," before her Michigan Central stock went down and she had no one to tell her that it was time to sell. After she had wiped the silver and glass with delicate fingers upon a fine old red and blue fruit doyley by the light of the astral, she went into the kitchen, turned up her sleeves, turned up her dress, put on an apron, and "did" the rest of the dishes by the little brass kitchen lamp.

After this she turned down her sleeves, with darned Valenciennes at the wrist, turned down the skirt of the cashmere (which had been her "afternoon dress" for seven years), went into the silent parlor and lighted the fire in the fire-place, and sat down alone. She did not light that fire often. Open fires are expensive company. When it stormed, she sometimes allowed herself the luxury. She sat in a low cushioned rocking-chair, in the irregular light. She had a pink ribbon at her throat, over her gray dress; it was of the old-fashioned rose pink now so hard to find, not a scorch of Magenta in it, pure as a blush-bud on a June day, deepening as one looked at it. Stiff little roses were painted on it in water-colors. Susy Hemlock painted that ribbon for her one day; she had a cold—couldn't come—couldn't wait—Jared brought it over.

Miss Vesta rose and walked about the room two or three times. The Rollinstall ladies often had that trick of pacing the room—a habit which only women of independent character and circumstance are apt to have, I believe. The Rollinstalls had always felt at liberty to do as they chose. Usually, however, they chose to do largely the same things. When they married, they married clergymen or lawyers; brought up their children to have the measles under allopathic treatment, to brush their teeth three times a day, and never to go to church twice a Sunday before they were five years old. When they did not marry, they kept house; no female Rollinstall went to live with her relatives unless it were a very clear case that she was the giver, not the receiver, of benefits by so doing; they never quartered themselves on young married brothers or struggling male cousins: a Rollinstall preferred her own household, if it were in an attic. No one ever questioned the suitability of any such arrangement which members of her family might make. Miss Vesta herself was but thirty-five when her mother died, and there was a second cousin who took a flat alone at twenty-six. But *hers* died. Jane Rollinstall bore forever about her the sacred and sweet shield of maiden widowhood. Happy Jane!

Miss Vesta said "Happy Jane!" aloud, pacing bitterly to and fro. The storm had now come on heavily, and she could hear the wind beat up and down the level, lonely street. Miss Vesta's had not died. Now and then Miss Vesta remembered this. It was a luxury to think about him at all, like the open fire, only to be indulged in on stormy nights. He had not died. O that he had! O that he had! Sometimes, if it stormed *very* hard, Miss Vesta said this too aloud, crying passionately out. Some-

times she thought if this had been so, how blessed she would be. But he did not die; he only got tired of waiting. Why was it that men could not wait? Women did.

And they could not marry then. Jared himself admitted it after a while. But it was a good while before Miss Vesta stopped remembering on stormy nights how he looked the day she told him—blazing, white, taking her face between his shaking hands—her face, young then, and not uncomely: there was never a Rollinstall who was not comely. They used that sweet, decorous word when they spoke of it even in their own hearts; it seemed more reserved, Miss Vesta thought, more modest, than "pretty" or "good-looking."

Miss Vesta's thought had diverged just here, like my sentence. She did not like to keep it where it was; it took her breath.

"I never will endure it!" Jared Hemlock said. "I can not live without you. Neither heaven nor hell shall come between us. I'll have you somehow, Vesta."

Miss Vesta's pale face scorched as she sat alone there by her own fire, with no one else in all the empty house. She looked at her withering hands, the prim, pure colors of her dress. It seemed to her a kind of rudeness that any man should ever have been in the world talking so to her, it was so far off now. And then he had not had her somehow. He had lived without her. He had endured it. Nor was it heaven or hell that had come between them.

It was nothing so romantic or profane as that, thought poor Miss Vesta. It was only that her mother had the paralytic stroke, and that her father, as every body knew, grew blind. Some one must take care of them. There was nobody but Miss Vesta.

And then there was not much to live on. There were rich Rollinstalls—rich enough to have bought up the Michigan Central Railroad—but that was the Rhode Island branch. And Jared was the minister's son. Ministers, of course, were poor. Jared said he never would be a minister. He studied law. And they had waited and waited. Jared used to come to tea every Thursday night.

And then there came a time when Jared would wait no longer. He went to Germany. Jared went to Germany, to study law or something. He went partly for his health, poor fellow. He had a touch of rheumatism, or — what was it? At first they wrote to one another. But her mother lived on, and on, and on, poor mother! quite changed, and with broken mind and petulant ways. And when her father grew so helpless Miss Vesta sat down one day, in a fever of worry and weariness, and wrote to Jared that since her duty was at home, and was likely to be there till she was old and ill herself, since God had willed it so, and since they could not help it, she or he, and since he was so far away, and in strange scenes and among strange people, perhaps they had better call themselves dear friends only to each other, knowing so little as they did what the future had in store for him especially. And Jared wrote that perhaps they had, but that no one else could be so dear as she—not even in Germany; which was a great comfort to Miss Vesta for a little while. She had never been in Germany. She felt as if that mysterious country abounded in pleasant ladies with no invalid parents to take care of. And so by-and-by Jared did not write so often. And so one day she saw it in the *Puritan Recorder* that he was married, and that his wife's first name was Berta, and that she lived in Leipsic. And Jared sent cards to the family. And then he wrote no more. And he had never come home. Jane Rollinstall had a theory that he was dead. Once she had expressed it to Miss Vesta. But Miss Vesta could not talk about it. She did not answer Jane. Her father died that year. When she was thirty-five her mother followed him. The old lady complained a great deal to the neighbors of her daughter the last year of her life; said that Vesta had not got married, and was a burden to the family. Miss Vesta laid her away in the Rollinstall lot of the Palestine Cemetery, with a sickening grief which none of the occasional friends who came from Boston to lunch with her seemed to understand; even Jane Rollinstall herself said it was not like losing one's husband or lover, but invited Miss Vesta to spend a month with her.

Miss Vesta cried when nobody saw her, and then cried because there was nobody to see her; and so, for economy, gave up crying by-and-by, except on stormy nights, as I said. She had lived a hard life of devotion to a hard duty for a great while. Every nerve in her body and soul quivered tense now like a breaking thing. She could not afford to become hysterical. If she did, something would snap.

Youth dies hard, and hope harder. Miss Vesta could not understand at first, when at thirty-five she was left alone in the unpainted house, where two hundred years of human joy and anguish kept her mute company, that doing one's definite duty bravely and patiently to the end does not bring one definite happiness. She had really felt sometimes as if God must mean to surprise her now that the duty was done, as if He had kept some good thing waiting till she could take it.

At first she thought it must be the mission Sunday-school He meant, for to the Sunday-school she had turned devoutly and devotedly as soon as her lonely hands were free. All the Rollinstall ladies taught in

mission schools; usually stopped when they married, and gave the class to some well-connected young lady who was actively desirous for religious usefulness.

It was with as much surprise as pain that Miss Vesta discovered by-and-by that there were fierce clamors and wide wastes in her nature which even her twelve big, red, freckled boys in the vestry could not fill. They were fine fellows; and when the superintendent said that each class might give itself a name for use at the concert, he suggested that they should be called Lilies-of-the-Valley.

But ah! if hope dies hard, perhaps, after all, youth dies harder. Miss Vesta was still "comely," and the old people were gone. Palestine bachelors and widowers began to think of this. On week-days, between the returning excitements of the mission school, Miss Vesta's life vibrated now with strange confusions. The minister himself paid his decorous distinct addresses at the ancient house, and Miss Vesta had all the weakness of a woman of the olden time (to say nothing of the added family predilections in this direction) for ministers. At least two lawyers came, saw, and were conquered; and Jane Rollinstall herself wrote, advising her to think seriously of the shoe-and-leather merchant who did business in Boston. But Miss Vesta watched them all come and go with pure and puzzled eyes. She had loved one man. She had promised to be his wife. His hand had held her; his kiss had touched her. What did they mean, these other men? What did they expect? Could a woman do that thing again?

"How *dare* you?" she cried, to the shoe-and-leather lover, when he urged his suit a little on a moonlight evening, coming from the preparatory lecture; and then had fled from him, aghast, sobbing, like an insulted girl.

But if youth and hope die hard, the capacity for love dies harder. Here in Telephone, in this unfamiliar life, with silence for her lover, with solitude for her husband, with lonely hours for her children, Miss Vesta had been, perhaps, most sorely bested. There was a minister, too, in Telephone. He presided over the Union Church, that towered literally opposite the Telephone Bowling-Alley. Miss Vesta disapproved of Union churches on general principles; thought them not apt to be sound; her family had always thought so. But since her old Palestine pastor, Dr. Conserve, had accepted a call to Boston, there was little to do but to submit gracefully to the march of circumstances. Miss Vesta waited on the Union gentleman's preaching, and the Union gentleman waited on her.

Miss Vesta was lonely: that can not be denied. And every week she thought she grew lonelier—a little. She tried hard to like the Union minister. For a whole week she kept him waiting for his answer. She went alone into her room, and sat down in her gray dress and pink ribbon that Susy Hemlock painted, and folded her hands, and said, "Let me see if I can not love this good man." But when the week was over, she went to him and gravely said,

"When I was young I promised to be some one's wife. I can not do that twice. A woman can not—"

"But other women are not so fastidious," interrupted the minister, with a flash of temper. He had never had a woman refuse him before.

"Then I am not like other women," said Miss Vesta, simply.

So now she sat alone in the November storm, in the solitary house, thinking about these things. Her thoughts were sad enough, as those of the solitary may be—must be, we sometimes say; but they were not disquiet or perplexed. Miss Vesta was not a great, or wise, or exceptional woman; she had lived a plain and commonplace life; no heroic chance had opened before her; usefulness and honor had spoken to her in lowly language; her story had been all prose.

But one poem Miss Vesta knew by heart—the long, sweet, sane poem of a pure and permanent love. She was a delicate and tender woman; she had felt as if her delicacy and tenderness both demanded of her that she should be true to the best and highest side of her nature, so far, at least, as she understood it: Miss Vesta was an old-fashioned woman, and did not think much about "nature." All she knew was that God had given her one right love for one right man, and that solitude was a small cross to count against the wearing of such a crown. It was the only ideal she had; of reforms, causes, missions, and careers she knew little. She did not care much even about "Boston culture," and sat puzzled when the ladies talked about it at lunch. It was different somehow from what she was taught at the Palestine Female Seminary. Her unreasoning and unswerving love, I say, was the only ideal she had. She cherished it in purity and peace; she served it in honor and fidelity. Nobody called her a great woman. But that does not matter. God understood.

Miss Vesta went to bed early that stormy night; put away Susy's painted ribbon in a little olive-wood box where she kept a few other precious, useless things (her thin old betrothal ring among them); folded her gray cashmere skirt carefully; screwed out the lonely astral; knelt and said her prayers; asked the Lord, as usual, to bless Jared Hemlock, without the least doubt in the world as to whether that awful and infinite Will could be shaken by a thing so



"IN THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP AND FIRE HE TURNED HIS FACE."—[SEE PAGE 14.]

slight as the request of a solitary old maid shivering in her night dress on her knees, asking the same thing in the same way every night for fifteen years. Theology was not Miss Vesta's specialty. It was one's duty to say one's prayers. And see, when they are said, and the light of the economical street gas, which Telephone will put out at half past eleven, falls in through the parted ashes-of-roses curtain upon the smooth white bed-spread, and the increasing rain drives against the small-paned window and the sunken piazza roof, how peacefully one falls asleep!

It was twenty minutes past five o'clock—an angry storm. Miss Vesta waked, ten minutes before her usual time, wondering why, above the raging of the wind and wet, the milk-man stood making such a racket at the door below. She got herself hurriedly into her wrapper; then, filled with a dim consciousness of the unusual, anticipating possible parleys with unknown tradesmen on unguessed themes, modestly slipped instead into the gray cashmere, and, throwing an old lace handkerchief round her collarless neck, went shivering down and confidingly drew the bolt without question or demur. She peered out into the breaking darkness through the curtain of the rain.

"Jerry, is that you?"

"Madam?—excuse me."

It was not Jerry. Miss Vesta pushed the door a trifle closer, but stood serene, looking through the crack. A man was out there, dripping; dazed, it seemed.

"I thought it was the milk-man," she said, placidly.

"Would you be good enough to call your husband?" gasped the visitor. "I—I did

not mean to disturb a lady at this untimely hour; but the fact is, I'm suffering."

"Step in, then, out of the rain," said Miss Vesta, decidedly. Miss Vesta was not "timid." And this was no tramp. Besides, why tell strange men that she had no husband? It was far easier to let this person come into the front entry.

He stepped in. Miss Vesta had left one of her brass kitchen lamps burning on the stairway landing. The feeble glimmer struggled half-way down, fainted, and fell into the mysterious half light in which her visitor stood facing her. He had taken off his hat.

"I bought that confounded house opposite yesterday," began the man at once—"your pardon, madam: I mean that very unpleasant house. I took the whim to stay in it: sent in town for my things. Don't think me crazy. I've nobody but myself to think of. As well there as in hotels. That Jobbs built up a furnace fire. There was a sofa and an empty pillow-case left by the last tenants—decoys, I suppose. Madam, that house leaked like an umbrella turned wrong side out; spattered into my face; trickled up my sleeve; tickled my feet; crawled down my neck; ran in streams down the register; put out the furnace fire—almost did as much for me. I am subject to rheumatism at the heart. I stood it till I thought somebody would be stirring. I—I'll not come in to annoy a lady unless there are gentlemen here; but—excuse me, madam; I am in great pain."

He staggered slightly, leaning against the half-shut door through which the pursuing storm beat in.

"Come!" said Miss Vesta. She shut the front-door, and herself led the way into the dim and silent sitting-room, where the embers of last night's fire peered winking sleepily through the ashes.

The intruder followed her without speaking, groaning now and then.

Miss Vesta started the fire promptly, and went out to get the little lamp from the landing. She did not look at her visitor as she went. He might murder her if he chose. She would not turn a man with rheumatism at the heart out into the storm. The conventional propriety of her hospitality it never occurred to Miss Vesta's mind to question, or to question if any body else would question it. The Rollinstalls were ladies. They never did what was not proper. Every body knew that. If Miss Vesta chose to turn her house into a hospital for tramps at six o'clock in the morning, her so doing would in itself be the only explanation that the eccentricity would require.

While Miss Vesta was gone for the brass lamp the fire began to burn.

She came in, looking very pale and sweet and assured in her colorless dress, carrying the lamp with one thin hand curved to shelter the tiny flame. It was a delicate and faithful motion—like Miss Vesta.

Crouched over the waxing fire, haggard, with one hand on his heart, she found her man. She went directly up, and began with the business-like sympathy of voice that she reserved for watching and funerals and all the old-time neighborly services to the suffering.

"Now what is the first thing to be done for you? Let me see your pulse. No, your face first."

In the light of the lamp and fire he turned his face, and they looked at one another.

"You are the man—you are the gentleman who handed me the celery," said Miss Vesta, after a pause. Then she began to tremble. Then she flung away his hand, which she had lifted with cold far fingers to feel the pulse. She retreated from him suspiciously.

"I don't know who you are!" she shrilly cried.

"Forgive me, Vesta!" he said, stretching out his shaking arm. "Before God I did not know! Every thing is so changed—"

"But where is Mrs. Hemlock?" asked Miss Vesta. We must forgive her. Rheumatism at the heart is a passing pain, soon over. That other pain of Miss Vesta's had lasted fifteen years. And Jared was warm now and comfortable; had tasted of the coffee she had cooked; Miss Vesta ate and drank nothing. She took care of him, with compressed and colorless lips, dutifully, as of an old neighbor; the tramp would have been treated as conscientiously, more tenderly. She had asked no questions. His eye had followed her. They had both been silent and constrained. Now that he was out of suffering, Miss Vesta began to wonder what Jane Rollinstall would say. So she asked:

"Where is Mrs. Hemlock? Where is your wife?"—primly, with the sharpest twang Jared had ever heard in her voice. Miss Vesta had a soft voice.

"I have no wife," he said, not more gently.

"When did she die?"

"I don't know," said Jared, meekly, with a dash of his old sauciness.

"Don't *know?*" exclaimed Miss Vesta, with great propriety of manner.

"I never had any," pursued Jared. He began to whistle; then said, "Excuse me, Vesta."

"You are perfectly excusable," said Miss Vesta, still with much Rollinstall dignity. "But we had the cards. I do not understand you, Jared Hemlock. I do not understand any thing—any thing in this world." She broke down with an unexpected little womanish wail.

"Berta jilted me," said Jared, shortly. "Perhaps you can understand that. She found a German baron she liked better. She jilted me at the very last moment. I deserved it."

"Oh!" said Miss Vesta. She did not say he did not.

"And I'm glad of it," added Jared.

"Oh!" said Miss Vesta again. She did not say she was sorry.

"But, of course," observed Jared, stirring his coffee, with a touch of embarrassment, "I thought *you* were married long ago. I was ashamed to come back to you, Vesta. To think how I did come in the end—a beggar—a tramp—drowned—a rat—a dying rat!" continued Jared, with twinkling eyes. "And to think of your saying, 'Is that you, Jerry?'" He laughed. Despite herself—the sensitive, suspicious, woman's self that was stung and bewildered in every nerve—Miss Vesta laughed too.

"It *was* funny," said Miss Vesta.

"Very well, then," said Jared; "suppose you eat your breakfast."

"There is the celery," said Miss Vesta.

She brought the celery, and Jared ate some of it. She looked on. Jared said it was frozen, and she said she did not wonder; and then neither of them said any thing.

The clear day drew on; the wind was shifting; through the curtain of the rain a soft gray light began to stir.

Jared sat by the fire, and Miss Vesta put away the breakfast-things. The wind went down. Scant drops trickled and twinkled from the piazza roof. People went by to the business train; they left their umbrellas, and nodded at each other merrily. The gray light sweetened; a warm color lay upon the gravel heaps in the corner lot. By-and-by there came the sun-burst.

Miss Vesta was standing by the window, and it broke full against her face—the shrinking, womanly face, pale and pinched and perplexed. Jared Hemlock wondered what it was like to be a woman; to be treated as he had treated her; to stand there waiting, not able to say what she thought, or felt, or wanted; wounded, wrung, and dumb, yet so tender! And true—so true!

He went abruptly over to her, and said: "Vesta, I'm not fit to touch the hem of your dress." But he put out one finger and timidly stroked the old gray cashmere sleeve. "I never felt about any body as I did—as I do—about you," said Jared Hemlock. He did not whistle now, nor laugh. Miss Vesta looked at him piercingly. She did not understand that. Perhaps it was because she was not a man. Men were so different. The Rollinstalls had always held that men were very different. "It won't do for me to stay on this way," said Jared, awkwardly. "I ought to take the next train, you know, and—clear out, and all that."

"Yes," said Miss Vesta.

"It *sounds* mean," said Jared, "but I don't *mean* to be mean. If I supposed you'd ever take me now, Vesta, after all—perhaps by-and-by, when you've got used to me—there isn't much to take, Vesta dear—an old fellow with rheumatism. It's endocarditis," added Jared, with a scientific air, "if you'd like to know."

"I'm glad you didn't marry her," said Miss Vesta, trembling. "But—" She stopped; she could not say what she was thinking. She looked at him; her delicate face shone. So the priestess might have looked, tending the white fire in that older, ruder age which cherished its own share of delicate ideals. She lifted her head with a certain haughtiness. "*I* never kissed any one—any man—but you."

She had not meant to say it, but it was said. He had not meant to do it, but it was done.

"All the more reason, Vesta, why you should do it again."

"I wonder," said Miss Vesta, presently, "what Jane Rollinstall *will* say?"

"Why, really," said Jared, in a comfortable, commonplace tone, "what with my coming in the rain and all, and the fuss it would be to explain—I hate a fuss, Vesta. Suppose we omit that stanza—suppose we go somewhere and get married? I don't see but one time's as well as another: and the sun is out."

"The Rollinstalls never have done such a thing," said Miss Vesta, hastily.

"I doubt if they ever had the opportunity," observed the lover, irreverently. He began to whistle again; but Miss Vesta, looking up, saw that his eyes were full; the hand with which he held her shook. "The amount of it is," he said, less distinctly, "I've beaten about the world so long alone, and you—you—you—my poor girl! Come, we ain't young any more, Vesta! We've tried being lonesome long enough. I don't feel as if we had a minute to lose. If I'm fit to be taken at all, I'm fit to be taken at once. Besides," added Jared, clearing his voice, "you'll *have* to take me in for charity. I can't go back to that confounded house (I paid five thousand dollars for it); I haven't any place to go. If you're going to keep me, I think it's more proper we should be married."

"I suppose it is," suggested Miss Vesta, after some thought. "We might go to Jane Rollinstall's; she would send for Dr. Conserve. I should have preferred to wait till I had thought more about it. But if you should have another of those attacks, I—should prefer to take care of you. It's no-

body's business but ours," pursued Miss Vesta, with a touch of the family dignity.

The sun came out, and came out. It seemed as if there never was so much sun *to* come out before. The fickle wind turned south, and there staid faithfully.

They went into Boston on the noon train. Half Telephone went too. Telephone always went to Boston after a storm.

Miss Vesta would not take his arm; she said, "Wait till we come home;" but she walked beside him with delicately lifted head. She drew the old-fashioned lace veil, and under her cloak she wore Susy's painted pink ribbon and the cashmere dress. She thought of putting on her silk; but it was black. She had brought down the thin engagement ring, and Jared had put it on again. She said she should have plenty of time to get some gloves in town.

The sun came out, and came out, and came out. The turned-up turf in the square lots took on warm shades of brown and scanty green. People opened the blinds of the shut parlors (on account of the moths) to let in the air. The rows of cheap houses looked fresh and clean; the gangs of laborers whistled at their work; the smell of the concrete sidewalk came up pleasantly, as if to remind one of summer, when the air would be full of it; the signs put out read cheerfully. How many happy homes there were "For Sale" or "To Let" in Telephone! All the business men Miss Vesta and Jared met had paid for their houses; their faces shone: they did not seem lank at all. Miss Vesta thought how many intelligent-looking people lived in Telephone. She told Jared she thought the place was rapidly becoming cultivated.

The ladies of the neighborhood passed them; only one had on velveteen; they were going in shopping; they wore pretty, modest clothes. The Pettiwinkle baby trundled by in its carriage, holding out its hands to Vesta. The Purchases nodded at her, smiling through the window. One of the Adamses stopped and told her that the old lady Church had sent in five dollars from Boston for the mission school. In the distance the steam-shovel sighed softly.

They looked back as they turned the concrete corner to the station. On an old gray house with little panes of glass and some elm-trees two hundred years breathed a pure and patriarchal benediction.

"Heaven bless it!" said Miss Vesta.

On a saucy, shabby cottage with a suspiciously wet roof the morning sun winked warily.

"It was only two years old, after all," said Jared, forgivingly. "Too young to know better. I'll turn it into a mission school."

The station-mistress came out to see them when they got to the station. Jared went to telegraph to Jane Rollinstall and Dr. Conserve. The station-mistress told Miss Vesta she didn't know it was an acquaintance of hers, and asked her if she was goin' in to Cousin Jane's. The station-mistress had on a clean white apron over the alpaca dress. The baby sat on the floor and held the door open—the stockings were blue that day. The sun lay distinctly on the modern carpet; it was so warm that there was no fire in the air-tight stove, and the German ivy jar stood upon it; the paper dado glittered like old mosaic varnished; the chromos were framed in the colored straw and hung over the piano. The girl in the pull-back was ornamenting the calico pantaloons with stripes of deep brick-colored worsted braid; as she sewed she sang. There was a red geranium in one of the decorated blacking bottles. The station-mistress said it was one of the days every body went to Boston. She said folks looked so happy after it had rained. Then she asked Jared if he found a house to suit him, and he said he had. Then she asked him if he minded the steam-shovel, and he said no, he didn't mind any thing; and the station-mistress said that was kind of queer. Then she asked Miss Vesta if her salary was frozen, and then she asked—

But just then the whistle sounded down the narrow, sunny length of the Happiness and Energy Railroad. The two-o'clock was prompt to an instant. Jared noticed this with approval. Every body pushed and hurried gently, laughing, to get in. Miss Vesta felt it very strange not to have to push and hurry for herself. She sat by Jared silently; she looked very smart and young behind her veil. Now and then she wondered if she had let Jared win her too easily this second time. But then she remembered those attacks. If he had not had rheumatism at the heart, of course it would have been very different. And then, as he said, they had been lonesome so long.

So when they got to Jane Rollinstall's (Jane had a flat in the Boswick Hotel) they found her at home, sitting in her black dress. She was writing invitations to a course of parlor lectures, by an unpopular but conscientious critic, on the Minor Nova Zemblan Poets. She put down her pen, and said, with much Rollinstall independence and decision:

"You did perfectly right, my dear, to come directly to me. Dr. Conserve has sent word—he boards here—that he can not come here till quarter of five. So take it easily. There are a few old Palestine friends—board here;—I thought you would like to have them present. I have invited Herman and Dorothea Rollinstall—boarding here—they belong to the Rhode Island branch."



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ENGLAND'S GREAT UNIVERSITY.

OUR modern age sometimes brings the mood when the song of Paracelsus smites the heart as the wail of the Nineteenth Century. The voyagers from afar landing on their rock in mid-sea, there build shrines for their beautiful gods, then sit together on the beach and sing because their task is done—when, lo! the raft with its gentle islanders floats near, and they tell them of their isles just at hand, with temples and olive groves all waiting for their majestic forms. Then the voyagers awoke from their dream, and realized the desolation on which their homes and ideals had been fixed; but they bade the happy islanders depart. They had no heart to mar their work, they said; their gifts once given must there abide! This is, according to Browning,

"The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride."

But since the poet wrote that he has left off taking views of this fog-veiled lump of chalk called England from amid Florentine sunshine: moreover, he has made friends with Oxford and received of its honors, and I have a notion that if he had the romance to write over again now, there would be another conclusion. The voyagers having planted their little colony amid barren rock and sand, unwilling to leave the spot consecrated by their deities and their toil, worked on to improve things; slowly but steadily they pulverized the rock, and gradually saw it spring up in the stems of trees; they watered the faintly struggling weeds amid the sand, and made a soil; they sowed a little and reaped a little; they died; other generations carried forward their labors, until at last their descendants could visit the isle they missed, with its temples and olive groves, without pain or envy, and return to their own, happy and contented.

There is an outer and a mystical sense in which the fable so ending might be told of Oxford. St. Frideswide, who once took refuge from her persecutors in a pig-sty, may be supposed to have been thankful for small favors in the way of a locality; at any rate, the site fixed upon for her monastery more

than eleven centuries ago could hardly have been selected from worldly motives or a taste for the picturesque. Low, flat, meadowy, marshy, bushy, was—to a large extent still is—Oxford, with no hill to be seen. Nevertheless, it was in this unattractive place that the seekers of another country fixed their habitations and built their shrines, and it is hardly too much to say that they have turned it to a little paradise in its way. Even three hundred years ago Ralph Aggas waxed emotional about the place:



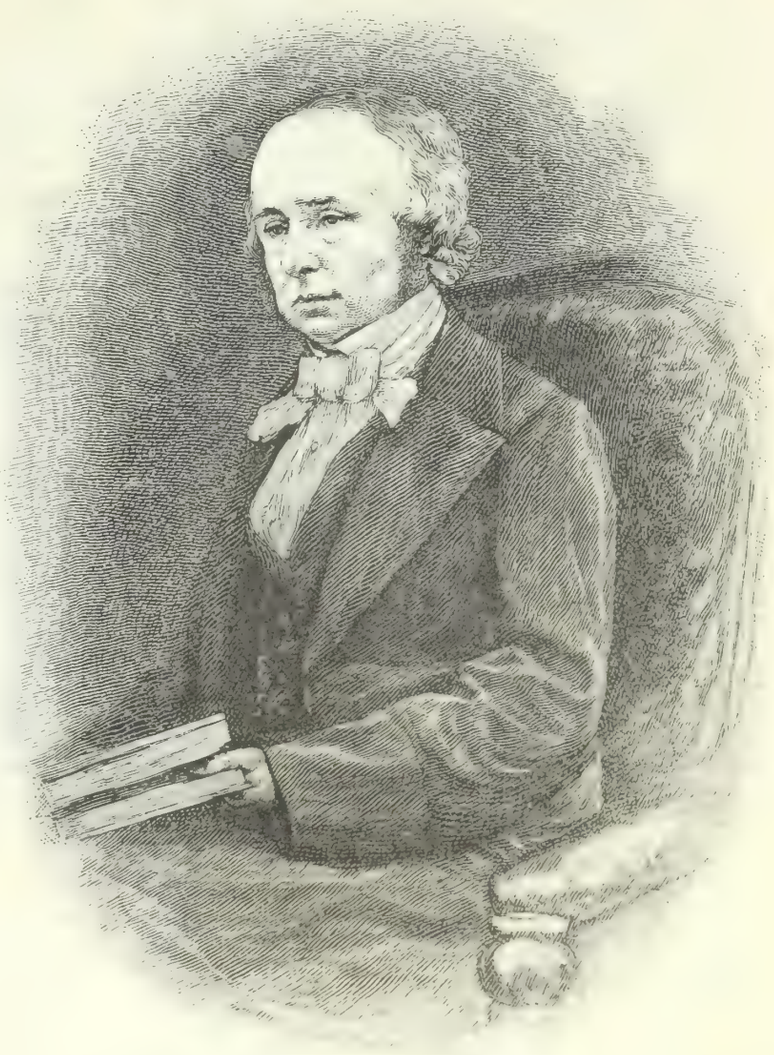
THE "COLLEGE GOVERNOR," IN MAGDALEN COLLEGE QUADRANGLE.

"Ancient Oxford! noble nurse of skill!
A citie seated riche in everye thing:
Girt with wood and water."

The wood is no longer visible, but about the water there can be no mistake. How, with so much meadow and various moisture around it, Oxford has managed to secure so fair a sanitary record (though this is not the very best) is a problem that may puzzle a visitor, till he discovers that the first lesson taught and mastered in the university is the art of becoming amphibious. Like the saintly baptismal duck of Attar's fable, the Oxonian leads a clean and pure life so far as water can make it so. He is an aquatic evolution. Creatures that like not water have here no habitat. There is something fluid even about Oxonian religion. Matthew Arnold must have studied out on the Isis his famous generalization about the universal "stream of tendency that makes for righteousness." That ruddy-cheeked High-Churchman you hear intoning the liturgy is the same man you saw an hour before splashing along the river-edge flannel-fleshed, bare-legged, cheering his college crew, regardless of all the pretty dames on shore waving their handkerchiefs, but presently to respond devoutly to his intonings. It were perilous to tear a black gown or a surplice in Oxford, lest some crew's colors should peep through. Thus the voyagers who settled on this marsh have for ages been turning the water into roses, such as bloom on healthy cheeks; and if the rock around them has not crumbled off into stately stems and trees, it has risen in statelier steeples and towers, which any other islanders would find it hard to match with their olive groves. These time and nature have adopted, and the eye easily follows their example; so that other natural advantages may be regarded as those least for which Oxonian law cares not—except, indeed, they be such as Shakspeare included when he personally reminded them that "nature is helped by no mean, but nature makes that mean."

There would seem to be something specially appropriate in the fact that this ancient seat of Culture should have demonstrated the power of culture by creating out of mud, marsh, and stone its perfect form and physiognomy. The harmonies to which this hundred-gated city of the modern world arose are still heard and felt. There is every where present the feeling and spirit of art and of artistic life. Masters, professors, deans, whether residing in the colleges or in separate mansions, have generally a beautiful environment; though when you look around as a scrutineer, the ornamentation is all very simple. The finest decorative touches here are such as can not be made to order, and money can not buy them. Fifteen years ago I saw in his rooms at Baliol the professor of Greek, Benjamin Jowett, who was then by *odium theologicum* compelled to do more work than any scholar in Oxford, on a stipend of £40! I then marvelled at the elegance and even beauty by which he was surrounded in a study without any thing costly; but the other day, when I had the honor of visiting the same man, now both professor of Greek and head-master of that great college, it was evident that in the finer rooms the elegance and beauty were essentially the same—the refined scholar reflected in his environment. The professors of the university, not being officers of the colleges, generally reside in detached houses, most of which appear new,

and the play of individual taste in and around them suggests a normal fullness in the professional exchequer which the catalogue of salaries does not sustain, many of these gentlemen being really underpaid. These residences, which generally have behind them a half acre of greensward perfectly trimmed, adorned with floral parterres, trees with seats beneath them, are built of deep red brick in the later Gothic style. Within is found that rare kind of order that is free from uncomfortable suggestions of geometry or mensuration. The interiors of the students' quarters often indicate familiarity with refined homes. Their rooms are considerably larger, as a rule, than the rooms of under-graduates at Harvard or Yale, and having much fewer books in them than are usual in similar rooms in America, appear like comfortable sitting-rooms rather than studies. And, finally, all these residences inside and outside the colleges have the appearance of being apartments of the city itself. That, too, is ordered like a household. The streets are nearly as clean as the college halls and quadrangles, also nearly as quiet. Not only their quaint homesteads, but their very shops, are a sympathetic constituency around the university walls and towers.



PROFESSOR BENJAMIN JOWETT, MASTER OF BALIOL COLLEGE.

If one's imagination should start out to track the architectural evolution of Oxford, every step would have its illustration. The pious pilgrims slept in groups together, and consequently the student's study is spacious. The thatched shelter under which the pilgrim-pupils shared their homely "commons" has become rich with laced architrave, coffered ceiling, and rose-window; but the young lord, the tradesman's son, and their accomplished teacher still sit there together on wooden benches, and guests are not turned empty away. Washington Irving has told the legend of the Alhambra in Spain, that it was originally a hermitage. Its pious occupant worked miracles for the king, and was asked to name his own reward. The hermit replied that his wants were simple, he merely desired to have his poor abode furnished. In the end, however, it took half the imperial treasures to "furnish" that hermitage. It has not taken less to gradually furnish the monastery which St. Frideswide founded at Oxford. It has required much more to turn the friar into a professor. Yet amid all this beauty and fine society the ancient simplicity lingers in many ways; it is easy by a few steps to pass from the nineteenth century to the thirteenth.

Far from "lucid" were the images which the shrine-builders of Oxford set up. An enthusiast in archæology might experience keen regrets in walking around Oxford and encountering its inscrutable—I was about to say "idols:" that is what we should call such forms if we had dug them up in India, but here we must say "symbolical figures." How one would like to "interview" the man who designed, the sculptor who executed, the statues that stand on pillars along the sides of Magdalen College quadrangle! Their date seems to be 1509, and W. Reeks—a fellow of 1671–87—tried to solve their meaning in a MS., still preserved, called "Œdipus Magdalensis." But his explanation of some of the figures when read beside them are quite as enigmatical as themselves.

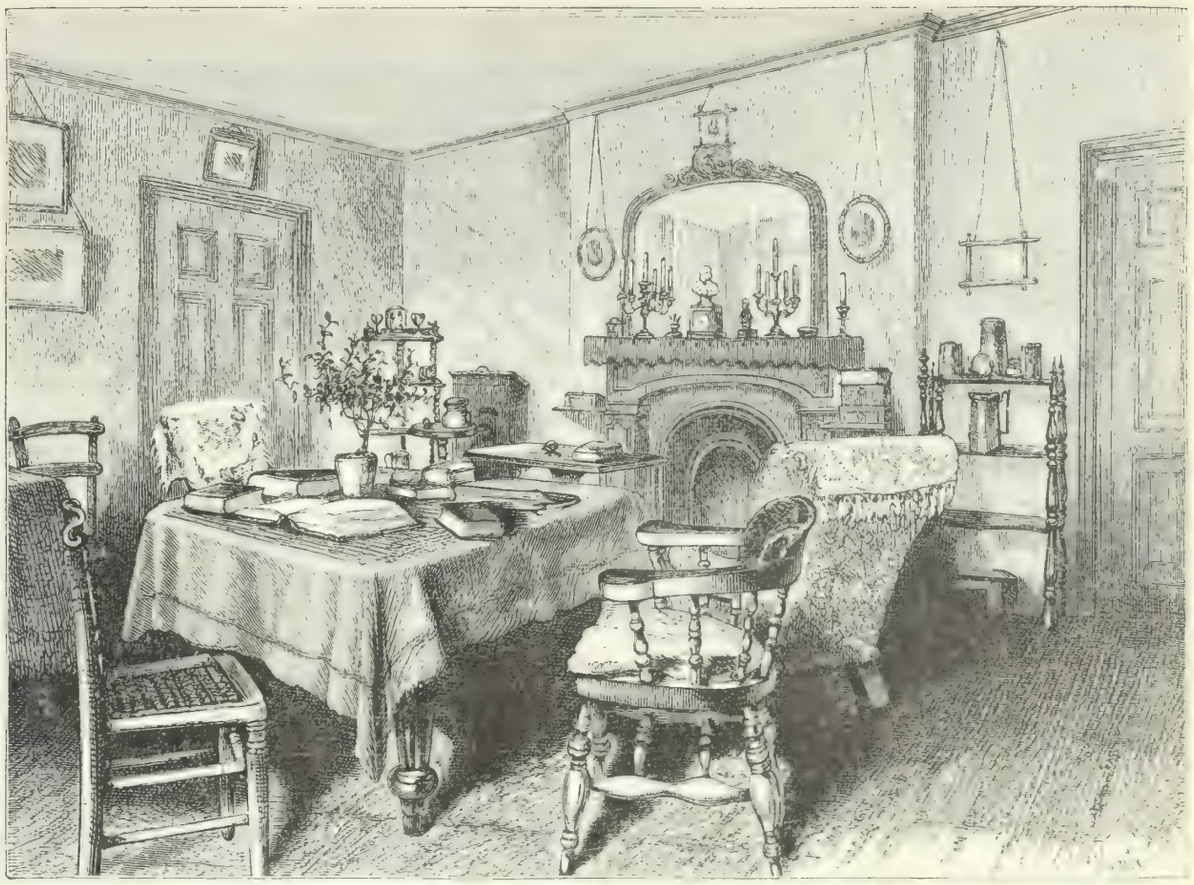
The figures on the virtuous side are of comparatively easy interpretation. Beneath the two windows of the President's room are the

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THE "DRAGON," IN MAGDALEN COLLEGE QUADRANGLE.

Lion and the Pelican, which clearly indicate that this high official should unite courage with that self-devoting tenderness which is fabled in the bird that feeds its young with its own blood. Then we have the stern School-master, who bears a roll of paper in one hand, and in the other a ferule. Next comes the Lawyer embracing his Client—the immediate jewel of his soul. Follows the Physician scrutinizing the contents of a bottle. The Divine is symbolized in Moses opening the tables of the Law. In unpleasant proximity to the professional group stands a Fool with his cap and bells. Samson conquering the lion; Goliath with the small stone on his forehead, much astonished; David with a short sword—succeed. Then we have a big Hippopotamus with a little one on his back, in which is discoverable the office of a Tutor to bear the undergraduate through "responsions" and "moderations." But now here come two strange forms: a plump and nude woman and a man in much the same condition, both partly animalized, and with long tails, in which our Œdipus Reeks finds symbols of sobriety and gluttony! Which means which, it seems impossible to say. Both seem to imply brazen impudence. The next is one of the queerest figures, and our old interpreter says it means Drunkenness. It is a figure of a man with three necks and heads; one of these is a humanized lion's head, another a sheep, the third (apparently) a goose. If this third were a pig's head the monstrosity might be taken to represent the rabbinical fable of drunkenness. There is a rabbinical fable to the effect that when Noah began his first work after the deluge—planting a vineyard—Satan approached and offered to be his partner in husbandry, and his offer being accepted, he (the devil) proceeded to sacrifice or slay on the vineyard successively a lion, a sheep, and a hog. Thereafter he who drank the fruit of the vine was endowed first with the lion's fierceness, next with sheepishness, and finally with the grossness of the hog. This and other rabbinical fables floated about Europe in the Middle Ages, and it is possible that the sculptor of this figure had it in his mind, but substituted a goose for the hog. But this is not the most puzzling of the figures: the next Mr. Reeks calls simply "Lycanthropy"—no doubt in despair. The head bears as much resemblance to that of a wolf as of any other animal, and that is very little; the body is male, somewhat human, and sits like a kangaroo; in one hand it holds a child's head, and beside it is an owl. The next figure is similar, but it has a frog's head; beside it is a little cow in place of an owl, and above its woman's breast is a female face—at the bottom of the neck. This probably represents the mediæval notion of the Lamia. The remaining figures are more clear: Lust is displayed in repulsive forms; there is a griffin-dragon free, and a similar one chained; and lastly we have the series completed by the mediæval Devil himself. Whatever may have been the particular significance of the various forms, there can be no doubt that as a series they were meant to impress on the youthful mind the excellence of the Virtues and horrors of the Vices. Here in Maudlen Quadrangle went on still the mighty war between Ormuzd and Ahriman, Light and Darkness, Good and Evil; and every student who passed beneath these forms had to

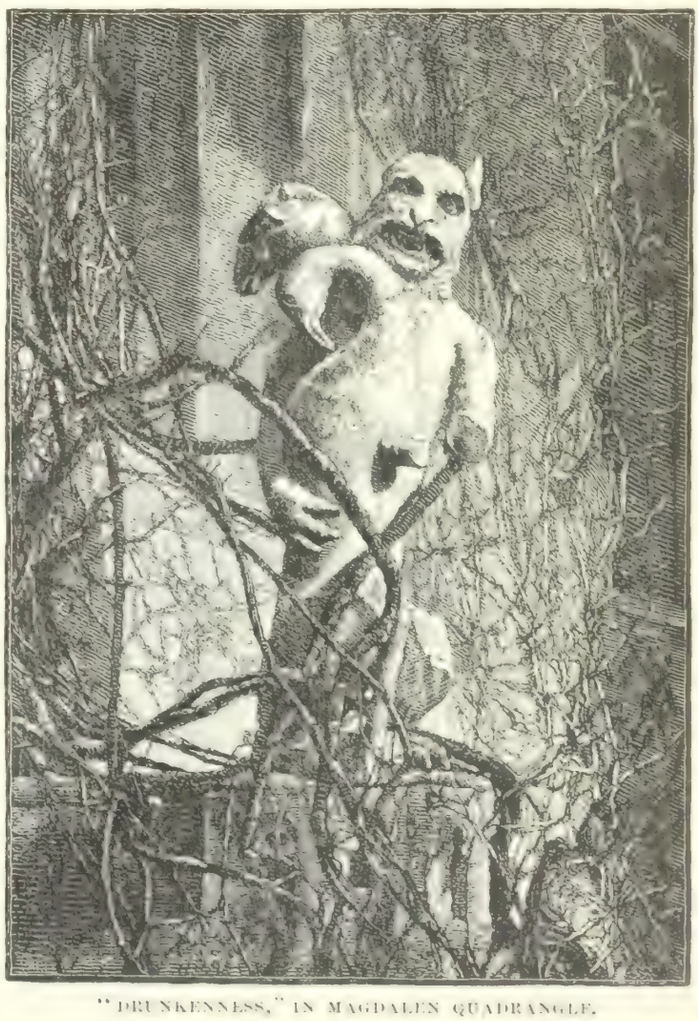


INTERIOR OF STUDENT'S ROOM, CHRIST-CHURCH COLLEGE.

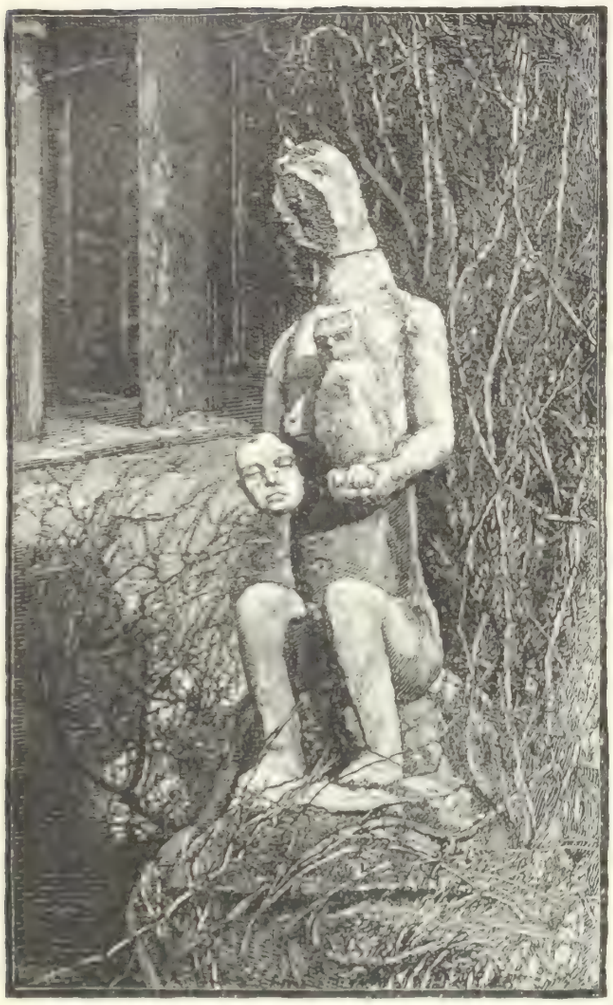
be a soldier on one side or the other. They who here set up these figures little dreamed, perhaps, the form that struggle would assume ten centuries later, but their notion of it will probably remain after many a delusive and transient controversy has passed away, and hot theologians are succeeded by cooler and wiser teachers, who shall recognize as true comrades all who are bringing courage, love, and learning to conquer the animalism of man and chain his dragons.

I fancy it may have been after meditating on some of these monsters that young William, Duke of Gloucester, wrote in his Latin Exercise-Book (preserved in the library) certain strong similitudes for "A Tyrant." "A Tyrant is a savage hideous Beast. Imagine that you saw a certain Monster armed on all sides with 500 horns, on all sides dreadfull fatnd with humane intrails drunken with humane blood this is the fatal mischiefe whom they call A Tyrant. William. June 13th, 1700." The lad's tutor, Bishop Burnet, has made sundry corrections in the Latin, but it is to be hoped he rewarded the sentiment.

These antiquities appear ineffably curious when one sees them side by side with so many things that represent the latest improvements in physical environments. What a contrast between Lamia and the admirable Smoke-jack near by, where the fire is cooking a score of sirloins which its own smoke



"DRUNKENNESS," IN MAGDALEN QUADRANGLE.



"LYCANTHROPY," IN MAGDALEN QUADRANGLE.

turns upon their respective spits! What novelties of art, ornament, comfort, find themselves still surrounded by these funny old frames! And yet as to the Ormuzd-Ahriman battle, as to the promotion of virtue and repression of vice, it would seem that Oxford depends mainly on the ancient weapons. The statues representing the two are spiritualized, but to raise high the beautiful standard of the Good and degrade that of the Evil, is a plan not yet antiquated in the old university. Oxford is unique in the degree to which it uses the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers for moral ends. The professors study Aristotle and Plato with the students, and, instead of falling to fisticuffs over the relative merits of the two, as their predecessors did, they believe that human ferocity may be curbed by such study; therein giving a mystical interpretation to the legend of Queen's College, that its annual boar's-head feast dates from the killing of a monster boar by a student armed only with a volume of Aristotle, which he thrust down its throat. It might appear, antecedently, a hopeless undertaking to attack the animalism of Young England with volumes of Aristotle, Plato, Plutarch, Seneca, Antonine; but it is certain that the studies of these philosophers at Oxford bear far beyond their linguistic value, and this sort of culture would hardly continue to be depended on so largely were it unproductive.

In ancient times all who came to Oxford were religious people, often coming from afar and making sacrifices to obtain knowledge. Although disciplinary checks and regulations have gradually arisen, they are so few and apparently feeble that it is plain the old assumption as to the pious character of the students still largely characterizes the university. Each is treated as a seeker of knowledge and virtue. His room is as sacred from intrusion as was the monk's cell of earlier days. No master or proctor can insist on entering a student's room, whatever may be his suspicions as to proceedings inside. The extent to which this immunity is carried may be judged by the fact that every youth is allowed to order of the college stores as much wine or spirits as he desires, and his order is filled without any special limitation, and without any question being asked as to its disposal. The possibility of a young man drinking hard in his room is no more entertained than if he were still a pilgrim at the shrine of St. Frideswide. It is true that some of the colleges —and each has its own regulations provide against "extravagance" by fixing a limit of weekly expenditure; and if the student's purchases from the college stores exceed the limit, his attention is called to it, action being taken in case of frequent repetitions of the excess. But in no case that I can discover is this limit such as could prove a restriction on drinking, wine and spirits being at co-operative prices. The student may drink French or German wines at the prices he would pay in France and Germany; a quart of brandy costs a dollar, and of whiskey eighty-four cents.

The university regulations meant to discourage dissipation and immorality are mainly directed against the seductions of the town outside college walls. The students are rigorously restrained from frequenting public-houses or saloons;* wherever they go they must wear their gowns, under penalty of fine, so that they may be recognized. As Oxford city—technically a city because it has a cathedral—exists chiefly to supply the demands of the university, the severe prohibitions of ages

* The university statutes are printed in surprising Latin, but are sufficiently explicit. *E. g.*: "Statutum est quod scholares cujuscunque conditionis a diversoriis cauponis œnopolis ac domibus quibuscunque intra civitatem vel præcinctum universitatis in quibus vinum aut quivis alius potus aut herbe nicotiana (sive *tobacco*) ordinaria venditur abstineant; nisi ex causa necessaria et urgenti per Vice-cancellarium aut Procuratores approbanda; quodque si quis secus fecerit pro arbitrio Vice-cancellarii aut Procuratorum puniatur." Elsewhere gladiatorial combats are forbidden, along with billiards, but no offense seems so fearful as going about after sunset, or before 1 P.M., without cap and gown.

against low places of resort have had their effect in clearing the town of such. No prostitute is ever seen on the streets, and it is pretty certain that even covert immorality has been reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, the students can generally find ways of getting permission to visit other towns—it is but fourteen shillings, second-class, to London and back—and they are said to possess generally great ingenuity in cramming into a few hours the excesses which students with more opportunities spread over a week. But after all allowances are made for debaucheries elsewhere, there are good grounds for believing that the moral character of Oxford is exceptionally high, and chiefly because of the distance to which most temptations have been removed. It requires a degree of cool viciousness which happily few of these healthy youths can have, to set out deliberately upon an expedition of self-indulgence and sensuality. Impulse of the moment checked, the whole youth is checked. Solitary tippling, too, is little to the taste of the young; and their guardians quietly provide that the gathering together of under-graduates in one room shall not be pressed too far. Yet, with all this, the freedom allowed youths who have no intellectual or moral participation in the inner life of Oxford might prove perilous were it not that their animal spirits and their *ennui* find vent and relief in cricket, boating, and other sports for which such ample provision is made.

The methods of discipline and punishment at Oxford have never been quite satisfactory. The punishments consist (1) of pecuniary fines, at which wealthy students smile; (2) of rustication, or banishment from the university for a definite period, which is costly to the college; (3) expulsion. Offenses of the graver class, involving guilt cognizable by law, are dealt with by the Chancellor's Court, whose jurisdiction by virtue of ancient privilege has been acknowledged by all English courts. The Vice-Chancellor is justice of the peace for the counties of Oxford and Berks, and all cases in which a resident member of the university is concerned are first brought before him, to be dealt with summarily, or by him be remitted to the ordinary courts. But offenses against college or university regulations—such as smoking in the streets, staying out after the college gate is closed (9.15 P.M. to 10 P.M., as different colleges may prescribe), going gownless in the prescribed hours—are more difficult to deal with. The shrewd master of Baliol (Jowett) not long ago utilized an old provision, long neglected, by which a student's supplies at the Buttery might be stopped at discretion. Fancy the emotion caused in the hearty under-graduate breast and stomach when, awaiting his beef and beer and tart, he is told that his Battels (O. Eng., *bat*, to increase, and *daël*, portion) are withheld "by orders." But it only means that an interview with him is desired by the master: he only comes a little later than the rest to dinner, and has a gentle admonition to digest along with his pudding. I believe Master Jowett has saved his college and students so much trouble by this quiet, unobserved appeal to the youthful appetite that other colleges are adopting the plan. But, after all, the sovereign moral force in Oxford is the high standard of personal honor sustained from of old, as we have seen by the study of ancient philosophy, now fixed in its traditions, and felt by every member of the university in the dignity it bestows upon him. The most thoughtless youth is apt to be sobered when he finds himself generally trusted by professors to his own sense of honor, and when wherever he goes he discovers that something more is expected of an Oxonian than of other young men.

Some one has said that in England every fifty peaceful years are equal to a revolution. It may be added that such revolutions are rarely recognized by those who pass through them, and that they never go backward. But surely fifty years is a long time to allot for a revolution in this telephonic age. Perhaps it depends on the place. After reading articles about Oxford written only a quarter of a century ago, it



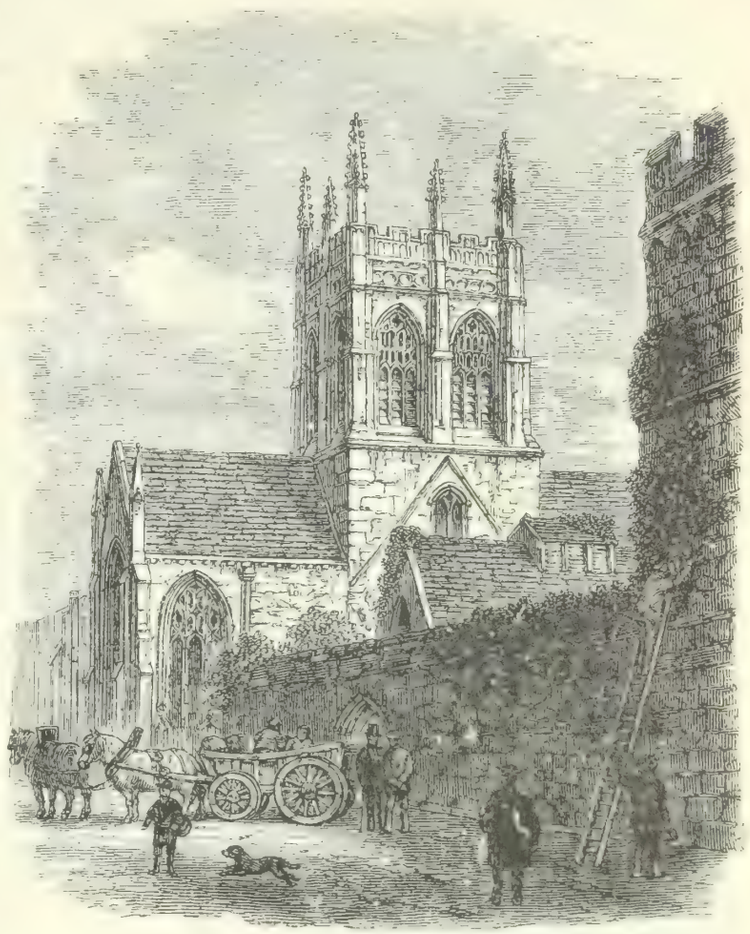
"THE TUTOR," IN MAGDALEN QUADRANGLE.



ENTRANCE GATE, MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

seems to me that the place must have undergone a revolution since then. About that time a very distinguished and acute American wrote home from Oxford about its conservatism; he said, "Whatever any Massachusetts town unanimously affirms, Oxford denies." Not long after the late war for the Union an eminent scholar and soldier of Massachusetts was walking along the ancient avenue of limes at Oxford, and all the antiquity of the place seemed expressed in that sentence just quoted. But just then a college band, behind the hedge, struck up "Marching through Georgia!" The soldier felt as he listened somewhat as the scholar felt soon after, in Merton Library, when, after noting the old books chained to the wall, he discovered that the last two volumes issued to a student were those of the most sweeping radical of our time. These little things are significant of large things. The ancient frame of Oxford remains from age to age, but the portrait is always changing. Of the thirty or more young Americans now at Oxford, it is probable that a moiety have been sent with the intention that in one direction or another they should imbibe such views as are now called "reactionary," and again "old-fashioned," according to the describer's attitude. Others may be sent because their parents' or their own imaginations have been fired by the "heroics" of *Tom Brown at Oxford;* while it is equally probable that a larger number are not sent because of the "prosaics" of the same book. But it is to be feared that all of these parties are conceiving of Oxford as far more stereotyped and stationary than it is, and of its influence as more uniform than it is. For one thing, that little cosmos has got too large for views of any one set to impress themselves upon it exclusively. For another thing, the antiquity about them being secure is taken for granted, and Oxonians not unfrequently exhibit an Athenian eagerness to hear some new thing. It seems but a little time since we were all reading *Tom Brown*, and it is likely that American impressions about life at this university are mainly derived from its graphic pages; but I have already said enough on a previous page to suggest to my reader the fact that the Oxford of to-day is by no means that which Thomas Hughes saw. No doubt the same faults survive to some extent, but they are no longer characteristic. The purse-proud *régime* has been reduced, the tandem-driving lords and snobs are unknown; the "liqueurs at a guinea a bottle and wine at five guineas a dozen," the startling cigars and the gambling, which were familiar to

the young gentlemen of "St. Ambrose," are now nearly as mythical as the name of that college. You may hear professors or clergymen complaining of this or that "set" in some college as "fast," but when the examples are quoted, they are likely to astonish by their moderation any one who has drawn his ideas of Oxonian fastness from *Tom Brown*. The "Town and Gown" row is a thing of the past, so is that unappeasable thirst for beer by which the youth of that time seemed to have been impelled. Although there is still such a singular degree of freedom allowed the young men in their rooms in the matter of spirits, a student who should any where be seen tipsy would lose caste entirely among his fellows; and this is true of any college in Oxford. It is impossible to name all the causes which have brought about these changes: a main one certainly is the largely increased severity of the examinations, as compared with what they were thirty years ago. Tandems can no longer drive through the "little-go." Wine parties are incompatible with "moderations." Gladstone won honors at Oxford with half the efforts that would now be required. In one sense the advantage of this increased severity may be questioned: it leaves the student little time for general reading; but morally the effect has been to do away with that unpleasant tendency to imitate London club life which was once so manifest. But there have been influences of other kinds at work also. What would the dons of the last generation, who could not tolerate Shelley's fondness for chemistry, have said could they have foreseen that ere the next had closed a Board of Studies would include in their list the works of Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, Goethe, Lessing, Carlyle, Lyell, Mill, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Hooker, Draper, Gray, and Sterry Hunt!

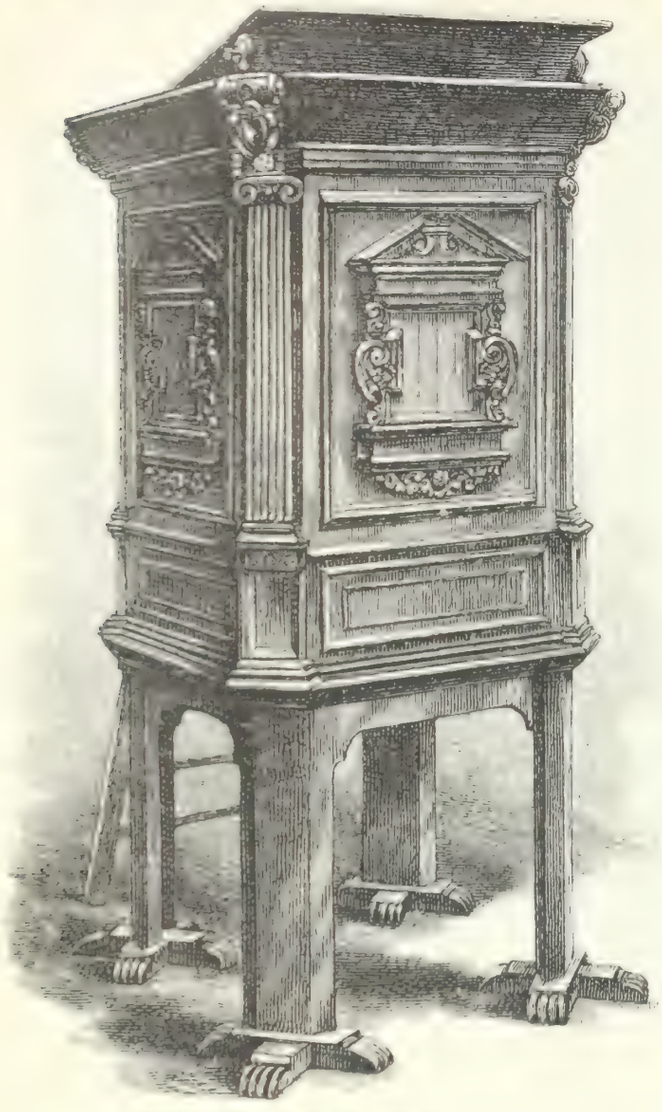


MERTON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

It is, however, perilous to generalize concerning Oxford, for, notwithstanding a certain unity about the place, the colleges have striking differences. One is rich, another poor; one Liberal, another Tory; and any old fellow you meet will display you their respective characteristics as if they were so many medals with legends. A slightly cynical one read them off to me very easily. One consisted of "tradesmen's sons fond of dash and stupid practical jokes;" another, "the refuge of abuses;" a third is "a boat club;" a fourth, "not exactly fast, but easy;" a fifth, "Crœsus;" and so on, some, of course, having pleasanter labels. With a sufficient number of salt grains in each case, the descriptive phrases have their truth. Sometimes the humorous judgments so passed by the students on each others' colleges have the startling effect of being echoes of their history. Thus the college said to be overfond of stupid jokes is dear old Merton; and it is odd to reflect that just there Duns Scotus devoted himself to those "subtill quiddities" which embalmed his name in the word *dunce*. The first noted man connected with Merton was Roger Bacon, astrologer; the last was Henry Manning, cardinal. Trinity College, the ancient "nursery of the monks of Durham," bears the repute of being "dull and respectable." What else should we expect from the college which expelled Landor and fostered Bampton, founder of the lectures? Baliol is sometimes called the "nest of heresies." Beside it the heretics of their time, Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, mount guard on their monument. Near them still hovers the spirit of Shirley, which sang:

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The stories of these colleges are romantic; there is an anecdote for every carved stone of them; but I must leave such antiquarian seductions. Each college had its special reason to rise, and each has put forth its strength in the great race after truth, and also, it must be confessed, after power. After I had listened to a great deal of sensible



THE WESLEY PULPIT.

persiflage about the various colleges, and then witnessed a splendid regatta on the Isis, I sat meditating in the Clarendon Hotel. The shade of Shakspeare, who, close to where I sat, used to flirt with pretty Mrs. Davenant—more anxious to win her smiles than the grand compliments of Professor Butler, who listened to his plays and set him above Terence—seemed now to re-appear and spread the scenery of the past before me. All Oxford was part of the great stream of Time, and the colleges were so many well-manned boats starting on their competition of centuries for an unknown goal! Each represents some special party, belief, tendency, of its time; and each will "bump" the other, as the phrase goes, if it can. Some oars wax weary and faint by the way, and give up their place to others; some, again, that began feebly unfold undreamed energies. Perhaps if some that started on the grand course could have foreseen just where they would have been anno 1878, their oars would all have stopped together—not another stroke! We sometimes think of those who lived and searched for truth in the centuries before the Reformation as reposing in a blissful harmony because they were not divided on the particular questions that divide us. But when that first dawn of freedom sent its morning breath over Oxford it found all the colors of subsequent controversies awaiting the signal of liberation; each floated out over its toiling crew, and so each passed on to our own time, which sees the stream lined with barges representing every variety of ideal and every degree of enthusiasm in its pursuit.

And now among the many starters in my mystical regatta, one swift boat rivets attention. It is marked "Lincoln." I asked a fellow of Baliol, "What sort of college is Lincoln?" "Small, scholarly, rather poor," was the reply. But in the historic perspective it loomed up large and rich; for there appeared to Oxford its prophet, whose warnings have never been outlived. Having just listened to a lecture by Max Müller on fetich worship, I found an even better explanation of that primitive cultus in the feeling with which I presently stood before an old oaken pulpit in an entrance hall at Lincoln. In that pulpit John Wesley preached his first sermon. It has not been used for a long time; it is not in the chapel, yet stands where it generally stood in old times, reminding us of the period when the chapel or church was for "services" before altars: preaching was only occasional, the pulpit being brought in when it was wanted. This pulpit has not been "wanted" for some time, in one sense; but it may be doubted if the Oxonians of to-day can hear from any other pulpit discourse more impressive than that which may still strike an attentive ear from that silent pulpit in the hall.

Passing up the stairway, under guidance of an accomplished fellow of Lincoln, who well represents the reverence there felt for the memory of Wesley, I entered the rooms where resided the first Methodist—"sometime fellow of Lincoln College"—and was there welcomed by a handsome young gentleman of the Church of England. Beautiful rooms they are, their large quaint windows looking out, both front and back, over velvet greensward of quiet courts bounded by wall and turret, carved by reverent art, and softened under touch of the ages. Never, perhaps, to any youth might such charmed scenery have been more emblematic of the fair outlooks and hopes that stretched before the eyes of that member of the house of Wellesley. Why should he not sit here as serenely as this clear-eyed youth who welcomes us into his neat and tasteful apartments? Bunyan, the tinker, might easily dream of his lowly and poor roof as

included in the City of Destruction, but it appears strange that the cultured John Wesley, amid all this quiet beauty and amid these picturesque walls, should groan in spirit after any city of other foundations. The few pathetic traces of him that remain in Lincoln College tell plainly how little he could find there any continuing rest. How slight in importance may have seemed to the students and professors the absences accorded to Mr. Wesley on every chapter day from 1739 to 1751! how pregnant they are in the light of history!

"*Nov.* 6, 1739. Leave of Absence was granted till the next Chapter Day to Mr. Wesley.

"RICHARD HUTCHINS, Sub-Rector."

Then there is the following entry:

"*May* 6, 1743. At a Chapter held this day, Mr. Rector took upon him to preach upon the Feast of All-Saints as usual. Mr. Wesley and Mr. Fenton were appointed by the Sub-Rector to preach, the former on the Dedication of All-Saints, and the latter on the Feast of St. Michael."

May 6, 1749, the same entry. Finally we have in John Wesley's own hand the following resignation:

"Ego Johannes Wesley, Collegii Lincolniensis, in Academia Oxoniensi Socius, quicquid mihi juris est in prædicta Societate, ejusdem Rectore et Sociis sponte ac libere resigno: Illis universis et singulis perpetuam pacem ac omnimodam in Christo felicitatem exoptans.

"JOHANNES WESLEY.

"LONDINI, *Kalendis Junii, Anno Salutis Millesimo, Septingentesimo, Quinquagesimo primo.*"

After this "spontaneous" resignation of his fellowship and all its rights—"wishing them all and each perpetual peace and all happiness in Christ"—by Wesley, there follow these entries:

"*June* 21, 1751. It was ordered that the Lincolnshire Fellowship void by the Resignation of Mr. Wesley should remain void till next Chapter Day.

"RICHARD HUTCHINS, Sub-Rector."

"*May* 10, 1753. Robert Kirke, A.B., born at Northorpe, in the County of Lincoln, was unanimously elected a perpetual Fellow of Lincoln College, into a Fellowship belonging to the County of Lincoln, void by the resignation of Mr. Wesley.

"MICH. ROBINSON, Sub-Rector."

Lincoln College was founded expressly to wage war against the ideas of Wycliffe. Its chief literary treasure now is the MS. of Wycliffe's Bible; its chief fame is to have produced the great man of whom the "morning-star" was forerunner—John Wesley.

There is an old but still flourishing grape-vine in the court-yard of Lincoln College which has a curious story. The college had become rather poor, and amid its struggles the archbishop chanced to visit it. The dean of the college was appointed to preach before him on the occasion, and selected for his text Psalms, lxxx. 14: "Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine." It need hardly be said that in the discourse Lincoln College was symbolized by the vine, and its needs disclosed. The archbishop never forgot it, and remembered Lincoln handsomely in his will. On receiving the bequest this vine was planted as a memorial of the incident. How many even more telling sermons than that of the witty dean may that vine—lasting through generations



SKETCH OF DR. PUSEY.

—have sweetly preached to the youth who cherished it! I almost fancied I could see the meditative Hervey with his pupil Wesley pausing beside it to dream of the heart seeds, seeming little and lowly, that yet take deep root and climb on imperishably.

The heart of Wesley took root and climbed on at Lincoln. It was on account of marriage that he resigned his fellowship; but Sub-Rector Hutchins, whose name appears in the above entries, was a devout Methodist, and he left a kindly bequest of money to supply the poorer students of Lincoln with better dinners. This fund still does good service, and it is large enough to provide also the annual "Hutchins Dinner," which all members of the college enjoy. I was somewhat surprised to find that the college is not patronized by Methodists—or "Wesleyans," as they are called in England—there being no student there of that denomination. Unitarians and other Nonconformists favor it, and a liberal spirit prevails around the spot where a mighty movement began; such a spirit as would win the approval of the great man whose faith was so perfect that it could fearlessly set forth the holy life of Thomas Firmin, a Unitarian, and say, "I am sick of opinions; give me the life."

My belief is that the flaming out of Wesleyanism at Oxford was characteristic, that the university never had a truer son than its founder. It was really a moral move-

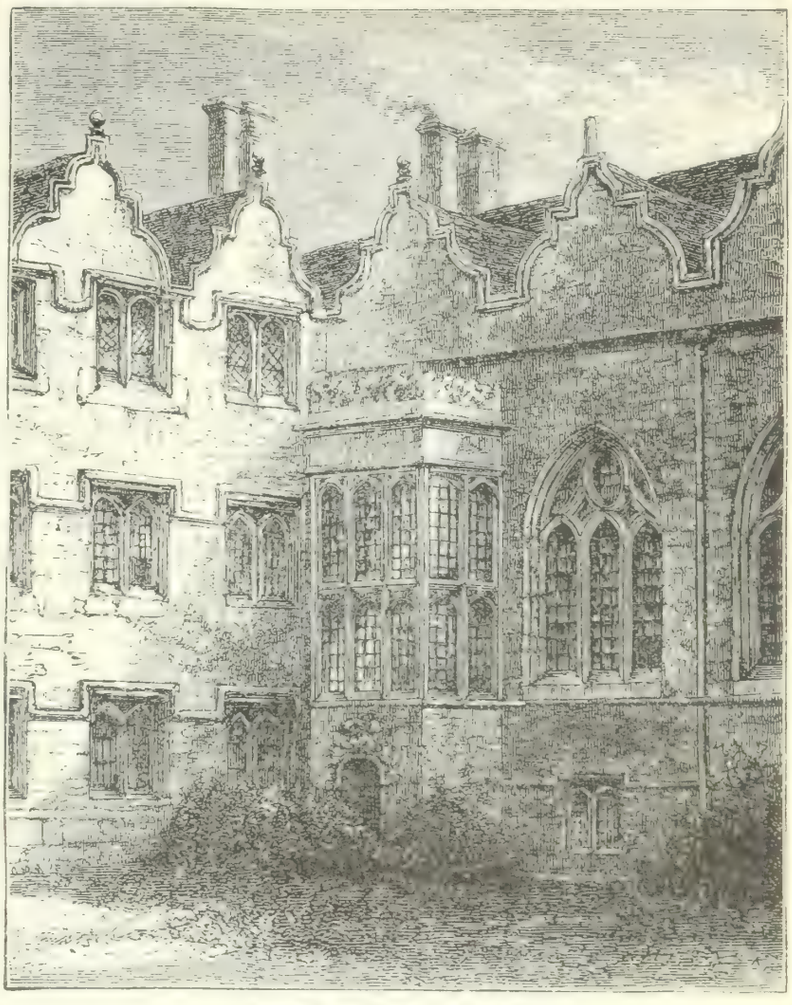
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ment—a volcanic tongue leaping forth amid frivolity, intellectual dilettanteism, and selfishness, pretending to represent religion, sitting in the seat of Moses and Christ. And if the Tractarian movement be examined, and the moral condition of Oxford, as described by Mr. Froude in his novels, be considered, it will be found that it too was far more moral than theological. When Theodore Parker first came to England he wrote from Oxford (date October 18, 1843) to Dr. Francis, at Cambridge, United States: "Really the rise of this party is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. The old Church is not so dead as men fancied. Some are found who say to the fat bishops and easy deans, 'Go to the devil with your livings and your rents, your tithes and your distrainings; let us put life into these old forms which you are humbugging the people withal.'.....Here is Dr. Newman—gives up a rich living out of conscientious scruples! Dr. Pusey, born of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, which, at Pusey Hall, keeps a horn of gold given them by Canute—a man bred in all tenderness—rides on the outside of coaches, and submits to all manner of hard fare, to save money to give to the poor and promote education, Christianity, and the like of that. He says a man in good circumstances ought to give up a fourth part of his income for benevolent purposes—and does it."

In his study at Edgebaston Oratory, Father Newman has a picture of Oxford, beneath which he has written, in Latin, the words: "Son of man, can these bones live? Lord, Thou knowest." Father Newman left Oxford for the Church of Rome in 1845. This year—at the close of one generation from that sad parting—he visited the place again, and for the first time since he left it. I was told that while he was sitting at dinner in his college (Oriel) he asked an old friend, a clergyman, seated beside him, what changes that generation had brought to Oxford. The reply was that they were so vast that they could not be told, but the main change was "the disappearance of the ecclesiastical spirit." Which means that, in Father Newman's sense, Oxonian bones are drier now than ever. Since Tractarian breath ceased to stir them, all questions concerning the antiquarian authority of the Church and priestly powers have failed in interest. The recent expulsion of a youth from the new Puseyite college, Keble, because he turned Catholic, is enough to indicate the horror with which even High-Churchmen view any possible recurrence of ecclesiastical controversy. The question of Newman's time is nearly fossilized. The principle of Anglican supremacy in the Christian Church has been settled, and in the way which English pride—to name the lowest force—from the first, made its settlement certain. The notion that the great English Church could be induced by any antiquarian considerations to acknowledge a foreigner—and a foreigner who does not speak English—as its supreme head, is a phantasy whose indulgence suggests drill in believing things because they are impossible. There is no man that looks down more defiantly on the Catholic than the extreme High-Churchman. Rome is the Anglican's rival. The transient conflict has left its sorrowfully picturesque memorials in the famous brothers parted to extremes of right and left: a Catholic Newman, a theistic Newman; Froude, the captive of Rome, Froude, the skeptic and bitterest enemy of Rome; Matthew Arnold, whose God is a stream of tendency, and Thomas Arnold, who has lately, and for the second time, entered the Papal Church. But these all belong to the past. The Tractarian controversy has bequeathed to Oxford a conflict not about churches, but concerning the fundamental principles of faith. Rationalism and Christianity have taken up the swords, and if Belief can manage to survive the thrusts of Disbelief, it finds comparatively easy the task of adjusting itself to some existing Anglican phase of faith and worship.

The competition at Oxford just now seems to lie between the Broad or rationalistic party and the High-Church party. They are both equally active and flourishing. What, perhaps, is chiefly remarkable is the readiness with which the Anglicans, or Puseyites, take on the armor of progress in their methods, and the facility with which they adapt themselves to new needs. A striking instance of this has just come within my personal knowledge. A lady of wealth, deeply interested in the higher education of her sex, recently gave £1000 to form the nucleus of a subscription to found at Oxford a college for young women similar to that (Girton) which is doing such good work at Cambridge. Those who were intrusted with the matter naturally proceeded to consult with the Broad-Church professors and teachers of Oxford. From among these a committee of gentlemen and ladies was formed to consult about the matter. It was concluded that the monastic atmosphere still lingered in Oxford sufficiently to make it a hazardous undertaking to start there a regular female college, but that it was practicable to start some such institution in the form of a boarding-school for young ladies. Meanwhile, however, the High-Church people there heard of the scheme, and instead of preparing, as was expected, to combat it, they held a meeting and constituted a committee to take the lead in it! Throwing monastic notions of women to the winds, they sent word to the Broad-Church committee that they were

prepared to coalesce with them for the purpose of practically inaugurating female education in Oxford of a kind which would train girls for the university examinations, already opened to them; and the result was the formation of a strong committee—which is at work while I write—composed of prominent members of both parties, and agreed that the new institution shall be free from bias from either side. The teaching shall be purely secular, each party reserving to itself the right to found subsequently a school in its own interest. This determination of the High-Church scholars not to be behind the times in meeting the growing demand for female education, not to leave women to preserve in the school they are sure to have any tradition that it was gained against High-Church hostility, indicates a flexibility and courage in that wing of the Establishment for which its opponents had not given it credit, and a progressive spirit which forbids the Broad-Church to anticipate an easy victory in the future.



ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

The near prospect of this innovation upon the ancient habits of Oxford—already far advanced in the many lectures, such as those of Ruskin, Rolleston, Max Müller, and others, which have long been crowded with women—recalls the honorable historic connection of that sex with the ancient university. The corner-stone of the whole city and university was the monastery founded by Frideswide; and in the cathedral, which is her monument, the most beautiful of the windows is that which records her legend, in which she is seen taking refuge from her persecutors in a pig-sty. In December, 1141, the Empress Maude held Oxford Castle when it was besieged by King Stephen for a long time. She was forced at last to fly, making her way over the ice on foot and in a snow-storm, she and her maidens escaping detection by being clothed in white. In 1646, while Lord Arundel was defending Oxford against the Parliamentary forces, his lady defended Wardour Castle like another Maude. When Sir Edward Hungerford and his 1300 Roundheads summoned her to surrender, she replied that she "had the orders of her lord to keep the castle, and those orders she was determined to obey;" and though eventually she had to capitulate, it was on honorable terms. Though Baliol College bears the name of John Baliol, father of a King of Scotland, the statutes of its foundation bear the seal and name of his wife Devorgilda, the date being 1282, thirteen years after her husband's death. Devorgilda carried about with her the embalmed heart of her husband in a silver casket, and no doubt it was in pursuance of his wishes that she founded the college; yet I was glad to find that the students of Baliol have named their debating club "The Devorgilda Society." Miss Hannah Brackenbury recently built a new front for Baliol, and founded scientific scholarships. Queen's College gets its name from its founder, Queen Philippa (1340), and many queens have since befriended it. Yet for many ages Oxford confined its homage so strictly to "the Virgin Mary and St. Catherine," to whom Devorgilda dedicated her college, as to take little interest in terrestrial women; and in 1779 an Oxford woman was taken by her husband to the market-place with a rope around her waist and sold to a man for a few shillings. There is still a sort of dread among many good men in Oxford lest the admission of women to the university may do away with the antique flavor of its life, and that when the Bachelor is in proximity to a Bachelette, the Arts they pursue will be of a kind not exclusively scholastic.

If ladies are admitted to studies at Oxford, one anomaly is likely to disappear, that is, the waste of educational means and force. An indication of this waste is the vacancy of the libraries, but that is only one symptom among many of the fact that Oxford is leaving undone much that it might do, while it is doing much that might as well or better be done elsewhere. If the large number of youths who come to Oxford because it is "the thing" were replaced by young women who hunger and thirst for its real advantages, one would not find so many grand institutions almost empty and idle. But no replacement is required; Oxford could as easily be educating four thousand as two. Here, for instance, is the magnificent Taylor Institution, erected at a cost of some £70,000, and with an endowment of over £2000. It has a fine art gallery, containing the original drawings of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and the "School of Athens" (which cost 3000 guineas), forty sketches by Turner, presented by John Ruskin, and fine specimens of Vandyck, Teniers, Canaletti, Hogarth, and Reynolds. It contains a spacious library, six lecture-rooms, and a fine reading-room with the leading periodicals of the world. In it, also, is the art school, with its fine collection of studies, endowed and supervised by Ruskin. This great institution is not half utilized, and more than half of those who do now use it are ladies, mostly the families of professors. In England the excess of the female over the male population in number is between 800,000 and 900,000. Until these, for whom statistics show no possible husbands, are taught and enabled to pursue some art or career which will yield them both physical and intellectual resources, a large proportion of them must still find their way, like the Oxford wife of a hundred years ago, to the market-place, though the sale of her may not be so coarse, and the price paid may often be disguised by the marriage ring and orange blossoms which too often hide the pain of bartered affections.

Social life at Oxford is by no means what it should be. The professors have often but small salaries, and the number of students is so large that the difficulty of looking after their private entertainment is enormous. The town has no theatre; the college authorities, having the right to veto any amusement, have steadily opposed the establishment of a theatre, though they encourage concerts. The students are limited to outdoor sports and such society as they can find among themselves. The Sunday is largely utilized for social intercourse; on that day they manage to breakfast and dine and take long walks in groups, and some of their debating clubs meet on Sunday evening. Their Union Reading-Room is also open and well filled on Sundays, so that they may keep up with the news of the world and periodical literature. Yet there is a want of more female society for young men, who sorely miss the charms of English homes. Some compensation, however, is found in the friendships and intimacies which these youths form with each other, leading to pleasant introductions to each other's homes, and exchanges of charming visits during the vacations. An American student told me that he and his young countrymen at Oxford were rarely without cordial invitations to the best English country residences for the vacations, and these visits to their fellow-students were made the occasion of a delightful round of dances, picnics, excursions, and all manner of festivities. It is probable that when the large additions now proposed to the professors' salaries are made, the social relations of Oxford itself will become more satisfactory; but it would be imprudent at present to whisper even in America that a female college there might possibly contribute to that end.

Like the British Constitution, the organic law of Oxford is considerably "mixed." It represents an interminable series of adaptations to changing needs and demands growing out of different social epochs. In this way it answers to many lines of social evolution. In the matter of residence every variety of circumstance is considered and met. The under-graduate may lodge in the college or in one of the halls (public or private), or may board in a lodging-house licensed by the college authorities; and this implies a large range of prices, to suit the rich and the poor. Every year a list of the licensed lodging-houses is printed, with their prices, which vary from seven to sixty-five shillings per week. The aim of the colleges is for the under-graduates, when they first enter, to reside within college gates, and for those who have been there some time to adjourn to lodgings outside, making way for the younger. After the completion of eight—in some colleges twelve—terms, an under-graduate is usually required to remove to lodgings, but all those who so reside outside may at their option dine and "battel" in college. The lodgings are subject to the same regulations as the colleges and halls. These halls, by-the-way, are institutions which have probably grown out of ancient lodging-houses, having gradually taken on some of the educational appliances of colleges. It will be readily understood, therefore, that generalizations as to the cost of residence and study at Oxford are apt to be misleading, yet I have found no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the following statement in the *Student's Hand-Book:* "It is a matter of experience that a student who resides within a college or hall can, with economy, obtain the degree of B.A. for a total expenditure of £300. This esti-

mate includes board, room-rent or lodging, and washing, for twelve terms of residence, tuition and miscellaneous college charges, admission, examination, and degree fees; the necessary expenses which it does not include are clothes, books, railway fares, and the cost of living in the vacations. Many students have been known to obtain their degree for less than the sum above mentioned, but this has required a more than ordinary amount of thrift and self-denial, and possibly, also, a forfeiture of some collateral advantages which university life brings."

Yet it must be added to this that there is a general and constant tendency among the colleges to adapt themselves still further to the increasing demand for their advantages resulting from extension of them to Nonconformists, by reducing the charges. And it is a notable fact that the lead in such reduction has been taken by the newest of the colleges, founded on High-Church principles. Keble College has underbid all the rest by fixing an annual charge of £81, payable in advance in three installments, this including all ordinary battels, *i. e.*, the rent of furnished rooms, board, college dues, tuition, and servants. It does not include washing, lights, or beer. A few extras, but not required, are provided at a fixed tariff, but are not allowed to exceed £3 per term. Although the three installments would imply three terms, there are really four in the year; and since twelve terms reach the B.A., it follows that the whole cost to a student there would not exceed £275 for the three years. Keble College, built by subscription as a memorial to the author of *The Christian Year*, was incorporated by royal charter (June 6, 1870), which declares it to be "founded and constituted with the especial object and intent of providing persons desirous of academical education, and willing to live economically, with a college wherein sober living and high culture of mind may be combined with Christian training based upon the principles of the Church of England." The cheapness which Keble has instituted must not be supposed to imply any discomfort. It is a magnificent building, and has excellent rooms, and though there is observable a plainness in the fare as compared with some other colleges, it is wholesome and abundant. It can hardly be doubted that its simple and definite arrangement, enabling every student or his parents to estimate precisely the expense to be incurred, will have an effect upon other colleges. It will hardly do for "Broad" or "Evangelical" colleges to allow the principles of Pusey and Liddon—and they are both on the council of Keble—to be taught less expensively than their own. There was a natural impression abroad that Keble was to be a ritualistic nest, where young men were to moult their



DR. HENRY PARR LIDDON.

Anglican feathers and presently migrate in scarlet plumage to Rome. But Keble has just had the lucky opportunity already referred to of reversing that impression: a youth who turned Roman Catholic there the other day was instantly expelled, and was taken in at Hertford College. It is likely, therefore, to become a very popular college among the Church folk, and the fact that the fuller extension of education to the poor should come from that direction is, to the university, of a quietly revolutionary importance in this whole matter of expenditure. Even more important than the smallness of the special annual charge fixed by Keble College is the standard it has raised of "plain living and high thinking." For twenty-five years now there has been a silent struggle going on to lay low the standard of lavish expenditure which young "swells" of the aristocracy had set up, and snobbish parvenus raised higher, and one may hope that Keble has given it the *coup de grace* by making economy compulsory on all—the rich as well as the poor.

It may here be remarked that it is the steadfast aim of all the colleges to prevent any distinction being drawn or recognized between rich and poor in any way whatev-

er. It is remarkable that in a country where caste prevails with a strength only less than that it maintains in India, the ancient seat of learning realizes the high equality of minds which the Hindoos declared in their sacred books. The Padma (Lotus) Purana says: "Learning should be rescued from every consideration of high rank or low—a consideration which can not for a moment be compatible with instruction; and the heart should be kept free from all such infatuation." Unquestionably Oxford has its swells and snobs, but whatever they may import in that way is absolutely unrecognized by university and college law and administration. There is one example of the determination that no line shall be drawn between wealth and poverty which Harvard would do well to follow: Oxford scholarships are bestowed for knowledge alone. Such pecuniary aids to the student are thus by no means signs of his poverty, but may be and are sought as earnestly by the sons of the wealthy as by the poor. Were these scholarships and exhibitions—more than 700 in number, and bringing an aggregate of £60,000 annually to successful competitors—bestowed only for the easy qualification of poverty, or were that even considered, each would become a stigma. Many a poor but proud youth would, in such case, fear to apply for the aid he really needs, and which he may now earn by efforts which involve no loss of self-respect, but the reverse. These scholarships average about £65 annually, the tenure being generally for five years; and there is no subject of study to which a student may incline to devote himself where he will not find at least one or two, oftener many, endowments of this kind, meant to reward and assist persons like himself, so that all the competitors need not concentrate themselves upon the same prize, and the chances of success for each are generally fair enough to inspire effort. There are some anomalies still surrounding some of the fellowships, but even those that are what is called "close"—*i. e.*, open only to persons in holy orders, from a particular county, etc.—are yet independent of all considerations of either rank, wealth, or poverty.

Admission to Oxford is easy—some think too easy in some of the colleges. The applicant is examined in some Greek play, generally Euripides, or in Homer and Thucydides, in Virgil or some other of the Latin classics; must translate a short English passage into Latin prose, answer some questions on grammar, show fair familiarity with arithmetic, and know something of Euclid or algebra. But if he is found to possess special interest in and excellence in any one of these studies, he is pretty certain to be admitted to matriculation even though he be weak in the rest. And this care taken at Oxford to respect and cherish every special ability accompanies the student through all his examinations, though these, indeed, become very severe when scholarships, still more when honors, are applied for. The candidate for the degree of B.A. is allowed a "conscience clause" with regard to examination in matters of faith and religion, for which he may substitute some period of ecclesiastical history, or some scientific or philosophical work; and for examination in the Gospels he may substitute some other Greek work from a list provided by the Board of Studies. Between matriculation and "passing" lie three years and three chief examinations—1, responsions; 2, first public examination; 3, second public examination. The subjects for those who do not seek honors are divided in three groups:

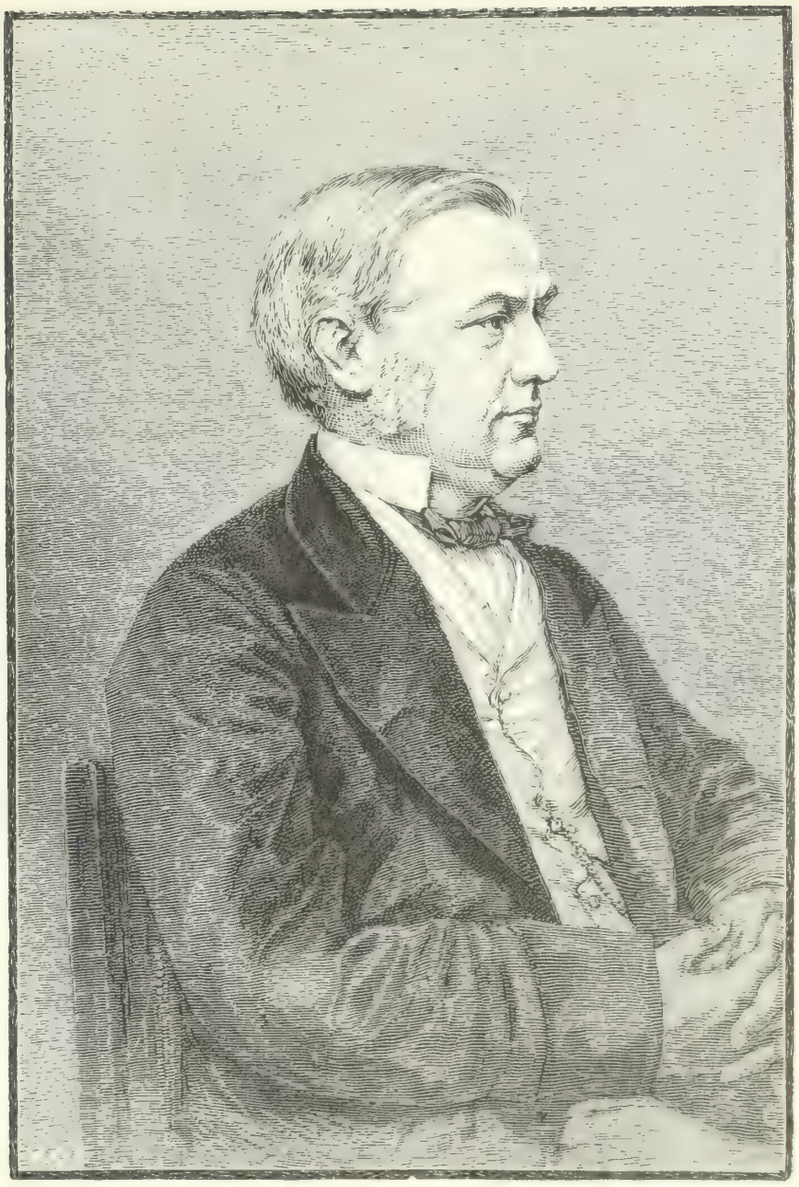
A. (1) Two books, Greek and Latin, one being historical or philosophical. (2) Some period of Greek and Roman history. (3) English composition.

B. (1) English history, or a period of English literature, or a period of modern European history. (2) Political and descriptive geography. (3) French or German, including composition in the language and a period of its literature. (4) Elements of political economy. (5) A branch of law.

C. (1) Elements of geometry, including geometrical trigonometry. (2) Elements of mechanics. (3) Elements of chemistry. (4) Elements of physics.

The candidate is examined in three of these subjects, of which not more than two can be taken from any one of the groups, and of which one must be either A (1) or B (2).

If the candidate applies to be examined for honors, he is expected to have a much more matured knowledge of the class of subjects in which he claims honor. For in this case the subjects are divided into "Honor Schools:" these are "Literæ Humaniores," including Greek and Latin, their language and histories, logic, and the outlines of moral and political history. This may be passed by any one who has mastered Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Cicero, Polybius, Plutarch, Plato, Aristotle, Locke, Butler, Hume, Kant, Pausanias, Pliny, and a few such books as Bergk's *Poetæ Lyrici Græci*. But this examination will relate to the arts and antiquities and peculiarities of Greece and Rome, and involves some genuine philosophical culture, and it can not be passed by "cram." The same may be said of the honor schools of mathematics and of natural science. The examinations are not extended and cumulative, but they are by men who know thoroughly the crucial points to deal with, and one who has gained these honors would be pretty sure to possess the power to teach them. There are honor



MAX MÜLLER.

schools of jurisprudence, modern history, and theology, but to enter further into these details here would carry me apart from my present purpose. Enough has been said to illustrate the character of Oxford to which I have before referred—its tendency to foster special abilities, and its concentration upon the work of cultivating leading minds for the world of thought and learning.

If Oxford continues that steady development of its educational resources which has gone on so vigorously ever since Parliament began to investigate its pecuniary resources, it will, at no distant day, be possible for a man to go there and learn thoroughly any thing and every thing knowable on any subject whatever. This is not quite so now, but it must be so in the end. Some persons smiled when the professorship of Chinese, filled by the learned translator of Confucius and Mencius, was established, and the under-graduates have already a legend that its one scholarship has been awarded to a youth on the ground that he was the least ignorant of the candidates—being the only one; but Dr. Legge's chair is the predecessor of others that may excite smiles for the moment, yet mean eventual fulfillment of the whole circuit of knowledge. Hitherto, if a young man became interested in the Oriental and philological and mythological studies which combine to make such men as Bopp, Von Weber, Haug, Whitney, Curtius, he must go to Germany. But at this very time the University Commissioners are establishing three new chairs—one of Zend and Persian, a second of Romance or Neo-Latin languages, a third of classical archæology. Again, now that there has been formed in London a "Folk-lore Society," it is to be hoped that scholars will arise to do for British legend and mythology what such men as Grimm, Manhardt, Wuttke, and Simrock have done for German fairy-lore, myths, and Aberglaube. In that case such will find, in addition to the three new chairs just mentioned, a professor of Celtic, Monier Williams, Max Müller, and Sayce representing every region of Sanskrit and comparative mythology, and a powerful school of Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee, which, as I write, is being consolidated out of some

smaller professorships, one being that which Professor Chenery has just left on assuming editorship of the London *Times*.

The immense progress, activity, and enlargement of scope which have characterized Oxford in recent as compared with former years have been the result of two strong causes. The first of these is the operation of the University Tests Abolition Act. This act abolished subscription to any and all formularies of faith as a condition of admission, or taking lay degrees and lay academical or collegiate offices; freed students from obligation to attend any lectures to which they, or their parents or guardians if they were minors, should object on religious grounds; and enabled persons of all creeds, or none, to hold offices, to teach, and to establish halls or schools in connection with the university. All professorships and fellowships were thus left open to the whole nation, with certain exceptions, these being such offices or fellowships as at the time the act was passed were held under the condition that their beneficiaries should be in holy orders. This restriction was considerable, but it still left the college doors open to a very large number previously excluded. Not less important was the tendency the act inaugurated — the tendency to inclusiveness. Toleration was announced as the future fashion at Oxford. Unhappily this new fashion has just received a check. A wealthy Baring, a rigid Churchman, having offered a large sum of money to endow fellowships on condition that they should be restricted to members of the Church of England, Hertford College agreed to accept the same, and to defend the restriction on the ground that the Act of Parliament did not apply to foundations that should be made in future, but only to such as were in existence when it was passed. A Nonconformist student having sued that college to compel the examiners to examine him for one of the fellowships so restricted, the court decided against him. This has brought much wealth to Hertford College, which was previously poor, and more surprise and disappointment to the country. The London *Times* and the journals generally have been severe upon Lord Coleridge, who gave the decision, which allows the Church to build up again in the university a close system which Parliament has emphatically discredited and condemned. Such a result might have been prevented had Parliament inserted in its act the prospective word "hereafter;" but none the less has Hertford obtained its Baring fellowships by a quibble, and none the less is the disgust of the nation that its Parliamentary work should have to be done over again. For it is certain that England is resolved that its entire system of education, from the public school to the university, shall be free to all the Queen's subjects, whatever their religious opinions, and this resolution will not be reversed.

The other force which has brought about the new activity of Oxford has been the commission which Mr. Gladstone set to work (1877) to estimate the resources and income of the colleges, and report how they are used. Now Oxford University is really a mine of wealth. Some of the colleges have little, but others have vast possessions, and estates from which a vast accession of money is just about to come in. The clamor of scientific men that this money, having been bequeathed for national education, should be all utilized, and that what the colleges did not need should be utilized in promoting scientific research, set the Oxford folk to devising means for using it themselves. Thus colleges were repaired, chairs made stronger, and the entire machinery furbished up; and there being yet a large surplus, the Oxford men are making arrangements for greatly extending its usefulness. The Commissioners have just reported that the improvements they design for Oxford have two principal objects in view: (1) the due representation at Oxford of every considerable branch of knowledge; and (2) the due participation of the university itself, as distinct from its colleges, in the direction and improvement of the studies of the students. They propose to increase the stipends of nearly all the professors, some to £500, still more to £700, and others to £900. The Bodleian Library is to be improved; a Museum of Classical Art and Archæology to be established, and maintained by an annual grant of £500. A system of pensions for retired professors is proposed; open scholarships to encourage special branches of study are to be founded; and research is to be encouraged by the employment of properly qualified persons on definite work and investigations. Occasional lecturers on branches of learning not fully provided for are to be employed. There is also to be a fund created the disposal of which is to be left to the discretion of the university authorities in meeting emergencies or unforeseen wants. The great advantage to be gained by all this is that the annual income of Oxford will all be set to work, turned to culture, and nothing left to be a temptation to any body who may indulge private views concerning the proper direction of an idle surplus.

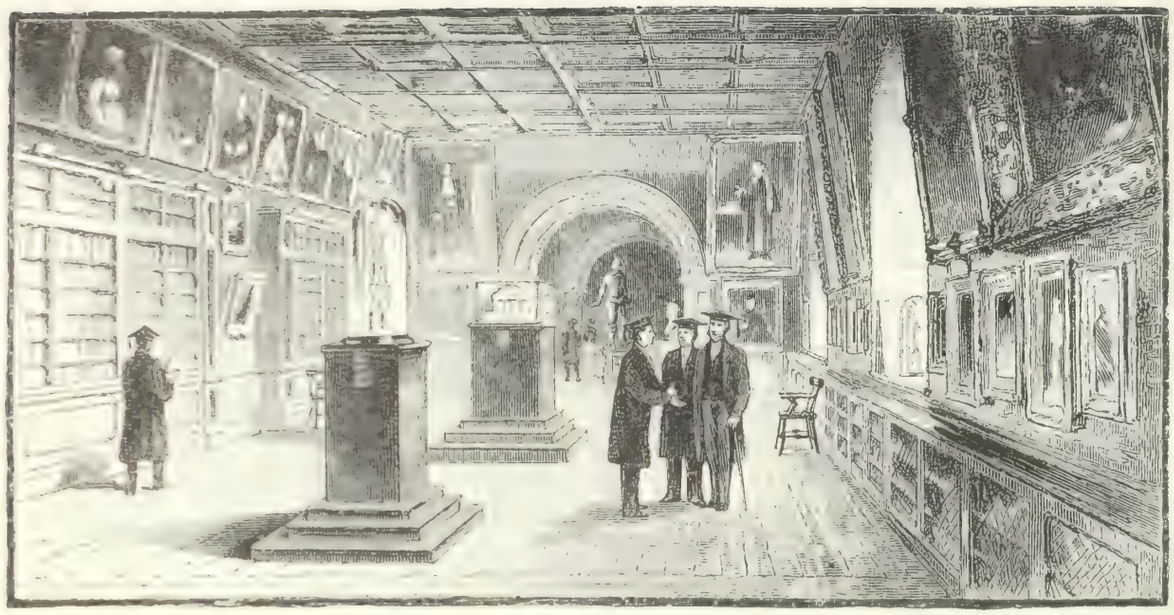
After all this has been done, a great deal will still remain to be effected before Oxford can fully and impartially fulfill its duties to the world. The scholarships are not included in the relief given to persons unconnected with the Established Church, and though, fortunately, the great majority of them are "open," too many still remain as bribes to thought, on the one hand, and stimulants to sectarian jealousy and bitter-

ness in those who find themselves deprived of such aids and rewards solely on account of conscientious convictions. Now that Dissenters are admitted, the preservation of such ancient partition walls can hardly survive much longer. The Church is quite strong enough at Oxford to dispense with them.

After all, I can not look without some misgivings upon some of the present tendencies of this great university. Unquestionably most of the changes that have supervened thus far were structural and beneficial; the methods of the university and its colleges grew up of old in obedience to definite ends, and their development has mainly been along the lines of England's highest character—the eternal parallels of Conduct and Culture. The colleges, with all their varieties of flavor, if not fruits of one garden, are flora of one clime. But this is not the clime of other universities—not even of Cambridge, the one most like it. Oxford, as we have seen, has but little apparatus for making a student behave himself if he is not so inclined; its discipline is directed chiefly to protecting itself from being compromised by any student, and for the rest it deals with its two thousand as if they were as sensitive to the admonitions of Plato and Plutarch as their predecessors were to saintly meditations. That this method has been attended with a notable success is certain. But corresponding with this there is a method of intellectual training strikingly different from any found in other seats of learning. This I have already intimated in saying that a student is very apt to "pass" if he is found to be excellent in any one branch, though he may be weak in others. Almost as much as when it was devoted to the training of monks, the finest appliances of Oxford are for those who aspire to some particular and unworldly aim. It is, indeed, not now an otherworldly aim that is specially aided, nor is it one specialty alone; but its peculiar value, as it appears to me, is for those who are consecrated to the purely intellectual life. If a young man aspires to devote himself to a chosen branch of culture for life; if he aims, with true love for his selected study, to be a historian, archæologist, philologist, comparative mythologist, literary essayist, critic, art critic, professor (especially in the Literæ Humaniores), or poet, then he will find Oxford above all other places his land of milk and honey. But he will find many universities more helpful if he seeks to be trained for success in the commonplace work of the world—the every-day tasks of money-making, book-making, paper-editing, preaching, legislating. That Oxford is making strenuous efforts to include the popular objects along with those more legitimately following its original aims seems plain; but whether it shall ultimately succeed in this or not, it has not yet succeeded, and still its best work is done in teaching the teachers. And for the time being it is unfortunate both for the university and multitudes of young men that the fact just stated is not more widely recognized. It has become the fashion to send young men to Oxford, for it is a doorway into good society, so that this is numerically the largest of the universities; but one may almost say it should be one of the smallest. Of the two thousand youths now at Oxford, one-third is a large proportion for whom to anticipate the highest—the unique—benefits which Oxford can supply. It is to be feared that another third is but too small a proportion for whom harm even may be apprehended from what to the others are the very excellencies of the institution.

Thomas Carlyle, in his famous rectoral oration at Edinburgh University, spoke of the changes which the art of printing had superinduced on the conditions to meet which the old universities arose in Europe. Seven centuries ago the young men sought out famous scholars to listen to their teachings, whereas for a long time such teachers may find out their students in their homes by means of books. Yet, added the Lord Rector, universities still have—and for a long time will continue to have—their high uses. And this is certainly true. The best teaching is personal, and it is not more likely to be superseded by books than high art by photography. The teaching at Oxford illustrates this remarkably. Oxford not only has its great Bodleian Library, but each college has a fine library of its own; yet in visiting four or five of these on a pleasant day I found not one reader engaged in them. Nor are many books found in students' rooms. Here are the reasons: the examinations are too severe to admit of much various reading; and the teaching which gains the best success is too intimate to be carried on by books—as a main method. In silent (written) examinations "cram" accomplishes comparatively little. The young men who make the most of Oxford, who win its unsectarian fellowships and honors, are those who by a genuine devotion to their studies have gained the friendship and intimacy of their tutors. The greatest care is taken of such. The difficulties which are not considered in books, the questions which can not be dealt with generally, the individualities of the finest minds, all render the work of the oral teacher of the highest importance, and constantly interesting to himself. The Oxford tutor is usually a highly accomplished scholar, who has himself passed through the university drill with thoroughness and success; he is young enough to enter into the feelings or even the sports of the youth he

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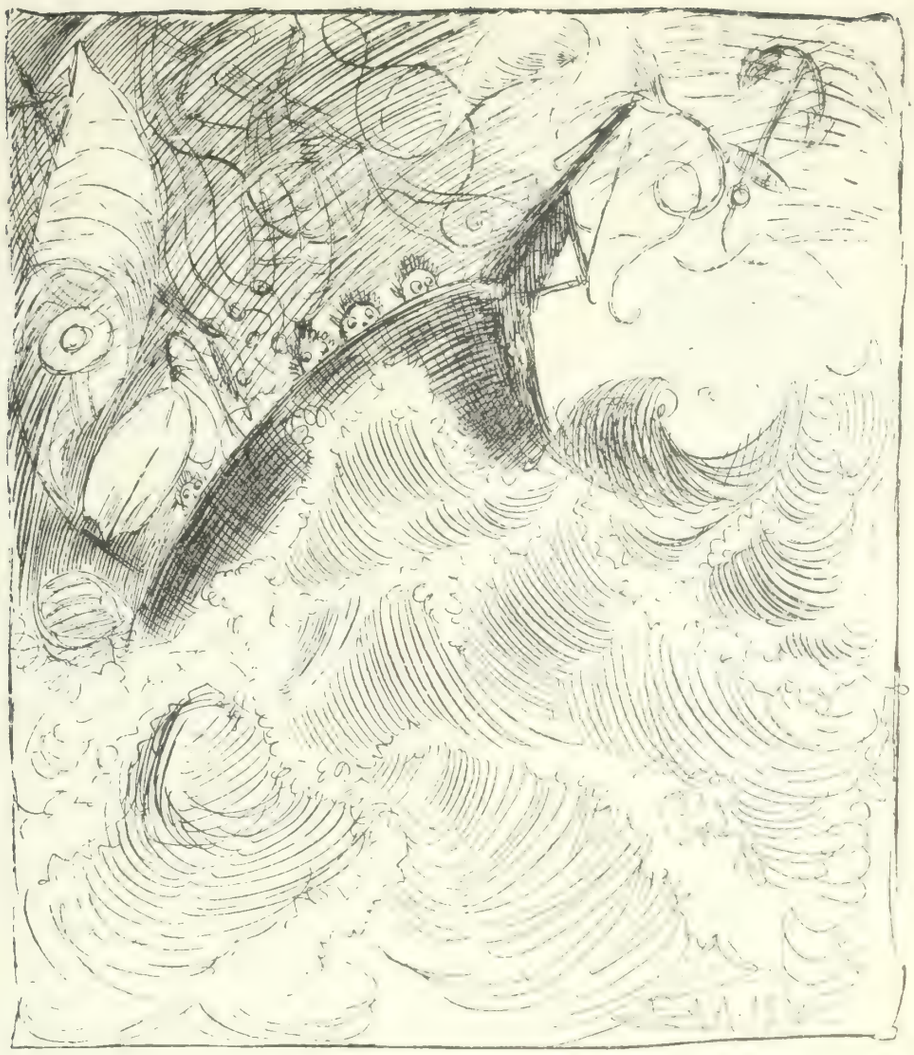
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teaches, is their familiar friend, often entertained by them at their special social gatherings, and entertaining them in return. His care of his pupil is not limited to official hours, but is often special, and given with personal interest in every case where such interest is desired, or individual talent discerned.

It is obvious that where such is the general character of the teaching and learning, it can not be fully entered into by boys who go to Oxford for conventional reasons, whose ideal is the aristocratic idleness they have learned at home, and who can be stimulated to toil only by the ambition to become the chief oar of their college. To be incapable of literary enthusiasm is to be out of place at Oxford. Such youths are still school-boys, and their case is better met by colleges which assign lessons and hear recitations. At Oxford, where every young man, so far as he is attended to at all, is treated as one absorbed in the pursuit of learning, the career of many a youth brings such disappointment to his friends as was lately expressed by a parent who wrote to the *Times* newspaper that his son had got from Oxford very expensively what he might have obtained cheaply had he been apprenticed to a Thames waterman. Any Oxford tutor might have added to that complaint that the careers of such youths at Oxford are equally expensive to the university; for they are generally given too much money to spend, and, having little to do but to spend it, they set the fashion of lavish outlay, and make the average expenditure of a student at Oxford still greater than it need be, even after recent reforms.

However, Oxford is only sharing universal tendencies, and to stand still would have to go backward. Were the colleges to unite in raising the standard of examinations for matriculation, now singularly far below those of the further examinations, and also admit none beneath a fair minimum average of age, they would probably find a full compensation for diminution of numbers in the more perfect culture secured in any and every special direction.

It appears to me that the very saddest fault of the English scholar in all varieties is his mimosa-like shrinking from his due part in leading the popular mind. The men of science, philosophers, essayists, of England are brilliant enough, but they pass their time in writing to and for each other, and magnificently teach the already taught. The steady secularization of Oxford, which has been going on for thirty years, has added some fibre to the rising generation of scholars, but it is still much needed that they shall shrink less from coming face to face with the common people, over whom their influence is rarely felt. The university men and the lower classes in England are almost as much detached from each other as if they spoke in different languages; and beyond this there is a painful impression left that the cause of this is that the head has said to the hand and the foot, "I need you not." If the tendencies to cheapness and inclusiveness at Oxford, uniting with its undenominational basis—on which is slowly building its more secular character—shall bring the thinkers and authors into the bracing air of public life, shall endow them with more sympathy with the people, none need mourn over the cost of it in mere self-culture. The suffering masses of England are not to be saved from their many hells by "sweetness and light" till they who dwell in those fine elements become public souls, and their thought—their life-blood—beat from every college as from a heart to transfuse every vein of the nation and supply health to the people.



"THE BINNACLE RIZ UP AND TORE ROUND."

KNOWARE.

WE was "a-sailing and a-sailing," as the song goes, in the three-master *Maria Jane*, of Salem —a-sailing to the Mediterranean Sea with a cargo of Western lard, to be b'iled down and bottled into olive-oil. I had some notions aboard with which I reckoned to take the Eyetalian folks down, and make a dollar or so, but about two weeks out we got catched in a storm. Didn't it blow some? You better believe it did! In less 'n five minnits the ship's boom stood on its beam ends, the topmast got slewed round and tangled in the rudder chains, the binnacle riz up and tore round, and the flying-jib was keelhauled three times to leeward; they double-reefed the transoms and unshipped the jibber-jib, goin' under water ninety feet, more or less, every time. Finally they let the boats down, and every body tumbled into 'em head fust, and tumbled out again putty everlastin' quick. I was orfully seasick, so I didn't know nothing under the canopy where we was, and I wasn't no great hand anyway to tell latitude and longitude the best of times. Anyway, I was kinder slopped ashore after a while onto a sandy beach: I knew, after a spell, it was an island, but then I only knowed it was dry land. All the rest was drownded; and if it was to be, it's jest as well, it appears to me; for if somebody else had come ashore and had undertook to write travils there too, mebbe we shouldn't have told jest the same story; 'tain't often two folks do see things alike, and then the papers would have took it up and jawed back and forth about it, and called names: there'd have been a dreadful stir made every where to find out which feller lied and which didn't, and all about both on 'em. I'd have seen more'n four different stories about where I was born and brought up, who married my great-grandfather, and how her fust husband's brother told a lie, so't was certain I oughter; and I dare say some folks would ha' had the cheek to say there wa'n't no seeh island as Knoware down on any map; jest as if you could strain the Atlantic ocean through a colander and pick out all the islands, like flies outen a pan of milk.

I'm glad I was alone: 'twould have saved lots of trouble in the world if there hadn't never but one man wrote history: who cares if he did lie about them old times? 'twouldn't ha' hurt nobody: and there's lots of dusty, musty, ridic'lous rubbish folks quarrel about all their days, and snatch up into big li-

brary-rooms, and pay good money for, that wouldn't have never ben round if there'd ben just one man to tell about it, and when he died another had took it up right there, and fetched it along. However, mebbe there's a Providence in it; there is in most things. There's got to be somethin' for lazy folks to do, and they may jest as well fight over them old battles as get into new ones, to my way of thinkin'.

Well, to come back, there I was: and fust I knew, a man picked me up, bundled me over his shoulder, and in a wink I was put to bed, and dosed good with hot soup and sherry wine, and warmed up with a good fire blazin' away on the hearth. There was a woman settin' by the fire, and when she see I was comin' round she up and asked if I wanted any thing, in respectable English. That tickled me. I never could see the use of forrin tongues. I thanked her polite enough, and said I'd kinder like the mornin' paper. She stared, and hollered "John!"

Well, he come in, and 'twas the very feller who fetched me up out of the water. I knew him by his all-fired red hair. I suppose I'd oughter have got up and fell on his neck, or tumbled onto my knees and said somethin' hifalutin to him; but I was real stiff; so I said "Hullo."

He larfed right out.

"You're pretty lively, ain't ye?" he said, for all the world like a Dedham man: that sounded good. I come from Dedham myself. I'd ben in the tin trade, peddlin' on't round the country quite a spell before I took to tradin' in notions.

"You better b'lieve I'm lively," sez I. "But say, look here! I want the mornin' paper."

He larfed right out again.

"No such institootions here, Sir. Ain't permitted."

"Jeerusalem! no mornin' paper in a free country?"

"Thanks be to praise, this ain't a free country," sez he; "not by a long shot. We were all dead sick of liberty, free speech, and all that eagle-o'-freedom talk afore we come here and settled. No, *Sir!* We've got a real, old-fashioned, six-foot, big, smart, respectable, cut-your-head-off-in-a-wink king; a real fatherly despot, now I tell ye!"

"I should think so!" sez I. "No mornin' paper!"

"Not a paper. No report of all the dirt and wickedness in the country comin' in to disagree with your breakfast, and lie around for the children to read and find out how they do it. No big scandal skippin' about from lie to lie like a bee on a balm patch, makin' folks talk about things they hadn't never ought to think of, and the wicked ones smack their lips over their own sort o' stuff glorified, so to speak, in print. No advertisin' lies about cure-all medicines, and cloth that's jest give away. No railroad accidents to give you the thumps jest readin' of 'em, and scare your wife to death hearin' about 'em."

"And no politics?" I put in.

"Not a darned politic, as old Joe Bowers said; we don't have 'em here. I tell you, man, we've got a king, and we have to behave ourselves."

"Dear me! dear me! and don't you never hanker for the immortal institootions of your native land, the everlastin' freedom of a democratic gover'ment, the power of the ballot-box, the people's choice of them that makes the people's laws, the liberty of speech, the free eddoocation, the voluntary church system, the—"

He broke in quite sudden, jest as though he sort o' surmised I was quotin' Squire Smiles's Fourth-o'-July oration:

"Freedom! Sho! Freedom of every body to do what they've a mind to, to lie about every body else, to gamble and spekerlate with their own money and other people's; to fall in love with other folks's wives, and shoot them that makes love to their'n; power of a ballot-box where the most has their way, not the best; and the most are an awful bad lot in a free country, I tell ye, ef they ain't elsewheres, and they pick out their own sort to make laws to suit 'em. I've seen it work. What's liberty of speech and free press but license to say and print all sorts of vile things about folks in one day's paper and take 'em back in the next, when they've done the mischief? What's public eddoocation but puttin' a power to do evil into hands that don't know no better than to up an' do it? Starvin' their bodies to swell their poor miser'ble conceited brains; onfittin' of 'em to do real work that calls for thews and sinners; spilin' their stomachs till they can't eat decent vittles, and their stomachs take revenge on the exasperatin' brains, and they grind in an' out like a set o' cog-wheels, and grind each other to achin' bits. I swan! it makes me sweat to think on't."

"Oh, keep cool!" sez I, "and fetch me a drink."

"Well," sez he, passin' his hand acrost his face, as though to clear something away, "I did get consider'ble woke up, didn't I? You see, this island is settled by a parcel o' folks from America who sort o' mistrusted that th' eagle o' freedom was showin' crow feathers; so we set up here, and things are run in a little different shape from what they was there. As soon as you get spry, I'll take ye round."

"Well, whilst I do lie here, can't you give me somethin' to read? Time hangs heavy."

"What 'll you have?"

"Oh, a real rousin' sensation novel 'll do."

John grinned, an' said, "Are by law forbidden. There's a few fust-class stories by them fellers acrost the water, and now and then one in Ameriky, but there ain't no blood-an'-thunder printed or imported here, Sir."

"But how do the women folks stand that?"

"Bless your soul! we don't teach our women to read."

"You oncivilized lot!" sez I.

"Not much; it's accordin' to reason. You don't catch our people squabblin' about women's rights, and woman suffrage, and all sorts of trash and stuff; the women stay to home and take care of their houses after the old-fashioned way. We don't have no 'monotonous existence' here; if they're dull, why, they can slap the children when they're naughty, and hug 'em when they're good. We have real live boys and girls round, I tell ye; none o' them little memoir fellers that die out of pure goodness, nor no infant prodigies. The women don't have novels, nor poetry, nor sewin'-machines, nor newspapers, so they haven't got nerves to speak of, and their hands are kept out o' mischief."

I groaned inwardly to think of the superior female I'd left to Dedham, who 'ficiated





as my wife, and had neurology, speritooalism, somethin' on the brain, and hated men. She knows Latin an' German, and plays on the pianny to kill; but we buy our bread an' things to the bakery: she don't think rich vittles is good for the human system anyhow. I think lots of Cynthy Minervy's intellect an' smartness in that line. I'm willin' to support such a ornament to the sex. I don't stay to home much, and I don't think our Freddie 'll live long: he's got a spine in his back, and lung difficulty, and stomach trouble, though he was fetched up on what she calls "strict hygienic principles"—fed on bran bread, beans, turnips, raw apples, and sech like; soused into cold water every day of his life, winter an' summer; practiced in them gymnastic tricks till it made me crawly to see him throwed onto the chandelier an' left hangin' by one little hand, set on his head in the corner, hung up by one leg to the bed post, and lots of other things to strengthen his muscles that nigh about scared him—an' me too—to death. Cynthy Minervy means to take to lecturin' when he dies; she knows how; but ef he don't die a-doin' on't, she calculates to cure him by a winch and pulley riggin' attached to his bed, which goes by clock-work, and

bein' fastened to his hair and great toes, gently but firmly hauls at him all night, so's't he's as much as an inch taller in the mornin'. She expects to straighten his back out that way, but things don't always fadge in this world, specially inventions, and you see this pullin' pulls out the muscles putty thin, and, C. M. says, "destroys the capillary attraction of the coats of the stomach from extension and attenuation." (I guess that's it. I've said it over consider'ble often.) Freddie cries some under treatment, and then she detaches him, lays him over her knee, and "reverses the magnetic currents," as they say in Boston. Mother didn't call it that, but it amounts to the same thing in the end.



REVERSING THE MAGNETIC CURRENTS.

I think Freddie will die, though. Perhaps he'd better; it's quite a chore for him to live. And somehow I'm weak-minded about the little feller; seems as if he'd ought to be took in somebody's arms and blessed. Cynthy Minervy don't know how; but she's a very superior woman. I expect she will make an amazin' smart lecturer.

I don't really think she'll live long in my house; I ain't up to her lofty sphere, and she 'pears to be lookin' round for a spirit mate. She talks a good deal about a pardner of the soul, a congenial mind, and all that; so, knowin' her sort, I'm prepared and resigned for what's comin'. It'll seem kinder comfortable to get back onto my own level again, I declare for't.

But I seem to be wanderin' away from the subject. John fetched me a novel, one o' Scott's—not Commentary Scott, but another man—and I don't know when I've relished a book so much: it was full as good as Jenison Dennett or Urbanus Bobb's great works. I larfed right out the fust thing when I woke up next day, a-thinkin' how that old Antiquary got come up with about his Roman camp.

I see by daylight that John's house was dreadful comfortable and pleasant: big rooms, with soft sofys and comfortable chairs all round, warm-lookin' carpets, open fire-places, bright picturs, and lots of flowers set about. There wa'n't no real reg'lar shut-up parlor; they jest used the hull house to live in. I b'lieve in askin' what you want to know: questions is cheap; but John wouldn't talk till after breakfast. He said he'd got to get strengthened up to talk to a Dedham man that sold tin.

Land! what a breakfast we had! "My wife knows how to cook," sez he; and I guess she did. There was four childern to the table, all girls, rosy as apples, and happy as clams at high tide. They talked and larfed and ate all they wanted—good things to eat, too: juicy beefsteak, mealy potatoes, splendid bread and butter, and the best of milk.

By-'n'-by John and I went to walk. His name was John Smith: every body in his street was named John Smith. In the next street they was all Peter Gray; in another, Sam Clark.

"Why, it must make orful confusion," sez I.

"Not at all," sez John. "It's the best of ways. We want to kill out scandal, ef so be we can; and you know women is women every where, and talk they will; but it makes it pecooliar hard to fix their talk on any one sinner when there's a hunderd or more of the same name; and the women don't have no other name to the end of the chapter. My wife 'll be Mrs. John Smith till she's a widder."

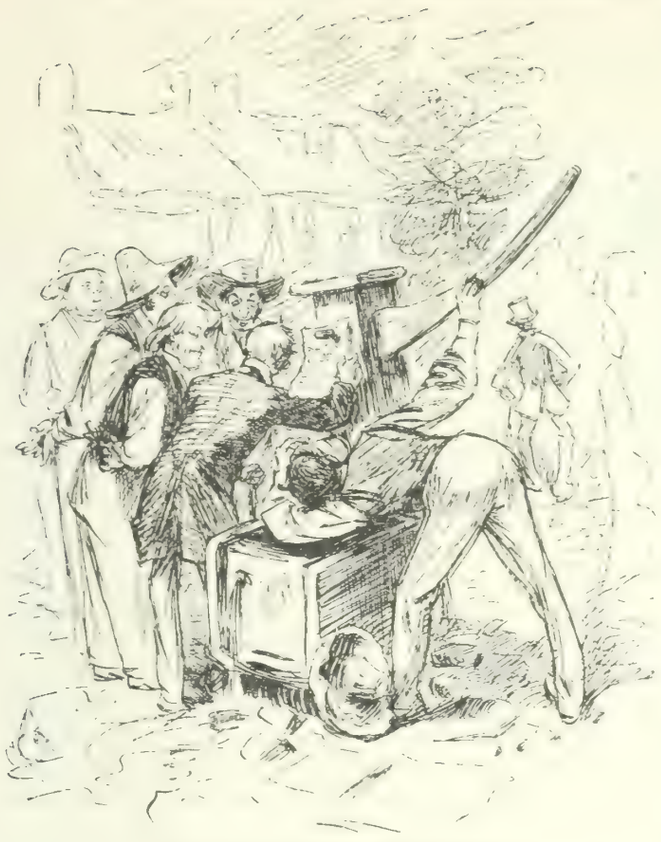
"But the childern?"

"Oh, they're numbered in every family just as they come."

"But the letters?"

"We don't have any. Nobody knows how to write here but the Public Secretary. We don't have foreign mails, and we all live right here. There's a few farmers round in the country, but the P.S. stands ready to write a note for any body; then he makes a copy of it, and posts it on the town pump for three weeks. You've no idee what a sight of trouble it saves: nobody gets in a passion and says what he can't get back; nobody writes letters that get twisted to mean two things; and there ain't no old squabbles laid up on paper to rake out and fetch in evidence some future time. We go in for peace here."

As we walked abroad I see a great many pleasant-lookin' houses, but no public buildin's.



THE TOWN PUMP LETTER POSTER.

"Where's your Insane Asylum?" sez I.

"Haven't got any."

"But what do you do with your crazy folks?"

"Hang 'em."

"For mercy's sakes! you must be kep' busy," sez I, real horrified with sech talk.

"My, no. You know, in the States, when any body does any thing real bad, they prove 'em by course of law to be insane; we think an ounce o' prevention is worth ten pound of cure, so we hang 'em before they do any thing. The idee ruther keeps folks in their senses, too. As for the women, what with no tea, no novels, no readin' or writin', they don't lose their minds, as they call 'em. If they up and have the hysterics, why, there's the sea; we jest pitch 'em in at a rope's end, and pull 'em out when they've got composed. It's a sure cure."

"And where's your hospital?"

"We don't need one. We haven't got a doctor around, Sir. People don't get sick much here. If they do, we nurse 'em up at home with herbs and things, and if they can't be cured, they die; we've all got to die some time, and we think it's easier to die off nateral like than be plagued to death with drugs and doctors."

By this time I was real thirsty, so I said I wanted a drink.

"All right; here's the town pump."

"Oh, I don't mean water; a julep or a sling would be about right."

"Can't have it," sez he, as positive as thunder; "no sech in this kingdom."

"Why, you gave me sherry yesterday."

"Out o' your own flask, and you see the bottom of that."

"But what do you do in sickness?"

"Do without; our folks think it's a heap better to die of a decent fever or a respectable cholery than to learn the taste of liquor and live to be drunkards."

"Why, how you do talk!" sez I. "Supposin', now, one of your own childern was took sick, and you see 'em dyin' for want of a little stimulatin'?"

"They won't do it; besides, I'd ruther have 'em die of any thing than the tremens."

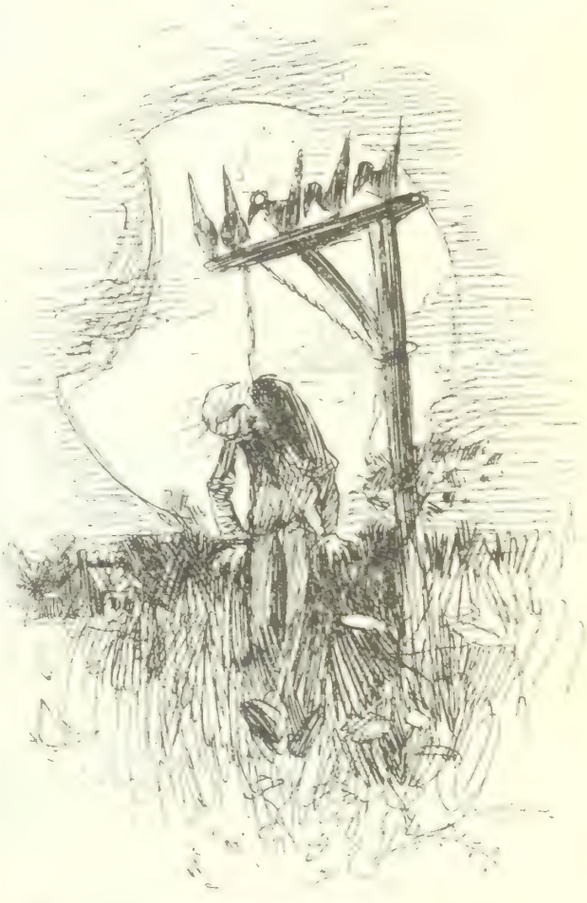
I see 'twa'n't no use to argue with him. When a man is sot on a thing, words is no use; so I took a drink of water and went along. The streets were clean as a new pin, and mortal still, though you could hear little folks laughin' and cacklin' in the cool gardens and pleasant housen by the side of the way.

"Where air your public schools?" sez I.

"Here," sez he, stoppin' before a long low house, like a shed some, that seemed to be fixed up with rows o' hogsheads, among which several men was steppin' round and talkin' out loud, one at a time: "there's the school."

"But I don't see no childern."

"No; you can't see through a millstone



TREATMENT OF INSANITY.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.



CURE FOR HYSTERICS.

no more'n the next man. We head up the boys at six year old in big barrels, and feed an' eddoocate 'em through the bung-hole till the age of twenty. They're extension barrels, so's't the boys can grow."

I *was* took aback. I was kinder riled. "What!" sez I, "all your boys in barrels! None o' them things folks lay sech stress on in teachers' conventions—no home influences, no manly sports, no everlastin' friendships, no Sunday-schools, no—" Here I sort o' give in; breath seemed to peter out. But he took up the talk:

"No, Sir! Cats and pigs and chickens live out all their days in peace here; nobody's a tyrant over mother and the girls from dawn to dark; no broken bones nor cracked skulls. Our boys don't never get drownded, blowed up with powder, tangled up in burr saws, split with hatchets, spilled off'n horses, run over in the streets, nor jammed to bits under fire-engines. We don't have boys swearin' and spittin' on every street corner; strainin' their backs a-boat-racin' and their tempers bettin'; no colleges to upset their manners and morals, and let 'em herd together like swine, and then turnin' of 'em loose on a world lyin' in wickedness, as our old parson used to call it. Nobody here's killed at base-ball, nor mangled nuther. Marbles, peanuts, and fire-crackers never pester us. We have peace."

"How delightful!" sez I, kinder involuntary.

"More'n all that, we don't never have no divorces. Them boys come out at twenty year old so orful meek and pleasant and grateful, their wives don't have no trouble with 'em at all."

"Good gracious, Smith, you don't give in to petticoat gov'ment here, do ye?"

"Well, why not? The women want somethin' to do to make 'em feel mighty; why



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

shouldn't they govern the men? It pleases them an' don't hurt us."

"But it's degradin' to a man. Never, Sir, would I put up with that. I will be master, I tell ye, in my own house. I will be minded, right off, in the fam'ly. Man is the nateral head of all things, and must be give up to."

I said this real fierce, and John give me the queerest look you ever see. Ef I ain't mistook he actooally winked at me. What could he mean? He patted my shoulder sorter friendly, and said,

"There! there! I know how 'tis with ye. You no need to demonstrate here; we're all used to it; it's a matter of course, as you might say. Don't say no more; I understand."

I declare for't, I scurce could guess what he *was* up to; but he went on:

"Girls, you see, don't need no schoolin'. They don't learn nothin' but house-work, sewin', takin' care of childern and sick folks, singin', and fussin' in the garden; their mas teach 'em all that."

"But where's your jail? your prison? your court-house?"

"Nowhere, thanks be to praise! If a man kills any body, we give him a spade and a bag of potatoes, and take and row him off to a desolate island, and leave him there to farm it. I tell ye, he puts to and digs! But farmin' for a livin' is capital punishment wuss'n hangin', a long sight—a real state of sin an' misery."

"I hope you've got plenty of islands," sez I, kinder sneerin'.

"Plenty for that puppus, Sir. There ain't no great of murderin' done here, for we don't allow no fire-arms of no kind around in this place."

"No guns nor pistols? How in the world do you shoot mad dogs?"

"We don't have no dogs, so there ain't no mad ones."

"No dogs! Why, don't ye know they're the faithful friend of man, as the readin'-book sez?"

"We know they bite folks and make 'em die in torters, ravin' mad. That ain't our kind of faithful friends. Besides, we have fust-rate mutton here, and that's better'n hydrophoby."

Dear me! what a cuss-tomer this feller was! He met ye at every turn jest as pat! 'Twas exasperatin'; so sez I, "Where's the bank?"

"Haw! haw!" laughed John. "That's Yankee all over. Money, Sir, the Scripter sez, is the root of all evil—"

"It don't say that, now I tell ye!" I put in, direct, glad enough to trump his trick.

"Well, it doos in my Bible."

"What 'll you bet?"

"Bet! there ain't no bettin' permitted here. I should be set to pumpin' at the town pump three hours a day for three weeks if I should bet you a peanut."

"Well! well! well! I won't stick to it; but I tell ye what Scripter *doos* say: 'The *lore* o' money's the root of all evil!'"

"Oh, pshaw! what's the differ'nce? Well, we think the love on't can't be without the critter itself: so we don't have no money; therefore no banks, no notes, no checks, nor renewals, nor interest, nor nothin'."

"But how do ye buy things?"

"We change round, jest as folks used to before money was made: 'tain't always a close fit, but it's better'n all the wear an' tear of bills and credit, defaultin' and embezzlin'. I tell ye it comes hard for a feller to embezzle sheep and cows and sech: they won't pocket."

"But supposin', as you say, things don't fit? say you want suthin t'other man's got, and he don't hanker after what you've got: how about that?"

"Oh, I can go without, I guess; food an' clothin' we always manage to have a



"WUSS'N HANGIN', A LONG SIGHT."



"THE PRESIDING WIDDER SETTLES THE MATTER."

plenty; we live right along, an' don't worry about the futur'. Jest you notice the folks in the street; do they look like Dedham folks? Not much."

Sure enough they didn't. The men was easy-goin', pleasant, smilin', broad-shouldered fellers as ever you see; and the women—gracious! they was as rosy and fair-complected as a posy bed, and straighter'n bean poles; but dressed dreadful queer.

"You don't pan out no great on clothes here, do ye?" sez I, kind of smilin' like.

"Well," sez he, "we have enough to keep good and warm, and we call 'em good-lookin'."

I must own the women folks looked sort of slimpsy: folks was wearin' hoops when I left Dedham—all but Cynthy Minervy, and she had on a Bloomer rig. 'Twas handy; I don't deny but what 'twas handy; but it did look mortal curious. But she said "the needs of hygienic science, and the true nurture of the physical, demand freedom of the osseous structure and bounding space for vital pulsation, lest the divine Me be incarcerated in effete human bonds." I guess that's it; it's quite a spell sence I've seen Cynthy; she's found liberty, and I don't follow her round a sight. Well, the women here did look consider'ble like statooary females, but I didn't say so, an' he went on:

"No fashions here, Sir, I tell ye. Them kind o' gowns was ordered to begin with, and kep' right along; they can have 'em any color they're a mind to, and they can wear any kind of flowers and leaves that grow in their hair or their bunnets, and some of 'em do fix up amazing smart, now I tell ye."

"Law, yes. I know the kind; there is some women has it hard; they'll begin to prink and smirk and fix up like lightnin' from the time they're three year old till they die, even if they be old maids."

"That's another blessing in disguise we dispense with in this country," said John, a-larfin'.

"No old maids? do tell! Why, how do ye prevent it?"

"Why, it's thought best, for the sake of peace, that every body should be married; so folks keep an eye out, and when one man sees a young feller that's suitable like for his girl to marry, he goes and talks to his folks about it, private. If they're willin', he goes an' tells the king; if they ain't willin', why, that's the end on't; but if they be, the king he jest sends his head man to tell that young feller he ain't on no account to marry that particular girl; he can make love to any body else he's a mind to, but that girl is forbid. Then the head man he goes to the girl's mother an' says he's heerd that girl is makin' eyes at that young man, and the king don't approve of it, so she'd better be looking elsewheres. It's reckoning on natur', you see: there's lots of human natur' in every body. Why, the very minnit them two young folks hear how that they ain't on no account to have nothin' to do with each other, they pitch right in. I never know'd it to fail, not one time. And then, when they're ready to tie the knot, some of their pas or mas that's up to time advises of 'em to petition the king, and after a spell he gives in and they're married. Ain't that 'cute?"

"It doos beat all. But how do you come out even, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, there's mostly a chance for every

body, what with widowers; if there is any surplus, why, we colonize 'em on Garden Island, and set 'em to raising small fruits and poultry. That keeps them busy, you see; there ain't any men folks to quarrel about, nobody else's affairs to gossip over; and if a man happens to want a wife, why, he can go over there, if he gets a permit, and look about him, and the presiding widder settles the matter."

"Well! well! well! I never did see sech a place; no strong-minded females, no littery women, no votin', no log-rollin', no lobbyin'! But look a-here, how did ye start your king? It's as great a wonderment to me how they start kings as how they start yeast."

"Why, you see, there wa'n't but about thirty of us at first, all picked men and friends; and we didn't any of us want to run the thing—we was dead tired of bein' sovereign people; so we looked round a spell, here and there, and finally hit on a real smart, honest, capable fellow, with a good healthy wife, and made him an offer, and he took it up. We swore to hold him up, and have his childern come after him, and we give him power enough to keep folks straight. After we got runnin', why, some of us fixed up a ship and went back for a few more picked hands; perhaps we fetched away, take 'em big and little, fust an' last, a couple o' hunderd: we've lived here twenty year now; nobody's ben this way before you; we're out o' the tracks entirely, and we're well off and happy. I tell you, this is livin'."

"But where's your meetin'-house?"

He turned round a sharp corner, and we come to a large low house without any steeple, opened a door, and stepped right in: it was a real big room, with pleasant red carpets and kind of cream-colored walls, easy cushioned chairs standin' thick on the floor, and a kind of a readin'-desk behind a long table that had a dark red cloth on it, and some low wide white vases onto each end, fairly drippin' with flowers. There was little recesses betwixt the windows, with curtains to 'em, here and there drawed together.

"Them is for folks that want to come here daytimes and say their prayers. It's private like and still, you see, in them little alcoves, and we never keep the doors locked."

All the wall was hung with pictures; I couldn't begin to tell 'em all; but the house was bright and pleasant and sweet and warm beyond any thing I ever see. Seemed jest as if it was home. I could ha' set there all day.

"Got a good preacher?" sez I.

"We don't have preachin'. Our minister he jest reads the Bible, whatever part he thinks best; then we have singin'—everybody sings—and he prays once or twice."

"Well, if he's like some folks to home, he'll do more preachin' in one prayer than 'll last ye a week. My! I've heerd Parson Styles tell the Lord as much about other folks and the 'fairs of the nation as though He was a perfect stranger to 'em."

"We don't have no sech prayin' here, for we have prayers out of a book, the best out of all the good old books, and a good many right out of the Bible. Once in a great while he reads a sermon out of somebody's printed ones, but not very frequent."

"What on airth does he do week-days?"

"Why, he goes round visitin' folks, talkin' to 'em friendly, and tryin' to straighten 'em out, or seein' to the sick. We all see he don't want for clothes and food for his family, and so that's off his mind."

"This is a curious place enough," sez I. "But I'm fairly hungry with so many idees pourin' in on me. Ain't there a place round here where you can get things to eat?"

"Yes, the bakery's over in the square."

So we come around a ways, and got to a real clean, light store in a big white buildin'. There was two or three small tables near to the windows, and as we set down a nice waiter-boy come up to 'tend to us.

"What will you have?" sez John.

"Well, a piece o' pie and cheese, I guess," sez I.

"*Pie!*" hollered John.



PAROCHIAL BUSINESS.

"PIE!" shrieked the waiter-boy.

They couldn't have looked more thunderstruck if I'd asked for prussic acid or a drink of strychnine tincture.

"Well," sez I, strivin' to speak calm, "what's to pay now? I said pie."

"Why, it's a penal offense to make a pie in this country, and a hangin' matter to eat it," sez John, in real sober earnest.

"Thunder!" sez I; "what's that for?"

"Oh, my deluded friend, don't you know that pie is at the bottom of our former country's demoralization? Don't you know that pie was the germ of the Revolution, the instigator of the war of 1812, the inspirer of the rebellion? Don't you know that pie is a concretion of 'riginal sin and actual transgression? that pie and prison are cause and effect? that this seductive but fatal viand has destroyed the American stomach and disintegrated the American brain, till the whole country is a mass of political corruption and moral decay? Don't you know pie is—"

"Oh, stop! do stop!" sez I. "I've eat pie sence I was born, and I ain't a jail-bird or a fool yet."

"But jest think what you might have been on better and hullsomer food: you might have been a Solon, an Aristides, a Homer, a George Washington."

"I'd a sight ruther be a tin peddler. Do drop pie, and give me somethin' to eat, if you've got any thing short o' corn fodder; I can't stomach that."

Well, they fetched in bread—fresh bread, jest as white and light and sweet as you want to see, a pat o' butter hard and yeller as wax, a big glass pitcher of cream, a dish of white strawberries, a basket of red cherries, and a comb of honey clear as water. I ain't goin' to go back on pie—I'd jest as soon think of sassing my grandmother—but I tell *you*, a dish of white strawberries, with a leetle mite of clover honey jest trickled round amongst 'em, and thick cream poured clean up to the top of the saucer, and sech bread crumbled in, comes putty near to bein' good eatin'.

John laughed to see me pile in.

"'Most as good as pie?" sez he.

"Pretty near," sez I, betwixt the mouthfuls.

Well, Sir, I can't have no time nor room to say more, for I ain't one that holds the pen of a ready writer—it comes hard. But ef I was to take time, I could tell vollums about that country. I had to come away, for I had settlin' up to do in Dedham; but it's my purpose to go back, wind an' weather permittin', some time or 'nother. Cynthy Minervy's gone out to Illinois for a



"PIE!!!"

spell. Dedham folks do say there's ben a speritooal here lecturin', who seemed to be round consider'ble, 'long of her; and Parson Styles kinder hinted to me 't I'd better foller her up, for she sort o' let on to him that I'd up and left her, and 'twas good cause for divorce; and Illinois, ye know! But I said, sez I, "Let her went, parson. Ef Cynthy Minervy's tired o' me, why, I ain't the man to hender her bein' happy her own fashion. I sha'n't never interfere; and I'll take Freddie 'long o' me." The parson said I was a remarkable generous man, a self-denyin' feller as ever was. Parsons don't know every thing. But ef Cynthy Minervy doos git a divorce, as sure as guns I shall put for Knoware as quick as I can charter a fishin' smack.

I see I've all along dropped into Dedham kind o' talk; it come so nateral, I suppose. I've ben and traded off my Unabridged for a copper tea-kettle and Tupper's Proverbs, so that I haven't had no help about words; but then that book of Ph'losophy doos beat all, and Dedham water is death on tin kettles. And when all's said and done, them words is the best that tells what you mean to say the easiest, short bein' better than long, jest as quick blows is better'n slow ones.

Ef any body 'd like to go to Knoware along o' me, passage and outfits can be obtained at the lowest prices, very reasonable, by applyin' right off to

B. Munn Chowson,
Dedham,
Mass.

AFTER DARK.

When Twilight gathers in her sheaves,
And wheeling swallows skim the flume,
The ploughman, turning homeward, leaves
His plough mid-furrow in the broom,
And through the melancholy eves
The orange drops its milk-white bloom.

The old delights that go and come
Through sorrow, in the falling dew,
Like waves that wore a wreath of foam
The darker that the waters grew,
Flow round my solitary home
At evening, when the stars are few.

So, sad and sweet as bridal tears
For broken homes, to see withdraw
The child we love, have gone the years
We climbed the frosty hills, and saw
Descend on all the frozen meres
The sunlight breaking through the thaw.

Like one who in the driving snow,
When all the untrodden paths are dim,
Hears far-off voices, faint and low,
Across the woodland calling him,
I hear the loved of long ago
Singing among the seraphim.

And as the soft, dissembling light
Falls, shadowing into dusky red,
I think how beautiful the night
With gathering stars is overspread,
Like seeds of many an old delight
Through sheaves of sorrow harvested.



LOUIS CHETLAIN.

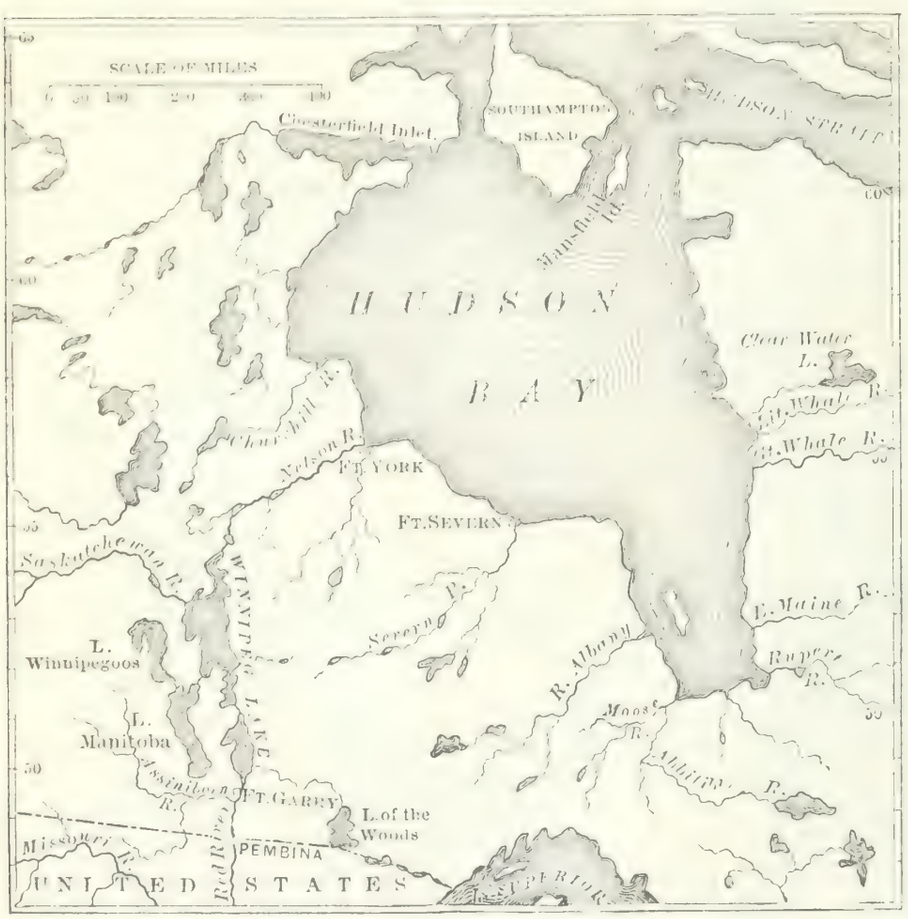
THE RED RIVER COLONY.

THE exhaustion of material forces by the Napoleonic wars, which at their close at Waterloo had enfeebled almost to the last gasp all the powers that had been engaged in them, had effects equally powerful upon the social conditions of Europe. In this last phase, indeed, the most deplorable results are seen. The populations which had been reduced by losses in battle and by disease were disheartened, disorganized, impoverished. Successful business enterprises, public and private, which alone can restore confidence and happiness in such a conjuncture, were impossible and unattempted. Manufacturing industries at first languished, then ceased to exist. To crown all these miseries, the untimely and excessive rains in the summer of 1816 had so damaged the crops that a general famine was apprehended. The expense and difficulty of transportation enhanced the cost of all necessaries of life. The price of grain rose to an unprecedented height, and the poorer classes suffered for the want of bread. In Switzerland the distress was greater than in any other part of Central Europe, and the people, wearied of struggles which resulted in their own impoverishment, listened eagerly to the story of a peaceful and more prosperous country beyond the sea.

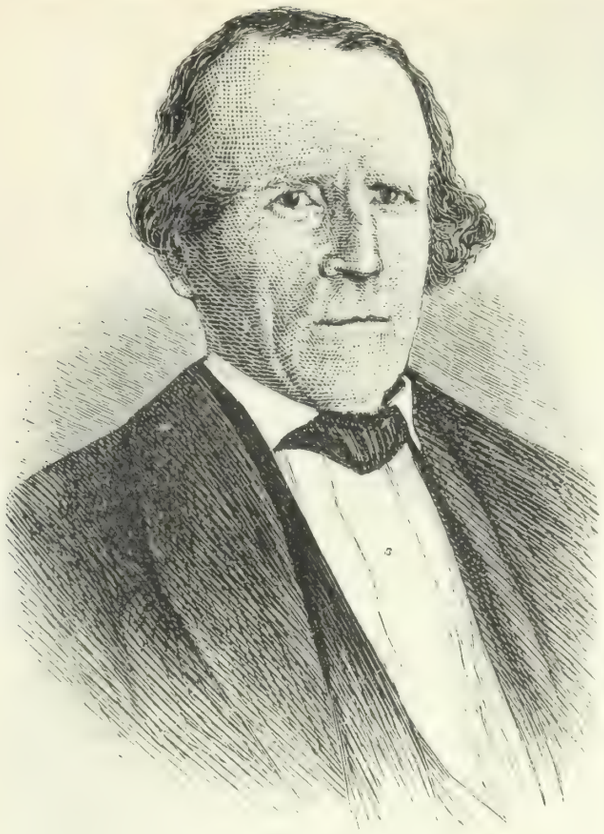
A few years earlier Thomas Dundas, Earl of Selkirk, a distinguished Scotch nobleman of great wealth, had purchased from the Hudson Bay Company a large tract of land in British America, extending from

the Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River westward for nearly 200 miles, and from Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba to the United States boundary, part of which tract is now embraced in the province of Manitoba, and in which are the fertile lands bordering on the Red and Assiniboine rivers. It formed a part of "Rupert Land," named in honor of Prince Rupert, or Robert, of Bavaria, a cousin of King Charles II. of England, and one of the founders and chief managers of the Hudson Bay Company. Rupert Land was somewhat indefinite in extent, embracing all that portion of British America that poured its waters into Hudson Bay, and was drained chiefly by the Great Whale, Rupert, Abbitibbe, Albany, Severn, Winnipeg, Red, Assiniboine, Saskatchewan, and Churchill rivers. In extent it was almost equal to the United States prior to its accessions after the close of the Mexican war. It was the original purpose of Lord Selkirk to settle these lands with colonists from Scotland. In the year 1811 he had succeeded in planting a large colony of Presbyterians from the north of Scotland on the Red River, near its junction with the Assiniboine. This was followed, four years later, by another but smaller colony from the same section of Scotland. In consequence of the stubborn competition and the bitter dissensions between the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Company of Montreal, these colonists were compelled to abandon their new homes, nearly all of them removing to Lower Canada, where they believed they could live in greater peace and security.

Lord Selkirk entertained great admiration for the character of the Swiss, and having failed in his emigration schemes with his own countrymen, turned his attention to Switzerland. He prepared and caused to be published in the French and German languages a pamphlet giving a full but somewhat exaggerated description of the new country, its climate, soil, and productions, and offered to all heads of families, or those who were unmarried and over twenty-one years of age, land free of cost, with seeds, cattle, and farming implements, all on a credit of three years. It was the policy of the British government to favor these emigration schemes, the statesmen of that day believing that the region in question could successfully be colonized and settled by way of the north route, viz., Hudson Bay, Nelson River, and Lake Winnipeg. The pamphlet alluded to was freely distributed by Lord Selkirk's agents in the French-speaking cantons of Neuchâtel, Vaud, and Geneva, and in the German-speaking canton of Berne. Many young and middle-aged men in those cantons, having become weary of the condition of affairs at home, decided to emigrate to British America under the auspices of Lord Selkirk, and formed a colony for that purpose. It was agreed to set out for America in the spring of 1821. The colony numbered over 200 persons, nearly three-fourths of whom were of French origin and speaking that language. They were Protestants in faith, and belonged to the Reformed Lutheran Church. Some of the families were descendants of the Huguenots of Eastern France; all were healthy, robust, and well fitted for the labor and privations incident to a life in a new country; most of them were liberally educated and possessed of considerable means. Among the more prominent heads of families were Monier and Rindesbacher (the seniors of the colony in age,



MAP OF HUDSON BAY AND THE TERRITORY WESTWARD.

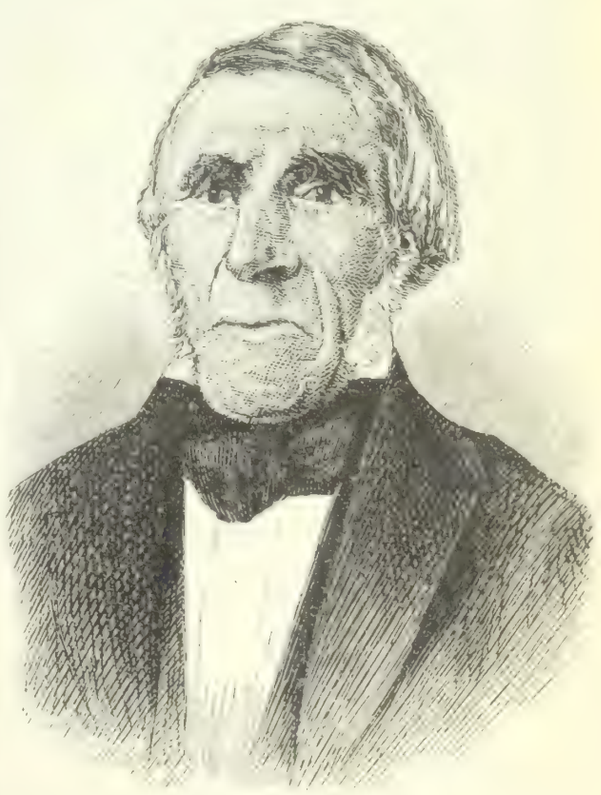


PHILIP SCHIRMER.

and men of culture and of influence in their respective localities), Dr. Ostertag, Chetlain, and Descombes; and of the unmarried, Schirmer (afterward for a score of years the leading jeweller at Galena, Illinois), Quinche, and Langet. In the families there were, as it happened, but few children under twelve years of age, except infants in arms.

In the month of May, 1821, the preliminaries having been completed, the colonists assembled at a small village on the Rhine near Basle. Why they did not rendezvous at Basle—a city of considerable commercial importance—seems a little strange. The impression afterward prevailed among the colonists that the managers feared to take them to a large city, lest some unfavorable facts connected with the country to which they were going might come to light, especially the important circumstance that Lord Selkirk had failed to settle the country with his own countrymen. Be this as it may, two large flat-boats or barges were provided for their use at the rendezvous, and in these they floated down the Rhine, with its numerous cities and villages and its vine-clad hills and ruined castles on either hand. But with hearts elate with hope, and their imaginations filled with visions of a distant land, it may be doubted if the storied scenes of that beautiful river received from these hardy adventurers more than a passing thought. At the end of ten days they reached a small village near Rotterdam, where a stanch ship, the *Lord Wellington*, was in readiness to take them to the New World.

After setting sail their course lay north of Great Britain and just south of Greenland to Hudson Strait. Soon after their departure from Holland it was found that the quality of the food issued was greatly inferior to that promised them before their departure from Switzerland, and complaint was made to the captain of the ship—a stern but kind-hearted old seaman, who acknowledged the wrong, but claimed that he was not responsible for it, which was no doubt true. The water also was bad, and issued in insufficient quantities. Arriving at Hudson Strait, latitude 62° north, the *Lord Wellington* overtook two English ships bound for Fort York, or York Factory, situated at the mouth of the Nelson River, laden with Indian goods and supplies for the garrisons at Forts York and Douglas, and for the employés of the Hudson Bay Company. The strait was filled with floes and bergs of ice, and the ships were thereby detained over three weeks. One of the supply ships was seriously damaged and nearly lost by collision with an iceberg. Finally, with much difficulty and no little peril, Hudson Bay was entered, and after a long and tedious voyage of nearly four months they landed at Fort York. The colonists were at once embarked in bateaux, and commenced the ascent of the Nelson River. Propelling their heavy-laden boats by rowing, often against a strong current, at the end of twenty days Lake Winnipeg was reached, and here new troubles awaited them. The season was advanced, the fall storms had set in, and their progress along the west shore of the lake, 260 miles in length, was slow and laborious. After a day's hard rowing, often against head-winds,



PETER RINDESBACHER.



THE VOYAGEURS IN CAMP.

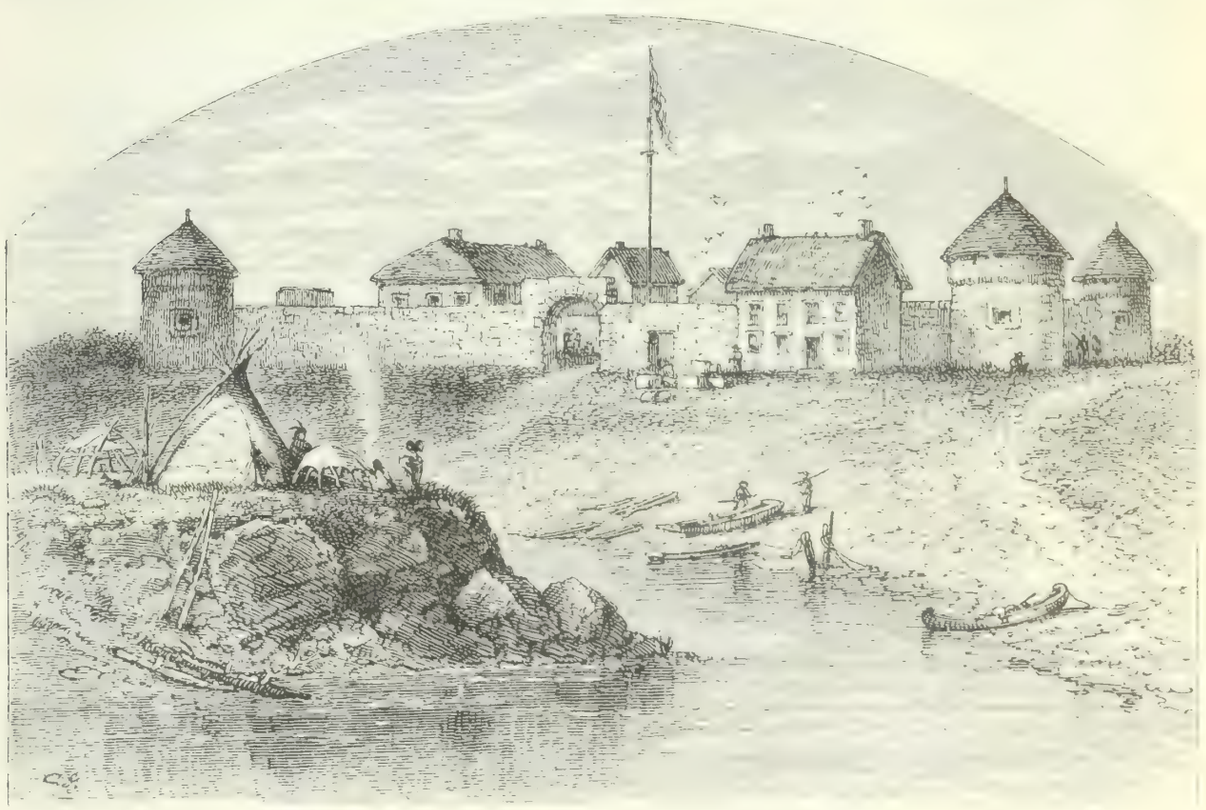
the little fleet of boats would put into some sheltered spot, where the weary voyageurs, perhaps drenched with rain or benumbed with cold, would kindle fires, and all be made as comfortable as possible for the night. In addition to these discouragements and discomforts, their supply of provisions gave out, and the few fish they were able to catch were barely sufficient to keep them from starving. At the end of three weeks, much time having been lost by reason of high winds and storms, they arrived, half famished, at the mouth of the Red River, where to their dismay they learned that the locusts or grasshoppers had passed through the country the summer before, literally destroying all the crops. With heavy hearts they proceeded up the river some thirty-five miles to Fort Douglas, situated on the west bank of the river, near the site of the present Fort Garry, then the principal trading post and head-quarters of the Hudson Bay Company. Governor Alexander M'Dowell and the other officers of the company, by their cordial welcome and earnest efforts to supply their wants and

make them comfortable, not only gladdened their hearts, but did much to make them forget the hardships of their long voyage.

It is worthy of note, in passing, that a few months before their arrival the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Company had settled their long-standing difficulties amicably, and merged their interests in a new corporation, retaining the name of the former company. Governor M'Dowell could not promise the colonists sufficient provisions to carry them through the approaching winter, for it was evident that the supplies received from England would be inadequate for the wants of all. After a full deliberation upon a question scarcely less momentous than that of life or death, it was resolved to send some seventy-five of the younger and more hardy of the colonists to Pembina, up the river, near the United States boundary, sixty miles distant, where it was believed the buffalo, elk, and deer were more abundant, and where jerked buffalo meat and pemmican could be obtained from the Indians of that locality. Just as the winter closed in, the party arrived at Pembina, and at once set about constructing huts and procuring fuel for the winter.

The succeeding winter was long and intensely cold, the thermometer often falling to forty-five degrees below zero, and the snow unusually deep. The colonists wintering at Pembina fared badly enough. With the advance of winter the scanty supply of provisions brought from Fort Douglas diminished rapidly, and, when exhausted, the fish, obtained with difficulty from the river through holes cut in the ice, with what buffalo meat could be bought from the Indians, was scarcely sufficient to prevent starvation. Sometimes an Indian dog was killed and eaten, and relished by most of them. The parties who occasionally ventured out with dogs and sledges obtained from the Indians to hunt for the buffalo, met with indifferent success, owing to the scarcity of the animals that winter, and lack of experience. Several of them were maimed for life by the freezing of their hands and feet. In the spring, after the snow had disappeared, the women would gather acorns and the seed-balls of the wild-rose bush that grew rank on the margin of the river, which, when cooked with a little buffalo fat, made nutritious if not palatable food, and served to relieve the hardship and monotony of the almost exclusively fish diet of the preceding winter.

Five years prior to the advent of the Swiss colony the employés of the Northwest Company, in their bitter opposition to Lord Selkirk's scheme to colonize that country with Europeans, openly resisted the settlers, and went so far as to make an armed attack on a settlement of Scotchmen near Fort Douglas, killing some twenty of them, including Governor Robert Semple, who had received his appointment as Governor of Hudson Bay Company five years previous. Lord Selkirk, on learning of the massacre, left England at once for Canada. There he obtained from the authorities a hundred or more soldiers from the "Régiment des Meurons," and a few volunteers.



FORT GARRY.

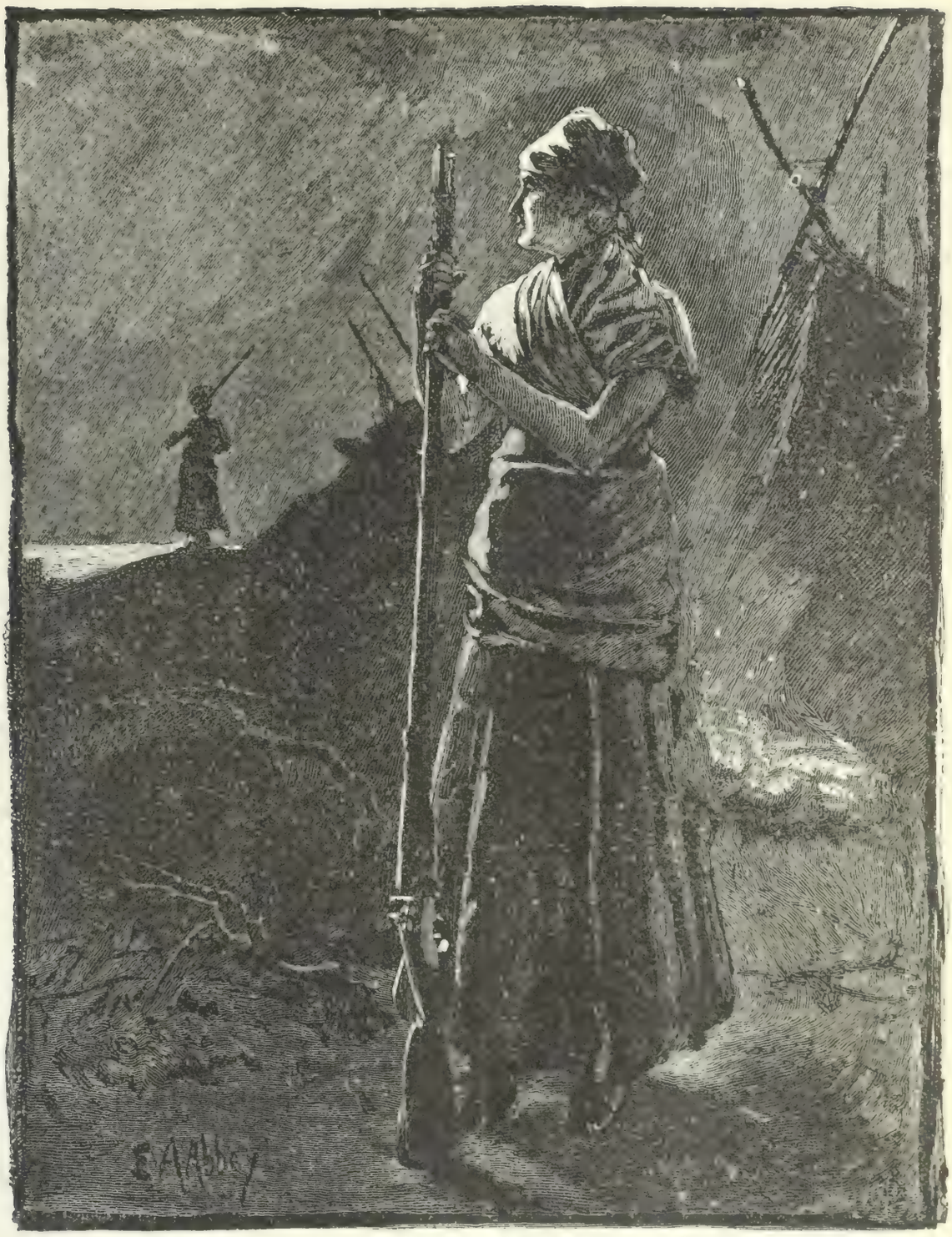
Placing himself at their head, he proceeded to the Red River Settlement, where, after seizing several of their trading posts, he restored peace and tranquillity. Two years after, the troops brought from Canada were discharged, and the greater part of them were induced by Lord Selkirk to settle in that country. Land was donated them near Fort Douglas, and cattle and other supplies furnished them on a long credit. Fortune favored these settlers, and at the time of the arrival of the Swiss colony they were generally well-to-do farmers; and had it not been for the ravages of the grasshoppers the summer before, the crops of these farmers would have furnished ample food for the new-comers during their first year's stay. These Canadian settlers, or "mewrons," as they were called, were all unmarried, except a few who had taken Indian or half-breed wives. Among the colonists were several families in which were marriageable daughters, and it was natural that offers of marriage should be made by the bachelor farmers. During the winter several such marriages were consummated. The colonists, although disappointed and almost starving, were nevertheless cheerful, and disposed to make the most of the unfortunate circumstances in which they found themselves. It was deemed necessary to celebrate the nuptials in a becoming manner, and to do honor to the occasion a party would be given, to which the relatives and friends were bidden. Wedding cake was made of coarse flour obtained from wheat ground in the ordinary rotary coffee-mill, to which were added a little buffalo fat and salt. There was also the music of the violin, and the feet of the dancers kept time to the airs of Switzerland.

The health of all the colonists that winter was good, despite the severity of the winter and the insufficiency of food. The opening of spring found them ready to enter on the lands allotted them at "La Fourche," at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, and soon after the 1st of May the entire colony was again united. Lord Selkirk had died at Pau, France, the autumn before their departure from Switzerland, but the fact had been withheld from them until after their arrival at Fort Douglas. Consequently no provision had been made to supply them with seeds and farming implements, as promised them before their departure from the Old World. They were therefore compelled, with few exceptions, to use the ordinary hoe and spade in turning over the sod and in preparing the soil for planting and sowing the seeds obtained in limited quantities from the Canadian farmers. However, as the result of a hard summer's work, the women assisting the men, and the soil being remarkably productive, the crops raised, with what they obtained from the older settlers, carried them through the succeeding winter comfortably.



ARMED ESCORT.

Early in the fall of 1821 a herd of cattle, mostly cows, arrived from the State of Missouri, in charge of a party of armed drovers, and were distributed in the spring of 1822 among the Swiss settlers. This distribution of cattle, which had been contracted for by Lord Selkirk before his death, was all



ON GUARD.—[SEE PAGE 54.]

that had been done for the colonists in fulfillment of the pledges made them before their departure from Europe. As a consequence dissatisfaction became general, and a determination was made by a large part of the colonists to depart, the first practicable moment, for the United States—a country of which they had learned much since their arrival at the Red River. On the return of the drovers in the autumn of 1821, five families begged permission to accompany them, which was granted. In the month of November the party arrived in safety at Fort St. Anthony (subsequently Fort Snelling), situated at the junction of the Mississippi and St. Peter's rivers, then in process of construction, and garrisoned by United States troops in command of Colonel Josiah Snelling of the Fifth United States Infantry. With the consent of the commanding officer, the party of emigrants remained at the fort during the succeeding winter. The next spring they settled on the military reservation near the fort, cultivated land, and sold the products to the garrison.

In the spring of 1823 thirteen more of the colonists, with their families, decided to go to the United States, with the intention of settling in the State of Missouri, of which section of the Union they had heard glowing descriptions from the party of drovers two years before. They hired some half dozen carts—all that could be obtained in the settlement—to carry their ef-

fects to the head waters of the St. Peter's (now the Minnesota) River at Lake Traverse, some 200 miles above Fort St. Anthony by the course of the river. These carts were constructed without iron, the tires being of rawhide drawn tightly around the wheel. They are still known as the Red River cart, and until the opening of the North Pacific Railroad were frequently seen at St. Paul. The Sioux Indians found on their route after entering the United States were unfriendly, if not openly hostile, and the little company were often in considerable peril. By judicious management, however, understanding as they well did the character of the Indian, they escaped open conflict. The chiefs of the roving bands encountered were generally appeased, and their apparent good-will gained by presents of ammunition, food, and trinkets. Before the end of their journey, however, the Indians succeeded in stealing a part of their cooking utensils and provisions. The inadequate number of carts, heavily laden as they were with their effects, prevented any except the older children from riding, and often a mother would walk twenty miles in a day with a babe in her arms. The men were all armed, and acted as an escort to the train. After a long and at times perilous journey of 400 miles, they reached Lake Traverse, and went into camp, the carts returning with the men to whom they belonged. Preparations were at once begun to descend the St. Peter's River. Cottonwood-trees were felled, and canoes or "dug-outs" were made, one for every two adults of the party. The work was slow and difficult for the want of proper tools. Being in a country through which roamed hunting parties of unfriendly and thieving Indians, it was necessary to keep a guard over the camp at night. That duty devolved on the women, for the men needed the sleep of night in order to be able to work by day on the canoes. An old lady, now in her seventy-ninth year, and the only surviving member of the colony, who was twenty years of age or more at the time of the departure of the colony from Switzerland, told the writer not long since, with evident pride, that she had more than once stood guard over that little camp, armed with a gun, from nine o'clock at night until sunrise the next morning. The canoes having been finished, the party launched them, and heading them down the stream, floated with the current the greater part of the time. The river, as is usual at that season of the year, was low, and some portions of it filled with shoals and sand-bars, over which they were often compelled to drag their heavy-laden crafts.

About the middle of the month of September they arrived at Fort St. Anthony, and were kindly received by the officers of the garrison, and warmly welcomed by their countrymen who had preceded them two years before. After a few weeks' rest they prepared to descend the Mississippi River to St. Louis, their destination. Two small barges or keel boats which had been used to transport supplies from St. Louis for the use of the troops were generously placed at their disposal by Colonel Snelling (who also supplied them with provisions for the voyage), and in these they leisurely floated down the river, meeting with little or no difficulty. The exposure and hardships of the summer and early fall brought on chills and fevers and other malarial diseases. Mr. Monier, the senior of the party in age, fell sick and died, and was buried near Prairie du Chien, and soon after his eldest daughter followed him. Before reaching Rock Island, Mr. Chetlain became delirious with fever, and it was decided to leave him with his wife and child at Fort Armstrong, where he was placed in the post hospital, and cared for with kindness and skill. The rest proceeded on their way, reaching St. Louis late in the month of November. Mr. Chetlain and family joined them the next spring.

On the arrival of the emigrants at St. Louis, then a city of 6000 inhabitants, they were welcomed and hospitably treated by the Chouteaus, Soulards, and Gratiots (the latter of Franco-Swiss origin), and other French-speaking citizens, who had become familiar with their peculiar history. The greater part of the emigrants leased lands near the city and cultivated them. They proved industrious, temperate, and thrifty citizens. The climate of that region, however, was evidently unfavorable for them, and the larger part fell sick. The process of acclimatization was slow and difficult, and by the end of the second summer most of them decided to remove to a cooler and more healthful climate. The opening of the lead mines of the Northwest gave the wished-for opportunity. Mr. Chetlain and a few others, with their families, joined Colonel Henry Gratiot, the newly appointed agent for the Winnebago Indians, and took passage on the steamboat *Mexico*, one of the first boats that ascended the Mississippi above the mouth of the Illinois River, for La Pointe, on Fever River, where now stands the city of Galena, arriving there the 14th day of April, 1826. Some months later Messrs. Schirmer, Langet, and others followed. In the autumn of that year the greater part of them removed to the Indian agency at Gratiot's Grove, fifteen miles northeast from La Pointe, and engaged in mining and smelting lead ore and in farming.

The spring of 1826 was noted for the great rise of water in the Mississippi and its tributaries and in the Red and Assiniboine rivers, caused by the unusual deep snow of the preceding winter, which had melted with

warm and heavy rains. The Red and Assiniboine rivers rose so high that the lands at La Fourche were completely inundated, and the settlers compelled to seek safety by flight to higher ground several miles distant, taking with them their cattle and household effects. The losses sustained by the flood were very great, and no efforts were made to repair them. Nearly all the Swiss settlers remaining at La Fourche, including a part of the Canadian settlers, having become thoroughly discouraged, decided to leave at once for the United States. Abandoning their lands, and selling their cattle and farming implements for what they could, they hired carts to transport their effects and provisions, and started in a body for Fort St. Anthony, following the route taken by the first party, three years before, to Lake Traverse, and from thence by land to their destination, arriving there early in the autumn of that year. Governor M'Dowell and the other officers of the Hudson Bay Company deeply regretted their departure, and generously supplied them with provisions for the journey free of cost, an interpreter, and an armed escort of forty-five men. A few weeks after their arrival at Fort St. Anthony they were fortunate enough to find a small steamboat that had been used to transport supplies for the troops at that point, in which they took passage for the lead mines, to which place they decided to go after they had reached Fort St. Anthony. On their arrival at La Pointe they were warmly welcomed by their countrymen who had preceded them. Some of them settled at La Pointe, while the greater part went out to the agency at Gratiot's Grove, and engaged in mining and farming.

Six years later, when the Indian troubles began which culminated in a war known as the "Black Hawk war," and volunteers were called for, nearly all the men, without regard to age, enlisted, and having been accustomed to the use of fire-arms, rendered the country of their adoption valuable service.

The descendants of these colonists are numerous, and are found scattered throughout the Northwest, the greater part being in the region of the lead mines. Most of them are thrifty farmers and stock-breeders. A few have entered the professions and trade. All, as far as is known, are temperate, industrious, and law-abiding citizens.

URANIA.

From what superior star,
Gazing, entranced, afar,
Didst thou first look on earth when earth was young?
Thou whom the singers of all days have sung,
Spirit of Song! by many names adored,
Whose deep, sweet speech, the music of the soul,
Our human utterance can not yet control,
Upon whose dazzling shrine are ceaseless offerings poured.

When first thy sun-shod feet
Pressed the new verdure, sweet
With timid violet and virgin rose;
When first thy rainbow plumage passing by,
The shepherd bards discerned, ah! rapturously
They sought thy inspiration to disclose.
With burning heart and glances raised above,
Speech overflowed in song, and all their theme was love.

Nor didst thou linger long
In vales of pastoral song.
Judea's harp thy fervid fingers strung.
The groves of palm, the sacred rivers, heard,
The cedars upon Lebanon were stirred
When David's lips immortal measures sung.
And smoke of costliest odors rose to heaven
With chorus and response by Hebrew voices given.

On Orpheus' glowing lyre
Was laid thy touch of fire;
By thine own lips on Sappho's brow was pressed
The mystic kiss which woke her soul's unrest.
Unveiled by thee, in thy most radiant mood,
The palaces that on Olympus stood,
From whose charmed portals came, at thy decree,
The gods of earth and heaven, the nymphs of air and sea.

Then was the age of gold,
When bards heroic told
Heroic legends of primeval days.
Then had the singer his full meed of praise,
For thou didst touch the laurel with thy wand,
And prince and warrior with exultant hand
Wove the bright bays around the minstrel's name.
Their valor was his theme; his song their surest fame.

Yet not by these was seen
The splendor of thy mien,
The full, unclouded glory of thy face.
These caught but glimpses of the light divine,
And, counting thee among the "sacred nine,"
Groped in the darkness for thy dwelling-place.
Milton alone o'er elder bards prevailed;
Upon the starry heights he saw thy brow unveiled.

Dearer through ages grown,
Thou wilt not leave alone
The world thy presence has made half divine;
Still countless votaries bow before thy shrine.
The Norseman's ringing ballad, the soft chime
Of Spanish lute to silver sandaled rhyme,
The hymn of freedom by the sunset sea,
Or Persia's passion lays, all sacred are to thee.

Some are content to reach
The still, inaudible speech
Of winds and woods and waters' rhythmic flow.
These know thee best in nature's whispers low,
And with the hem of thy rich garment pressed
To tuneful lips, they are supremely blest.
Others have caught a more transcendent gleam,
And greet thee on the heights of prophecy and dream.

Stay, thou resplendent one!
Not yet thy task is done,
Not yet the perfect song of ages sung!
A rose unblown it sleeps upon thy breast,
Waiting to make some later Eden blest.
Still be the halo of thy beauty flung
Over dark days, dark years, until afar
Above the New Song's birth thou smilest like a star!



FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

MENDELSSOHN AND MOSCHELES.

WHEN Ignatz Moscheles, the musician, was a very young man, studying in Vienna, he went one day to the house of old Salieri. Beethoven had just been there; and Moscheles found, written on a sheet of paper, the following words: "The pupil Beethoven has been here." Moscheles in his diary records this fact, and that it "set him thinking"—a Beethoven acknowledge he had yet to learn of a Salieri! And at the same time he adds, with the sudden touch of sadness and regret retrospection brings: "Ah, those were happy, busy days in dear old Vienna!"

This was in 1814–16. Moscheles, the son of an estimable merchant in Prague, had received a good musical education, and had gone to Vienna to promote his interests and acquire fresh knowledge and incentive. Beethoven was in Vienna in those days. Music, if not understood, was at least fashionable. The Viennese ladies, at their soirées, would smilingly perform the great master's works, while he sat, grim and silent, listening. Moscheles marvelled at their temerity. The story of the Vienna of that time is like a series of pictures toned, tinted by associations, names, figures, which reach us warm and life-like in hue. The spirit of Haydn and Glück coming to them from yesterday with some faint echo; an evening of social converse and music from the old-fashioned harpsichord instruments; pretty women, with powdered heads and jewelled fingers, and fans and frivolity; a genius like Beethoven—divinest impulses struggling with the narrow boundaries of its surroundings—sitting in judgment on the crude performances. The quaint pianos and violins tinkle out the wonderful music; the vibrations go on, impossible to silence, though the listeners fail to catch their meaning. Here and there we see a spirit like Moscheles drawing in strength for the future, divining in these faint interpretations the possibility of the great to-morrow in the musical universe. Meanwhile, in an uncertain sort of way, Moscheles composed at this

time quartettes, symphonies, variations, and his youthful ardor gained new stimulus every day. He was associated with Meyerbeer and Hummel at that time. Later he visited London and Paris, and formed his first English ties; but it was when the "happy, busy" days in Vienna were at an end that the friendship, later so celebrated, and from its outset so beautiful, began.

Moscheles had already acquired some fame when he visited Berlin in 1824. Literary and musical associations clustered about half a dozen centres in that city, with a slight affectation possibly, but much that was soundly artistic and genuine. The famous Frau Rahel von Hengen gave receptions; in one or two households fine musical instincts were developing; two young people, the son and daughter of M. Abram Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, attracted great attention from their marvellous musical genius. Zelter, the arrogant, wonderful master who guided so many impulses stirring in the Berlinese coterie, was their teacher, and Moscheles was speedily introduced to them. Felix, the boy, was fifteen; the girl, Fanny, was a few years his senior, her genius being scarcely less remarkable than her brother's, though he had composed quantities of music, had conducted an orchestra, and was now puzzling his young brain about the best theme for an opera. Moscheles was taken to the house of the father of these young people—a gentleman of distinction, cultivated, refined, and wealthy. It was a visit of singular, pregnant import. Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn were playing when the young maestro was ushered in; and in those first notes Moscheles read the possibilities of the boy's future, the career manhood was to develop, the legacy that was to be lavished widely upon all generations to come. They were performing one of Felix's own compositions, and there were visible no traces of crudeness, nor lack of every sentiment necessary for expression. Moscheles played himself for them. The young Felix was enchanted, and Moscheles was speedily introduced to all the household.

"This is a family," he writes, "the like of which I have never seen. Felix is a phenomenon. What are all prodigies as compared with him?.....His elder sister Fanny is also extraordinarily gifted..... Both parents give one the impression of being people of the highest refinement .....I attested my conscientious conviction that Felix would ultimately become a great master—that I had not the slightest doubt of his genius."

How little Moscheles guessed at the full meaning of his prophecy, or how much mutual happiness was to ensue from this first meeting! During his stay in Berlin he was constantly with Felix, who united to his boyish gayety of spirits a fund of thoughtful intelligence, which put him even then upon a level with older men. His education had been strictly supervised by his father; and he and his sisters, to whom he was passionately attached, had pursued their classical studies together. Every possible advantage that wealth and consideration could procure had been lavished upon them. Added to this was an atmosphere of tenderness and love such as few families possess. What wonder that the hospitable fireside of the Mendelssohns was the centre around which all that was refined and artistic in Berlin assembled? There were half a dozen intimate associates of the young Mendelssohns, from all of whom, by chance records, letters, or even connected "Recollections," we gain impressions of what the circle and its centre, Felix, must have been. There was Edward Devrient, the young tenor at the Royal Opera, not only a singer of uncommon merit, but a man of general cultivation and a fineness and gentleness of nature which drew Felix to him at once. Though some years his senior, and a young married man, they became almost inseparable companions. To Devrient the painter Hensel confided his love for Fanny Mendelssohn. Hensel, though devoid of musical ear, was one of the coterie. Edward Rietz, the violinist—a sensitive, retiring young man—joined them when music was the order of the hour. Sometimes old Zelter condescended to growl at them, or with them. Poets, artists, men of various professions, and the most brilliant literary women in Berlin flocked to the house of M. Mendelssohn; while Felix, in the flush of boyish favor and popularity, with a wide capacity for friendship, a high-strung, intensely nervous organization, and something in his nature which magnetized all who came within his presence, turned to Devrient, Hiller, and, above all, to Moscheles, for the companionship he craved, and which in the latter case outlived every change of chance or time, lingering to the very moment of his early death, and ennobling and developing the natures of both men. Moscheles brought his calm, analytical judgment to bear upon the almost boyish impulsiveness of the younger man. The one shadow upon Felix's loving, tender nature was his tendency to nervous irritability, evident only on rare occasions; but this was never manifested toward Moscheles, whose attitude was always that of loving preceptor as well as friend. It was a friendship brotherly in love and masterful in comprehension and endurance. It would have been impossible for Moscheles to have written the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music; but what critic could better have discerned its subtlest beauties? When Felix would bring Fanny his music, wet from his pen, he used to long for Moscheles to see and criticise it

as well. Beyond all the pettinesses which so often cramp the boundaries of friendship, their love and sympathy lasted unbroken to the end.

The great event of this period for Moscheles was his marriage. Journeying from Berlin to Hamburg, he played gloriously one night at the Apollo-Saal. In the audience was a Miss Charlotte Embden, a young lady of rare musical culture, and distinguished for her refined loveliness of character. She listened, enraptured by the genius of the young musician, who came fresh from such incentive and tuition as association with Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, Zelter, could give. Soon after he was presented to her, and there was no doubt from the outset of their entire congeniality. In three months she became his wife, and the entry upon his wedding day in his diary bears testimony to the character of the man as well as to that of the bride he had chosen, and may be taken as prophetic of the happiness to come. "My *Ehrentag* [day of honor]. With the fullest sense of happiness, with purity of heart and intention, and full of gratitude to the Almighty, I entered this holy state, and pray God to bless me."



IGNATZ MOSCHELES.

Singularly alike in many of the exterior circumstances of life and their effect upon inner happiness, he and Mendelssohn were destined to an ideal joy in their married lives. It is to "Charlotte," the loving friend, the appreciative listener, the wise counsellor, we find Moscheles always turning. Her interest in his public career was only second to that which made her watch tenderly over his domestic happiness. There was that even balance of public and private triumph in his life which was, perhaps, the secret of his calm, gentle, and persevering nature. The Moscheleses settled in London, where he began his round of concerts, lessons, receptions, etc. Music was gaining a new stimulus in England. It was not so very long a time since the art was meagre and undeveloped, and, according to Pepys, music to which the "king [Charles II.] could beat tune" was the only kind tolerated. And when young John Jenkins came home from the Continent, full of ideas and vanities, he scoffed at the King's Chapel music, though Pepys thought his royal master's mode of "keeping tune" indicated a most appreciative sense of the science of the art as well as its growth. It was only in 1703 that at Lincoln's Inn Theatre a Mrs. Champion performed "a piece on the harpsichord for a benefit." How long ago, judging by the strides made in "benefits," "harpsichords," and "pieces!" yet it is only the other day in point of time, and many are now living who can remember when a queer little rambling "piece" on a tinkling, jingling piano-forte was considered "charming," and "quite a musical treat." At Drury Lane, in those old days we have just quoted, Dr. Pepusch used to "preside over the harpsichord;" at that time Handel, a mere boy, was in Germany. The old days of Schütz, who has been called the "Father of German Oratorio," do not seem so very remote when we consider that Keiser, to whom the origin of German opera is really due, was his immediate successor, and it was in Keiser's orchestra the young

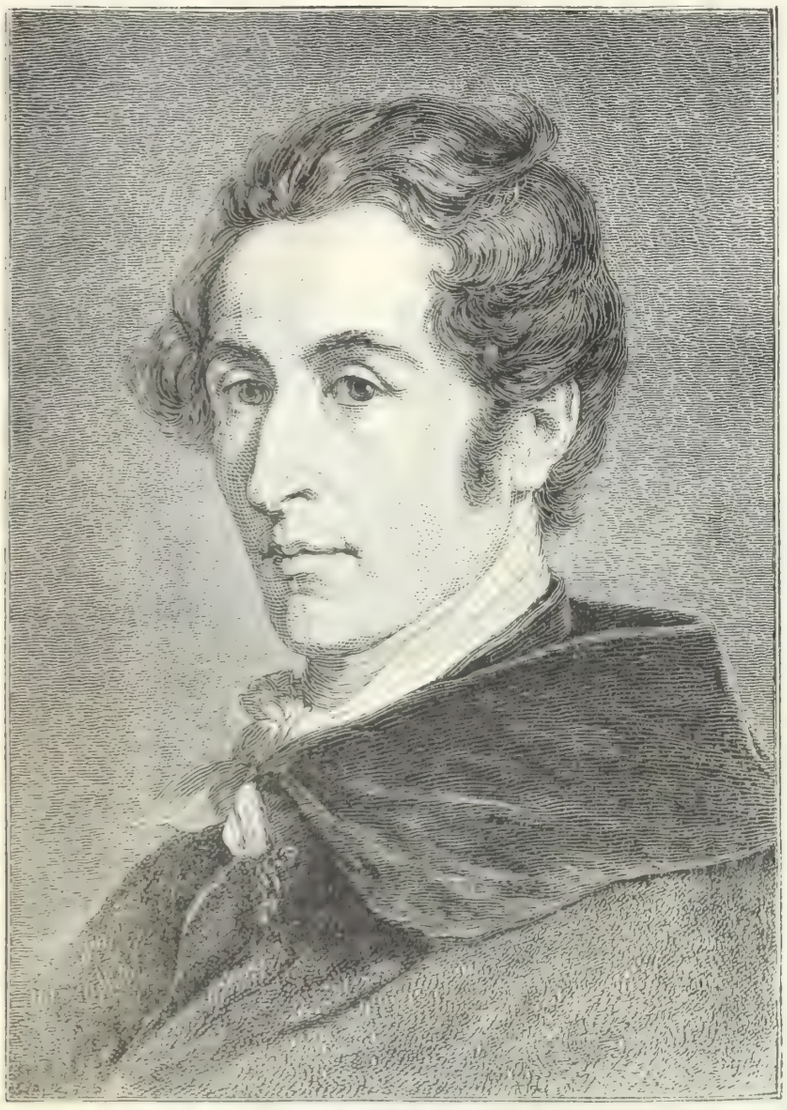
Handel was content to serve an apprenticeship as an obscure fiddler. The arrival of Handel in England gave the necessary stimulus to dramatic music and composition; but efforts were so crude, and musical taste so governed by fashion and faction, that what wonder poor old Handel, never too amiable, lost patience, wept angry, bitter tears, and cried out to many an orchestra fiddling away with languid indifference: "Vot the devil do you Engleesh *call* music?"



GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL.

In the early days of Moscheles's life in England musical instincts were very slow, and the condition of matters somewhat chaotic. In Germany the school of profound classical writers was growing steadily. Italy and France, although they absorbed much of the lighter element in operatic music, had not monopolized melody. Ballad music was popular in England then, as it is now, though the songs most in vogue were descriptive, and accompanied in a rather too exaggerated style. It was not quite the pretty, quaint day of "She wore a wreath of roses," about which hangs a charm, difficult of analysis, but felt with the first touch of that old-time ballad music; but tenors sang songs descriptive of storms at sea, and sopranos warbled away at the pretty though rather meaningless "concert music" written for them, and which they sang to fashionable but scarcely musically cultivated audiences. Classical music was attempted, but it may justly be said of Moscheles that he introduced it in its true meaning to England. Coming fresh from the heart of Germany, his musical feeling deepened by his earliest and constant association with the great masters of the day, he brought with him a knowledge and education which authorized the success and reception which he found. His compositions were full of traces of the school of Beethoven, though characterized often by a flow of melody and brightness which was from the nature of the man.

In 1826 poor Weber—Carl Maria von Weber—came to London and conducted his own operas, *Euryanthe* and *Der Freischütz*, at Drury Lane. Mrs. Kemble Butler speaks of the furor over Weber at that time. Audience



CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

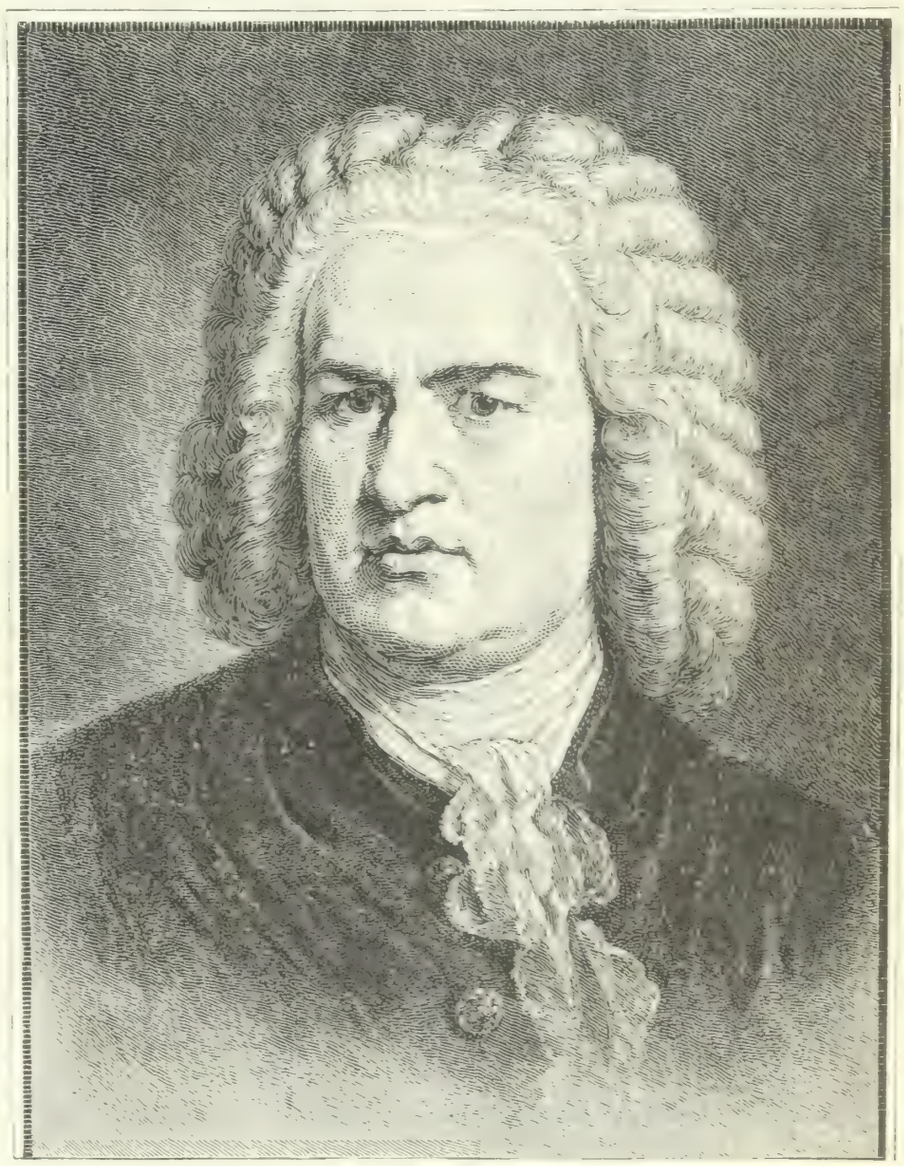
and orchestra used to greet him tumultuously. He was a strange man—kindly, affectionate, but sad and of a nervous temperament, of which there are many traces even in his clearest, most brilliant compositions. When he came to London in the spring of 1826 he went frequently to the Moscheleses'. They were living then at 77 Norton Street, where they had already begun to gather about them a circle, which widened later, including all the most distinguished men and women in the musical and literary world. One day Weber went to dine with them. He was in wretched health. When he arrived it was with difficulty that he mounted the stairs to the drawing-room, but later he roused himself, and became the "most delightful and genial" of the guests at Moscheles's hospitable board. His public triumphs crowded one upon the other; strangely exultant chords struck before the last note was sounded. While Weber was daily growing weaker and weaker, concerts and applause and the excitement of the season went on. One day only there was a failure at a concert, and this led to some thoughts of going home.

On the 4th of June Moscheles wrote: "When I visited the great man to-day he talked very confidently of his return to Germany, but the frequen attacks of a dreadful convulsive cough, which left him completely prostrated, filled our minds with the utmost anxiety.....He hoped to see me again to-morrow. I never suspected that I was looking on him for the last time as a living man." Weber, though really alarmingly ill, would not allow any one to remain with him at night, and used, on retiring, to lock the door of his room. He was staying with Sir George Smart, and early on the 5th of June Moscheles was summoned thither. Sir George told him that Weber had retired as usual; that they had been to his room, vainly knocking for admission. So, with some other friends, the door was broken open. "The noise did not disturb the sleeper," says Moscheles. "It was the sleep of death. His head, resting on his left arm, was lying quietly on his pillow..... Any attempt to describe the depth of my sorrow would be profanation. I thought Weber a composer quite *sui generis*—one who had the imperishable glory of leading back to our German music a public vacillating between Mozart, Beethoven, and Rossini." Weber's funeral was conducted with sad solemnity on June 21, when he was buried in the Catholic chapel at Moorfields.

When Moscheles returned to Berlin in 1826, a new musical surprise was prepared for him. Felix had passed beyond all limits of boyishness in composition. When Moscheles went to him he produced a MS., which he and Fanny played in duet. It was the since world-famous overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. He had failed with an operetta, had experienced some wholesome criticism, and in a burst of genius not destined to be transient had produced the work which is of all others the permanent association with his name. "The Mendelssohn," wrote the loving Devrient later, "we possess and cherish dates from this composition." His idiom is completely characterized in this work. Later efforts seem a broadening out of the foundation laid in these days. The mind of the master developed with that first rush of musical impulse, and the Mendelssohn whose pen rested on

the triumphal score of the *Elijah* was only the Mendelssohn whose boyish genius broke forth in the overture to Shakspeare's poem, in a wider, completer sense.

The charmed circle which lent its tender sympathy to Felix and his friend still continued unbroken. On Sunday evenings an assembly met always at the Mendelssohns'. Devrient and his charming wife still were intimate with Felix and Fanny, and a great desire now arose to revive Bach's splendid Passion music. Mendelssohn and Devrient combined to resurrect it, but Zelter was the great obstacle to success. Devrient gives an amusing picture of their visit to the old tyrant to enlist his sympathies, without which nothing from chorus or orchestra could be hoped. Much had to be done which was real labor, but this they felt they could carry through if Zelter's approval was obtained. From one of his quaint caprices Mendelssohn insisted that he and Devrient should be dressed precisely alike when they called at old Zelter's; and accordingly two young men in "blue coats, white waistcoats, black neck-ties, black trousers, and chamois-leather gloves" started out, Theresa Devrient having given them a cup of her delicious chocolate, for which Felix had a childish fondness. It was one hundred years since the notes of the Passion music had last died away. Mendelssohn's gay spirits were subdued, as they went down the Opern-Platz, by this reflection. He stood still, and exclaimed: "To think that it should be an actor and a Jew that give back to the people the greatest of Christian works!"* Zelter was found in a cloud of smoke, from which he emerged with gruff greeting to the young musicians. Devrient unfolded their plan. Zelter stormed at the idea, and growing positively abusive, Mendelssohn tried to draw Devrient from the room. But Edward luckily understood the old maestro too well. After indulging his rage at their audacity—to think *they*, "two young donkeys," could interest Berlin in that buried music!—the old man gave way, and actually promised assistance. So the rehearsals began. The principal opera-singers were ready to help; an orchestra and chorus were provided, and for the first time Mendelssohn's rare faculty as a conductor was shown. Edward Rietz assisted in the conducting; Devrient sang the part of Christ; Zelter lent his grave, dignified presence; while Felix, his whole soul lifted into exultation by the spirit of the great composer, held together the great mass of singers, instruments, musicians, the magnetism of his presence and leadership affecting them all with one common impulse. Zelter's remonstrances were silenced. The music, after a few rehearsals, was pronounced revived. Edward Rietz was singularly capable of



SEBASTIAN BACH.

* Mendelssohn was educated a Christian. He referred to his ancestry.

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emotion. When the performance finally took place, a transcendent power seemed to possess him. Von Schätzel sang the aria "Ebarme Dich!" to his obligato accompaniment. Mendelssohn's face lighted with an earnest glow before them. The immense audience were thrilled into an enthusiasm rarely experienced before. When Devrient's part came—"I sang," he says, "with my whole soul and voice, and believed that the thrills of devotion which ran through my veins were also felt by the rapt hearers."

Not only those engaged in the great work, but later critics, have averred that to this successful endeavor of the two young men we owe the later permanent interest in the music of Sebastian Bach.

"Since the doors of that musical house were closed," writes Chorley, in the *Athenæum*, speaking of the Moscheleses', "there has been nothing of the kind in this city except during the short time Adelaide Kemble was on the operatic stage."

Social relaxations were always welcomed by Moscheles, in spite of his numerous daily lessons and increasing work of composition. In the evening, when friends came in informally, he would sometimes have to sit by, correcting proof, revising MS., etc., but always cheerful, interested, and attentive. The generous, cordial hospitality of the Moscheleses was felt far and wide, claimed by many distinguished as well as obscure friends. Heine the poet spent much of his time during his English visit with them. Sometimes Sontag would come to them, dining *en famille*, or making one of their evening guests, when she not only sung, but charmed all by her grace and the loveliness of her mind and person. At the opera her box was always at the Moscheleses' service. "To-day," writes Moscheles, "I was present at the full-dress rehearsal of *Il Barbiere*. She enchanted every one with her Rosina." Again: "The Duke of Devonshire danced with her at his own ball, where her beauty and grace made a great sensation."

Once when she could not sing at Moscheles's benefit, because of the tyranny of a director, she gave out that she was hoarse, and went to the concert with Madame Moscheles, and when Moscheles spoke of it she answered, sweetly, but "S'fettl immer noch S'fettl."

All London went mad over the beautiful prima donna. Musical notes of that day are full of enthusiasm, but in private with such friends as the Moscheleses, on an occasion when she met Walter Scott at their house, for example, her sweetness and beauty were seen to best advantage. Paganini, with his wonderful dark face and strange air; Lablache, the inimitable basso; Schröder-Devrient, the prima donna; Klingeman; Meyerbeer—all these names recur frequently as guests at the Moscheleses', while the master's hand and brain are rarely idle; compositions were produced rapidly; every day his playing was growing more and more famous. A noted critic of that day, recalling later Moscheles's playing, speaks of it as surpassing in technique any thing he had ever heard, his wonderful execution, the certainty with which he passed from one interval to another, the nicety in expression, so that the ear was never shocked or rudely jarred, and, above all, the depth of feeling with which he treated the music of his beloved ones—Beethoven, Handel, Bach. He seemed to feel that a special legacy was left him to make their works better known, appreciated with a truer *heart feeling*.

One day Mendelssohn arrived in London, going directly to the Moscheleses, in No. 3 Chester Place, Regent's Park, where they lived. He was welcomed royally, and after dinner the young musician produced his new music, six *Lieder ohne Worte*—music now so famous. Touched for the first time by the young master's hand, what wonder that Moscheles, impressed by its spirit and life, its tenderness and deep feeling, said that in it he read the germ of his friend's immortality! Mendelssohn staid only a short time in London, but he created a profound sensation, and his name and music spread widely through public and private circles. He came to the Moscheleses' morning, noon, and night, his boyish good spirits infecting all the household, just as his music vibrated to their deepest heart pulsations. We have a good picture of him in these light-hearted days of twenty—a young man of middle height, rather slender in build, but with a free quick step which denoted his fine muscular development—a young man who could ride and walk and swim, and handle a foil as easily as he could play the "Spring Song" which has come down to us full of his soul's deepest meaning. In feature he showed slightly his Oriental descent; in the brow and eyes, the cut of the mouth and chin, the deep thoughtfulness of his character was shown. His laugh was peculiarly sweet. The tones of his voice, said one, writing of them when they were echoes only, "were a little hesitating at times, but had in them a touch like the voice of a dear friend." There was felt by all who approached him his peculiar magnetic power; no one who knew or even talked with him could resist it. And it was this personal fascination which, added to his fine appreciative sense, made him so wonderful a conductor. Even in these days of unclouded good spirits he was full of excitability, but against this evil in a man of genius he had an ever-ready balance. He could sleep at any time—a long dreamless rest of twelve hours frequently succeeding any prolonged mental effort, and thus the overstimulated brain was pre-

served and calm restored. During this London visit he went out constantly, making friends and admirers every where. Devrient, in the calmer Berlin atmosphere, was a little anxious for him, and wrote in half-serious remonstrance. He feared he would lose sight of the loftier purpose of his art in the glitter of fashionable London drawing-rooms.

"What would you say to me," wrote Mendelssohn, in half-jesting annoyance, "if I were to implore you not to be carried away by the glitter of Spontini, but to remain true to good music..... Life and art are not to be separated; and if you have no fears of my going over to Rossini and to John Bull, you must also have none that the life here is dragging me down.....Upon my word, Devrient, when I improve or deteriorate I shall let you know by express.....You wish, my dear friend, that I should make some noise and *éclat* here. For the sake of my future prospects, I am glad to tell you that I have already done so. The English receive me, and are kind and pleasant with me. For this year music is nearly over, the season is drawing to an end; but for conscience' sake I am going in a few days to play Beethoven's concerto in E flat. Musicians think it impracticable, and say the public will eat me; but I don't think so, and shall play it. On the same day my *Midsummer Night's Dream* is to be given..... Write soon, and love me."



SIGISMOND THALBERG.

Moscheles's pleasure in the young man's society was intense, and Mendelssohn as usual looked to him in every way for sympathy and counsel. It was certainly a very happy period of mutual intercourse.

"Mendelssohn came in," writes Moscheles. ".....We had such a morning of music!" Think of what it must have been to *have* Mendelssohn "come in," to *have* a "morning" of his music! These were pleasant days, and there was a great charm about a musician's life even in that period of slow understandings and applause that was not always appreciation. Great people were to be seen daily in unconscious London. Fancy crossing Piccadilly and meeting Mendelssohn and Moscheles and Thalberg coming with rolls of music in their hands from the Philharmonic rehearsal! The Philharmonic had not reached the Ninth Symphony, but their instincts were quickening. Somewhere in busy London a young man was preparing the future of the *Elijah*. Moscheles used to talk hopefully to his dear Felix of the to-morrow even in England, and in the circle at Chester Place all musical impressions and influences were cordially, earnestly received. The two friends would come home from rehearsal to find Malibran waiting, ready, as she used to say, to sing "jusqu'a l'extinction de la voix." She was always a welcome visitor, delighting even the little children of the household.

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Mendelssohn performed at the Philharmonic Concert, playing the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The audience were more than enthusiastic. Many years later one who was a boy in that company recorded how crowds flocked into the anterooms to see the young musician. He was standing a little apart —the dreaminess of his gaze intensified by the emotion he had gone through in playing. The little boy, who had listened in awe and wonder, now found himself abashed in the presence of the master. Sir George Smart presented him, and Mendelssohn gave his usual sweet, cordial greeting.

"Is this to be a musical boy?" asked Mendelssohn. The child said no. "Ah," replied the young master, with a quick sigh, "so much the better for him *here*," touching his brow as he spoke. With all the buoyancy and freedom of his spirit, somewhat of the shadow of his death seemed to lie upon him.

The Berlin coterie was agreeably widened by Fanny Mendelssohn's marriage to the distinguished painter Hensel. When Felix returned from his sensational London visit he found the Devrients in the "Garden-house" on the Mendelssohn grounds, and Fanny Hensel and her husband occupying a suite of apartments in the family abode. It was a charming arrangement for Felix, whose time was divided between his work and social intercourse with his beloved friends, and the friendly harmony which prevailed was expressed in an operetta he and Fanny composed together to celebrate the silver wedding day of their beloved parents. The affair was to be purely domestic, very few outsiders being admitted; the Devrients, of course, shared in the work, and the rehearsals were provocative of much pleasure and amusement, particularly as Hensel's part was very ridiculous. Owing to his having no musical ear, Felix had written a part for him which was entirely on one note, and the amateur troupe were thrown into convulsions of laughter even during the rehearsals by his somewhat gloomy monotone. An evidence of Felix's excitability occurred during the preparation of this fête. It suddenly became known that Devrient would have to sing at court the very evening of the performance. All Felix's joy was damped. It seemed to him cruel and unreasonably exacting. He stormed and raged on hearing of it; his father finally interfering, with a firm command to him to go to his room. He obeyed, and found a refuge in his never-failing consolation of a prolonged sleep, and the next day his calm sweetness of temper was restored. Devrient managed, on the night in question, to leave court early enough for the operetta, which proved a decided success—Felix leading in the orchestra, all parts being charmingly sung except poor Hensel's, who started off upon a wrong note, carried it through thus, although the right one was shown, whispered, sung at him, while Felix's laughter became so unrestrained he was forced to bend down over the score to conceal it.

The extreme delicacy of Mendelssohn's nature was shown in his refusal to publish the little work, which he felt purely a home association; connected as it was with those so dear to him, he could not give it to the world. As usual his search for an operatic libretto continued; but a fatality seemed to attend all efforts in this direction, though his ambition and interest remained unchanged, even while he vented his dramatic fervor and impulse in such oratorios as *Elijah* and *St. Paul*.

These were charming days with the Hensels and Devrients. They used to read aloud Jean Paul and Hebel; they painted together; Felix wrote music to Devrient's verses, and Theresa sang for them while they worked. Sometimes they were absorbed in chess or French declamation; happily there was great versatility in the little coterie, and the very interchange of political opinions had its interest from the strong individuality of all the party. Meanwhile Mendelssohn worked at the Reformation Symphony. The peculiar joyousness of parts of this great work seems like an expression of the young master's happy life at the time. The dewy freshness which in the scherzo is like the sudden sweetness of May blossoms, the look of green fields when a summer rain has lightly touched them and the sun unveils itself, seems to be as an utterance of the tranquil, busy life, the mood which found its reflection not only in his work at the time, but in the very faces clustered about him. Hensel was working on his portraits in pencil, and Mendelssohn delighted in walking up and down, talking to him while he worked. He was fond of talking and walking together. There was a sort of covered gallery outside the house; he and Devrient used to walk there together when it rained. Once, when his younger sister, Rebecca, was taken ill, as he was about to start for the Continent, Devrient spent an hour in this fashion trying to reason Felix out of his superstitious fears at leaving her. "He poured himself out," says Devrient, "in almost infantile lamentations." The result was that Felix caught the disease himself, but both recovered speedily.

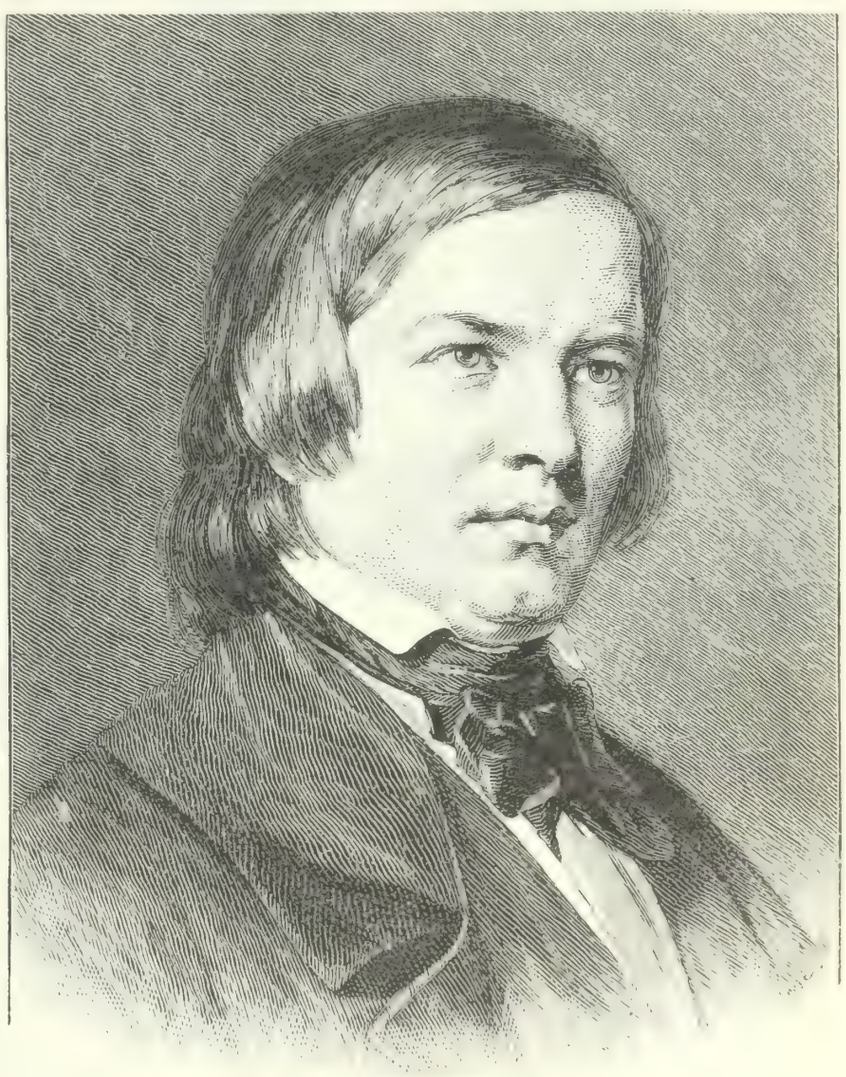
The Continental tour was productive of much pleasure and instruction for Felix, and for the circle at home in the charming letters since published in book form. He wrote Devrient constant little notes, characteristic in their tenderness and simplicity:

"Write me a long letter," he says to him, from Vienna, "four sheets, with gossip, pictures, and notes; in fact, chat with me. I

should think you sometimes longed to do so; it is not a thing one longs for singly, and I do so very often. Let me know what and how you are singing, how your white morning jacket is, and whether you are painting.....In a word, say good-day to me. Am I strange because I am far away? I certainly am far away, and it is a long while since we saw each other. When I sing anything out of the *Heimkehr*, it sounds sadly like a remembrance of the past.....In the choral you will receive as soon as it is done you will find an aria for your voice. Have the goodness to sing it in a state of anguish. .....I have become so lazy with my pen, and write so badly, that I may be forgiven, but you know what I mean. When the head is giddy with thinking of the Styrian Hills, Venice, 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' by Titian, etc., writing and many other things are forgotten. The main things, however, are not; and so good-night."

Later, in answering some half-jesting observation of Devrient's as to his indifference to fame, he writes:

"If it had been the will of God that at twenty-two I should be famous, then famous I most likely should be.....I compose as little with a view to becoming famous as of becoming a Kapellmeister.....I look upon it as my duty to compose just how and what my heart indites, and to leave the *effect* to Him who takes heed of greater and better things. As time goes on, I think more deeply and sincerely of that."



ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Meanwhile he writes tenderly to the Moscheleses in London. Music was progressing pleasantly for the master there, and new stars were added to the social artistic firmament. Paganini had been making a great sensation. The Philharmonics had included Mosceles as a director, and concerts were being constantly given in which he took leading parts, but his chief happiness was with his wife and children. On his wife's birthday he always had the habit of beginning some special composition. So his work had the enduring association with her beloved name and presence. When his son was born, great rejoicing was felt among sympathetic friends like the Mendelssohns. The boy was named Felix,* and the godfather wrote in characteristic strain, congratulating and appreciating the honor done

* Now an artist of distinction.

him. He drew a sketch of a chaotic-looking collection of musical instruments supposed to be performing in the boy's honor. Later, when Mendelssohn came to London, there was a christening fête, for which Mendelssohn wrote the cradle song. Neukomm and Barry Cornwall were of the party, and wrote verses appropriate to the occasion. During the same visit Mendelssohn and Moscheles appeared constantly together in concerts, the fame of the former steadily increasing; but it was in Moscheles's happy home circle the sweetness and charm of his character were shown to best advantage. He delighted in taking the children off for a holiday. They would go to the Zoo together, his enjoyment dependent upon theirs; or sometimes when he came to Chester Place freighted with the heavy cares of orchestra or piano concerts, he would cheerfully give an hour to improvising for their benefit on nursery themes, or amuse them with all manner of childish nonsense and joking. Occasionally a weariness overcame him in the midst of his work, when he would go to Mrs. Moscheles for womanly sympathy and counsel. She used to make him lie down quietly upon the sofa in a darkened room, or would sit talking to him upon indifferent topics—current questions of interest which had no bearing on the baton or piano. Mendelssohn's ever-active, earnest mind found room for innumerable interests, and beneath the boyish gayety and apparent carelessness of spirits was a calm, enduring Christian faith—a desire to make his life the complete whole designed by a Higher Will than his own.

Moscheles accompanied Mendelssohn when he returned to the Continent. The latter had just undertaken the direction of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic, where, in 1843, he founded the Conservatory since so famous. From Leipsic Moscheles wrote back tender greetings, descriptions, etc., to the loving friend at home who was ever present in his thoughts. "I begin the day," he says once, "as I like best, by asking after you and the children. Is Emily composing? Serena learning an epic poem by heart? Felix storming a fortress somewhere?" Mendelssohn used to scribble off postscripts to Moscheles's letters. "Let me slip in," he writes, "between the envelope and wafer." He was full of friendly jests with those whom he loved. Chorley, I think it was, said he had a way of smiling gently as he jested, giving the words, though full of fun, a touch of loving endearment. He had a fashion of stroking Devrient's shoulder, and pronouncing his name with a little tender drawl. These familiar gestures, tones, and words seem to recur to those whom he loved, and who lost him, with a sharp pang of regret, showing how intensely he influenced them while he was among them.

During this tour the two friends used to go often to the Wiecks', where there were impromptu musical parties, "Papa Wieck," as he was called, sitting in somewhat arrogant judgment. Clara Wieck, later the famous Madame Schumann, was a mere girl then, but her playing enchanted the "two M.'s." At that time a timid, retiring young man, with a large face, absorbed and melancholy in expression, used to be one of the little circle. We think instinctively of the tenderness of summer-time, the gentle fall of rain, the pulsation of some sad heart, when the music he has left us fills the air. He was not quite understood then, except by so appreciative a coterie. It was later that the name of Robert Schumann was widely known, when he left it to the woman who was his devoted wife.

"I went with Felix to the rehearsal," writes Moscheles. "His admirable conducting, speeches, observation—in fact, his general behavior to the orchestra—filled me with affection and respect."

It is said that even in that highly colored romance *Charles Auchester*, where the part of Seraphael is intended for Mendelssohn, his power as a conductor and his magnetic influence over the orchestra are not exaggerated.

The death of the elder Mendelssohn turned Felix's thoughts into a graver channel. His future seemed to shape itself with more of definite purpose. His grief was intense; but happily Fanny Hensel's presence was a balm to him, for her marriage had in no way alienated her from their common sympathies and tastes. She appreciated, as did Felix, what they had lost in so loving and sympathetic a parent. "Do you remember," she wrote Mr. Moscheles, "how Felix, one autumn evening you spent with us, played the exquisite adagio in F sharp major, from one of Haydn's quartettes? My father had a special love for Haydn's music. The movement was new to him, and so powerfully affected him he wept as he listened.....My anxiety for Felix is at an end; he has collected all his energies, and deep though his sorrow be, it is natural.....He must recover if he wishes to live up to his father's standard, as he never failed to do while they were together."

Felix, somewhat out of health, joined his friend Ferdinand Hiller in Frankfort, and there his fate awaited him. He was introduced to a charming family, that of M. Souchay, whose widowed daughter, Madame Jeaurenaud, and her daughter Cécile were living with him. The household combined those gifts which appealed to Mendelssohn's keenest artistic and æsthetic sense. Moreover, Mlle. Jeaurenaud was exceedingly beautiful, and lovely in disposition. In person she was slender and gracefully formed, with a complexion of dazzling fairness, the pink color in her cheeks varying with every pass-



MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN.

ing emotion. Her eyes, Devrient, Moscheles, Hiller, declare, were beautiful—of a "sapphire blue"—while her nose, slightly inclined to *retroussé*, and the arch of her pretty mouth, gave an irresistible piquancy to her expression. Fastidious as was Felix's taste, oversensitive as he was in regard to his ideal of woman, he succumbed at once to Mlle. Jeaurenaud's fascinations. Hiller says his infatuation was remarkable from the outset. The good-natured friend was greatly interested in Felix's outpourings. He used to go to Hiller's rooms, unable even to give his mind to music while his heart was so full of Cécile. Singularly enough, the *haut ton* of Frankfort regarded his attentions with rather disdainful criticism, Mendelssohn's fame and genius scarcely compensating in their eyes for Mlle. Jeaurenaud's patrician birth. His untouched fancy was completely captivated, his affection full of ardor and romance. The acquaintance ripened quickly; but such was the strength of his character that he subjected himself to a severe test of absence before he allowed himself to declare his affection, wishing to profess a nobler sentiment than infatuation. Meanwhile his oratorio of *St. Paul* had been given with magnificent success. Mendelssohn was twenty-eight years of age, and already crowned by every public honor, every private happiness save the one in store for him. Fortune surely favored him in destiny. On his return to Frankfort, Mlle. Jeaurenaud accepted his love, and the engagement met with hearty congratulations on all sides. The marriage took place in 1837. It was a very pretty wedding. The extraordinary fascination of the young couple was never forgotten by those present. Ferdinand Hiller composed a marriage choral, and when bride and groom returned from the church, a band of young girls in white were stationed on either side of the entrance to M. Souchay's house, singing the joyous notes of greeting. Mendelssohn and his youthful bride were touched extremely by this tender tribute of Hiller's friendship and genius.

They went away for their honey-moon to a quaint little German town, Freiburg-im-Breisgau, whence Mendelssohn wrote in exultant strain to Moscheles, Devrient, Hiller, and his own home circle. Under the new inspiration of his wedded happiness he wrote his music to the Forty-second Psalm. What more beautiful expression of the deep

peace and thankfulness within him could he have uttered?

"You know," he wrote Devrient, "that I am here with my wife, my dear Cécile, and that it is our wedding tour, that we are already an old married couple of six weeks' standing. There is so much to say and to tell that I don't know how to make a beginning. Picture to yourself. I can only say that I am too happy, too glad; and yet not at all beside myself, as I should have expected to be, but calm and accustomed, as though it could not be otherwise.....But," he adds, tenderly, "you should know my Cécile .....No journey that we can make will ever be more lovely and happy than this one."

Cécile drew and painted skillfully, and during their journey in Arcadia the young couple kept a journal which is full of illustrations of her pen or pencil. Later they came back to a home in Leipsic, whence Felix wrote enthusiastically to Hiller and Moscheles.

"Just tell me," he says to the former on one occasion, "if I ought not to be satisfied, living with Cécile in a new, comfortable house, with an open view over the gardens and the fields and the city towers, feeling so serenely happy, so calmly joyful."

A recent critic has complained that Mendelssohn's letters bear slight testimony to the all-absorbing character of his love for Cécile; but to those in whom he confided the tenderer sentiments of his life he certainly wrote with all the freedom of a young lover.

Happily these youthful transports were lasting. Devrient says they had often pictured what kind of wife their "spoiled favorite" would choose. When they saw her they realized that Felix had received the highest gift of companionship on earth. She was quiet and gentle in manner, but observant and thoughtful for the happiness of all around her. Her beauty gained new character as the time passed on. When the first flush of girlish loveliness had passed, the high-bred, noble type seemed only dignified, and the tenderness of her eyes, her smile, the sweet tones of her voice, the ever-ready greeting and kindly outstretched hand, were all recalled with sad fondness by those who had shared the hospitality of Mendelssohn's happy home. No marriage could have been more congenial in every way. Beautiful and gentle as Cécile had appeared to him in the May-flower days of his love, she proved all and more than his dearest hopes.

The spirit of the man, the reverential, exalted character of his mind, showed itself in all his domestic relations. He was his wife's lover to the day of his death; but beyond this was a feeling of chivalrous devotion, a touch of a spirit almost mediæval in character, which makes us understand how he could write those tender, soft-breathing "Lieder," and at the same time lift the voice of his humanity up to the Divine in such works as *Elijah* and *St. Paul*.

When Mendelssohn next visited London he had, of course, much to tell the Moscheleses of his wife. He was unchanged in his frank, honest friendliness.

"Our dear Mendelssohn," wrote Mrs. Moscheles at the time—"I can call him by no other name—arrived at 4 P.M. on the 8th. At 7 he was with us, the same hearty, cheerful, delightful old friend as ever. In a word, he is a model man. At dinner and the whole evening we talked over memories of by-gone, happy hours, and then he drew Moscheles to the piano.....Chorley and Klingeman came to dinner, and in the evening little Felix enjoyed such a game of romps with his famous godpapa.....We did not go to the evening concert, but sat at home chatting with Mendelssohn, who had much to tell us about his wife. The portrait he showed us makes her very pretty, and according to him she must be an angel."

"I see him," Moscheles wrote at the same time, "in various characters, as a brother, son, lover, but chiefly as a fiery musical enthusiast who appears but dimly conscious to what a height he has already attained. He knows so well how to adapt himself to this commonplace world.....While Birmingham prided herself on bringing out his newest work [*St. Paul*], he still found time to make a pen-and-ink drawing of Birmingham for our children.....In the evening I walked home with him. Our chat was so delightful.....Yesterday at an early hour the town-hall again looked imposing. The second part of the performance was devoted to Mendelssohn. He was received with ringing cheers, but seemed all anxiety to make his bow to the public and get the whole thing over.....His conducting of the band in this performance of the 'Lobgesang' effected a marvellous unity and precision, and one of the chorals of this glorious work told so powerfully that the whole audience rose involuntarily from their seats."

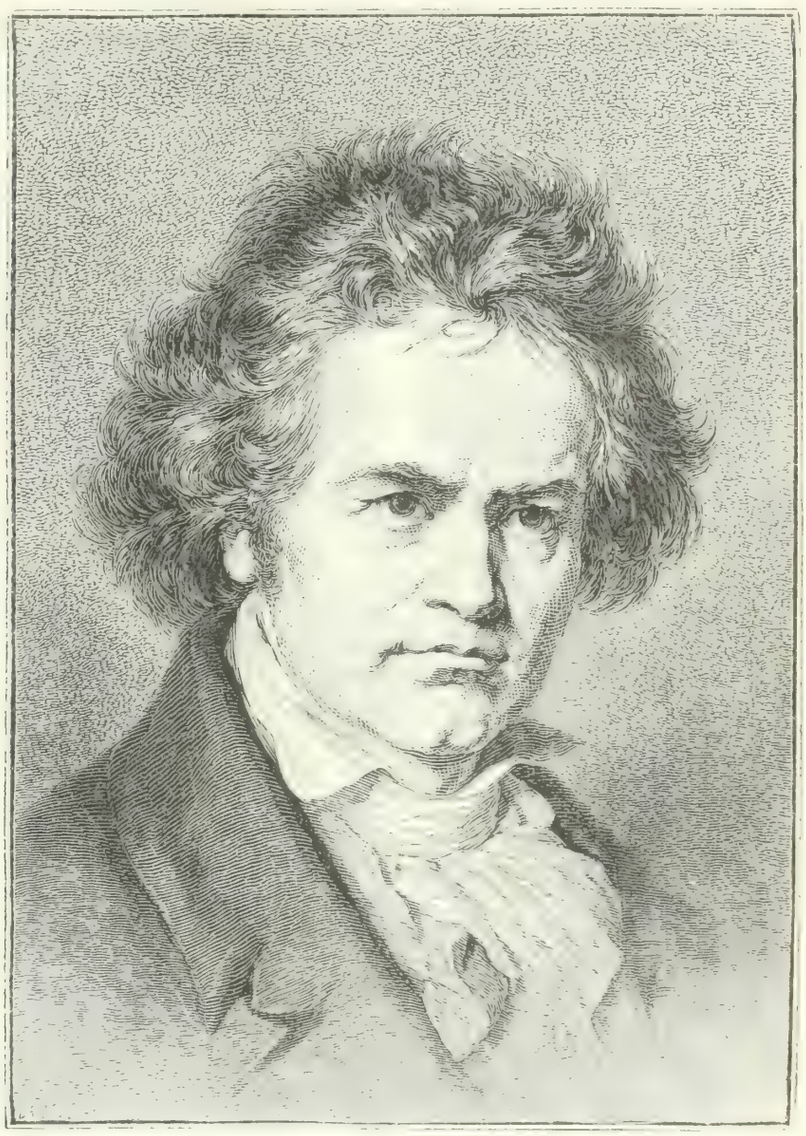
Chorley joined Mendelssohn and Moscheles when they departed for the Continent, Chorley's habitual gravity and reserve thawing completely under the genial influence of the "two M.'s." He was the well-known critic of the *Athenæum*—a quiet, observant man, not altogether happy in temperament, but full of kindliness for those whom he felt to be his friends. In spite of his wholesale condemnation of such writers as Schumann, his musical perceptions were usually keen, and his criticism good enough to be desired or feared. He admired intensely these two friends. In later years he could hardly speak of what Mendelssohn had been to him. On this trip they all

made merry over every trifling adventure. Once, in a railway carriage, they discovered a fourth traveller sound asleep.

"What shall we do with him when he wakes up?" exclaimed Moscheles.

"Kill him; that's the only way," said Mendelssohn, with mock tragedy.

Upon this the sleeper started up. A momentary confusion ensued, terminated by Moscheles saying, in an easy conversational way, "And afterward she said she never would have that man for a husband;" at which Chorley and Mendelssohn laughed uproariously, and the stranger appeared to think he had awakened just at the conclusion of an entertaining anecdote; but from that hour the sentence passed as a proverb among the party. In any conversational dilemma Mendelssohn used to say, "And afterward she said, etc."



LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

In the winter of 1838 Mendelssohn's domestic happiness was made complete by the birth of a son.

"I feel *so* happy," he wrote Hiller, "and yet not a bit *philisterhaft*. You may laugh as much as you like; I don't care. It is too delightful and lovely to see a wee, little fellow like that, who has brought his mother's blue eyes and snub-nose into the world with him, and knows her so well that he laughs whenever she comes into the room.....In a few days we go to Berlin, so that Cécile may get to know my youngest sister [Rebecca] and the whole family." And from Berlin, where Cécile and her boy were welcomed with all tenderness, he wrote: "Our family life here has been most pleasant. Yesterday evening, when I went over to tea and found them all assembled, I read them a good deal out of your letter.....We were together that way every evening, talking politics, arguing, or making music, and it was so nice and pleasant." As usual, Fanny Hensel's presence and sympathy were an unspeakable delight to him. Her "musicals" on Sunday mornings were quite famous. Felix used to play sometimes. Cécile's beauty and lovely character added a special charm to the gatherings. Devrient could hardly sufficiently express his enjoyment of Felix's domestic happiness. One evening, at a social concert organized by Mendelssohn in Liszt's honor, an hour was occupied by the young couple in entertaining their friends, a dainty colla-

tion having been provided. One who was present, writing to a friend, described Madame Mendelssohn moving about among her guests in a dress of pure white silk, looking as "beautiful as an angel." The eyes of her husband followed her with proud admiration; occasionally she would return his glance with a pretty blush and her ineffably sweet smile.

In London Moscheles had been making an effort to produce Beethoven's great Ninth Symphony. Though we could not have our fair battlements of to-day if such as he had not laid the corner-stones, there must always be a regret that his work was often a dreary effort from lack of sympathy. When he wanted to produce the Ninth Symphony there was a general outcry at the Philharmonic. In 1824 an attempt had been made, but it had failed dismally. Moscheles's energy and ambition knew no bounds. He was determined to produce the great work, and in a proper manner. After labor such as only a musician and a man of his calibre would go through, the concert and the symphony were at last announced. "Imagine my excitement," he wrote, "before and during the concert.....All the newspapers are in raptures, and unanimously insist on its remaining a fixture in the répertoire, and being performed on a grander scale either in Exeter Hall or at the Birmingham Festival."

The newspapers of that day announced and criticised in a manner somewhat different from the elaborate programmes and careful critiques of the American and English press of to-day. Here is an advertisement of one of Moscheles's concerts:

"Mr. Moscheles has the honor to announce that his morning concert will take place on Wednesday, May 11 [1836], when he will be assisted by Mme. Giulia Grisi, Mme. Caradori-Allan, Miss C. Novello, Miss Masson, Sig. Lablache, Mr. Balfe, and Mr. Parry, Jun. Mr. T. Wright will perform a Fantasia on the Harp. Mr. Moscheles will play his new MS. Concerto Pathétique, composed expressly for the occasion, a posthumous Concerto by Bach, and an extempore Fantasia. Together with Mr. Sudri's elucidation of his newly invented universal musical language. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer. Conductor, Sir George Smart."

And again, there is the concert criticism, interesting from comparison with those of to-day:

"Mr. Moscheles's Concert.—Mendelssohn's new overture of the 'Calm and Prosperous Voyage' opened the concert. This was succeeded by the 'Ave Maria' of Cherubini, by Miss Clara Novello, with clarionet obligato by Mr. Willman, both sung and played in a manner which few if any musicians could surpass. A manuscript concerto pathétique by Mr. Moscheles followed—a charming composition. Miss Clara Novello supplied Miss Masson's place (for whom an apology was made) in a duet with Balfe. Lablache sang the 'Largo Alfactotum.' Mr. Wright was much and deservedly applauded for his performance of a fantasia on the harp, and Madame De Beriot (Malibran) for the five-hundredth time delighted her hearers by executing some extraordinary passages of difficulty and compass in a song from the *Inez di Castro* by Persiani. Between the first and second acts Mr. Sudri exhibited his plan for a new universal language, with examples. We were, however, so far removed from the performers that we could not catch his explanations. He will repeat his scheme on Monday at Mr. Sedlazek's concert. The Chev. Neukomm's popular Septetto Concertante opened the second act, and which was delightfully played by Messrs. Sedlazek, Willman, G. Cooke, etc. One great charm of the concert was the production of a MS. posthumous concerto by Sebastian Bach, a composition of wonderful accomplishment and elegance [!]....No one could have played the piece in finer style. Madame De Beriot and Lablache made capital fun with Donizetti's 'O quarvate che figura'... We presume the following pieces concluded the programme: a duet by Messrs. Moscheles and De Beriot, the 'Tarantella' by Lablache, and an instrumental finale by Mozart. The room was crowded with high fashion. Mr. F. Cramer led; Sir George Smart conducted."

Mendelssohn had made no satisfactory step toward an opera, but in 1846 he completed the *Elijah*, and it was performed at Birmingham, Mendelssohn coming over for the presentation. It was a brilliant triumph; eleven numbers had to be repeated; the applause was positively stormy, and the Moscheleses shared in the exultant enthusiasm. During the course of this festival Mendelssohn gave fresh evidence of his wonderful genius. At one of the concerts the orchestral parts of a certain movement were found wanting. It was discovered an hour in advance of the time set for the performance of the piece, and Mendelssohn quietly went into an adjoining room, composed the recitative, scored and copied all the parts himself, and these were played while the ink was yet wet, the audience being equally ignorant of the emergency and his prompt rescue.

Mendelssohn, now established at the Leipsic Conservatory, after repeated efforts induced Moscheles to leave England permanently, and accept a chair in his company. Much as it was to Moscheles to be with him, he found it difficult enough to leave his beloved English public. Not only were they his friends, but in his twenty-one years among them he had had the happiness of elevating and instructing them—of giving fresh impetus and zeal to their work. There was, however, no sensational farewell. Such a one would have been contrary to Moscheles's instinctive delicacy; but at his last concert the emotion shown and felt was genuine, and the master was completely overcome. But Germany was, after all, "father-land," and turning eyes and steps toward Leipsic meant toward the most beloved of his associates.

They reached Leipsic in October, and were met by Felix and Cécile, who had already prepared their house for them in Gerhardt Garden.* Every thing was delightfully arranged. They had supper at the Mendelssohns', and witnessed the charming circle over which Cécile presided with such dig-

* A historic site.

nity and grace. Speaking of his first outlook, Moscheles wrote: "It has begun, with God's help, under the best auspices; and if you ask who is the mainspring of our present happiness, we say, Mendelssohn, and always Mendelssohn—my more than brother."

The work at the Gewandhaus and Conservatorium was speedily organized, and for our two professors was responsible but not exhausting; though Mendelssohn's busy brain, alas! was never idle. Mendelssohn headed the list of professors at the Conservatory, while Moscheles was down as head of the department for piano-forte playing and composition. David, Plaidy, Brendel, etc., were among the number. The greatest zeal and earnestness were thrown into the work. With what lingering pleasure we read all records of those Leipsic days! The coterie included the Schumanns, Davids, Schencks, Joachim (the prototype of Charles Auchester), the celebrated violinist, and many obscurer presences who lent their charm and appreciation to the little circle. The Moscheleses and Mendelssohns in quartette used to be constantly together. After an arduous day's work at the Conservatorium, or in preparation for a Gewandhaus concert, the two professors would start out for a long walk, and talk about many things. Devrient, who paid them a flying visit about this time, fancied Mendelssohn was altered —grown older and more care-worn than his years and occupation warranted. But at that time Moscheles seems to have found his companionship fresh and interesting as ever. They used to come back to one drawing-room or the other, and have happy twilight hours of converse or music. Mendelssohn used to play in a half-desultory fashion at such times fragments of the "Lieder," dreamy improvisations of their favorite themes. Sometimes, when David or Joachim would come in with their violins, he played magnificently, the "Kreuzer" ringing out upon the air, the vibrations widening, the andante softening with a tremulous thrill, which those who listened never could forget. Once, when Moscheles and Felix were improvising on two pianos, Mendelssohn seemed, he says, to grow like one inspired.

The home lives of both men were pictures of tranquil content. Family festivals used to be celebrated with a spirit of childish gayety and pleasure. On Mendelssohn's birthday the coterie arranged a delightful entertainment—a burlesque charade on "Gewandhaus," in which Joachim, in grotesque costume, performed a "hare-brained impromptu on the G string," Moscheles enacted the part of a stout German cook, and the whole ended in a concert *à la Jullien*, the orchestra being of toy instruments, Joachim performing wildly on a miniature violin. "Mendelssohn," says Moscheles, "was sitting on a large straw arm-chair, which creaked under his weight as he rocked to and fro, and the room echoed with his peals of laughter."

Impromptu supper parties used to be given among them. Devrient says the Mendelssohns lived at that time in "opulent comfort; the calm, beautiful Cécile, surrounded by her bright, pretty children, whose individual developments announced themselves at an early age." Cécile, when acting as hostess or friend, was charming as ever, and lent a sort of ideal grace to her husband's fireside. He was, as ever, watchful of her comfort and her happiness. Happily she was a woman of rare appreciative qualities. In their wives Mendelssohn and Moscheles found truest companionship, and the quartette certainly combined singular gifts of mind and nature.

In the spring Felix and Cécile went away to Frankfort and Dresden, and then Mendelssohn left his wife to go over to England and superintend the performance of the *Elijah*. Suddenly, while there, the great blow of his life fell upon him. Fanny Hensel had been superintending a rehearsal of some of her own music for a "Sunday morning;" suddenly she felt her hands giving way upon the keys of her beloved instrument, and she stood up, asking a friend to take her place. She hurried into an adjoining room, where she fomented her hands in hot vinegar. Feeling better, she paused to listen to the chorus which came from the other room. It was the "Walpurgis Night." "How beautiful it sounds!" she exclaimed, and almost in uttering the words lost consciousness, and in a short time breathed her last.

The blow fell upon Felix with the swiftness of lightning. Those who were with him when the news was brought say that he uttered a heart-rending cry of anguish they never could forget. Much of his life seemed to go out with that of the beloved sister whose companionship and sympathy had been life-long. He rejoined his family in Frankfort, and they went on to Switzerland, where he forced himself to be calm, and resumed work. Stricken as he was, the natural sweetness and activity of the man's nature roused him to some outward show of calm and interest in life. His work was redoubled, but though a cheerful intercourse was renewed with his friends, the shadow hung upon him. At times he labored with feverish zeal, and Cécile, who watched him with daily increasing anxiety, would tenderly remonstrate. "I have work to finish," he once said to her, with his gentle smile; "the time for me to rest will soon be here."

One night there was a large reunion of friends to hear Mendelssohn play. Madame Schumann was among the crowd of intense listeners. Mendelssohn began Beethoven's

great F Minor Sonata (Appassionata). His whole being was fired with emotion. Never had he seemed so to gain inspiration, forgetting all around him. On finishing the andante he gave the final chord, like a passionate cry to those who listened, but suddenly moving his hands, he rose and crossed to the corner to Madame Schumann. "Finish," he whispered; "I can not." His look, his air, were so impressive she mechanically obeyed. Meanwhile the listeners sat spell-bound, the vibrations of Mendelssohn's playing ringing in their ears.

There is a tragic pathos about the story of this last year, although with his friends, with the Moscheleses, to whom as ever he went daily, he seemed at times light-hearted and happy as in the days divided from the present by his one great grief. A presentiment had always hung over him that he could not long survive his sister Fanny. Moscheles and his wife and Cécile tried to shut out from their eyes and hearts the fact that he was daily losing his hold upon life. But indeed the fair hours of that happy friendship begun in such youthful days were fast drawing to a close. His conscientiousness in his work never lessened; the smallest effort was marked with his usual ambition toward perfection. It is marvellous how, in the midst of wealth and luxury, he never failed in his daily work, believing his gifts were divinely ordained—to be worked out for the honor and glory of the Giver.

To Devrient he wrote last in the summer of 1846, ending his letter with characteristic tenderness:

"Thanks, thanks, thou true, good, faithful friend! Thy FELIX."

Early in October the quartette had many happy hours together, in spite of Felix's failing strength. "Delightful afternoon at the Mendelssohns'," Moscheles records. "Had much friendly talk about art matters. He played me his last quartette, *all* four movements in F minor. The passionate character of the whole and the mournful key seem to me an expression of his deeply agitated state of mind; he is still suffering and in sorrow for the loss of his sister. He also showed me some of her MSS."

A day or two later the two friends went out for a long walk together; they talked earnestly, happily, for the last time alone. They traversed half the town, not heeding time in their friendly, sympathetic converse, though it was raining steadily. In the evening a congenial party united at Mendelssohn's. Rietz was there, and he and Felix played for an hour. On the 9th of October he came as a guest to Moscheles for the last time. Although so much of the fine physique, the master-mind, remained untouched, they could not but note the changes growing hourly upon him. Mrs. Moscheles watched his somewhat languid step as he crossed the garden, and when he came in she asked him, anxiously, how he felt. He smiled, but answered: "How do I feel? Well, rather shady."

Moscheles insisted on their going out to walk, and so they started—Charlotte, Felix Moscheles, and the "two M.'s." Mendelssohn's spirits revived in the bracing air; he talked quite brightly, telling them more details of his English visit, especially his morning with the Queen, when she sang for him, and then took him through the royal nurseries, explaining all the domestic arrangements of the palace. And then he told them of the birthday gifts he had in store for Cécile, among them his and Klingeman's Scotch diary, which he had been illustrating and having bound to present to Cécile on her coming anniversary. The friends parted, much cheered and invigorated. Mendelssohn on his way home called at the house of his friend Frau Frege, one of their kindred spirits, a lady who had agreed to sing in the next performance of the *Elijah*.

"You must help me put together a book of songs," he said to her, going in. "The Härtels are pressing me so to publish it."

They arranged them from the loose sheets on the piano, and Frau Frege sang them for him. He was deeply moved, and began talking to her about Fanny. He had been to Berlin. "I can't tell you," he said, "how melancholy Fanny's unchanged rooms made me. But," he added, "I have so much to be thankful to God for. Cécile is so well."

He made Madame Frege sing over many of the songs. They decided to exclude the "Spring Song" from this book, as lacking in sufficiently serious an element for the rest. When they had talked them over, he said, "If you are not tired, let us try over the last quartette of the *Elijah*." But the twilight was deepening; and Madame Frege found the piano and music in such closing shadows she could not read, and so left Felix to go for lights. Coming back, she found him, pale and cold, upon the sofa. With difficulty he made his way home, where at seven o'clock Cécile found him very ill. By morning all Leipsic was filled with anxiety. Moscheles's condition of fear and suspense was intense; and only when, after a few days, Mendelssohn rallied, and talked hopefully of conducting again the *Elijah*, he breathed freely. On the 25th Mendelssohn wrote, with forced cheerfulness, to his brother Paul:

"Write me a couple of lines soon again" (he says), "and be sure you agree to come. My love to you all, and continue your love for FELIX."

But on the morning of the 30th Paul was summoned hastily. The valley of the shadow was closing out all earthly sounds and interests: Mendelssohn was dying.

How tender, how gentle, was the love be-

tween Moscheles and Felix since those sweet boyish days we can never better understand than now, when the parting was at hand. Retrospection makes so tragic a background for such final moments, when every look, or word, or tone becomes the last with which one feels his memory may be stored! Day and night Moscheles watched beside him, but no human ministration could avail. All musical proceedings were silenced. A grand concert had been in preparation, but who could be found to touch one note while the master was passing silently into eternity? In Moscheles's diary we find him breaking out into a passionate prayer to the Almighty that the life so precious to him may be spared. The evening of the same day finds him, with Charlotte and Cécile and others, at Felix's bedside. There was no consciousness. The friends—the beloved wife—knelt, watching the light gradually fade in that "peaceful, seraphic" countenance they had seen touched by every passing cloud or joy. It was a little after nine o'clock when, without a sign, saying only, in answer to Cécile's inquiry, he was "tired, very tired," the end came.

Moscheles tells us that he knelt some time in prayer beside the form of his beloved Felix. What an hour, what a struggle, for the generous-hearted friend! What tender memories must have risen in the shadow of that long farewell!

Devrient had been waiting in Dresden for news of Felix's recovery. Instead of this, Clara Schumann came to him in tears, and with a fatal letter in her hand. Among all who had known and loved him every personal concern was forgotten in the sorrow, the desolation, of his death. When Devrient reached Leipsic the town seemed dumb with anguish. He went at once to the saddened household to look upon his friend in his tranquil sleep.

When he was dead they laid him upon what seemed to be a bank of flowers. Palm branches were strewn about the bier: the fairest white blossoms lay scattered where he slept. All look of care had vanished from his face, recalling the singular beauty of his boyish days—the days which poor Devrient thought so full of joyousness and song, when Mendelssohn's genius and presence were like a happy holiday to them all. His laugh, the tones of his sweet, endearing voice, the touch of his now quiet hands upon the keys—all silenced. "The span of time in my remembrance," writes this tender friend, "incloses the whole happy youth in one perfect and indelible thought."

Cécile talked to him the following day of his old-time friendship with Felix. She was calm with the dead calmness of grief that can not find its way to tears. During the day a throng of people visited the dead master. The offering of Leipsic, palm branches, covered his pall. "It looked," says Devrient, "like an 'Isle of Peace.'"

The funeral procession led all through the town, past windows and squares full of sorrowing people. In the church of the university the burial services were read, the music being from *Antigone*, and the choral "Jesus, meine Juversicht," and choruses from *St. Paul*, and from the Passion music of Bach, which he had so nobly helped to revive. Did it not recall to Devrient the happy summer day when the two young men, in their gay dress, made their way to Zelter's house? Had not the intervening years been one prolonged effort to do the noblest in the work allotted to him, to fulfill the grand design of his Creator?

When nearly all had left the church Cécile approached the coffin, and took her last farewell in a long, silent prayer.

Moscheles's earnest nature is shown in his persevering at the Conservatory, with no outward show of listlessness in the enterprise, after the death of his beloved colleague. "He invited me," wrote Moscheles, "to take part in an institution that was so dear to him. To have labored there *with him* would have been a daily joy and satisfaction; to work on there *without* him is my duty, which I regard as a sacred trust committed by him to my keeping. I must now work for us both." And again: "In spirit, though not in presence, Mendelssohn is with us throughout this dreary winter. The constant visits to Cécile and the dear children, the reading over of his beautiful letters to us both, the perusal of his music from the *Kinderstücke* Clara learns, to the duets I play with Serena, and his great works which I study myself—such are the consolations which he has bequeathed to sorrowing friends."

In spite of wars and political disasters, Moscheles's public and domestic life went on evenly. The Gewandhaus concerts were enriched by the music of Clara Schumann and her husband. Moscheles's spirit knew no daunting; his interest in pupils and work continued unabated. The hospitable fireside at which his wife was such a sweet presiding genius welcomed friends and newcomers as of yore. New developments were interesting the musical world.

Back into the shadowy past were the days when the young Moscheles visited Salieri and played on his tinkling little instrument, when Felix performed the minuet from *Don Giovanni* for Goethe's tea-drinking friends. Zelter tells this story of Felix's first triumph at the piano. One night Goethe had assembled a party of musical and literary people for tea and criticism and social converse. Zelter was to bring one of his most promising pupils to perform; and presently the door opened, and there appeared the gruff old master and a little boy of eleven, with

what Sir Julius Benedict says was a "supernaturally beautiful" face—fair and refined in outline, yet with the flush of good health and gay spirits on it. Germany was full of Goethe's greatness, and the little boy stood in some wondering shyness before the great man. Goethe, however, tenderly stroked his hair and bade him play.



JOHANNES WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

"What shall it be?" said Goethe, indulgently.

"Shall I play you the loveliest thing in all the world?" cried the little boy, with childish enthusiasm. And the elder genius assenting, Felix Mendelssohn is seated before the piano, wax lights are placed on either side of him, the beautiful boyish brow, the clustering brown curls, the eyes, even then full of thoughtful lustre, are touched by the glow of light, and the minuet from *Don Giovanni* fills the air.

Now *Lohengrin* was exciting the minds of the musically inclined; Liszt was famous; Rubinstein, a young man, was beginning to excite admiration and attention, his face and hair recalling to Moscheles those of his beloved Beethoven. All strides forward Moscheles cordially encouraged, but of some too boldly adventurous spirits he writes: "My chief objection to the innovators is that they aspire to go *beyond* Beethoven, and altogether dethrone Mozart and Haydn, hitherto acknowledged key-stones to the foundation of music."

One day, "at the old house, 3 Leipsigerstrasse," in Berlin, he records a day with Cécile Mendelssohn and the children. Felix's widow was living in calm retirement, nobly devoting herself to her children, trying, as she told Devrient, to make them worthy of their father. She asked Moscheles to play on Felix's piano—the Erard which had so often responded to the master's touch. He played many things for her, and at last touched the delicate arpeggios of the "Spring Song," which brings Mendelssohn in his tenderest mood so suddenly to life. "It was too much," says Moscheles, "for poor Cécile."

In September of 1853 Hiller called at the house of Madame Jeaurenaud, in Frankfort, to see Cécile, who was with her mother. He rang the bell, which, he says, pathetically, so often answered to his touch in happy days. Madame Jeaurenaud her-

self admitted him. "Oh, Mr. Hiller," she cried out, "is it you? I have just lost my daughter."

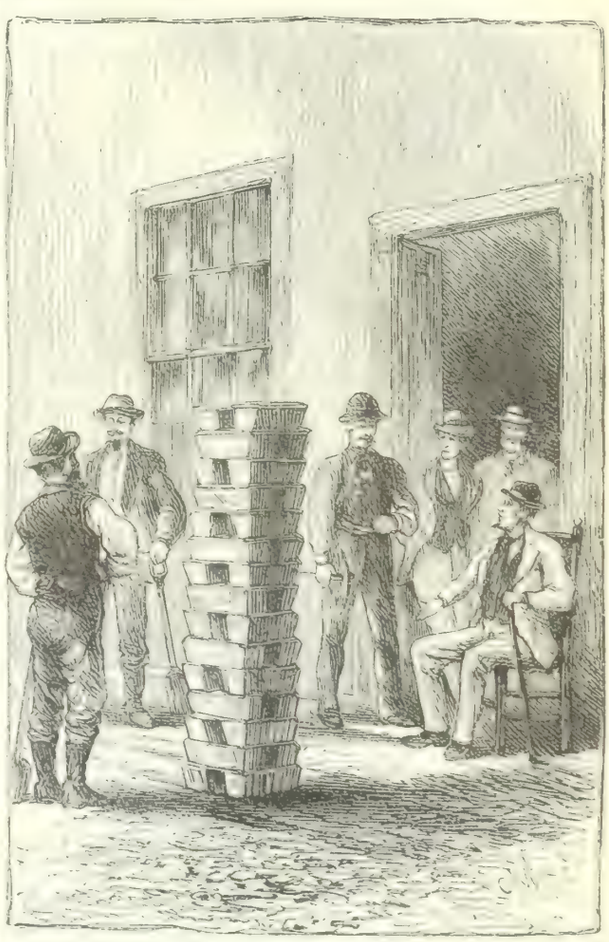
The death of Cécile Mendelssohn seemed to end one phase in the life of Moscheles, to make one period a complete tender memory. Music was still his deepest enthusiasm; but in these later years are happy, peaceful pictures of the musician surrounded by his friends, his wife and children. One night he had a strange dream of Beethoven. A few days later there was a final effort at the Gewandhaus, and before another week had passed away, on the 10th of March, 1870, having, we may say truly, fought his good fight, finished his course, death came.

Writing of the end of such lives as Mendelssohn's and Moscheles's, how can we, who live among their echoes, say *finis?* Spring and summer time come back crowded with pictures which the music they have left us brings to mind. There is the cheerful house in Chester Place; the hospitable rooms at Leipsic. The windows are open wide; June sunshine fills the air. Mendelssohn has come in with a new "Lied." Charlotte, Cécile, the genial host Moscheles, stand about; the music goes on; life, youth, association stretching out in those tender chords, making to themselves an immortality in whose glory we of to-day stand with reverence and love. What scenes, what days, of "happy, idle work!" The records reach us with a sort of awe, that, out of so much fortune and prosperous circumstance, the Divine ordinances, the tasks so difficult to accomplish, were all fulfilled, and a widespread, growing legacy lavished on the world. From one generation to the other, from one master to the other, such work goes on, joining hands, speaking from heart to heart of diviner impulses, harmonies more perfect, battlements more fair — when the Day breaks, and the last great meanings of the art become our own.

SILVER.

WHEN, in 1850, adventurous explorers in Nevada found among the barren, stony mountains masses of gray quartz with brown veins shot through the stones, they passed them by in ignorant neglect. They looked for gold, and the stones were only a hinderance in their work. They threw them aside unheeded, and toiled on in their search for the only treasure they knew. Even in these later and seemingly wiser days prospecters looking for gold have thrown away as useless black ores of lead, thinking them of no value, when they were worth more than all the grains of golden dust they could find. They knew nothing of the strange loves of the precious metals, and, content with the little gold they could find, left greater wealth in wasteful heaps upon the naked hill-sides.

It seems a law in nature that the most useful shall be the last found, the most valuable the most neglected till its worth be known. Coal was only a stone of the fields till intelligence discovered its brotherhood with the diamond. Flakes of gold and scraps of native silver were found before history began, and by the time traditions crystallized into history these metals were in use as coins and ornaments, yet their recovery in great quantities is wholly a modern experience. Of the two, silver is the more widely distributed and the more useful. It mingles and combines with nearly every element, and yet, with all its wide affinities and ready loves for things common and unclean, silver is wife of its lover gold. In spite of its universal appearance in every imaginable shape and form, it has truly a noble soul.



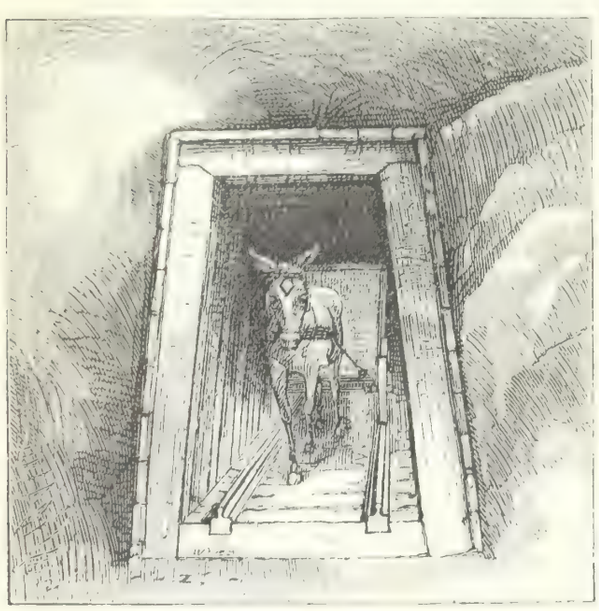
A TON OF SILVER.

The search for silver has in its story something deeply pathetic and melancholy. The history of its winning has been marked by wars, by slavery, cruel tasks, and immense disasters to whole states and nations. It shines, white and brilliant, on the table, but it has cost the blood of whole peoples.



OLD METHOD OF CRUSHING THE ORE.

Small wonder that it will turn black in the face in pure sunshine, for thinking of its price. It is only now that science and humane skill have come to its aid that silver mining is more than a grievous burden. Useful as silver has been in the arts and trades, it may still be doubted if, in a broad and humanitarian sense, it has been worth the price that has been paid for it up to the beginning of this century, or the price still paid for it in some countries. Certainly those countries that have had the most of it have been the most unhappy, and are to this day bearing the burden of its possession. Generations of slaves have died in toil, that the silver mines of old Europe might be worked. Mexico and South America have been ruined by ceaseless civil wars for the sole right to gather their wealth of silver. The greed for silver has compelled whole peoples to toil in the midst of dangers that the modern miner would resent as inhuman selfishness. To break out the stubborn rocks hundreds of feet below the ground with the most wretched tools and in insufficient light; to load the ores in bags and baskets on the backs of men and women, and to bear them up rough timbers rudely hacked into the semblance of a ladder; to be in constant danger of falling walls and rising water; to bear grievous burdens from place to place among cold mountains; to break up the stones with the hands, and mix the crushed ores with the naked feet—these things have been the lot of the silver winner. Silver is called a precious metal: at least it has cost blood and tears, and these are precious.



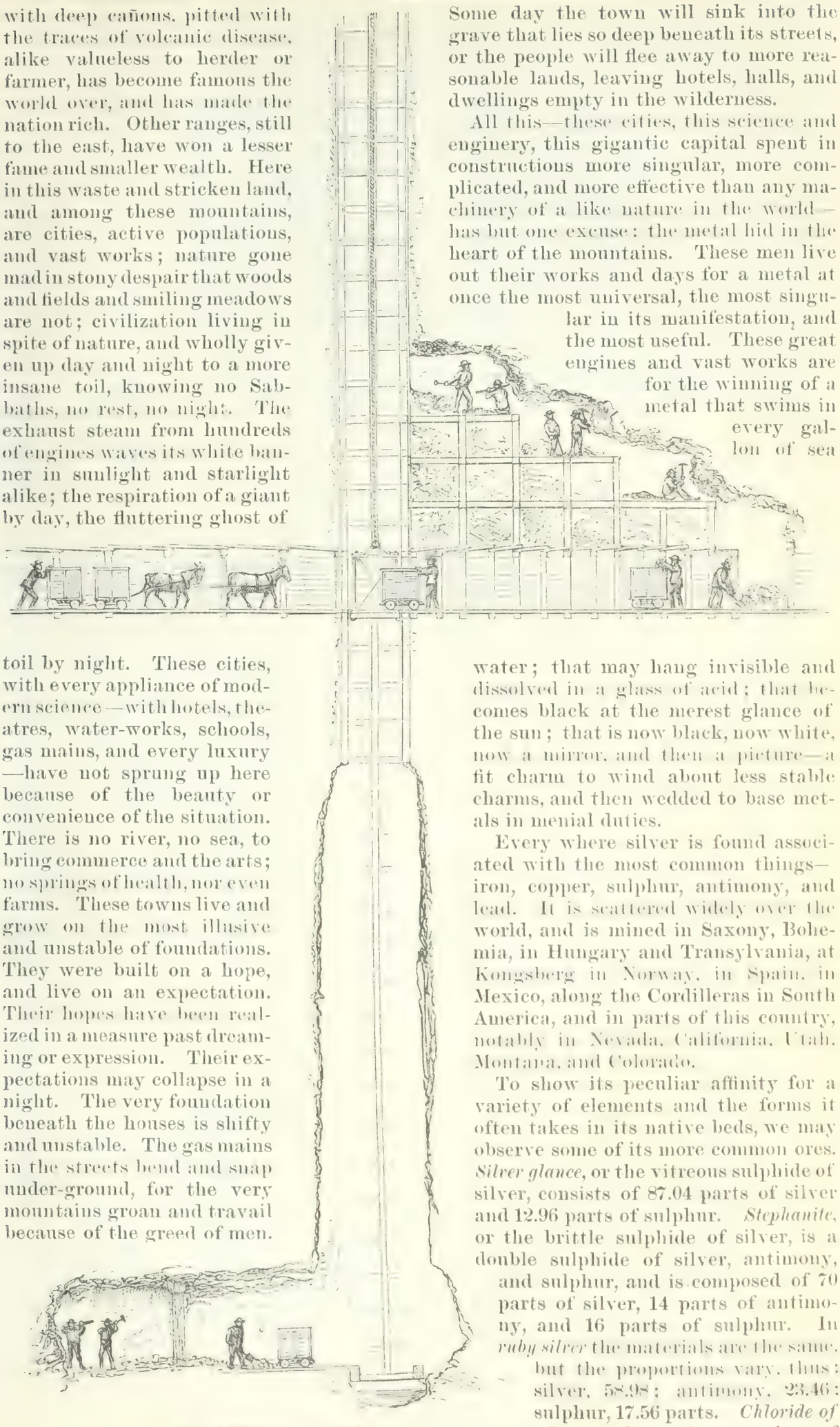
A TIMBERED GALLERY.

The Sierra Nevada Mountains, extending nearly north and south through Mexico and part of California and Nevada, look eastward over a vast basin, a waste and hungry land, treeless, stony, rumpled up here and there into mountain folds, or stretched out into naked plains and ghastly sinks, glistening with sand or white alkali. These mountains that stand in parallel rows, rough and fantastic in shape, stare in blank vacancy at the intense blue sky, and over the plains whirl spirals of alkali dust, uncanny ghosts in the bright sunshine.

One of these mountain ranges, looking west to the snow-capped Sierras, with their zones of black pines, and gazing at the glistening deserts on the east, split and torn

with deep cañons, pitted with the traces of volcanic disease, alike valueless to herder or farmer, has become famous the world over, and has made the nation rich. Other ranges, still to the east, have won a lesser fame and smaller wealth. Here in this waste and stricken land, and among these mountains, are cities, active populations, and vast works; nature gone mad in stony despair that woods and fields and smiling meadows are not; civilization living in spite of nature, and wholly given up day and night to a more insane toil, knowing no Sabbaths, no rest, no night. The exhaust steam from hundreds of engines waves its white banner in sunlight and starlight alike; the respiration of a giant by day, the fluttering ghost of toil by night. These cities, with every appliance of modern science—with hotels, theatres, water-works, schools, gas mains, and every luxury—have not sprung up here because of the beauty or convenience of the situation. There is no river, no sea, to bring commerce and the arts; no springs of health, nor even farms. These towns live and grow on the most illusive and unstable of foundations. They were built on a hope, and live on an expectation. Their hopes have been realized in a measure past dreaming or expression. Their expectations may collapse in a night. The very foundation beneath the houses is shifty and unstable. The gas mains in the streets bend and snap under-ground, for the very mountains groan and travail because of the greed of men. Some day the town will sink into the grave that lies so deep beneath its streets, or the people will flee away to more reasonable lands, leaving hotels, halls, and dwellings empty in the wilderness.

All this—these cities, this science and enginery, this gigantic capital spent in constructions more singular, more complicated, and more effective than any machinery of a like nature in the world—has but one excuse: the metal hid in the heart of the mountains. These men live out their works and days for a metal at once the most universal, the most singular in its manifestation, and the most useful. These great engines and vast works are for the winning of a metal that swims in every gallon of sea water; that may hang invisible and dissolved in a glass of acid; that becomes black at the merest glance of the sun; that is now black, now white, now a mirror, and then a picture—a fit charm to wind about less stable charms, and then wedded to base metals in menial duties.



IDEAL SECTION OF A MINE.

Every where silver is found associated with the most common things—iron, copper, sulphur, antimony, and lead. It is scattered widely over the world, and is mined in Saxony, Bohemia, in Hungary and Transylvania, at Kongsberg in Norway, in Spain, in Mexico, along the Cordilleras in South America, and in parts of this country, notably in Nevada, California, Utah, Montana, and Colorado.

To show its peculiar affinity for a variety of elements and the forms it often takes in its native beds, we may observe some of its more common ores. *Silver glance*, or the vitreous sulphide of silver, consists of 87.04 parts of silver and 12.96 parts of sulphur. *Stephanite*, or the brittle sulphide of silver, is a double sulphide of silver, antimony, and sulphur, and is composed of 70 parts of silver, 14 parts of antimony, and 16 parts of sulphur. In *ruby silver* the materials are the same, but the proportions vary, thus: silver, 58.98; antimony, 23.46; sulphur, 17.56 parts. *Chloride of silver*, or *horn silver*, consists of



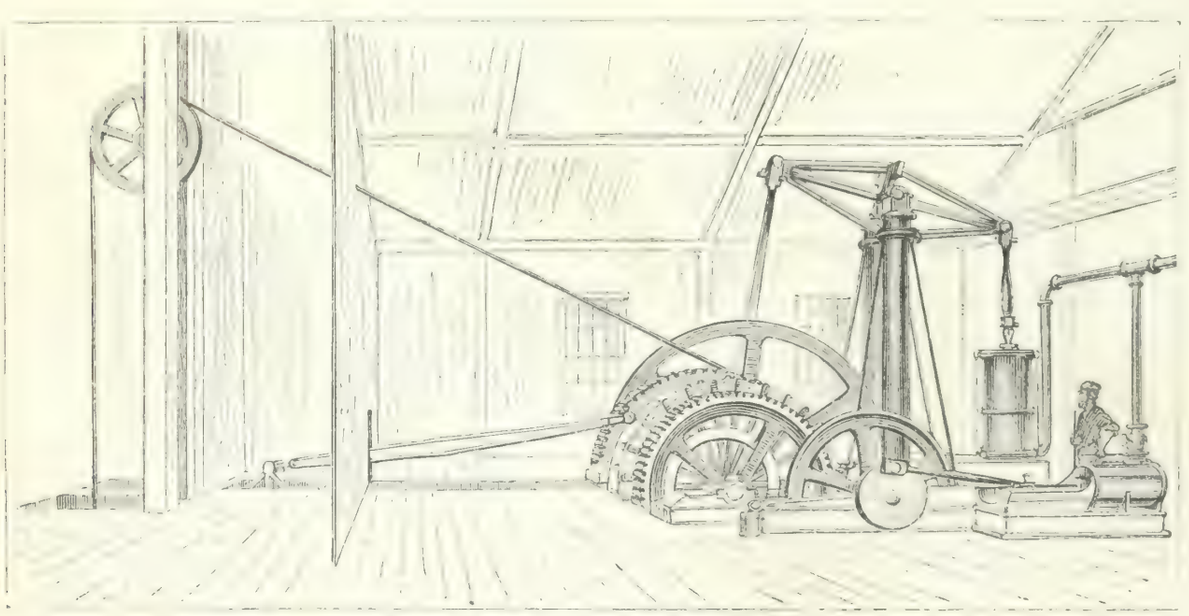
THE SHAFT.

75.33 parts of silver, 24.67 parts of chlorine. Besides these are other combinations of silver with other materials in greater or less degree, as in galena; but these are only called ores of silver when the silver, as in these ores, is largely in excess. Sea water contains silver; but so little is there in a gallon that it is unworthy of notice save as a curious fact showing the wide diffusion of the metal, for only when the combination contains enough silver to make it worth while to extract it from the matter with which it is united can the combined materials be called an ore.

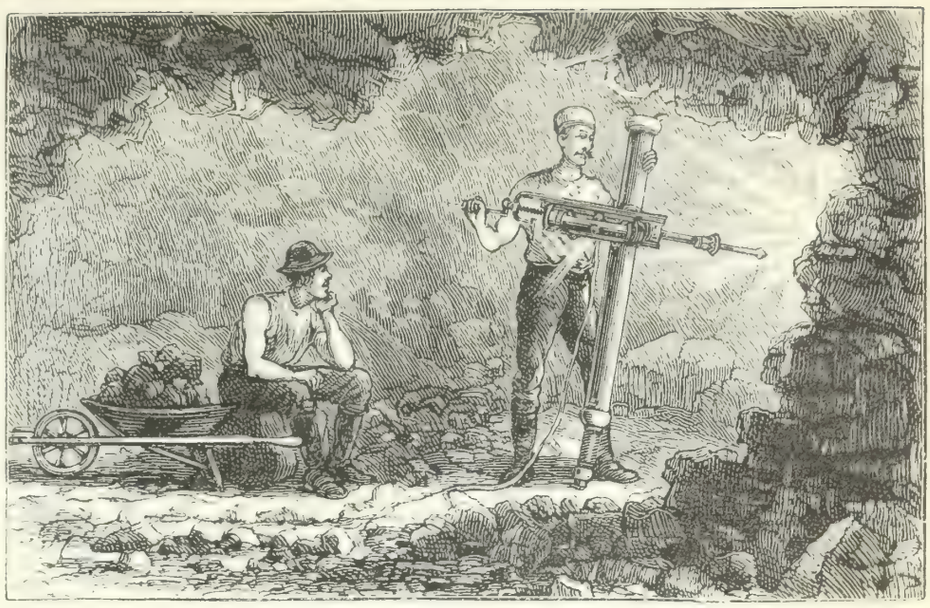
Besides the ores of silver, are the native alloys, combinations of silver with gold or lead. Gold and silver are often combined in natural alloys, or silver with lead in close wedded unions, so that they may be called lead with silver and gold, or silver with gold. To examine and define these alloys is the work of the geologist. The ignorant prospecter wandering over the mountain-sides knew nothing of these things, and it was the geologist and metallurgist who discovered our wealth, and made the nation rich.

Silver, whether appearing in combination with sulphur, antimony, or chlorine, or alloyed with gold or lead, is said to "occur" in veins ("surely there is a vein for the silver")—deep fissures varying in width from mere films between the rocks to vast lodes, yards wide and thousands of feet long. Here brown and yellow, there black and bluish-black or red, rarely appearing in its metallic color, so that it is not surprising that ignorant prospecters seeking for gold threw the black stuff aside in unthinking wastefulness, neglecting tons of silver for a few ounces of gold. These veins, where the sulphides and chlorides of silver are scattered through the stony mass of the lode, have every imaginable pitch downward into the earth. The ores may be oxidized and stained at the surface, while below they may be in their native colors. The staining on the surface may trace the top of the mass; below, all is a blind guess. There is nothing to be done but to bore into the vein to find its path below.

Having found something concerning the position of the ore vein, the next step is to sink a shaft—a huge hole sunk vertically into the mountain. The ground about the top of the shaft may be rich in ores, but it must not be touched, as it is needed for a roof over the mine, and as a reserve when the treasure below is exhausted. Perhaps the boring has shown that the vein is near the side of the mountain, and that the shortest road to the lower masses of ore will be found by opening a tunnel horizontally into the hill-side. The most common method is to sink a shaft on or near the vein, and this decided upon, the immense outlay of labor and money begins. First, there must be power—a battery of steam-boilers brought at vast expense from distant cities into the wilderness. Then follow engines for hoisting and pumping, for sawing lumber and turning ventilating fans. There must be houses and shops,



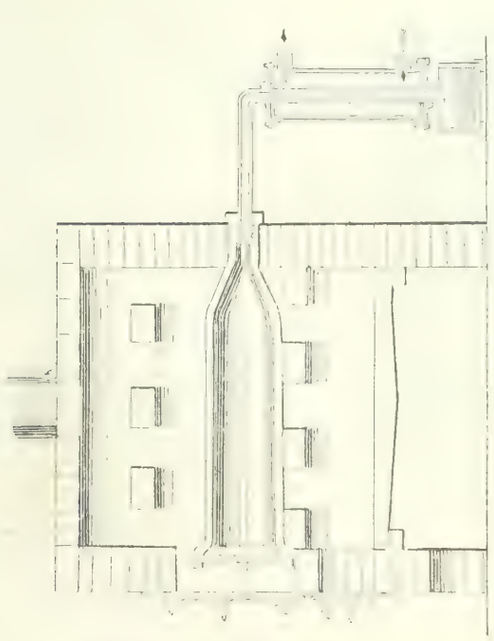
HOISTING AND PUMPING ENGINES.



TUNNELLING WITH A "POWER" DRILL.

mills and offices, furnaces, retorts, store-houses for chemicals, and homes for man and beast—in short, a town. There are often no trees in all the land, and distant mountains must be stripped of timber, and railroads must be laid to move it, that huge beams and logs be ready to line the shafts and deep galleries below. There must be gathered engineers, miners, carpenters, track-layers, surveyors, and clerks, and all these must be sheltered from the weather while at work. A comprehensive plan of the mining plant must be drawn, showing the position of the shaft, the engines, pumps, timber-yards, railways, counting-rooms, and mills—in brief, there must be a city in the wilderness.

The shaft having been sunk to the required depth, be it 500, 1000, or 1500 feet, and securely lined with timbers, the next step is to extend level galleries through the rock into what seem the most promising ores. Every yard of the passages must be propped with timbers, or the loosened rocks will fall in and block the way; tracks are laid along the levels, and on either side must be ways for the ever-flowing water. Then comes the winning, the digging out of the ore. This work is pushed upward from one level to another, the miner throwing the loosened material downward through wooden spouts or directly into the cars on the tracks below. Every variety of rock—now soft and powdery, like crushed sugar, and now so flinty that it must be blasted out with powder—is met: useless clays, barren rock, and rich ores mingled in endless confusion, and each must be separated, the ore sent up to daylight, and the waste material left to fill up the empty galleries below. The miner digs out a cave by tearing down the rocks above him, and immediately behind him come the carpenters with immense timbers already squared and fitted, so that a gigantic frame or house, piled floor above floor, may be erected to keep the two sides of the outraged vein from falling together in revengeful ruin. Intricate galleries, inclined planes from level to level, and complicated constructions fill all the space robbed of the ore, till whole forests are sunk in the ground. In narrower veins the miner abandons the empty cave to its fate, the mountain closes in on his work, the timbers sink into dusty powder under the awful pressure, and the startled land above gapes and yawns in mysterious seams and strange sinkings, as if its heart had broken. Even while the miner works, the mountain groans in pain. There are sighs and gasps, cries from the dumb rocks cheated of their treasures. If he stops and listens, the deep protest of the mountain against his theft will fill his ears with terrible sounds, and should he linger after the work is done, the eager rocks would grind him to dust, as they do the abandoned timbers. The treasure won, the caves fall in, more levels are run out, more caves are made, only to fall in at last, when the tale of the mine is told.



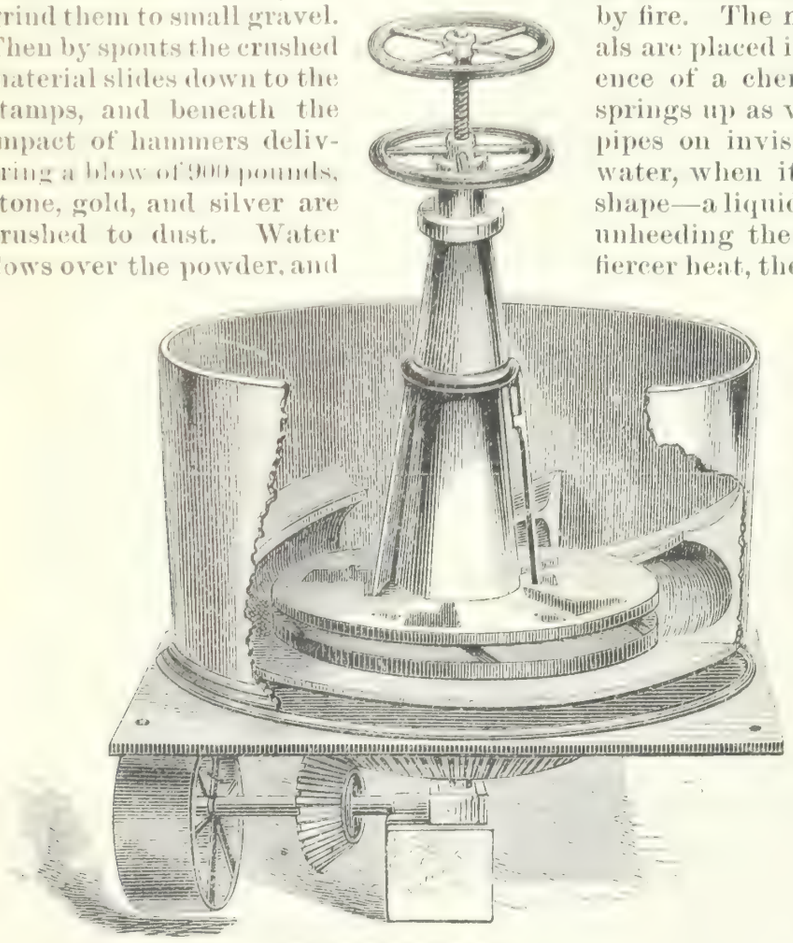
SECTION OF RETORT FURNACE.

The character of the ore and the rocks in which it may be bedded vary greatly, but the system of mining is essentially the same every where. The shaft with its various compartments, the winding engine, the pumping engines, the tram-way system above and below, and the ventila-

ting appliances must be employed in every case, and they must be at once safe, efficient, and economic. The cost of a mining plant is enormous, and unless it is the best of the kind, unless it saves labor and lives, it will never pay, even if the mine be a bonanza. The cheap and wasteful methods, neglectful alike of time, labor, and human life, so long in use, and still employed in some countries, will not answer for this country. Improved elevators, with every appliance for securing speed and safety, the most perfect ventilation, ample light, and even ice-water for thirsty laborers, are all good investments. The life below is, at best, full of toil and danger. It is but just that the barbaric methods of other times should give place to the more humane practice of Nevada.

Having with infinite labor won the ore from the lower deeps, then comes the wrenching apart of the metals, the divorce of silver from its base union with sulphur, lead, antimony, and useless stone. The character and value of the ores and alloys determine the process that must be employed, and may serve to illustrate the great variety of forms which silver may assume. Suppose it is an ore of silver containing a percentage of gold: the cars containing the mingled stone and metals rise swiftly in the shaft and roll out on a platform at the top of the silver mill, and are there dumped into bins or spouts leading directly to the stone-crushers that with iron jaws grind them to small gravel. Then by spouts the crushed material slides down to the stamps, and beneath the impact of hammers delivering a blow of 900 pounds, stone, gold, and silver are crushed to dust. Water flows over the powder, and sweeps it away in a stream heavy with the white sediment. The water, with the crushed material in mechanical suspension, flows into huge tanks, there to settle, so that the surplus water may be drawn off, leaving the suspended matter to gather in white slime in the tanks. The next step in the process is the grinding and amalgamating in circular tanks. Iron pans with movable bottoms revolve swiftly by steam-power, and grind the slime to still finer powder. Quicksilver, salt, and sulphate of copper are added to the slime as it is grinding. Hot steam comes to add heat and turmoil to the boiling mass, and the strange loves of the metals begin. The silver and gold part with their original forms, and in chemic union with the mercury are lost to sight and touch. Then the white sirup-like material flows on downward to other tanks, there to settle and cool, the water to flow away, taking with it the light flour-like quartz, the mingled metals to sink to the bottom by their own gravity. At last the product may be gathered up in canvas bags, and, on submitting these to pressure, a portion of the quicksilver trickles through the fabric in silvery tears—literally a "quick" or live metal. The rest, still stubbornly clinging to its treasures, remains behind: a curious pasty mass, resembling neither gold, silver, nor mercury.

How can we win back the silver and gold to their metallic state? Let them be torn by fire. The mingled quicksilver and metals are placed in retorts, and under the influence of a cherry-red heat the quicksilver springs up as vapor and flies away through pipes on invisible wings, till it meets cold water, when it freezes again to its normal shape—a liquid metal. The precious metals, unheeding the fire, remain behind till, in a fiercer heat, they flow together in solid bars.

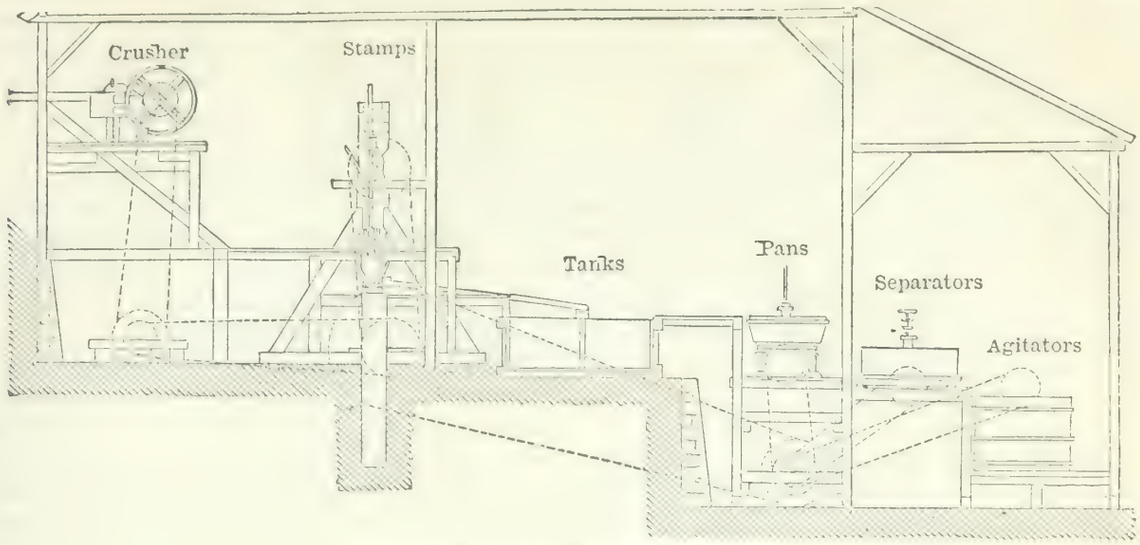


AMALGAMATING PAN.

The figure at top of next page is an ideal section of a silver mill where ores and alloys are treated by this process, and shows the position of the crushing machinery, the stamps, the amalgamating and settling pans, and all the steps of the process up to the retorting of the quicksilver.

The figure on this page gives one of the amalgamating pans, and aptly shows the perfection of the machinery employed in this work.

This process, as it uses water, is known as the "wet process." Other ores and alloys containing sulphur demand the use of fire to drive out the sulphur, and the

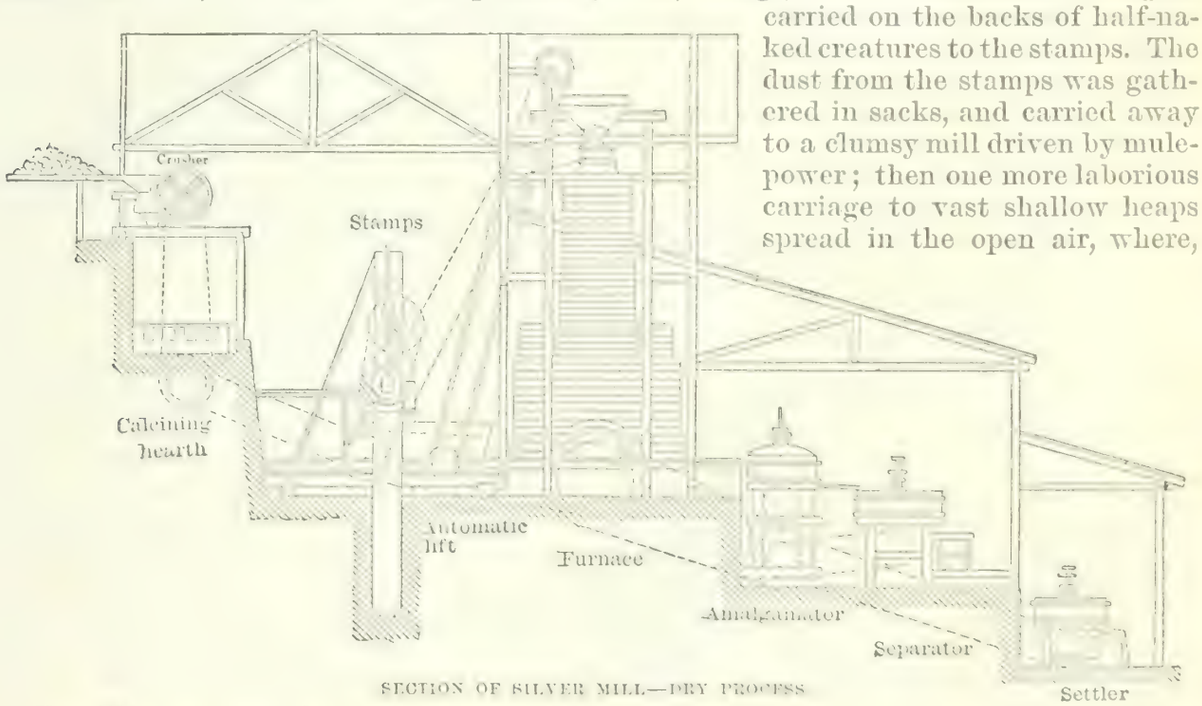


SECTION OF SILVER MILL—WET PROCESS.

figure below gives a section of a silver mill using what is called the "dry process."

Here the crude ore is given to the crusher (shown at the left), where it is reduced to a coarse gravel. It then falls through the floor to the kilns below, where, over the brick flues, it is gently roasted; salt is at the same time added, and, when properly roasted, the mingled salt and ores are raked away to the automatic feeders that supply it to the stamps. The fine dust that comes from the stamps is raised by the elevators to the top of the furnace, or stack, and is there sifted downward through the upspringing flames, and at last raked out below in a new form. Sometimes, in place of the upright stack, a revolving furnace is employed, but in either case the object is the same. In the furnace or stack appears one of those mystic divorces and remarriages which the elements so readily assume when provoked by fire. The sulphur wedded to the silver seeks the salt. The chlorine that, joined to the sodium, made the salt, deserts its lover, and seeks the more precious silver. The double parting and remarriage is consummated in a salt of silver or chlorate of silver, while sulphate of soda represents the other pair. Both pass out of the fire that has separated and reunited them in new bonds, and in the amalgamating pans the silver loses itself in a new embrace with the mercury, and the baser couple are cast out—a degenerate pair, fit only to be trodden under foot of men. At last, in the retort, fire again separates the silver from the mercury, and it resumes the virgin shape that it had before the mountains were brought forth.

In contrast with all this science, this use of enormous capital in power and machinery, are the wasteful and cruel methods of the past. When from a rude hole in the ground the ores were brought up in sacks on the backs of men and women, convicts under the stress of ever-loaded cannon, or slaves in fear of the lash, broke up the ore by hand with rude hammers in the remorseless sunshine or freezing wind from the mountains. Then, in bags, the broken material was again carried on the backs of half-naked creatures to the stamps. The dust from the stamps was gathered in sacks, and carried away to a clumsy mill driven by mule-power; then one more laborious carriage to vast shallow heaps spread in the open air, where,



SECTION OF SILVER MILL—DRY PROCESS.

after salt, magistral, and quicksilver had been added, mules blinded for the work, or men with naked feet, tramped over the crushed ore day after day for weeks, till the silver had united with the mercury. At last the slow process came to an end, and with still greater toil the amalgam was washed in tubs to free it from the useless quartz; then came the straining in canvas bags to extract the free quicksilver, and the amalgam was ready for the retort. This was merely a "capella," or bell of iron, that with much labor was placed over a heap of the amalgam. About the capella was built a brick furnace in which a fire could be maintained, and the mercury, vaporized in the heat, trickled down the inside of the bell into a basin of water, where it was condensed, leaving the silver in a frosty, glistening mass under the capella. If our improved processes with all the aids of science and skill still let slip a large percentage of the metals, how wasteful was this older process, not only in precious metals, but in time, labor, and human lives!

The records of the United States Patent-office show more than two hundred patented "processes" for recovering silver and gold from their ores and alloys. These that have been briefly described are among the most important. In separating silver from its alloys of lead or gold still other methods are employed, equally intricate and equally expensive. When silver is wedded to lead, the smelting-works must be employed. Fluxes must be mingled with the alloy, that, when fire comes to test them, new forms shall arise. The useless oxides and sulphides unite with the flux to make glassy slags, and the lead and silver form a metallic combination, the lead greedily absorbing every grain and speck of silver scattered through the crushed ore, and gathering it in a mass below the slag. Then comes one of those strange partings that even the ancient poets caught up as brilliant metaphors. The mingled lead and silver are placed on a porous bed of bone ash called a "cupel," where fire and air may play upon them; and in the rosy glow the baser lead steals away in ruddy shame, leaving its silver heart behind. As the lead oxidizes it sinks into the porous cupel on which it rests, till suddenly the mass "brightens," grows brilliant in prismatic colors, and the silver shines more glorious in native purity.

Another divorce of the alloys shows a sharper trial and more poetic parting, as when gold and silver beaten by hammers into a sheet are plunged in boiling acid. The silver dissolves in the limpid acid—seeks apparent extinction in the embrace of its fiercer lover; and the gold, resisting the onset of the acid, remains behind, a colder virgin, torn, distracted, but absolutely pure. The acid, clear and limpid, holds the silver fast till in new reactions the silver escapes and re-appears, first as a filmy dust, and finally as solid metal.

Mexico, British Columbia, and the United States produced in 1877 precious metals to the value of $98,421,754. Of this grand total our share was $95,811,563. The sole and only sources of wealth are the ground and the sea. In the immense activities of our commerce and manufactures it often happens that we forget that it is the fisherman, the farmer, and the miner who create wealth. These millions, won with such magnificent skill from the treasure-house of the mountains, are new millions. The nation is so much the richer, so much the better able to pay its debts, and to buy books, the products of the arts, and all goodly things which the older nations may have to sell. All the people share in these fresh millions. The first hands that hold the prizes may excite envy by reason of their foolish pride; but a higher power holds them in derision, for they are but the wardens of the people's wealth, and in the feebler hands of their children's children it slips away with the nimble speed of quicksilver. In pride they call themselves the "bonanza kings," but their sons and grandsons scatter their wealth among the people, where it belongs. These millions, won so splendidly, are quickly spent. The mines are God's dower to the nation. Let us see that it be wisely used.

THE CHILDREN!

THE children! ah, the children!
Your innocent, joyous ones;
Your daughters, with souls of sunshine;
Your buoyant and laughing sons.

Look long in their happy faces,
Drink love from their sparkling eyes,
For the wonderful charm of childhood,
How soon it withers and dies!

A few fast-vanishing summers,
A season or twain of frost,
And you suddenly ask, bewildered,
"What is it my heart hath lost?"

Perchance you see by the hearth-stone
Some Juno, stately and proud,
Or a Hebe, whose softly ambushed eyes
Flash out from the golden cloud

Of lavish and beautiful tresses
That, wantonly floating, stray
O'er the white of a throat and bosom
More fair than blossoms in May.

And perchance you mark their brothers—
Young heroes who spurn the sod
With the fervor of antique knighthood,
And the air of a Grecian god.

But where, ah, where are the children,
Your household fairies of yore?
Alack! they are dead, and their grace has fled
For ever and evermore!

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

BOOK FIFTH.

Contains the natural effects of the foregoing misadventure, namely, contrition in one quarter; in another, an awakening to harrowing discoveries; hasty action thereupon; and what ensued before milder intentions could take effect.

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD MOVE INADVERTENTLY REPEATED.

CHARLEY'S attentions to his former mistress were unbounded. The only solace to his own trouble lay in his attempts to relieve hers. Hour after hour he considered her wants: he thought of her presence there with a sort of gratitude, and, while uttering imprecations on the cause of her unhappiness, in some measure blessed the result. Perhaps she would always remain there, he thought, and then he would be as happy as he had been before. His dread was lest she should think fit to return to Alderworth, and in that dread his eyes, with all the inquisitiveness of affection, frequently sought her face when she was not observing him, as he would have watched the head of a stock-dove to learn if it contemplated flight. Having once really succored her, and possibly preserved her from the rashest of acts, he mentally assumed in addition a guardian's responsibility for her welfare.

For this reason he busily endeavored to provide her with pleasant distractions, bringing home curious objects which he found in the heath, such as white trumpet-shaped mosses, red-headed lichens, stone arrow-heads used by the old tribes on Egdon, and faceted crystals from the hollows of flints. These he deposited on the premises in such positions that she should see them as if by accident.

A week passed, Eustacia never going out of the house. Then she walked into the inclosed plot and looked through her grandfather's spy-glass as she had been in the habit of doing before her marriage. One day she saw, at a place where the high-road crossed the distant valley, a heavily laden wagon passing along. It was piled with household furniture. She looked again and again, and recognized it to be her own. In the evening her grandfather came in-doors with a rumor that Yeobright had removed that day from Alderworth to the old house at Blooms End.

On another occasion when reconnoitring thus she beheld two female figures walking in the vale. The day was fine and clear, and the persons being not more than half a mile off, she could see their every detail with the telescope. The woman walking in front carried a white bundle in her arms, from one end of which hung a long appendage of drapery; and when the walkers turned, so that the sun fell more directly upon them, Eustacia could see that the object was a baby. She called Charley, and asked him if he knew who they were, though she well guessed.

"Mrs. Wildeve and the nurse-girl," said Charley.

"The nurse is carrying the baby?" said Eustacia.

"No, 'tis Mrs. Wildeve carrying that," he answered, "and the nurse walks behind, carrying nothing."

The lad was in good spirits that day, for the fifth of November had again come round, and he was planning yet another scheme to divert her from her too absorbing thoughts. For two successive years his mistress had seemed to take pleasure in lighting a bonfire on the bank overlooking the valley; but this year she had apparently quite forgotten the day and the customary deed. He was careful not to remind her, and went on with his secret preparations for a cheerful surprise, the more zealously that he had been absent last time and unable to assist. At every vacant minute he hastened to gather furze stumps, thorn-tree roots, and other solid materials from the adjacent slopes, hiding them from cursory view.

The evening came, and Eustacia was still seemingly unconscious of the anniversary. She had gone in-doors after her survey through the glass, and had not been visible since. As soon as it was quite dark Charley began to build the bonfire, choosing precisely that spot on the bank which Eustacia had chosen at previous times.

When all the surrounding bonfires had burst into existence Charley kindled his, and arranged its fuel so that it should not require tending for some time. He then went back to the house, and lingered round the door and windows till she should by some means or other learn of his achievement, and come out to witness it. But the shutters were closed, the door remained shut, and no heed whatever seemed to be taken of his performance. Not liking to call her, he went back and replenished the fire, continuing to do this for more than half an hour. It was not till his stock of fuel had greatly diminished that he went to the back-door and sent in to beg that Mrs. Yeobright would open the window-shutters and see the sight outside.

Eustacia, who had been sitting listlessly in the parlor, started up at the intelligence,

and flung open the shutters. Facing her on the bank blazed the fire, which at once sent a ruddy glare into the room where she was, and overpowered the candles.

"Well done, Charley!" said Captain Drew, from the chimney-corner. "But I hope it is not my wood that he's burning. . . . Ah, it was this time last year that I met with that man Venn, bringing home Thomasin Yeobright—to be sure it was! Well, who would have thought that girl's troubles would have ended so well? What a snipe you were in that matter, Eustacia! Has your husband written to you yet?"

"No," said Eustacia, looking vaguely through the window at the fire, which just then so much engaged her mind that she did not resent her grandfather's blunt opinion. She could see Charley's form on the bank, shovelling and stirring the fire; and there flashed upon her imagination some other form which that fire might call up.

She left the room, put on her garden bonnet and cloak, and went out. Reaching the bank, she looked over with a mild curiosity, when Charley said to her, with a pleased sense of himself, "I made it o' purpose for you, ma'am."

"Thank you," she said, hastily. "But I wish you to put it out now."

"It will soon burn down," said Charley, rather disappointed. "Is it not a pity to knock it out?"

"I don't know," she musingly answered.

They stood in silence, broken only by the crackling of the flames, till Charley, perceiving that she did not want to talk to him, moved reluctantly away.

Eustacia remained within the bank, looking at the fire, intending to go in-doors, yet lingering still. Had she not by her situation been inclined to hold in indifference all things honored of the gods and of men, she would probably have come away. But her state was so hopeless that she could play with it. To have lost is less disturbing than to wonder if we may possibly have won; and Eustacia could now, like other people at such a stage, take a standing-point outside herself, observe herself as a disinterested spectator, and think what a sport for Heaven this woman Eustacia was.

While she stood she heard a sound. It was the splash of a stone in the pond.

Had Eustacia received the stone full in the bosom, her heart could not have given a more decided thump. She had thought of the possibility of such a signal in answer to that which had been unwittingly given by Charley, but she had not expected it yet. How prompt Wildeve was! Yet how could he think her capable of deliberately wishing to renew their assignations now? An impulse to leave the spot, a desire to stay, struggled within her; and the desire held its own. More than that it did not do, for she refrained even from ascending the bank and looking over. She remained motionless, not disturbing a muscle of her face or raising her eyes; for were she to turn up her face, the fire on the bank would shine upon it, and Wildeve might be looking down.

There was a second splash into the pond.

Why did he stay so long without advancing and looking over? Curiosity had its way: she ascended one or two of the earth steps in the bank, and glanced out.

Wildeve was before her. He had come forward after throwing the last pebble, and the fire now shone into each of their faces from the bank stretching breast-high between them.

"I did not light it!" cried Eustacia, quickly. "It was lit without my knowledge. Don't, don't come over to me."

"Why have you been living here all these days without telling me? You have left your home. I fear I am something to blame in this."

"I did not let in his mother; that's how it is."

"You do not deserve what you have got, Eustacia. You are in great misery; I see it in your eyes, your mouth, and all over you. My poor, poor girl!" He stepped over the bank. "You are beyond every thing unhappy."

"No, no! not exactly—"

"It has been pushed too far—it is killing you; I do think it."

Her usually quiet breathing had grown quicker with his words. "I—I—" she began, and then burst into quivering sobs, shaken to the heart by the unexpected voice of pity—a sentiment whose existence in relation to herself she had almost forgotten.

This outbreak of weeping took Eustacia herself so much by surprise that she could not leave off, and she turned aside from him in some shame, though turning hid nothing from him. She sobbed on desperately; then the outpour lessened, and she became quieter. Wildeve had stood without speaking.

"Are you not ashamed of me, who used never to be a crying animal?" she asked, in a weak whisper, as she wiped her eyes. "Why didn't you go away? I wish you had not seen quite all that; it reveals too much by half."

"You might have wished it because it makes me as sad as you," he said, with emotion and with deference. "As for revealing, the word is impossible between us two."

"I did not send for you—don't forget it, Damon; I am in pain, but I did not send for you."

"Never mind—I came. Oh, Eustacia, forgive me for the harm I have done you in these two past years! I see more and more that I have been your ruin."

"Not you. This place I live in."

"Ah, your generosity may naturally make you say that. But I am the culprit. I should either have done more, or nothing at all."

"In what way?"

"I ought never to have hunted you out; or, having done it, I ought to have persisted in marrying you. But of course I have no right to talk of that now. I will only ask this: Can I do any thing for you? Is there any thing on the face of the earth that a man can do to make you happier than you are at present? If there is, I will do it. You may command me, Eustacia, to the limit of my influence; and don't forget that I am richer now. Surely something can be done to save you from this! Such a rare plant in such a wild place it grieves me to see. Do you want any thing bought? Do you want to go any where? Do you want to escape the place altogether? Only say it, and I'll do any thing to put an end to those tears, which but for me would never have been at all."

"We are each married to another person," she said, faintly; "and assistance from you, however correct, would have an evil sound."

"Well, there's no preventing slanderers from having their fill at any time; but as there will be no evil in it, you need not be afraid. I believe I am now a sobered man, and whatever I may feel, I promise you on my word of honor never to speak to you about—what might have been. Thomasin is helplessly dependent on me now, and I know my duty to her quite as well as I know my duty to you as a woman unfairly treated. I will assist you without prejudice to her. What shall I assist you in?"

"In getting away from here."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"I have a place in my mind. If you could help me as far as Budmouth, I can do all the rest. Steamers sail from there. Yes," she pleaded, earnestly; "help me to get to Budmouth Harbor without my grandfather's or my husband's knowledge, and I can do all the rest."

"Will it be safe to leave you there alone?"

"Yes, yes. I know Budmouth well."

"Then let me know when you wish to go. We shall be at our present house till December; after that we remove to Southerton. Command me in any thing till that time."

"I will think of this," she said, hurriedly. "Whether I can honestly make use of you as a friend—that is what I must ask myself. If I wish to go, and decide to accept your assistance, I will signal to you some evening at eight o'clock punctually, and this will mean that you are to be ready with a horse and trap at twelve o'clock the same night to drive me to Budmouth Harbor in time for the morning boat."

"I will look out every night at eight, and no signal shall escape me."

"Now please go away. I can only meet you once more under any circumstances, and that will be if I decide on this escape. After that I shall never see you again; and you must do your best to forget an unhappy exile. Go—I can not bear it longer. Go—go."

Wildeve slowly went up the steps, and descended on the other side; and as he walked he glanced back, till the bank blotted out her form from his further view.

CHAPTER VI.

THOMASIN ARGUES WITH HER COUSIN, AND HE WRITES A LETTER.

YEOBRIGHT was at this time at Blooms End, hoping that Eustacia would return to him. The removal of furniture had been accomplished only that day, though Clym had lived in the old house for more than a week. He had spent the time in working about the premises, sweeping leaves from the garden paths, cutting dead stalks from the flower beds, and nailing up creepers which had been displaced by the autumn winds. He took no particular pleasure in these deeds, but they formed a screen between himself and despair. Moreover, it had become a religion with him to preserve in good condition all that had lapsed from his mother's hands to his own.

During these operations he was constantly on the watch for Eustacia. That there should be no mistake about her knowing where to find him, he had ordered a notice board to be affixed to the garden gate at Alderworth, signifying in white letters whither he had removed. When a leaf floated to the earth he turned his head, thinking it might be her footfall. A bird searching for worms in the mould of the flower beds sounded like her hand on the latch of the gate; and at dusk, when soft strange ventriloquisms come from holes in the ground, hollow stalks, curled dead leaves, and other crannies wherein breezes, worms, and insects can work their will, he fancied that they were Eustacia, standing without and breathing wishes of reconciliation.

Up to this time he had persevered in his resolve not to invite her back. At the same time the severity with which he had treated her lulled the sharpness of his regret for his mother, and awoke some of his old solicitude for his mother's supplanter. Harsh feelings produce harsh usage, and this by reaction quenches the sentiments that gave it birth. The more he reflected, the more he softened. But to look upon his wife as innocence in distress was impossi-

ble, though he could ask himself whether he had given her quite time enough—if he had not come a little too suddenly upon her on that sombre morning.

Now that the first flush of his anger had paled, he was disinclined to ascribe to her more than an indiscreet friendship with Wildeve, for there had not appeared in her manner the signs of dishonor; so that the absolutely dark character of her deed could scarcely be maintained after making such an admission as this.

On the evening of the fifth of November his thoughts of Eustacia were intense. Echoes from those past times when they had exchanged tender words all the day long came like the diffused murmur of a seashore left a mile behind. "Surely," he said, "she might have brought herself to communicate with me before now."

Instead of remaining at home that night, he determined to go and see Thomasin and her husband. If he found opportunity, he would allude to the chief cause of the separation between Eustacia and himself, keeping silence on the fact that there was a third person in the house when his mother was turned away. If it proved that Wildeve was innocently there, he would doubtless openly mention it. If he were there with unjust intentions, Wildeve, being a man of quick feeling, might possibly say something to reveal the extent to which Eustacia was compromised.

But on reaching his cousin's house he found that only Thomasin was at home, Wildeve being at that time on his way toward the bonfire unwittingly lit by Charley at Mistover. Thomasin, then as always, was glad to see Clym, and took him to inspect the sleeping baby, carefully screening the candle-light from the infant's eyes with her hand.

"Tamsin, have you heard that Eustacia is not with me now?" he said, when they had sat down again.

"No," said Thomasin, alarmed.

"And not that I have left Alderworth?"

"No. I never hear tidings from Alderworth unless you bring them. What is the matter?"

Clym in a disturbed voice related to her his visit to Susan Nunsuch's boy, the revelation he had made, and what had resulted from his charging Eustacia with having willfully and heartlessly done the deed. He suppressed all mention of Wildeve's presence with her.

"All this, and I not knowing it!" murmured Thomasin, in an awe-struck tone. "Terrible! What could have made her—oh, Eustacia! And when you found it out you went in hot haste to her? Were you too cruel?—or is she really so wicked as she seems?"

"Can a man be too cruel to his mother's enemy?"

"I can fancy so."

"Very well, then—I'll admit that he can. But now what is to be done?"

"Make it up again—if a quarrel so deadly can ever be made up. I almost wish you had not told me. But do try to be reconciled. There are ways, after all, if you both wish to."

"I don't know that we do both wish to make it up," said Clym. "If she had wished it, would she not have sent to me by this time?"

"You seem to wish to, and yet you have not sent to her."

"True; but I have been tossed to and fro in doubt if I ought, after such strong provocation. To see me now, Thomasin, gives you no idea of what I have been; of what depths I have descended to in these few last days. Oh, it was a bitter shame to shut out my mother like that! Can I ever forget it, or even agree to see her again?"

"She might not have known that any thing serious would come of it, and perhaps she did not mean to keep aunt out altogether."

"She says herself that she did not. But the fact remains that keep her out she did."

"Believe her sorry, and send for her."

"How if she will not come?"

"It will prove her guilty, by showing that it is her habit to nourish enmity. But I do not think that for a moment."

"I will do this: I will wait a day or two longer—not longer than two days certainly—and if she does not send to me in that time, I will indeed send to her. I thought to have seen Wildeve here to-night. Is he from home?"

Thomasin blushed a little. "No," she said; "he is merely gone out for a walk."

"Why didn't he take you with him—the evening is fine? You want fresh air as well as he."

"Oh, I don't care for going any where; besides, there is baby."

"Yes, yes. Well, I have been thinking whether I should not consult your husband about this as well as you," said Clym, steadily.

"I fancy I would not," she quickly answered. "It can do no good."

Her cousin looked her in the face. No doubt Thomasin was ignorant that her husband had any share in the events of that tragical afternoon; but her countenance seemed to signify that she concealed some suspicion or thought of the reputed tender relations between Wildeve and Eustacia in days gone by.

Clym, however, could make nothing of it, and he rose to depart more in doubt than when he came.

"You will write to her in a day or two?" said the young woman, earnestly. "I do so hope the wretched separation may come to an end."

"I will," said Clym: "I don't rejoice in my present state at all."

And he left her, and climbed the hills to Blooms End. Before going to bed he sat down and wrote the following letter:

"My dear Wife Eustacia,—I must obey my heart without consulting my reason too closely. Will you come back to me? Do so, and the past shall never be mentioned. I was too severe; but, oh, Eustacia, the provocation! You don't know, you never will know, what those words of anger cost me which you drew down upon yourself. All that an honest man can promise you I promise now, which is that from me you shall never suffer any thing on this score again. After all the vows we have made, Eustacia, I think we had better pass the remainder of our lives in trying to keep them. Come to me, then, even if you reproach me. I have thought of your sufferings that morning on which I parted from you; I know they were genuine, and they are as much as you ought to bear. Our love must still continue. Such hearts as ours would never have been given us but to be concerned with each other. I could not ask you back at first, Eustacia, for I was unable to persuade myself that he who was with you was not there as a lover. But if you will come, and explain distracting appearances, I do not question that you can show your honesty to me. Why have you not come before? Do you think I will not listen to you? Surely not, when you remember the kisses and vows we exchanged under the summer moon. Return, then, and you shall be warmly welcomed. I can no longer think of you to your prejudice; I am but too much absorbed in justifying you.

"Your husband as ever, Clym."

"There," he said, as he laid it in his desk, "that's a good thing done. If she does not come before to-morrow night, I will send it to her."

Meanwhile at the house he had just left Thomasin sat sighing uneasily. Fidelity to her husband had that evening induced her to conceal all suspicion that Wildeve's interest in Eustacia had not ended with his marriage. But she knew nothing positive; and though Clym was her well-beloved cousin, there was one nearer to her still.

When, a little later, Wildeve returned from his walk to Mistover, Thomasin said, "Damon, where have you been? I was getting quite frightened, and thought you had fallen into the river. I dislike being in the house by myself."

"Frightened?" he said, touching her cheek as if she were some domestic animal. "Why, I thought nothing could frighten you. It is that you are getting proud, I am sure, and don't like living here since we have risen above our business. Well, it is a tedious matter this getting a new house; but I couldn't have set about it sooner, unless our ten thousand pounds had been a hundred thousand, when we could have afforded to despise caution."

"No, I don't mind waiting. I would rather stay here twelve months longer than run any risk with baby. But I don't like your vanishing so in the evenings. There's something on your mind—I know there is, Damon. You go about so gloomily, and look at the heath as if it were somebody's jail instead of a nice wild place to walk in."

He looked toward her with pitying surprise. "What, do you like Egdon Heath?" he said.

"I like what I was born near to; I admire its grim old face."

"Pooh, my dear. You don't know what you like."

"I am sure I do. There's only one thing unpleasant about Egdon."

"What's that?"

"You never take me with you when you walk there. Why do you wander so much in it yourself if you so dislike it?"

The inquiry, though a simple one, was plainly disconcerting, and he sat down before replying. "I don't think you often see me there. Give an instance."

"I will," she answered, triumphantly. "When you went out this evening, I thought that as baby was asleep I would see where you were going to so mysteriously without telling me. So I ran out, and followed behind you. You stopped at the place where the road forks, looked round at the bonfires, and then said, 'Damn it, I'll go!' And you went quickly up the left-hand road. Then I stood and watched you."

Wildeve frowned, afterward saying, with a forced smile, "Well, what wonderful discovery did you make?"

"There, now you are angry, and we won't talk of this any more." She went across to him, sat on a footstool, and looked up in his face.

"Nonsense!" he said; "that's how you always back out. We will go on with it now we have begun. What did you next see?—I particularly want to know."

"Don't be like that, Damon," she murmured. "I didn't see any thing. You vanished out of sight, and then I looked round at the bonfires and came in."

"Perhaps this is not the only time you have dogged my steps. Are you trying to find out something bad about me?"

"Not at all. I have never done such a thing before, and I shouldn't have done it now if words had not sometimes been dropped about you."

"What *do* you mean?" he impatiently asked.

"They say—they say you used to go to Alderworth in the evenings, and it puts into my mind what I have heard about—"

Wildeve turned angrily, and stood up in front of her. "Now," he said, flourishing his hand in the air, "just out with it, madam. I demand to know what remarks you have heard."

"Well, I heard that you used to be very fond of Eustacia—nothing more than that, though told more in a bit-by-bit way. You ought not to be angry."

He observed that her eyes were brimming with tears. "Well," he said, "there is nothing new in that, and of course I don't mean to be rough toward you, so you need not cry. Now don't let us speak of the subject any more."

And no more was said, Thomasin being glad enough of a reason for not mentioning Clym's visit to her that evening, and his story.

CHAPTER VII.

A NIGHT WHICH BROUGHT NO REST.

HAVING resolved on flight, Eustacia at times seemed anxious that something should happen to thwart her own intention. The only event that could really change her position was the appearance of Clym. The glory which had encircled him as her lover was departed now; yet some good simple quality of his would occasionally return to her memory, and stir a momentary throb of hope that he would again present himself before her. But, calmly considered, it was not likely that such a severance as now existed would ever close up: she would have to live on as a painful object, isolated, and out of place. She had used to think of the heath alone as an uncongenial environment; she felt it now of the whole world.

Toward evening her determination to go away again revived. About four o'clock she packed up anew the few small articles she had brought in her flight from Alderworth, and also some belonging to her which had been left there: the whole formed a bundle not too large to be carried in her hand for a distance of a mile or two. The scene without grew darker; mud-colored clouds bellied downward from the sky like vast hammocks slung across it, and with the increase of night a stormy wind arose; but as yet there was no rain.

Eustacia could not rest in-doors, having nothing more to do, and she wandered to and fro on the hill, not far from the house that she was soon to leave. In these desultory ramblings she passed the cottage of Susan Nunsuch, a little lower down than her grandfather's. The door was ajar, and a ribbon of bright fire-light fell across the ground without. As Eustacia crossed the fire-beams she appeared for an instant as distinct as a figure in a phantasmagoria—a creature of light surrounded by an area of darkness: the moment passed, and she was absorbed in night again.

A woman who was sitting inside the cottage had seen and recognized her in that momentary irradiation. This was Susan herself, occupied in preparing a posset for her little boy, who, often ailing, was now seriously unwell. Susan dropped the spoon, shook her fist at the vanished figure, and then proceeded with her work in a musing, absent way.

At eight o'clock, the hour at which Eustacia had promised to signal to Wildeve, if ever she signaled at all, she looked around the premises to learn if the coast was clear, went to the furze rick, and pulled thence a long-stemmed bough of that fuel. This she carried to the corner of the bank, and, glancing behind to see if the shutters were all closed, she struck a light and kindled the furze. When it was thoroughly ablaze Eustacia took it by the stem, and waved it in the air above her head till it had burned itself out.

She was gratified, if gratification were possible to such a mood, by seeing a similar light in the vicinity of Wildeve's residence a minute or two later. Having agreed to keep watch at this hour every night in case she should require assistance, this promptness proved how strictly he had held to his word. Four hours after the present time—that is, at midnight—he was to be ready to drive her to Budmouth as pre-arranged.

Eustacia returned to the house. Supper having been got over, she retired early, and sat in her room waiting for the time to go by. The night being dark and threatening, Captain Drew had not strolled out to gossip in any cottage, or to call at the inn, as was sometimes his custom on these long autumn nights; and he sat sipping grog alone down stairs. About ten o'clock there was a knock at the door. When the servant opened it, the rays of the candle fell upon the form of Fairway.

"I was a-forced to go to Lower Mistover to-night," he said, "and Mr. Yeobright asked me to leave this here on my way; but, faith, I put it in the lining of my hat, and thought no more about it till I got back and was hasping my gate before going to bed. So I have run back with it at once."

He handed in a letter, and went his way. The girl brought it to the captain, who found that it was directed to Eustacia. He turned it over and over, and fancied that the writing was her husband's, though he could not be sure. However, he decided to let her have it at once if possible, and took it up stairs for that purpose; but on reaching the door of her room and looking in at the key-hole, he found there was no light

within, the fact being that Eustacia, without undressing, had flung herself upon the bed, to rest and gather a little strength for her coming journey. Her grandfather concluded from what he saw that he ought not to disturb her, and descending again to the parlor, he placed the letter on the mantel-piece, to give it her in the morning.

At eleven o'clock he went to bed himself, smoked some time in his bedroom, put out his light at half past eleven, and then, as was his invariable custom, pulled up the blind before getting into bed, that he might see which way the wind blew on opening his eyes in the morning, his bedroom window commanding a view of the flag-staff and vane. Just as he had lain down he was surprised to observe the white pole of the staff flash into existence like a streak of phosphorus drawn downward across the shade of night without. Only one explanation met this—a light had been suddenly thrown upon the pole from the direction of the house. As every body had retired to rest, the old man felt it necessary to get out of bed, open the window softly, and look to the right and left. Eustacia's bedroom was lighted up, and it was the shine from her window which had lighted the pole. Wondering what had aroused her, he remained undecided at the window, and was thinking of fetching the letter to slip it under her door, when he heard a slight brushing of garments on the partition dividing his room from the passage.

The captain concluded that Eustacia was rather unwell, and would have dismissed the matter as not remarkable, had he not also heard her distinctly weeping.

"She is thinking of that husband of hers," he said to himself. "Ah, the silly goose! she had no business to marry him. I wonder if that letter is really his?"

He arose, threw his boat-cloak round him, opened the door, and said, "Eustacia!" There was no answer. "Eustacia!" he repeated, louder, "there is a letter on the mantel-piece for you."

But no response was made to this statement save an imaginary one from the wind, which seemed to gnaw at the corners of the house, and the stroke of a few drops of rain upon the windows.

He went into the passage, and stood waiting nearly five minutes. Still she did not return. He went back for a light, and prepared to follow her, but first he looked into her bedroom. There, on the outside of the quilt, was the impression of her form, showing that the bed had not been opened; and, what was more significant, she had not taken her candlestick down stairs. He was now thoroughly alarmed, and hastily putting on his clothes, he descended to the front-door, which he himself had bolted and locked. It was now unfastened. There was no longer any doubt that Eustacia had left the house at this midnight hour; and whither could she have gone? To follow her was almost impossible. Had the dwelling stood in an ordinary road, two persons setting out, one in each direction, might have made sure of overtaking her; but it was a hopeless task to seek for any body on a heath in the dark, the practicable directions for flight across it from any point being as numerous as the meridians radiating from the pole. Perplexed what to do, he looked into the parlor, and was vexed to find that the letter still lay there untouched.

At half past eleven, finding that the house was silent, Eustacia lit her candle, put on some warm outer wrappings, took her bag in her hand, and descended the staircase. When she got into the outer air she found that it had begun to rain, and as she stood pausing at the door it increased, threatening to come on heavily. But having committed herself to this line of action, there was no retreating for bad weather, since Wildeve had been communicated with, and was probably even then waiting for her. The gloom of the night was funereal; all nature seemed clothed in crape. The spiky points of the fir-trees behind the house rose into the sky like the turrets and pinnacles of an abbey. Nothing below the horizon was visible save a light which was still burning in the cottage of Susan Nunsuch.

Eustacia opened her umbrella and went out from the inclosure by the steps over the bank, after which she was beyond all danger of being perceived. Skirting the pool, she followed the path toward Blackbarrow, occasionally stumbling over twisted furze roots, tufts of rushes, or oozing lumps of fleshy fungi, which at this season lay scattered about the heath like the rotting liver and lungs of some colossal animal. The moon and stars were closed up by cloud and rain, the density amounting to a lunar and sidereal extinction. It was a night which led the traveller's thoughts instinctively to dwell on nocturnal scenes of disaster in the chronicles of the world, and on all that is terrible and dark in history and legend—the last plague of Egypt, the destruction of Sennacherib's host, the agony in Gethsemane.

Eustacia at length reached Blackbarrow, and stood still there to think. Never was harmony more perfect than that between the chaos of her mind and the chaos of the world without. A sudden recollection had flashed on her this moment: she had not money enough for undertaking a long journey. Amid the fluctuating sentiments of the day her unpractical mind had not dwelt on the necessity of being well provided, and now that she thoroughly realized the conditions, she sighed bitterly, and ceased to stand

erect, gradually crouching down under the umbrella as if she were drawn into the barrow by a hand from beneath. Could it be that she was to remain a captive still? Money: she had never felt its value before. Even to efface herself from the country, means were required. To ask Wildeve for pecuniary aid was impossible for a woman with the shadow of pride left in her: his assistance in driving her to Budmouth had become almost distasteful to her during the last few hours, and was of the nature of humiliation. Had he not eagerly offered to do it, she could never have employed him.

Any one who had stood by now would have pitied her, not so much on account of her exposure to weather, and isolation from all of humanity except the mouldered remains inside the barrow, but for that other form of misery which was denoted by the slightly rocking movement that her feelings imparted to her person. Extreme unhappiness weighed visibly upon her. Between the drippings of the rain from her umbrella to her mantle, from her mantle to the heather, from the heather to the earth, very similar sounds could be heard coming from her lips; and the tearfulness of the outer scene was repeated upon her face. The wings of her soul were broken by the cruel obstructiveness of all about her; and even had she seen herself in a promising way of getting to Budmouth, entering a coaster, and sailing to some northern or western port, she would have been but little more buoyant, so fearfully malignant were other things. She uttered words aloud. When a woman in such a situation, neither old, deaf, crazed, nor whimsical, takes upon herself to sob and soliloquize aloud, there is something grievous the matter.

"I can't go! I can't go!" she moaned. "No money: I can't go! And if I could, what comfort to me? I must drag on next year as I have dragged on this year, and the year after that as before. How I have tried and tried to be a splendid woman, and how destiny has been against me! . . . . I do not deserve my lot!" she cried, in a frenzy of bitter revolt. "Oh, the cruelty of putting me into this bad, ignorant, stupid world! I was capable of much; but I have been injured and blighted and crushed by things beyond my control. Oh, what wicked meanness it is of Heaven to devise such tortures for me, who have done no harm to Heaven at all!"

The distant light which Eustacia cursorily observed in leaving the house came, as she had divined, from the cottage window of Susan Nunsuch. What Eustacia did not divine was the occupation of the woman within at that moment. Susan's sight of her passing figure earlier in the evening, not five minutes after the sick boy's exclamation, "Mother, I do feel so bad," persuaded the matron that an evil influence was certainly exercised by Eustacia's propinquity.

On this account Susan did not go to bed as soon as the evening's work was over, as she would have done at ordinary times. To counteract the malign spell which she imagined poor Eustacia to be working, the boy's mother busied herself with a ghastly invention of superstition, calculated to bring powerlessness, atrophy, and annihilation on any human being against whom it was directed. It was a practice well known on Egdon at that date, and one that is not quite extinct at the present day.

She passed with her candle into an inner room where, among other utensils, were two large brown pans, containing together perhaps a hundred-weight of liquid honey, the produce of the bees during the foregoing summer. On a shelf over the pans was a smooth and solid yellow mass of a hemispherical form, consisting of bees-wax from the same take of honey. Susan took down the lump, and cutting off several thin slices heaped them in an iron ladle, with which she returned to the living-room, and placed the vessel in the hot ashes of the fire-place. As soon as the wax had softened to the plasticity of dough she kneaded the pieces together. And now her face became more intent. She began moulding the wax; and it was evident from her manner of manipulation that she was endeavoring to give it some preconceived form. The form was human.

By warming and kneading, cutting and twisting, dismembering and rejoining the incipient image, she had in about a quarter of an hour produced a shape which tolerably well resembled a woman, and was about six inches high. She laid it on the table to get cold and hard. Meanwhile she had taken the candle and gone up stairs to where the little boy was lying.

"Did you notice, my dear, what Mrs. Eustacia wore this afternoon besides the dark dress?"

"A red ribbon round her neck."

"Any thing else?"

"No—except sandal shoes."

"A red ribbon and sandal shoes," she said to herself.

Mrs. Nunsuch went and searched till she found a fragment of the narrowest red ribbon, which she took down stairs and tied round the neck of the image. Then fetching ink and a quill from the rickety bureau by the window, she blackened the feet of the image to the extent presumably covered by shoes; and on the instep of each foot marked cross lines in the shape taken by the sandal strings of those days. Finally she tied a bit of black thread round the upper part of the head, in faint resemblance to a fillet worn for confining the hair.

Susan held the object at arms-length, and contemplated it with a satisfaction in which there was no smile. To any body acquainted with the inhabitants of Egdon Heath the image would have suggested Eustacia Yeobright.

From her work-basket in the window-seat the woman took a paper of pins, of the old long and yellow sort, whose heads were made to come off at their first usage. These she began to thrust into the image in all directions, with apparently excruciating energy. Probably as many as fifty were thus inserted, some into the head of the wax model, some into the shoulders, some into the trunk, some upward through the soles of the feet, till the figure was completely permeated with pins.

She turned to the fire. It had been of turf, and though the high heap of ashes which turf fires produce was somewhat dark and dead on the outside, upon raking it abroad with the shovel the inside of the mass showed a glow of red heat. She took a few pieces of fresh turf from the chimney-corner, and built them together over the glow, upon which the fire brightened. Seizing with the tongs the image that she had made of Eustacia, she held it in the heat, and watched it as it began to waste slowly away. And while she stood thus engaged, there came from between her lips a murmur of words.

It was a strange jargon — the Lord's prayer repeated backward — the incantation usual in proceedings for obtaining unhallowed assistance against an enemy. Mrs. Susan uttered the lugubrious discourse three times slowly, and when it had been completed the image had considerably diminished. As the wax dropped into the fire a long flame arose from the spot, and curling its tongue round the figure, ate still further into its substance. A pin occasionally dropped with the wax, and the embers heated it red as it lay.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN SPITE OF RAIN AND DARKNESS SEVERAL WALK ABROAD.

While the effigy of Eustacia was melting to nothing, and the fair woman herself was standing on Blackbarrow, her soul in an abyss of desolation seldom plumbed by one so young, Yeobright sat lonely at Blooms End. He had fulfilled his word to Thomasin by sending off Fairway with the letter to his wife, and now waited with increased impatience for some sound or signal of her return. Were Eustacia still at Mistover the very least to be expected was that she would send him back a reply to-night by the same hand; though, to leave all to her inclination, he had cautioned Fairway not to ask for an answer. If one were told or handed to him, he was to bring it immediately; if not, he was to go straight home without troubling to come round to Blooms End again that night.

But secretly Clym had a more pleasing hope. Eustacia might possibly decline to use her pen—it was rather her way to work silently—and surprise him by appearing at his door.

To Clym's regret it began to rain and blow hard as the evening advanced. The wind rasped and scraped at the corners of the house, and filliped the eavesdroppings like peas against the panes. He walked restlessly about the untenanted rooms, stopping strange noises in windows and doors by jamming splinters of wood into the casements and crevices, and pressing together the lead-work of the quarries where it had become loosened from the glass. It was one of the nights when cracks in the walls of old churches widen, when ancient stains on the ceilings of decayed manor-houses are renewed and enlarged from the size of a man's hand to an area of many feet. The little gate in the palings before his dwelling continually opened and clicked together again, but when he looked out eagerly, nobody was there; it was as if the invisible shapes of the dead were passing in on their way to visit him.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, finding that neither Fairway nor any body else came to him, he retired to rest, and despite his anxieties soon fell asleep. His sleep, however, was not very sound, by reason of the expectancy he had given way to, and he was easily awakened by a knocking which began at the door about an hour after. Clym arose and looked out of the window. Rain was still falling heavily, the whole expanse of heath before him emitting a subdued hiss under the down-pour. It was too dark to see any thing at all.

"Who's there?" he cried.

Light footsteps shifted their position in the porch, and he could just distinguish in a plaintive female voice the words, "Oh, Clym, come down and let me in!"

He flushed hot with agitation. "Surely it is Eustacia!" he murmured. If so, she had indeed come to him unawares.

He hastily got a light, dressed himself, and went down. On his flinging open the door, the rays of the candle fell upon a woman closely wrapped up, who at once came forward.

"Thomasin!" he exclaimed, in an indescribable tone of disappointment. "It is Thomasin, and on such a night as this! Oh, where is Eustacia?"

Thomasin it was, wet, frightened, and panting.

"Eustacia? I don't know, Clym; but I

can think," she said, with much perturbation. "Let me come in and rest; I will explain this. There is a great trouble brewing—my husband and Eustacia."

"What, what?"

"I think my husband is going to leave me, or do something dreadful—I don't know what. Clym, will you go and see? I have nobody to help me but you. Eustacia has not come home?"

"No."

She went on breathlessly: "Then they are going to run off together! He came indoors to-night about eight o'clock, and said, in an off-hand way, 'Tamsie, I have just found that I must go a journey.' 'When?' I said. 'To-night,' he said. 'Where?' I asked him. 'I can not tell you at present,' he said; 'I shall be back again to-morrow.' He then went and busied himself in looking up his things, and took no notice o' me at all. I expected to see him start, but he did not, and then it came to be ten o'clock, when he said, 'You had better go to bed.' I didn't know what to do, and I went to bed. I believe he thought I fell asleep, for half an hour after that he came up and unlocked the oak chest we keep money in when we have much in the house, and took out a roll o' something which I believe was bank-notes, though I was not aware that he had 'em there. These he must have got from the bank when he went the other day. What does he want bank-notes for, if he is only going off for a day? When he had gone down I thought of Eustacia, and how he had met her the night before—I know he did meet her, Clym, for I followed him part of the way, but I did not like to tell you when you called, and so make you think ill of him, as I did not know it was so serious. Then I could not stay in bed: I got up and dressed myself, and when I heard him out in the stable I thought I would come and tell you. So I came down stairs without any noise, and slipped out."

"Then he was not absolutely gone when you left?"

"No. Will you, dear Cousin Clym, go and try to persuade him not to go? He takes no notice of what I say, and puts me off with the story of his going on a journey, and will be home to-morrow, and all that; but I don't believe it. I think you could influence him."

"I'll go," said Clym. "Oh, Eustacia!"

Thomasin carried in her arms a large bundle, and having by this time seated herself, she began to unroll it, when a baby appeared as the kernel to the husks—dry, warm, and unconscious of travel or rough weather. Thomasin briefly kissed the baby, and then found time to commence crying, as she said, "I brought baby, for I was afraid what might happen to her. I suppose it will be her death."

Clym hastily put together the logs on the hearth, raked abroad the embers, which were scarcely yet extinct, and blew up a flame with the bellows.

"Dry yourself," he said. "I'll go and get some more wood."

"No, no—don't stay for that. I'll make up the fire. Will you go at once—please will you?"

Yeobright ran up stairs to finish dressing himself. While he was gone another rapping came at the door. This time there was no delusion that it might be Eustacia's: the footsteps just preceding it had been heavy and slow. Yeobright, thinking it might possibly be Fairway with a note in answer, descended again and opened the door.

"Captain Drew?" he said, to a dripping figure.

"Is my granddaughter here?" said the captain.

"No."

"Then where is she?"

"I don't know."

"But you ought to know—you are her husband."

"Only in name, apparently," said Clym, with rising excitement. "I believe she means to elope to-night with Wildeve. I am just going to look to it."

"Well, she has left my house; she left about half an hour ago. Who's sitting there?"

"My cousin Thomasin."

The captain bowed in a preoccupied way to her. "I only hope it is no worse than an elopement," he said.

"Worse? what's worse than the worst a wife can do?"

"Well, I have been told a strange tale. Before starting in search of her I called up Charley, my stable lad. I missed my pistols the other day."

"Pistols?"

"He said at the time that he took them down to clean. He has now owned that he took them because he saw Eustacia looking curiously at them; and she afterward owned to him that she was thinking of taking her life, but bound him to secrecy, and promised never to think of such a thing again. I hardly suppose she will ever have bravado enough to use one of them; but it shows what has been lurking in her mind; and people who think of that sort of thing once, think of it again."

"Where are the pistols?"

"Safely locked up. Oh no, she won't touch them again. But there are more ways of letting out life than through a bullet-hole. What did you quarrel about so bitterly with her to drive her to all this? You must have treated her badly indeed. Well, I was always against the marriage, and I was right."

"Are you going with me?" said Yeobright, paying no attention to the captain's latter remark. "If so, I can tell you what we quarrelled about as we walk along."

"Where to?"

"To Wildeve's—that was her destination, depend upon it."

Thomasin here broke in, still weeping: "He said he was only going on a sudden short journey; but if so, why did he want so much money? Oh, Clym, what do you think will happen? I am afraid that you, my poor baby, will soon have no father left to you."

"I am off now," said Yeobright, stepping into the porch.

"I would fain go with ye," said the old man, doubtfully; "but I begin to be afraid that my legs will hardly carry me there such a night as this. I am not so young as I was. If they are interrupted in their flight, she will be sure to come back to me, and I ought to be at the house to receive her. But be it as 'twill, I can't walk to the Quiet Woman, and that's an end on't. I'll go straight home."

"It will perhaps be best," said Clym. "Thomasin, dry yourself, and be as comfortable as you can."

With this he closed the door upon her, and left the house in company with the old man, who parted from him outside the gate, taking the middle path, which led to Mistover. Clym ascended by the right-hand track toward the inn.

Thomasin, being left alone, took off some of her wet garments, carried the baby up stairs to Clym's bed, and then came down to the sitting-room again, where she made a larger fire, and began drying herself. The fire soon flared up the chimney, giving the room an appearance of comfort that was doubled by contrast with the drumming of the storm without, which snapped at the window-panes and breathed into the chimney strange low utterances that seemed to be the prologue to some tragedy.

But the least part of Thomasin was in the house, for her soul being at ease about the little girl up stairs, she was mentally following Clym on his journey. Having indulged in this imaginary peregrination for some considerable interval, she became impressed with a sense of the intolerable slowness of time. But she sat on. The moment then came when she could scarcely sit longer; and it was like a satire on her patience to remember that Clym could hardly have reached the inn as yet. At last she went to the baby's bedside. The child was sleeping soundly; but her imagination of possibly disastrous events at her home, the predominance within her of the unseen over the seen, agitated her beyond endurance. She could not refrain from going down and opening the door. The rain still continued, the candle-light falling upon the nearest drops and making glistening darts of them as they descended across the throng of invisible ones behind. To plunge into that medium was to plunge into water slightly diluted with air. But the difficulty of returning to her house at this moment made her all the more desirous of doing so: any thing was better than suspense. "I have come here well enough," she said, "and why shouldn't I go back again? It is a mistake for me to be away."

She hastily fetched the infant, wrapped it up, cloaked herself as before, and shovelling the ashes over the fire to prevent accidents, went into the open air. Pausing first to put the door key in its old place behind the shutter, she resolutely turned her face to the confronting pile of firmamental darkness beyond the palings, and stepped into its midst. But Thomasin's imagination being so actively engaged elsewhere, the night and the weather had for her no terror beyond that of their actual discomfort and difficulty.

She was soon out of Blooms End valley and traversing the undulations on the other side of the hill. The noise of the wind over the heath was shrill, as if it whistled for joy at finding a night so congenial as this. Sometimes the path led her to hollows between thickets of tall and dripping bracken, dead, though not yet prostrate, which inclosed her like a pool. When they were more than usually tall, she lifted the baby to the top of her head, that it might be out of the reach of their drenching fronds. On higher ground, where the wind was brisk and sustained, the rain flew in a level flight without appreciable descent, so that it was beyond all power to imagine the remoteness of the point at which it left the bosoms of the clouds. Here self-defense was impossible, and individual drops stuck into her like the arrows into Saint Sebastian. She was enabled to avoid pools by the nebulous paleness which signified their presence, though beside any thing less dark than the heath they themselves would have appeared as blackness.

Yet in spite of all this Thomasin was not sorry that she had started. To her there were not, as to Eustacia, demons in the air, and malice in every bush and bough. The drops which lashed her face were not scorpions, but prosy rain; Egdon in the mass was no monster whatever, but impersonal open ground. Her fears of the place were rational, her dislikes of its worst moods reasonable. At this time it was in her view a windy wet place, in which a person might experience much discomfort, lose the path without care, and possibly catch cold.

If the path is well known, the difficulty at such times of keeping therein is not altogether great, from its familiar feel to the

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feet; but once lost it is irrecoverable. Owing to her baby, who somewhat impeded Thomasin's view forward and distracted her mind, she did at last lose the track. This mishap occurred when she was descending an open plateau about half way home. Instead of attempting, by wandering hither and thither, the hopeless task of finding such a mere thread, she went straight on, trusting for guidance to her general knowledge of the district, which was scarcely surpassed by Clym's or by that of the heath-croppers themselves.

At length Thomasin reached a hollow, and began to discern through the rain a faint blotted radiance, which presently assumed the oblong form of an open door. She instantly knew that no house stood hereabouts, and was soon aware of the nature of the door by its height above the ground.

"Why, it is Diggory Venn's van, surely?" she said.

A certain secluded spot near Blackbarrow was, she knew, often Venn's chosen centre when staying in this neighborhood; and she guessed at once that she had stumbled upon this mysterious retreat. The question arose in her mind whether or not she should ask him to guide her into the path. In her anxiety to reach home she decided that she would appeal to him, notwithstanding the strangeness of appearing before his eyes at this place and season. But when, in pursuance of this resolve, Thomasin reached the van and looked in, she found it to be untenanted, though there was no doubt that it was the reddleman's. The fire was burning in the stove, the lantern hung from the nail. Round the doorway the floor was merely sprinkled with rain, and not saturated, which told her that the door had not long been opened.

While she stood uncertainly looking in, Thomasin heard a footstep advancing from the darkness behind her; and turning beheld a well-known form in corduroy, lurid from head to foot, the lantern-beams falling upon him through an intervening gauze of rain-drops which descended in front.

"I thought you went down the slope," he said, without noticing her face. "How do you come back here again?"

"Diggory?" said Thomasin, faintly.

"Who are you?" said Venn, still unperceiving. "And why were you crying so just now?"

"Oh, Diggory! don't you know me?" said she. "But of course you don't, wrapped up like this. What do you mean? I have not been crying, and I have not been here before."

Venn then came nearer, till he could see the illuminated side of her form.

"Mrs. Wildeve!" he exclaimed, starting. "What a time for us to meet! And the baby too? What dreadful thing can have brought you out on such a night as this?"

She could not immediately answer; and without asking her permission he hopped into his van, took her by the arm, and drew her up after him.

"What is it?" he continued, when they stood within.

"I have lost my way coming from Blooms End, and I am in a great hurry to get home. Please show me as quickly as you can. It is so silly of me not to know Egdon better, and I can not think how I came to lose the path. Show me quickly, Diggory, please."

"Yes, of course. I will go with ye. But you came to me before this, Mrs. Wildeve?"

"I only came this minute."

"That's strange. I was lying down here asleep about five minutes ago, with the door shut to keep out the weather, when the brushing of a woman's clothes over the heath bushes just outside woke me up (for I don't sleep heavy), and at the same time I heard a sobbing or crying from the same woman. I opened my door and held out my lantern, and just as far as the light would reach I saw the woman: she turned her head when the light sheened on her, and then hurried on down hill. I hung up the lantern, and was curious enough to pull on my things and dog her a few steps, but I could see nothing of her any more. That was where I had been when you came up; and when I saw you I thought you were the same one."

"Perhaps it was one of the he'th folk going home?"

"No, it couldn't. 'Tis too late. The noise of her gown over the he'th was of a whistling sort that nothing but silk will make."

"It wasn't I, then. My dress is not silk, you see. . . . Are we any where in a line between Mistover and the inn?"

"Well, yes; not far out."

"Ah, I wonder! Diggory, I must go at once."

She jumped down from the van before he was aware, when Venn unhooked the lantern and leaped down after her. "I'll take the baby, ma'am," he said. "You must be tired out by the weight."

Thomasin hesitated a moment, and then delivered the baby into Venn's hands. "Don't squeeze her, Diggory," she said, "or hurt her little arm; and keep the cloak close over her like this, so that the rain may not drop in her face."

"I will," said Venn, earnestly. "As if I could hurt any thing belonging to you!"

"I only meant accidentally," said Thomasin.

"The baby is dry enough, but you are pretty wet," said the reddleman, when, in closing the door of his cart to padlock it, he noticed on the floor a ring of water drops where her cloak had hung from her.

Thomasin followed him as he wended right and left to avoid the larger bushes,

stopping occasionally and covering the lantern while he looked over his shoulder to gain some idea of the position of Blackbarrow above them, which it was necessary to keep directly behind their backs to preserve a proper course.

"You are sure the rain does not fall upon baby?"

"Quite sure. May I ask how old he is, ma'am?"

"He!" said Thomasin, reproachfully. "Any body can see better than that in a moment. She is nearly two months old. How far is it now to the inn?"

"A little over a quarter of a mile."

"Will you walk a little faster?"

"I was afraid you could not keep up."

"I am very anxious to get there. Ah, there is a light from the window!"

"'Tis not from the window. That's a gig lamp, to the best of my belief."

"Oh!" said Thomasin, in despair. "I wish I had been there sooner. Give me the baby, Diggory—you can go back now."

"I must go all the way," said Venn. "There is a quag between us and that light, and you will walk into it up to your neck unless I take you round."

"But the light is at the inn, and there is no quag in front of that."

"No, the light is below the inn some hundred yards."

"Never mind," said Thomasin, hurriedly. "Go toward the light, and not toward the inn."

"Yes," answered Venn, swerving round in obedience; and, after a pause—"I wish you would tell me what this great trouble is. I think you have proved that I can be trusted."

"There are some things that can not be —can not be told to—" And then her heart rose into her throat, and she could say no more.

THE MARINERS' "CAUTIONARY SIGNAL."

GENERAL readers have very little knowledge as to the system of cautionary signals displayed at various parts of the Atlantic and lake coasts to warn shippers and skippers of approaching storms.

The "cherub who sits up aloft" is General A. J. Myer, with assistants Captain H. W. Howgate, Lieutenant Robert Craig, Lieutenant H. H. C. Dunwoody, and Lieutenant C. E. Kilbourne. It is just as well to know who are "taking care of the life of poor Jack."

It is not designed to give in this paper a full account of the system or instruments of the office, nor to enter into the scientific, agricultural, or marine aspects of the work, further than to explain in a few words the distribution of the signal stations and the mode of signaling. A total of 145 stations was maintained in 1876, including those from which reports are deemed necessary and those at which other action is required, to enable warnings to be given of the approach and force of storms and of meteoric changes, for the benefit of commercial and agricultural interests. The average yearly cost of a station, exclusive of the pay and maintenance of the enlisted men on duty at each, is $424 03. The average force at each station is 1.4 men.

The duties of the men at each station forwarding telegraphic reports are to put in cipher and transmit tri-daily the results of observations, embracing the readings of the barometer, thermometer, the wind velocity and direction, the rain gauge, the relative humidity, the character, quantity, and movement of upper and lower clouds, and the condition of the weather. The same moment of absolute time is adopted at all the stations for these observations, so that they occur at various local times at the stations. Each observation is recorded at its own station. Three other observations are taken at the local times 7 A.M., 2 P.M., and 9 P.M., and recorded at the station. A seventh and special observation is taken at noon each day.

At the cautionary signal stations an observer is constantly on duty to show a signal which may be ordered at any moment.

At stations from which river reports are furnished, an observation of the depth and temperature of the water is made and reported at 3 P.M., local time, each day.

In case of threatening storms or dangerous freshets, any station may be called upon to make hourly reports.

The data thus gathered at a station are consolidated first in weekly and then in monthly reports, and transmitted to the central office in Washington, where they are collated, elaborated, and made of practical value. At this office are also concentrated reports from 626 places at which voluntary observations are taken on this continent, and from 272 places where simultaneous reports are had in foreign countries. From this great mass of data are continually elaborated the results which appear in the different issues and publications of the office, the daily forecasts telegraphed to the press throughout the country, orders for display of cautionary signals on the coast line, the charts, and the weekly and monthly publications.

The work of the office is steadily increasing in accuracy, and the percentage of verifications of forecasts had risen from 76.8 in 1872 to 88.3 in 1876. It is believed that an average of 90 per cent. of accuracy is attainable. During the year 1876, 1577 cautionary signals were ordered, counting each separate display at each port a separate signal, in anticipation of seventy dangerous

storms. Of the total number of signals thus displayed, 77.3 per cent. were afterward reported as justified by the occurrence of winds having a velocity of twenty-five miles per hour. In the cases reported as failures of justification the winds did not attain the prescribed degree of violence. It is difficult to determine beforehand the exact rate which the wind may have at a given point in advance of its then position, and the office has to carefully steer its way between the considerations of loss occasioned by delay of shipping, owing to warnings unnecessarily given, and the far more serious matter of damage inflicted by winds unannounced.

The cautionary signals for shipping are upon the coast, sea-board, or lake, and in view of the mariner. Each is under the charge of a sergeant and assistant, whose duty may be described as pickets of warning on the fringe of the country. The observations from the observing stations having converged upon Washington, and the general and special predications arrived at, the announcements radiate from the central office—the brain—along the wires, or nerves, to the remotest digits upon the signal halyards.

When, as is sometimes the case, the signal station is placed in the Life-saving Service station, a farther advantage is gained, as the two work well together, and the Life-saving Service has the benefit of the wires of the sister enterprise.



CAUTIONARY SIGNAL FLAG.

The cautionary signal of the United States Signal Service is a square red flag with a black square in the centre by day; a red light is used by night. The flags are of two sizes—15×15 feet and 8×8 feet, the black square being one-ninth of the area of the flag. The larger flag is used for important stations, about ten in number, and the smaller flag for the other stations.

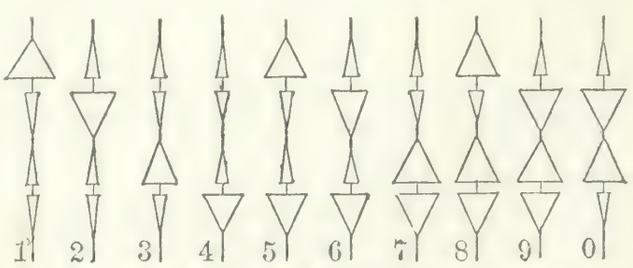
The stations on the Atlantic are from Maine to Texas, and on the lakes from Oswego to Duluth. The number of stations on the Atlantic proper is twenty-four, counting Key West; and on the Gulf of Mexico, six, omitting Key West, already enumerated. The lakes have fifteen stations. Warning notices are also sent by telegraph to the Canadian meteorological service when any disturbance occurs which is likely to affect them, and is distributed to the points interested.

The purport of the signal is this: "A wind having a velocity of twenty-five miles an hour may shortly be expected at this place."

That is all that the flag professes to say; the probable excess over twenty-five miles an hour, and the direction of the wind, are not given by the flag. The time may shortly arrive when, by an extension of the system, the additional data, such as "severe storm expected," may be embodied in the signal; but at present the notice is just what it is called and professes to be—"cautionary." It is then the duty of the mariner, shipper, or whoever else is interested, to consult the weather report for farther information, and to make frequent examinations of local barometers and other instruments, and study the local signs of the weather.

When the time shall arrive that the Signal Service shall have sufficient confidence in its data to make more detailed display of warning, affording more explicit notice of the expected disturbance, the signals will have a more elaborate reading. The authorities will then determine upon a method and code, and perhaps may find it desirable to use objects which are not subject to change of apparent shape according to the position from which they are viewed. One or two modes have been adopted in Europe, and may be noticed.

Redl's system of cones for telegraphy was particularly designed to construct the individual portions which were associated to form a signal so that they could be read wherever they could be seen; not liable, like a flag, to be blown toward or away from the observer, so as to be illegible to him, nor liable in a calm to hang down the mast, and be therefore useless. Redl's system consists of four cones attached to a mast, and normally in a collapsed state. Either may be spread, umbrella fashion, by pulling on a cord, and the group shows the mode of indication of the numerals from 1 to 0. A cone of three feet base is ordinarily visible in daylight at five miles' distance, and the code may be used by means of black and white flags in the absence of cones.



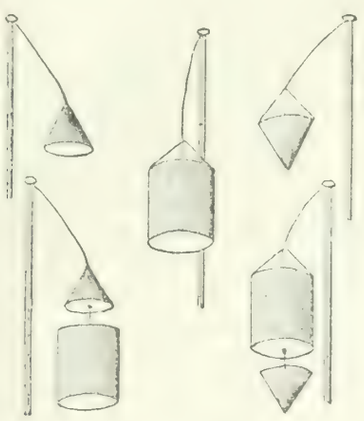
REDL'S CONE SYSTEM.

The number indicated by a series of successive displays is referred to in a code book of some 60,000 possible messages.

Admiral Fitzroy's (English) storm signal consists of a hollow cylinder and cone, either of which, or both simultaneously, may be suspended from a mast or staff so as to be visible to ships in port or in a roadstead. Their positions and grouping denote the

probable direction of the wind in an approaching storm. Thus: cone point upward to the right of the staff—northerly gale; cone point downward to the left of the staff—southerly gale; cylinder above—expect dangerous winds from both quarters successively; upright cone above cylinder—dangerous wind expected from the north; reversed cone below cylinder—dangerous wind expected from the south; and so on.

It took some time to inspire the British sailor with confidence in the storm signals of Admiral Fitzroy, but in 1864 it was found



ADMIRAL FITZROY'S SIGNALS.

in England that 50 per cent. of the storm warnings had proved correct, and in 1865 that 73 per cent. had been verified. In France, during the year 1865, seventy-one warnings were realized, and seventy-six in the following year; 89 per cent. of the storms which occurred were signaled in the first winter, and 94 per cent. during the second. The North German *Seewarte* mentions that out of the storm warnings hoisted at Hamburg in a given period 94 per cent. were correct. The forecasts of the weather are derived in Europe more largely than in the United States from local observations, and less relatively from observed movements at distant points. The extent of territory of the United States is peculiarly favorable in allowing the movements of a storm to be traced from point to point, and to be anticipated in regions to which it is trending. The United States mariner has not alone the benefit of observations and deductions from local instruments, but also of predictions from the head-quarters of the government service, derived from the tri-daily reports of all the atmospheric conditions at widely separated points of observation, taken at the same instant of absolute time—observatory time at Washington. As a storm from the Gulf or the Northwest drifts into the area of observation, its course, force, and extent are obtained from collation of the data from various points, and the time of its arrival at any point within its sweep is fore-announced with substantial accuracy.

HELEN.

MISS LAURESTON was standing at her study window in brown-study. She was an elderly lady of some forty years, with handsome, severe features, and a figure so straight that it seemed never to have unbent since the days of babyhood. The room, with its sombre tints, was handsome and dignified like its owner, its floor soft with dark Smyrna carpets, and its walls imposing with row upon row of soberly bound volumes. The distant fire-light executed a sort of witches' dance over the dark foreground and the motionless figure at the window. It was Christmas night through the world, and a robin's snow was falling softly outside.

Miss Laureston watched the snow-flakes dropping silently into the circle of faint light, until the gathering darkness changed the glass to a mirror which showed her nothing but a tall ghostly form answering to her own. She looked at this form curiously at first, and then uneasily. Even as it stood between her and the outer world, and set before her eyes the room that lay behind her, so it seemed to stand between her and the onward-coming life, and to set before her thoughts the life that lay behind her.

It was a large, lonely house she lived in, with no friends, no guests, no Christmas cheer. She remembered another house, many miles away, that used to be lighted from top to bottom when Christmas came round. And on dark winter nights the glass used to throw back another figure beside her own—a delicate girlish figure that was sometimes laughing, sometimes crying, sometimes merry, sometimes reproachful, but in all its myriad moods never other than loving and innocent—the figure of her young sister. And in all the world no stranger was less likely to know of its present abiding-place than she herself this Christmas night.

Camilla—Milly—Milly Laureston. The name was in her thoughts oftener to-night than it had been on her lips for twelve long years. One picture came back very brightly: the old homestead, with its quaint sloping roof, from whose highest window one could see the spire of the village church, and hear the noon bell when the day was still. It was on one of those still days that she had taken the little one from the arms that folded it so quietly, and carried it to her own room, knowing that she at ten and Milly at two were both alone in the world.

Alone, except for an old uncle, who, hearing of his sister-in-law's death, came back to settle himself at the homestead, and to give to the two children a care more affectionate than wise during the few remaining years of his life.

From the first, Agnes was his favorite. He was an infirm man, withdrawn from all the active affairs of life, and with something of the old alchemist's spirit in his blood; most happy when left undisturbed to his library and his laboratory. Miss Laureston remembered as if it were but yesterday that weird room fitted up under the sloping eaves, with the pale blue light from the spirit-lamps shining over retorts and mysterious bottles. The curious noises and explosions never terrified her as they did her sister. While Milly would throw her apron over her head, and hide in the farthest corner of the house, she would creep up the attic stairs, and, with her face pressed close to the laboratory door, would listen in breathless expectation for the next developments from within. One day her uncle found her there, and after that the mysterious room was made free to her, though prohibited to the rest of the household. She never disarranged his implements or meddled with his dangerous reagents. No mouse could be quieter than she was, or more unlike a child. With her noiseless ways, her love of books, her dislike of every thing that was not decorous and quiet, her hatred of weakness and demonstration, she grew into the old man's life just in proportion as she grew farther away from her sister's.

Milly was a little hoiden, laughing, pouting, crying, caressing, all in one breath. As a child, she could not be trusted in the neighborhood of any thing that was breakable; and her pranks were as countless as they were troublesome to her grave elder sister and uncle. As a maiden, she was full of caprice, hated gloominess, and filled the house with young companions after her own sunshiny heart. Agnes was patient with her, but it was the patience of a superior being for an inferior. Mr. Laureston was kind to both his nieces, but he treated Milly as a troublesome child, Agnes as a valued confidante. The years that lessened the practical difference in the ages of the two girls only increased this unconscious difference of treatment. He died when Milly was fifteen, and never guessed what a silent, uncomplaining, though childish, longing for love was springing up in the heart of his younger niece with her growing womanhood.

Agnes was at that time twenty-three, and considering the difference in the ages of the two sisters, as well as his own limited knowledge of the character of one of them, he was perhaps justified in leaving his property as he did. Almost every thing was given over into the hands of Agnes. She was made the guardian of her young sister. A small sum was to belong unconditionally to Milly when she came of age. The remainder of the large estate was settled upon Agnes, leaving it to her judgment and generosity what part of it her sister was to inherit.

Miss Laureston thought of all this, walking restlessly up and down the room, and struggling with the dumb pain that filled her heart. She knew that she had fulfilled that trust conscientiously. She had at once resolved to give Milly half the property on her majority, and had devoted her life to the fitting of her sister for the responsible station she was to occupy.

Never was a kitten more unwilling to be trained than was Milly Laureston. She would not study; she could not be made to walk sedately or to behave herself properly at home or abroad. When she was scolded, she would cry like a baby; when she was petted, she would flush and brighten, and some new piece of mischief would dance into her eyes. Every thing frightened her, from a mouse to a ghost, and grave talk only made her hide her face and run away.

Agnes was strong, calm, and self-repressed. A caress from her was a sign of the deepest emotion, and when Milly begged for them constantly, and told her with tears that she did not love her because of the want of them, she only smiled and tried to have patience with her sister's weakness. In all this she was ignorant of the pain she was giving, or of the childish heart that was longing so passionately to be loved in its own way.

She was ignorant of it this Christmas night, and did not know why the look that used often to be on Milly's face, like that of a child in pain, should haunt her so bitterly. The lonely room, the lonely house, the lonely life, out of which that face with its shining hair had gone twelve years ago—these were all that remained to her to-night.

Milly had left her, had run away from home, leaving no clew by which to trace her. They afterward ascertained that she was married to a strolling actor, Paul Gessner, whom Miss Laureston would have disdained to receive among her servants—a disreputable foreigner who had found his way to Milly's heart by a handsome face and a soft, caressing manner.

Agnes took up her life again as best she could, sternly resolving that it should not be broken by the fault of another. She sold the old homestead, and looked around for another home. A cousin who had been an old school friend, and who was married now, wrote from a distant town begging her to make her home with them. This she would not do; but feeling even in her self-isolation some need of human friendship, she bought the house she now occupied, and which was only a short distance from her cousin's, and moved there in less than a month after her sister's marriage. Here she had lived for twelve years, and here she was growing old.

Her cousin had two children—a boy of five, and a little girl younger still; but the baby face of the little one bore some shad-

owy resemblance to her sister's, and she shrunk from seeing it. Harry was more of a favorite, and soon contrived to make himself very much at home in Aunt Agnes's sombre house.

As Miss Laureston brought her thoughts down to this point, she remembered that to-morrow was Christmas, and that this young gentleman probably had unlimited expectations from her liberality on that occasion. Breaking away from her thoughts, she sent for the old nurse, who had come with her to her new home, and had never been absent from her a week at a time since her babyhood.

"Nurse, has any thing been done for Harry? I forgot all about him, and he will be disappointed if he does not get something to-morrow."

"He won't be disappointed, Miss Agnes," said the old woman, a comical look flitting over her rugged face—"leastwise, not unless he's very unreasonable. If you'll just have lights, so as to make it a bit more cheerful for you, I'll show you some little things out here in the hall closet."

Miss Laureston rang for the lights, and then stepped out into the hall and peered curiously into the dim closet in search of the "little things."

She held up her hands in dismay. It was a perfect store-room of child's playthings, all jumbled together in utter confusion. Sleds, kites, hoops, balls, toy villages, diminutive fire-engines, picture-books, trumpets suggestive of dire sounds, and bright jackknives suggestive of still direr results—playthings with and without name, enough to supply a regiment of children, met her astonished eyes.

"Nurse, nurse," she exclaimed, "what are we going to do with all these things? Why, there will be nothing left to give him all the rest of his days! Kites and hoops in the winter! And there—yes, that is certainly a doll and a doll's house!"

"For Master Harry's little sister these things are," interposed the old woman.

Miss Laureston stopped short in sudden confusion; she had forgotten the existence of the little girl.

"To be sure," she said, hurriedly; "you were quite right, nurse. I have been too much occupied to think about it. But Harry can not have all these things. Here are enough to fill a toy-shop."

"No, Miss Agnes; but I thought, perhaps, after you'd taken all you wanted for the children, you'd like to send the others to those Caxtons that live down near the village. They are as poor as poor can be, and the house is just packed with children. I don't expect they even know what Christmas means."

For the second time Miss Laureston blushed with self-reproach.

"What a selfish, unfeeling person I am!" she mentally ejaculated. "My very servants have more thought for the poor than I."

She turned slowly back to the library, saying, "Yes, nurse; send them any thing you please. And put in a chicken or two with the other things."

The fire-light and lamp-light together made the room look very cheerful as she closed the door behind her and shut out the world. But Miss Laureston's thoughts were any thing but cheerful.

"A lonely old woman," she was saying to herself, "forgetting every body, and forgotten by every body. That is what I shall be soon. Not a soul the better or happier because I am in the world. I wonder," she thought, confusedly, "whether I have not made a mistake somewhere? There must be a way to people's hearts, but I don't know how to take it; I don't remember that I ever cared to know."

"Did she care now?" she asked herself, with a vague uneasiness growing out of her thoughts about her sister. She was not quite sure, but she remembered that Milly used to care. Milly used to be fond of children too. Perhaps if she were to take a little child home— But at this point she roused herself, and tried to shake off her fancies. What love of children had she, or understanding of them, to fit her for such a responsibility? "The child would fear me," she thought, drearily, "just as Milly used to. I must even go my own way till I am old."

She walked up and down the room once or twice, and at last stopped before a large picture that rested on an easel. It was a beautiful engraving of the head of the Angel Gabriel, by Delaroche. The exquisite outline, the wonderful meekness and purity of the bent head, moved her as they had never done before. The saintliness that encompassed it touched her life with a feeling of comfort. She returned to it several times during the long lonely evening, and after she fell asleep, had a curious dream concerning it.

She thought she was walking along a very rough and stony road, carrying a little child in her arms. A thick darkness was around her, so that she continually stumbled and fell. As she went on some one came softly up behind, and she looked round and saw the Angel Gabriel by the faint light which shone around his head. He held in his hand a trumpet which he raised to his lips, but instead of sound blew from it light—a broad and brilliant radiance that illumined the whole landscape. Being in her sleep without fear of him, she asked, "Do you light my path because I have this child in my arms?"

"Yes," he answered. "As long as you carry that child, you shall have light wherever you go."

After that the dream grew indistinct, and gradually faded away in deeper sleep.

The next day was clear and pleasant, with a light snow only an inch or two deep covering the ground. About noon she remembered Harry, and began to wonder whether he would make her a Christmas call or not.

That was the precise point which Master Harry himself, perched on an old stone wall not many rods away, was anxious to settle; for he was strictly forbidden to go to Aunt Agnes's house that morning, Mrs. Gaston, knowing his propensity to demand presents, having proved obdurate to his most pathetic coaxings. As far as the turn in the road where the stone wall ended he might go, and no farther. Was ever such a Tantalus restriction devised before? for there in sight were the very chimneys down which he was sure Santa Claus had swooped the night before. He was not quite sure that it was not his solemn duty to go and divide the spoils, on the principle of a law of nature superseding an artificial one; but as his conscience was uncomfortably active, he compromised the matter by resolving to stay where he was—as long as the snow lasted.

The snow was rapidly disappearing, but delightful hoards of it still lurked in the cool crannies of the wall. While he was down on his knees busily unearthing a specially fine deposit, two hands suddenly appeared over the top of the wall, and a little girl miraculously dropped into the road at his side. She was muffled up in coarse wrappings, and came down on her feet like a gigantic snow-ball.

Harry stared at her a moment or two, and then he got up and stared at the wall. But it was a very thick and high one, far above his head, and he could see nothing at all; only he fancied he heard a faint rustling, as if a snake were slipping away among the dead leaves on the other side. When the sound died away he turned his attention to his new comrade. She was a tiny little creature, shivering with the cold, and half sobbing with fright and sleepiness. When Harry touched her she stopped crying, and looked at him out of a pair of big blue eyes.

"You is not as pretty as my little sister," said Harry, after a critical inspection of her eyes, nose, and mouth. "Who's your mamma?" he demanded, receiving no answer to this remark. "Is you Santa Claus's little girl, and did he drop you here for a Christmas present?"

Still no answer, but the same wondering look.

"It's perlite to answer when people speaks to you, mamma says."

Finding that this hint was not taken, he offered to initiate her into the mystery of making snow-balls, in the hope that this might unloosen her tongue. The child seemed to understand this language, for she laughed gleefully, and the two soon established a very satisfactory copartnership in mud and snow.

But by-and-by prudence suggested to Harry that he should beat a retreat in one direction or the other, for very soon mamma would be sending to look for him. He looked at his companion, and seeing what a little creature she was, a dim sense of masculine responsibility concerning her began to enter his mind.

"Are you a-coming to visit my mamma?" he asked, doubtfully. Then a bright thought popped into his head, a delightful reconciliation of duty and interest. "You's a-going to see Aunt Agnes," he proclaimed, decisively. "I'll go and show you the way, 'cause you's too little to go alone. Mamma will be very glad if I doesn't let you go alone."

The child stood still, looking at him with the same questioning blue eyes.

"Mamma will be *very* glad," repeated Harry, with dignity, holding out his hand.

She put her little fat one into it, and he led her toward the house with sparkling eyes.

"I will tell Aunt Agnes you's a present from Santa Claus, and then p'r'aps—*p'r'aps* she'll say he left a present for me too."

But though the house was in sight, they did not get over the road very fast; the tiny feet of Harry's little Christmas present were hardly used to walking on smooth floors; they stumbled very uncertainly through the clinging mud left by the melting of the snow. He had fairly to drag her up the broad front steps at last. This accomplished with some difficulty, he marched straight to the library to find Aunt Agnes, still pulling her along by the hand, and pushed open the door without ceremony.

Seldom had two dirtier children invaded a well-ordered room than the two who met Miss Laureston's astonished eyes as she looked up from her book. Harry dropped the child's hand and ran up to her.

"Aunt Agnes, you said you did want a little boy one time when I comed to see you. I couldn't find any little boy, 'cause they all have mammas; but I found a little girl, and she's a Christmas present for you, auntie, from Santa Claus."

Miss Laureston looked in bewilderment from her nephew as he calmly appropriated and presented his treasure-trove to the little stranger he had left standing near the door. Such a baby as she looked, and so forlorn, standing there all alone in that great room, with both tiny hands clinging to a chair, and her eyes half closing from sheer weariness. Something woke up in Miss Laureston's heart that had never been there before, and she hastily crossed the room and lifted the child in her arms, mud-

dy dress and all. As she did so, her eyes rested upon the picture of the Angel Gabriel, and a sudden thrill went through her at the remembrance of her dream. The child went quietly to sleep without even looking to see who held her, and Miss Laureston studied the baby face so close to her own with a curious mixture of uncertainty and satisfaction.

"Harry," she said, "come here and tell me who this little girl is."

But Harry, having caught a glimpse of nurse in the hall, had already stolen out of the room, with a prophetic inkling of the things to be revealed in that closet.

Miss Laureston waited patiently for an hour, still holding the sleeping child in her arms, till her nephew again made his appearance, with sundry hoops, steam-engines, and carts bouncing after him. Then she repeated her inquiry: "Who is this little girl?"

"I don' know," said Harry. "She comed over the wall all of a sudden; two hands dropped her down in the road. I guess it was Santa Claus."

When Miss Laureston came fully to understand the facts of Harry's marvellous story, there was a commotion in the great house. Servants were sent right and left to discover the owner of the child her nephew had abducted. The stone wall, the neighboring woods, all the country round, were searched, but all to no purpose. The little girl wore coarse clothes, not unlike those of the children of poor families, and tied around her neck was a handkerchief of somewhat finer quality, having on it the name Camilla E. Beckwith.

The old nurse was the first to discover the name, and showed it to her mistress, with some hesitation, remembering the other Camilla, who was Milly Gessner now, and never Milly Laureston again.

Miss Laureston just glanced at it, and turned away her head.

"Take it away, nurse," she said, wearily, "and ask Mr. Adams to call here as soon as he can make it convenient. I want to consult him about the best way of advertising for the child's friends. This name will be of some help."

Mr. Adams was her lawyer; he made his appearance that afternoon, and was soon put in possession of the whole story, as far as any body knew it. But when she came to the name a sudden look of intelligence flashed over his face.

"Camilla Beckwith, you said? There was no other mark found upon any of her clothing?"

"None that we could discover."

"And the clothes were coarse like those worn by poor people?"

"All except the handkerchief, which was of fine quality."

"Then I suppose that I can tell you her parentage, Miss Laureston; but I fear it will not be of much use in solving the question what is to be done with her." To his surprise something very like pleasure came into the eyes of his companion at this last remark. He waited a moment, but as she gave no explanation of it, he went on: "You doubtless are acquainted with the fact that suicides are unfortunately not uncommon among the poor at this time of the year, when the cold weather causes increased destitution?"

Miss Laureston started, and then asked, "Are the child's parents dead? Did either of them—"

Mr. Adams answered the question as if she had finished it. "Yes; the woman I believe to be the mother of the child was found drowned in the river last night. Her body was taken to the morgue, and on it were several articles of clothing marked with that same name—Camilla Beckwith. She was, moreover, identified with a woman who has been lurking round this neighborhood for several days, having with her a child like the one you describe. Doubtless with some notion of providing for its safety, she dropped it down beside your nephew in the curious manner he reported before going away to carry out her own desperate plan."

"Drowned! On Christmas night!" repeated Miss Laureston, in a low, oppressed voice. "The very night of all others that the world is full of happiness!"

"It was very sad. If she had made her poverty known, help would have been given her without doubt."

Miss Laureston was silent. Across her decorous, quiet, well-ordered life flashed the vision of this suffering woman, to whom no help was so welcome as the help that came from the dark river. She felt almost suffocated, as if from a bodily feeling of the pressure of human suffering. It was the first time any pain but her own had ever come so near to her. It was the first time she, whose whole ideal of life was proud strength, had ever felt pity for despairing weakness. In the midst of her confused thoughts a conviction crept through her that this new anguish of pity, this strong yearning over the motherless child, was the first ray of the visionary light that should lighten her path.

"My Helen—my Light!" she repeated, softly, to herself, with a sudden resolve to call the baby Helen, because of its beautiful meaning. She did not even say to herself that she would adopt her, so completely did she seem to belong to her and to no other in all the world.

"May I not see the little girl?" asked Mr. Adams, breaking in upon her reflections. "I should like to see if she resembles her mother."

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Miss Laureston colored, hesitated, and at last ordered the child to be brought in. The reason of her hesitation became manifest a minute later. The gentleman, who was expecting to see a little waif wrapped in coarse clothes, or at best the cast-off garments of charity, almost rubbed his eyes with amazement when the nurse came, bringing in her arms a tiny dimpled maiden arrayed in the whitest of white dresses, delicate sash, and bronze shoes, and set her down by the side of the mistress. Most wonderful of all, there was Miss Laureston herself, the strictest and most unbending of dignified ladies, actually stooping over the child to caress its short silky curls as it clung to her knees, with a look as if she had forgotten every one else in the room but the baby whose face she had never seen till two short days ago.

Mr. Adams put on a resigned look, and tried to remember that he was dealing with a woman. Miss Laureston presently remembered that *she* was dealing with a man, and tried to give her mind to business. A sudden doubt chilled her whether, after all, she was free to keep her treasure.

"Is it not possible that the child may have other friends—besides the mother?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"It is possible, of course. But I think in that case the woman would have left it with them, since she evidently did not wish it to perish with herself. Besides, judging by what we know of the mother's history, it would hardly be a benefit to the little girl to give her over to such relatives, if they exist, nor is it likely that they would have any desire or ability to take care of her. She will be much better off in some orphan asylum."

Miss Laureston looked up indignantly, but was appeased by the twinkle in the lawyer's eyes that accompanied these last words.

"No orphan asylum will ever have her," she said, taking up the child, who commenced to tug at her bracelet. The deluded woman immediately took it off, and surrendered the costly plaything into the baby hands, to be mauled as it might suit them.

"She's welcome to every thing already, I see," remarked Mr. Adams, with another twinkle.

"She is welcome to every thing I have in the world," said Miss Laureston, with such evident sincerity that his politeness hardly kept him from a surprised whistle.

"Wonder what they'll think of this over at Gaston's," he thought: "those two children might have come in for the property if this one hadn't turned up." Then, aloud, and with all deference, he inquired, "What is the name of the little lady? I presume you have already had her christened."

"Not christened yet," said Miss Laureston, laughing, "but named. Her name is Helen."

This she said with as much assurance as if the name had been a fact of ten years' standing, instead of ten minutes', in her thoughts.

"Then, little Miss Helen, will you shake hands with a new friend, who is an old friend of your—"

"Of her aunt's," said Miss Laureston, composedly. "Shake hands with the gentleman, Helen."

As if she understood, the child stretched out a tiny hand; but when he offered to take her in his arms, she pulled away with a little cooing laugh, and hid her face on her new aunt's shoulder.

The color flushed all over Miss Laureston's face with delight, while she pretended to scold Helen for her shyness. Long years afterward, she used to say that Helen would never once leave her of her own free-will to go to any one else all the days of her babyhood, and that she believed it would almost have broken her heart if she had done so. The child was happy and contented with many other people as long as Aunt Agnes was not in the room, but when she was, nobody would answer but this same Aunt Agnes. If any body else offered to take her, she always had refuge in the same pretty trick of turning her back on the suppliant, and peering out at him from behind Miss Laureston's head.

Mr. Adams was mistaken in one of his surmises. Kind, generous Mrs. Gaston never troubled herself about the possible disposition of her cousin's money, but she did feel a little astonished, and not a little hurt, to think that her own baby girl had always been unnoticed, while Miss Laureston was so ready to take this stranger to her home and her heart.

But then there was Harry; he had found the mysterious way to Aunt Agnes's heart—a fact which nobody knew better than the young gentleman himself. Mrs. Gaston thought of Harry, and thought of the lonely life her cousin had led, and she was not able to keep any harsher resentment than a slight coldness of manner toward the tiny princess who had so suddenly come to her kingdom.

Meanwhile Miss Laureston gave herself over wholly to the strong affection that colored her sober, elderly life with something of the lost grace of youth. She certainly loved Harry, but she almost idolized Helen. The very faults of the child were beautiful in her sight, and no purple and fine linen was too costly to be lavished upon her.

Helen soon learned to talk plainly, to run about easily, and to get into mischief more easily. It took the whole corps of servants to watch her, and there were not many nooks in the dark stately house out of which her dimpled face, with its flushed cheeks and its soft rings of shining hair, did not peep sooner or later.

When night came Miss Laureston would carry her to the library, where the fire-light shone on the head of the Angel Gabriel, and rock her softly to sleep, while all the flickering light of the room seemed to gather and rest tenderly upon the baby form.

Once, when she had laid her in her crib and was sitting alone, still humming softly to herself the old cradle song she had been singing to Helen, a sudden vision came to her of the years that were gone and the life that could never be recalled—her sister's life and her own. The love that she showered upon the child up stairs—how much of it had she showed to her young sister? The kisses that were rained upon Helen's face—could she not remember the time when Milly had pleaded for only one, and reproached her that she never gave it voluntarily? Could she not remember how the tears had dropped one by one over Milly's face when she told her, very gently indeed, that she was fanciful and unreasonable in doubting her love because it could not take that childish form? Did she think it childish now, when Helen's little hand was laid against her lips? and did the God who sent loving, child-like hearts into the world mean that they should be left to wear themselves out with pain because they were not schooled in the self-contained dignity of calmer natures?

For the second time the lesson appointed to her, the light that was to light her path, came in pain, came at the hands of the child she had named Helen, the light of her life. From that day Miss Laureston learned to distrust herself. Remembering her own childhood, it made her uneasy to see Helen grave even for a moment, or turning from her play to books. It pleased her best when the child was busiest at mischief and every corner of the dim rooms echoed with her laughter, so that she was fairly in danger of being left to grow up in ignorance, if Miss Laureston's common-sense had not finally come to the rescue. She was eager that Harry should spend much of every day at her house, in order that Helen might have some one of her own age to play with. And when the two had succeeded in devising any specially unheard-of prank, the cheerfulness with which she went round inspecting damages was an indescribable exasperation to the unlucky servant who had to restore order.

The two children grew up inseparable in all their plays, having only one chronic bone of dispute between them—for Harry would not own that Helen was as pretty as his sister. The little lady felt herself greatly aggrieved at such uncomplimentary speeches, and always retorted by leaving him to himself, and running away to find Aunt Agnes. Harry soon found wisdom to be the better part of valor, and compromised his principles for his comfort in the most unheroic manner by admitting that his playmate might some time be almost as pretty as Kitty, Providence permitting.

But this was not till the young lady was twelve years old, and Master Harry considered himself to have arrived at years of discretion. They had many a pitched battle before that time, but generally agreed to a truce the first pleasant day afterward. In rainy weather they took the great garret for a field of operations, and Miss Laureston never suspected that Milly's picture, so many years forgotten, was dragged out by their childish fingers, and with some difficulty restored to a perpendicular position. They named it "the pretty lady," and Helen dusted it off with her white dress. Afterward they often pretended that it was alive, and the silent, sweet face of "the pretty lady" was made a sharer in many of their impromptu plays. As she grew up, Helen, in her more quiet moods, used often to slip away and sit for hours facing the portrait, weaving her own quaint fancies in this unknown presence.

When she was fifteen, and was beginning to put on the shy, delicate ways of young womanhood, Miss Laureston was nearing what the world calls old age. And when, as often now, she realized this, and saw the whiteness on her hair, and knew that the one dear love which made her able to meet old age gladly and peacefully was the love that came to her that Christmas night to be the light of her life, she had no words for the blessings that her heart poured out on Helen's head, no words for the penitence and humility that filled her when she thought of her sister. These twenty-five years had passed without sign from Milly, and she did not now believe her to be alive. But with a longing desire for atonement, she sometimes tried to find her way into the hearts and lives of the poor. The sense that she failed in this was the only failure that greatly troubled her. For those she tried to benefit gave her gratitude and gladness, and even a distant, respectful affection, but she never knew how to find the way to their natural, spontaneous love, and they never knew how to show it.

At fifty-five a nature can not be wholly changed, if indeed it ever can. Miss Laureston did not understand that there were uses for all kinds of natures, and she was painfully trying to change her own to a model it never could have fitted. Her youthful fault had lain, not in being reserved and undemonstrative, but in expecting every one else to be so too; and now she was making the opposite mistake of refusing her own character any place or usefulness in the world.

But whoever else misunderstood her, Helen never did so, or was other than fearless

in the presence of the love that had sheltered her from all the storms of life. It occurred to the girl one day to ask Miss Laureston about the picture in the garret, and why it was not hung down stairs. In all those fifteen years she had never put a question about it before, for it was so completely a part of her childhood that it seemed never to have had any other history or any name.

Miss Laureston had forgotten the existence of the picture, and was struck with a keen remorse. She at once ordered it to be brought down stairs and hung in a place of honor, at the same time giving Helen the outline of her sister's story.

It was a bright sunny day in late October that the picture was rehung, and the clear eyes of Milly Laureston looked down upon the home life as they had done long ago. Miss Laureston was late at breakfast that morning, and Helen, while waiting for her, went up to the picture and stood before it in an idle attitude very much like that of the figure before her. While so gazing, and having forgotten all about breakfast, she was startled by a sharp cry behind her, and looked round to see her aunt, white and trembling, standing in the doorway and looking from her to the picture in a bewildered way that was wholly unaccountable. She called the girl Milly first, and then Helen, and seemed not to know in whose presence she stood; but when Helen would have hurried to her, she begged her to remain where she was. So she stood still, rather frightened, while Miss Laureston looked at the marvellous likeness before her. Line for line, feature for feature, Helen's face and the pictured face were exactly the same, The ages, too, were nearly alike, and no stranger would have doubted that the young girl standing in front of it was the original of the portrait.

Miss Laureston was so shaken that she was unable to think or reason, but she knew in her inmost heart that such a likeness could not be accidental. If Helen was not Milly's child, she must be in some way related to the family, and have drawn her face from the same distant ancestor who had bequeathed it to Milly Laureston. It was hours before she recovered her calmness, and then her first step was to send for the lawyer. To him she showed the likeness, and to him she committed the charge of making every possible search for the relatives or friends of the woman, supposed to be Helen's mother, who had died in so sad a way. She also recalled to his memory the fact that the name on the handkerchief—Camilla—was the same as her sister's, and that the article was of different quality from the rest of the child's clothing.

"You told me, too, that the woman was dark, and in feature wholly unlike Helen, did you not?" she added.

"H'm, yes," said Mr. Adams, as he took in the suggestions of the strange story—"yes, I said so, certainly; but this likeness may be wholly accidental. And there will be great difficulty in finding proof at this distance of time."

Miss Laureston was silent; she felt convinced that the likeness was not an accidental one.

"In fact, there is only one way," continued Mr. Adams—"to put the matter into the hands of private detectives. And I fear that will be very unpleasant to you."

Miss Laureston winced, but gave orders that it should be done immediately.

The next month passed like a dream. Her feeling of the unreality of all that surrounded her, her dread of yielding up Helen to another, waged incessant war with her love for her sister. At times she almost dreaded to find Milly, because she might have a better right than herself to the love of her treasure; at other times she bitterly reproached herself with selfishness and hardness; at all times she was conscious that something, some revolutionary change in her life, was coming to meet her with steady tread, and she could neither evade nor resist it.

At last, one frosty night, a little, dark, alert man, with eyes like an eagle's, presented himself at her door, and she knew that he was a detective, and that he had come with news. It was very quickly told, the story that she had been dreading so long. Mrs. Camilla Beckwith was alive, and was now residing in a town about eighty miles distant. Previous to her second marriage she had been a Mrs. Gessner. Her husband had died in the tenth year of their married life, leaving her with no children and in extreme poverty. Afterward she had married Mr. Beckwith, who had befriended her in her poverty, and who was a gentleman nearly twice her own age, of good means and standing. By him she had one child, which, before it was two years old, had been stolen from her by a sister of her former husband, who had always been violently jealous of the second marriage, and was believed to have been insane. At the same time her husband fell ill with his last sickness, and in the sorrow and confusion of his death speedy search could not at once be made for the child. It was afterward ascertained that the woman had drowned herself, and they never doubted that the little girl perished with her, knowing the hatred she had borne to the child's father. The one passion of her life had been her handsome, dissolute brother Paul, and after his death she had set herself bitterly against the marriage of his widow with any other man. Mrs. Beckwith, the detective added, had been sick for a long time, but finally recovered, and was now leading a quiet, retired life, greatly re-

spected and beloved by the whole neighborhood.

Such, in substance, was the detective's story; and if he knew more than this, if he knew Mrs. Gessner's name before her first marriage, or guessed whose child Miss Helen Laureston really was, he gave no sign of it.

After his departure Miss Laureston sat and thought in sore bewilderment. Not as to her duty, for that was clear; it was to go at once to her sister, and take Helen with her. But that Milly, little Milly, the baby, the willful child, should have gone through such an experience, while her older sister was watching one uneventful year add itself to another in the old quiet house, seemed to her a thing incredible. She had been twice married, she had had a child of her own, and had tried all the depths of bereavement and anguish, and perhaps also its strange strength, for did not the man say that "she was greatly beloved and respected by all who knew her?"

How the words repeated themselves over in Miss Laureston's brain that night, and refused to harmonize with any of her recollections of that lost sister, little Milly, who had been always the weak one, to be taught and protected! And yet the weakness of the one had gone out to battle with many sorrows, while the strength of the other had been left to learn in silence and in safety the lessons of life. In her bewilderment Miss Laureston almost forgot her pain at the thought that any one else had a claim upon Helen.

But morning came, and with it the need of action. She told Helen as gently as possible the story of her life and this late discovery of her mother. It comforted her not a little when the child clung to her and refused to leave her even for the sake of the unknown mother, who was to her only a dream.

In order to reach the town where Milly lived they had to leave home by an early train and travel all day. Miss Laureston held Helen's hand fast in hers when the train rolled into the station after that silent journey. In her confusion she had neglected to find out from the detective exactly where Mrs. Beckwith lived, and though she knew the street, she did not know the house.

It was a quiet country town, so peaceful under the last light of the setting sun that the trouble unconsciously slipped from her heart as they walked together up the elm-bordered street. But she still kept Helen's hand in hers, and did not let it go even when they saw the name they had come to find, and turned up into the shady street where Milly lived.

"Now we must ask where Mrs. Beckwith lives, auntie," said Helen, her voice trembling in spite of her. "These seem to be houses of poor people along here. Shall we stop at one of them, or go further on?"

"Stop here, Helen," said Miss Laureston, eagerly. "They will not notice us as other people would."

So they went up to the nearest house, a very humble cottage, and asked a rough-looking man who sat smoking a pipe at the door if he knew where Mrs. Beckwith lived.

"Mrs. Beckwith?" repeated the man, slowly—"do I know where Mrs. Beckwith lives? Just you step in here, mistress, a minute."

Miss Laureston hesitated; but Helen had noticed the glow that shone over the man's stolid face, and drew her on.

When they were inside the rude door, the man lifted a sort of curtain which was the only separation between that and an inner room.

"Just you look here, mistress," he said, again; and following his motions, they saw a little boy, fearfully deformed, who could not have been more than seven years old, lying on a low bed. His restless hand was grasping at some flowers that lay scattered on his breast, and, in strange contrast with the poor house, a lovely Madonna looked down upon the suffering child.

The man's hand shook a little as he grasped the curtain. "It's all her doings—the posies and the other things," he whispered hoarsely, not to disturb the boy. "Me and wife can't count the nights that she's sat here when the boy were wild wi' the pain; an' the saints knew it were as good for him to look at her face as the holy face up there," crossing himself as he looked up at the Madonna.

"Do you mean Mrs. Beckwith?" asked Helen, for her aunt did not speak.

"Sure, who else could I mean? There's not her like here in the whole country round. The widow Reilly, that's next door, knows it too, for her boy and girl ran wild till Mrs. Beckwith found them, and just dressed them up and sent them off to school. There's never a house in all the town, if trouble comes in at the door, that the dear lady doesn't follow hard after. Does I know Mrs. Beckwith? Our Lady up there knows her, if I don't"—with another look at the picture.

"There, there, the mistress only wants to know where Mrs. Beckwith lives," interposed his wife, soothingly.

The man dropped the curtain and turned away, still muttering to himself, while she followed them to the door and told them how far to go and what houses they must pass before they came to Mrs. Beckwith's.

They had no trouble in finding it; it was a large quiet house, deeply set among the trees. They waited a few minutes in the dim parlor, and a lady came softly in through the door. A lady with silvered hair, in a silver-gray dress, with the sober-

ness of age lightly resting on her like a blessing. Could that be the child Milly? Miss Laureston stood in silence before her, while Mrs. Beckwith looked from the young girl to the elderly white-haired lady who held her hand so closely.

With their youth far behind them, and twenty-five years crowding in between them, Agnes and Milly Laureston were face to face again. And the calm strength of the one bowed down before the patient humility of the other. "Beloved and respected by all!" It was so, indeed; toil and poverty and pain had borne witness to it. The child's weakness had grown into the woman's strength, the child's folly to the woman's wisdom. "Milly, Milly," whispered Agnes, and felt her sister's arms round her neck before the words left her lips.

Only one prayer had Milly—to be forgiven for the wrong she did in leaving her sister; only one feeling, when the long story was told and her lost child given back to her—a gratitude and blessing for her sister that all loving words and caresses failed to make known.

Yet even with Milly's hands clasping hers, Miss Laureston's eyes wandered constantly to Helen, and all her thoughts were trembling round the fear that Milly would take Helen away from her.

"You will come and live with me now, Milly, will you not?" she asked at last, putting the question with intense dread; for if her sister said No, would it not be natural that she should expect her daughter to stay with her?

Mrs. Beckwith looked up and saw two anxious faces—the sister's she had left, and the daughter's she had never known—waiting for her answer; saw and understood that they were more to each other than she could be to either of them. Her lips quivered a little as she asked, wistfully, "Are you afraid I shall want to take your little girl away from you? I will go with you, Agnes, any where that you wish. I was wrong when I would not stay with you before, and now I will try to make up for it."

She raised her face to kiss her sister, sober, middle-aged lady that she was, in the very same humble way that she used to do in her childhood, and Agnes understood a little of the love that must go out before love of others can come in.

But she never understood in all her life the simple self-sacrifice with which Milly gave her child over to the sister whose life was in her, and consented to go to the home where she would take only a second place, as in the days of her girlhood, and could be first in the heart neither of sister nor child. Milly only said to herself how natural it was that they should love each other best, and took the pain into her own heart rather than throw a shadow of it upon them.

Miss Laureston and Helen staid with her for several weeks, and when they went home, she went with them. In that time something of the strangeness which separated them had worn away. The old house received them back to itself, and the picture of the Angel Gabriel watched over its happy Christmas as it had watched over the lonely one fifteen years ago. On dark nights, when the fire-light shone brightly, the window again threw back the figures of the two sisters, the one white-haired, the other gray-haired, both going down to old age peacefully, while that young and beloved life climbed the morning slopes beside them.

Harry was away at college now, and now and then looked at Helen's picture as if he might some time come to think it prettier than any other face in the world; but before that time came, his child-sister had fallen asleep with the immortal beauty on her face, and left to Harry and Helen only a dear memory sacred forever from all rivalry of earthly loveliness.

CRIME AND TRAMPS.

THOSE who seek to check crime, to make life and property safe, and to secure the rule of good morals, must study with care the causes of the lower grades of offenses. They are the most frequent, most hurtful from their numbers, and the most difficult to control. Vagrancy, petty thefts, and disorders lead to murders, arson, and robbery. When crime reaches these proportions an aroused community usually searches out and punishes the offenders. For this class of criminals our laws are well enough, and are fairly enforced. The great trouble is to work out some system which shall check the course of those who are entering upon lives of disorderly and criminal aspects, and who have been guilty of petty breaches of the law. To do this we must rely in the first place upon the exercise of our religious, moral, and social duties; and in the next place upon the laws we frame to punish this class of wrong-doers.

I shall only speak at this time of the laws of our State—what they are, and what they should be. A class of men known as "tramps" has suddenly sprung up in great numbers, and we are at a loss in what way to deal with them. We feel that they are a great and growing danger. They make life and property unsafe in parts of our country which have heretofore been free from such evils. Not only our towns, but the solitary homes of our farmers are annoyed by these visitors, who mean to live upon the community either by beggary or theft. This dangerous class not only increases in number, but it is rapidly gaining a kind of organization, and is growing into a system of

brigandage. They crowd to every scene of disorder or disaster, and greatly add to the difficulties of enforcing laws. They have systems of communication and intercourse, which are made more perfect each year. What is the origin of this class of men? What has called it into existence as an organized body hostile to industry and social order? Not alone the state of our country, for while there is at this time a measure of business distress, yet it is still true that these men could easily earn with a little labor the food and clothes which they pick up by beggary and theft. It will be found that they are the outgrowth of those very laws to which we look for protection.

Crime should be punished with certainty, and in a way that will make men shrink from its commission, that will degrade them as little as possible, and that will tend to make them better. All will agree to these rules, but our practice violates each one of them.

In Delaware the whipping-post is still in use. We are shocked at its brutal aspects, and charge upon the people of that State that they cherish a relic of barbarism. We then complacently shut our eyes to the evils of our own laws. While the laws of Delaware are offensive, it is still true that our way is more brutal, more hurtful to the health and morals of wrong-doers; so far from checking crime, it nourishes vice, and teaches the arts by which bad men can prey upon the public. Let us compare the two systems as to their physical effects, and we shall find that while one is bad, the other is worse. The sharp pain of the lash and its marks upon the body of a man shock us. These are always seen and felt by the bystander, and tend to check excessive punishment. This is a safeguard against brutality. Harm to the health rarely follows this kind of punishment; and its advocates claim, with some force, that every substitute which is less revolting has always proved to be more hurtful, because it does not in its aspects give warning of lasting or fatal results.

Without running through the list of these, let us look at our jails. For weeks or months men shut up in them are cut off from fresh air or exercise, in almost every case living in a way that not only breeds diseases hurtful to them, but in many cases sowing the seeds of pestilences which have swept vast numbers of innocent persons into their graves. Jail fevers are frequently noted in the histories of England when the modes of life of its people favored the spread of epidemics. We do not know how often these give birth to pestilences which are carried into the families of the discharged convicts, or into the homes of all classes of our citizens in the clothing of the vagrant tramp made virulent by his unclean mode of life. If we look at the mere physical effects of punishment, the lash is less repulsive than foul diseases. There is an after-evil following the vile air and the pestilential life of our jails. Those who come out of them are unfit for a time to do any honest work. Physical prostration demands stimulants, and jails will make drunkards of those who have before been sober men. It is to be said of the use of the whip that it is far less dangerous to life and health than any other punishment. Its effects are upon the surface, where they can be seen, and that, too, in a way calculated to hold back the hand that wields it. Every thing used in its place by those ignorant of the structure of the human body has proved to be injurious to life, health, and intellect. The darkness of cells, the shocks from streams of water, painful positions, and the whole list of substitutes have caused the most terrible results. I think medical men will agree with this statement. The man who suffers from the lash goes from his punishment with a sense of the evils which follow wrong-doing. He is not taught any new devices in crime, nor made as shameless or as hardened as the poor wretch who is kept for months in the crowded school-room of vice, where the moral atmosphere is as fetid as the air he breathes.

Those with whom alone he can talk, and with whom he is forced into close contact by prison walls, are offenders of all grades of guilt, from the timorous young who have taken their first steps in wrong-doing to the old and hardened offender who boasts of his deeds. During the whole time they are thus kept caged up they are gazed at through the prison bars by the curious, and scoffed at by the unfeeling, till they are forced in self-defense to become shameless, and taught to hurl back the words of scorn which are prompted by the evil passions of hate and vengeance which their positions excite in their minds. Yet in the face of these truths we speak of our laws and of our jails as our reliances for checking crime and reforming offenders. Will any one say that he who comes out from these prison walls is less degraded in his own eyes or those of the public, less hardened in vice, than the man who has undergone the sharp but short pain of the lash? The real evil of the whipping-post is not the harm done to the criminal, but to the lookers-on.

There is another rule which we all see which must be followed if we are to prevent crime. Its punishments must be of a kind which men shrink from. Is that true of our jails? In some cases it is, when men first fall into vicious ways. But more than half of those who are sent to them care but little for the shame, and many of them look to them as places of shelter from want, as homes where they can get food and warmth.

The dread of the jail is usually felt but once; the dread of the lash is felt every time that the man sees that his conduct may bring him under its sharp stings. But my object is not to commend the whipping-post, but to show that we have something worse in our plans for punishment. I protest against both systems, but I wish to make clear our follies by comparing them with acts against which we cry out in the name of humanity.

While Governor of this State I learned that the suffering for crime, as a rule, fell not upon the offender, but upon his family. When I look over our penal laws, their titles, to my mind, read between their lines, "*Acts to punish wives and children of those who violate their terms.*" I was constantly appealed to to pardon convicts for these reasons, and in some cases by the wives of those who made the complaints upon which the wrong-doer was convicted. When this was told to them, their answer was, that while that was true, yet when the husbands were in jail, where they were fed and warmed, their wives and children were left to starve and freeze for want of support.

There is no perfect way of dealing with crime, but there is no worse way than the system of this State. Some years ago a leading lawyer of New York travelled through Egypt. He met the chief of a wandering tribe of the desert, and, among other things, he told this wild ruler of our laws, and the ways we dealt with crime. He was heard with astonishment, and for the first time he himself was struck with their absurdities. After his return he used to say that he was never so thoroughly ashamed of his country as when he was telling his simple-minded auditor what laws we had upon these subjects, and how they were enforced.

While we may not frame perfect systems, much can be done to make a better state of things—to simplify justice and to break up the tendency to disorderly conduct and to vagrancy. We can not hope to make any marked improvement in our jails. Each county must have one, and its population will determine the character of its place of confinement. Those in charge of them will be frequently changed, and save in the large cities the number and character of the inmates will not admit of classification, etc.

The first change should be one that will allow our judges to impose punishments other than sending the offenders to these common schools of vice.

As nothing can be worse than our present laws, there can be no harm in trying new plans. We must have jails, as there are cases when the safety of society makes it necessary to lock men up. But, as a rule, other restraints can be used which will check, not teach, crime. Our laws only allow two punishments to be inflicted for minor offenses—fines or imprisonment—and these must be imposed without regard to age, sex, condition, or circumstances. The law demands these, it matters not what moral or material mischief they may do. As a rule, fines inflict distress on families and friends, while jails are a gateway to a course of wickedness which leads to the State-prisons. For these reasons no punishments are inflicted until the offenders have grown into hardened criminals who excite no sympathy. There is no power to deal in a right way with the first step in crime, with acts of mingled error and wrong-doing. It has been my duty to look into a great number of such cases, and I have given much thought and study to our statutes with regard to them. Next to moral and religious influences, we must rely upon the wisdom of our laws with regard to youthful offenders. It is comparatively an easy matter to deal with grave crimes.

The first step toward reform is to give magistrates a right, within certain limits, to direct such punishments as they shall see are best fitted to reform wrong-doers. They have all the facts before them, and best know what is just and right in each case. This will not give them undue powers, but it will take away pretexts for not doing their duty. Now they must fine, or imprison, or discharge. In many cases either of these courses is unsuitable, and many wrong-doers go free, for to enforce law would only make things worse.

This state of things is full of evil. If magistrates could bind them out to do work, or direct the minors to be chastised by parents or guardians or suitable persons, many would be saved from the moral leprosy which infects our jails. Such or like punishments would be inflicted, and there would be no excuse for letting offenders escape.

Magistrates should have in addition to their present powers the same right of control over vagrants, disorderly persons, and habitual offenders which parents or guardians have over their children or wards. The fact that they belong to these classes should be judicially decided after a certain number of convictions. When they are thus enrolled in these classes, they should have no right to vote at any election. As our laws now stand, notorious offenders who do no honest work, who can only live in immoral ways, are held to be innocent persons, when they are arrested, until the formal, technical, and sometimes expensive proofs are furnished that they are guilty of practices which there is a moral certainty they indulge in. This is right when they are accused of grave crimes. But there is no hardship in putting such persons into that state of wardship in which the law places all persons who are under the age

of twenty-one years, or who are afflicted with disordered minds. Should disorderly morals be more leniently dealt with than disordered intellects?

There is no danger in giving magistrates the power over habitual offenders which parents and guardians have over minors—that of making them work, of binding them out, and of locking them up; and, in the case of children, having them chastised rather than sent to jails. There is no reason to fear that this punishment will be used too often or too harshly. It would rarely be applied, but should not be made illegal, as it would give magistrates great control, and would do much to put an end to the bravado and swagger of disorderly boys which are so much admired by their weak or youthful companions.

It is a great crime to send youthful offenders to those pest-houses of vice—our jails. While our reformatories do much good, they do not check the first steps in wrong-doing. It is sheer cant which cries out against saving young boys from vice by the action of magistrates in the same way that the teacher saves his pupil, or the guardian the ward under his care.

We need laws which will check rather than those which will punish wrong-doing. No man in his brutal rage will whip his helpless wife when he knows that his guilty act will suggest to the magistrate what should be done to him. Is it not time that the State should cease to educate men in crime; should cease to foster disorder and vagrancy, and to send out armies of tramps to make country life and property unsafe? These evils can in a good degree be corrected if we will change our laws and give our magistrates the power and discretion they ought to have. By doing this we shall not only check crime, but lessen the cost and trouble of administering justice. To get rid of these the towns are in the habit of pushing off vagrants and disorderly persons upon each other, and they thus set in motion the army of tramps. If each town had a cheap lock-up where such men could be sent and made for a few days to do some useful work, such as breaking stone, we should soon be freed from a dangerous and growing class of wanderers.

Broken stone is always needed for roads in the country, and the supply thus gained would do much toward paying the cost of this branch of administration. What I have suggested may not be wise. But one thing is clear: the evils of which I have spoken will grow more serious until we get rid of technical rules and ideas, which we cling to only because custom has made them valuable in our eyes, and blinded us to the fact that they make rather than check vice.

Those who have charge of revising our statutes urge some valuable changes with regard to felonies. They would have those who have been convicted more than once declared "*habitual offenders*," who shall at all times be under the supervision of the police. This is a wise suggestion. But it is still more important to make offenders the wards of the magistrates at the outset of their careers than it is to wait until they have become hardened criminals. This supervision should not merely be used to thwart the designs of old offenders, but it should also be adopted to check and reform that more numerous class of disorderly persons who furnish the men who commit the murders, the arson, the burglaries, and other desperate acts which make life and property unsafe.

JOSEPH, THE NEZ PERCÉ.

From the northern desolation
Comes a cry of exultation:
"It is ended. He has yielded. And the stubborn fight is won!"
Let the nation in its glory
Bow with shame before the story
Of the hero it has ruined and the evil it has done.

How he prayed while hope remained,
Though the white man's hands were stained
With the blood that cried for vengeance of his murdered kin and clan,
For the home the good God gave him,
And the treaty sworn to save him,
For the shelter of his children, for the right to be a man.

Then the troops began to hound him,
And he wrapped his blanket round him,
And he called his braves to follow, and he smote them hip and thigh.
But the hosts grew vast and vaster,
And the whirlwind of disaster
Drove him out into the mountains and beneath an alien sky.

Through the continental ridges,
Over tottering torrent bridges,
By the verge of black abysses, in the shade of mountains hoar;
Herds and wives and children bearing,
Months he journeyed, toiling, daring,
With an army trailed behind him and another crouched before.

Thrice the sudden blow descended,
Roar and flash and clashing blended;
Twice his rear-guard faced and checked them till the hunted tribe were free.
Once he reeled, but swiftly rallied,
Forth upon the spoilers sallied,
Drove them headlong into shelter, captured all their cannonry.

But the mountains could not shield him,
And the snowy heights revealed him,
And the false friends would not aid him, and his goal was far away;
Burdened by his weak and wounded,
Stripped and harried and surrounded,
Still the chieftain of the Northland, like a lion, stood at bay.

From the freedom that he sought for,
From the dear land that he fought for,
He is riven by a nation that has spurned its plighted word;
By the Christians who have given
To the heathen—gracious Heaven!—
With the one hand theft and falsehood, with the other ball and sword.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

CHAPTER XL.

DREAMS.

THIS long and terrible night: will it never end? Or will not life itself go out, and let the sufferer have rest? The slow and sleepless hours toil through the darkness; and there is a ticking of a clock in the hushed room; and this agony of pain still throbbing and throbbing in the breaking heart. And then, as the pale dawn shows gray in the windows, the anguish of despair follows him even into the wan realms of sleep, and there are wild visions rising before the sick brain. Strange visions these are; the confused and seething phantasmagoria of a shattered life; himself regarding himself as another figure, and beginning to pity this poor wretch who is not permitted to die. "Poor wretch! poor wretch!" he says to himself. "Did they use to call you Macleod; and what is it that has brought you to this?"

* * * * * *

See now! He lays his head down on the warm heather, on this beautiful summer day; and the seas are all blue around him, and the sun is shining on the white sands of Iona. Far below, the men are singing "Fhir a bhata" and the sea-birds are softly calling. But suddenly there is a horror in his brain; and the day grows black; for an adder has stung him! it is *Righinn*—the Princess—the Queen of Snakes. Oh, why does she laugh, and look at him so with that clear, cruel look? He would rather not go into this still house where the lidless-eyed creatures are lying in their awful sleep. Why does she laugh? Is it a matter for laughing that a man should be stung by an adder, and all his life grow black around him? For it is then that they put him in a grave; and she—she stands with her foot on it! There is moonlight around, and the jackdaws are wheeling overhead; our voices sound hollow in these dark ruins. But you can hear this, sweetheart: shall I whisper it to you? "*You are standing on the grave of Macleod.*"

* * * * * *

Lo! the grave opens! Why, Hamish, it was no grave at all, but only the long winter; and now we are all looking at a strange thing away in the south, for who ever saw all the beautiful flags before that are fluttering there in the summer wind? O sweetheart! your hand—give me your small, warm, white hand. See! we will go up the steep path by the rocks; and here is the small white house; and have you never seen so great a telescope before? And is it all a haze of heat over the sea, or can you make out the quivering phantom of the lighthouse—the small gray thing out at the edge of the world? Look! they are signaling now; they know you are here: come out, quick! to the great white boards, and we will send them over a message, and you will see that they will send back a thousand welcomes to the young bride. Our ways are poor; we have no satin bowers to show you, as the old songs say; but do you know who are coming to wait on you? The beautiful women out of the old songs are coming to be your handmaidens—I have asked them—I saw them in many dreams—I spoke gently to them—and they are coming. Do you see them? There is the bonnie Lizzie Lindsay, who kilted her coats o' green satin to be off with young Macdonald; and Burd Helen—she will come to you pale and beautiful; and proud Lady Maisry that was burned for her true love's sake; and Mary Scott of Yarrow that set all men's hearts aflame. See, they will take you by the hand. They are the Queen's Maries. There is no other grandeur at Castle Dare.

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Is this Macleod? They used to say that Macleod was a man! They used to say he had not much fear of any thing. But this is only a poor trembling boy—a coward trembling at every thing, and going away to London with a lie on his lips. And they know how Sholto Macleod died, and how Roderick Macleod died, and Ronald, and Duncan the Fair-haired, and Hector; but the last of them—this poor wretch—what will they say of him? "Oh, he died for the love of a woman!" She struck him in the heart, and he could not strike back, for she was a woman. Ah, but if it was a man, now! They say the Macleods are all become sheep, and their courage has gone, and if they were to grasp even a Rose Leaf they could not crush it. It is dangerous to say that; do not trust to it. Oh, is it you, you poor fool in the newspaper, who are whirling along behind the boat? Does the swivel work? Are the sharks after you? Do you hear them behind you, cleaving the water? The men of Dubh Artach will have a good laugh when we whisk you past. What! you beg for mercy?—come out, then, you poor devil! Here is a tarpaulin for you. Give him a glass of whiskey, John Cameron. And so you know about theatres; and perhaps you have ambition too; and there is nothing in the world so fine as people clapping their hands? But you—even you—if I were to take you over in the dark, and the storm came on: you would not think that I thrust you aside to look after myself? You are a stranger; you are helpless in boats: do you think I would thrust you aside? It was not fair—oh, it was not fair: if she

wished to kill my heart, there were other things to say than that. Why, sweetheart, don't you know that I got the little English boy out of the water; and you think I would let you drown! If we were both drowning, now, do you know what I should do? I should laugh, and say, "Sweetheart, sweetheart, if we were not to be together in life, we are now in death, and that is enough for me."

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What is the slow, sad sound that one hears? The grave is on the lonely island; there is no one left on the island now; there is nothing but the grave. "*Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.*" Oh no, not that! That is all over; the misery is over, and there is peace. This is the sound of the sea-birds, and the wind coming over the seas, and the waves on the rocks. Or is it Donald, in the boat, going back to the land? The people have their heads bent; it is a Lament the boy is playing. And how will you play the "Comhadh na Cloinne" to-night, Donald?—and what will the mother say? It is six sons she has to think of now; and Patrick Mòr had but seven dead when he wrote the Lament of the Children. Janet, see to her! Tell her it is no matter now; the peace has come; the misery is over; there is only the quiet sound of the waves. But you, Donald, come here. Put down your pipes, and listen. Do you remember the English lady who was here in the summer-time; and your pipes were too loud for her, and were taken away? She is coming again. She will try to put her foot on my grave. But you will watch for her coming, Donald; and you will go quickly to Hamish; and Hamish will go down to the shore, and send her back. You are only a boy, Donald; she would not heed you; and the ladies at the castle are too gentle, and would give her fair words; but Hamish is not afraid of her; he will drive her back—she shall not put her foot on my grave; for my heart can bear no more pain.

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And are you going away—*Rose Leaf*—*Rose Leaf*—are you sailing away from me on the smooth waters to the south? I put out my hand to you; but you are afraid of the hard hands of the northern people, and you shrink from me. Do you think we would harm you, then, that you tremble so? The savage days are gone; come—we will show you the beautiful islands in the summer-time; and you will take high courage, and become yourself a Macleod; and all the people will be proud to hear of Fionaghal the Fair Stranger who has come to make her home among us. Oh, our hands are gentle enough when it is a Rose Leaf they have to touch. There was blood on them in the old days; we have washed it off now: see—this beautiful red rose you have given me is not afraid of rough hands! We have no beautiful roses to give you, but we will give you a piece of white heather, and that will secure to you peace and rest and a happy heart all your days. You will not touch it, sweetheart? Do not be afraid! There is no adder in it. But if you were to find, now, a white adder, would you know what to do with it? There was a sweetheart in an old song knew what to do with an adder. Do you know the song? The young man goes back to his home, and he says to his mother, "O make my bed soon; For I'm weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doon." Why do you turn so pale, sweetheart? There is the whiteness of a white adder in your cheeks; and your eyes—there is Death in your eyes! Donald!—Hamish! help! help!—her foot is coming near to my grave! —my heart—

And so, in a paroxysm of wild terror and pain, he awoke again, and behold, the ghastly white daylight was in the room—the cold glare of a day he would fain have never seen. It was all in a sort of dream that this haggard-faced man dressed, and drank a cup of tea, and got outside into the rain—the rain, and the noise of the cabs, and the gloom of London skies: these harsh and commonplace things were easier to bear than the dreams of the sick brain. And then, somehow or other, he got his way down to Aldershot, and sought out Norman Ogilvie.

"Macleod!" Ogilvie cried, startled beyond measure by his appearance.

"I—I wanted to shake hands with you, Ogilvie, before I am going," said this hollow-eyed man, who seemed to have grown old.

Ogilvie hesitated for a second or two; and then he said, vehemently:

"Well, Macleod, I am not a sentimental chap, but—but—hang it! it is too bad. And again and again I have thought of writing to you, as your friend, just within the last week or so; and then I said to myself that tale-bearing never came to any good. But she won't darken Mrs. Ross's door again—that I know. Mrs. Ross went straight to her the other day. There is no nonsense about that woman. And when she got to understand that the story was true, she let Miss White know that she considered you to be a friend of hers, and that —well, you know how women give hints—"

"But I don't know what you mean, Ogilvie," he cried, quite bewildered. "Is it a thing for all the world to know? What story is it—when I knew nothing till yesterday?"

"Well, you know now: I saw by your face a minute ago that she had told you the truth at last," Ogilvie said. "Macleod, don't blame me. When I heard of her being about to be married, I did not believe the story—"

Macleod sprang at him like a tiger, and caught his arm with the grip of a vise.

"Her getting married?—to whom?"

"Why, don't you know?" Ogilvie said, with his eyes staring. "Oh yes, you must know. I see you know. Why, the look in your face when you came into this room—"

"Who is the man, Ogilvie?"—and there was the sudden hate of ten thousand devils in his eyes.

"Why, it is that artist fellow—Lemuel. You don't mean to say she hasn't told you? It is the common story. And Mrs. Ross thought it was only a piece of nonsense—she said they were always making out those stories about actresses—but she went to Miss White. And when Miss White could not deny it, Mrs. Ross said there and then they had better let their friendship drop. Macleod, I would have written to you—upon my soul, I would have written to you—but how could I imagine you did not know? And do you really mean to say she has not told you any thing of what has been going on recently—what was well known to every body?"

And this young man spoke in a passion too: Keith Macleod was his friend. But Macleod himself seemed, with some powerful effort of will, to have got the better of his sudden and fierce hate; he sat down again; he spoke in a low voice; but there was a dark look in his eyes.

"No," said he, slowly, "she has not told me all about it. Well, she did tell me about a poor creature—a woman-man—a thing of affectation, with his paint-box and his velvet coat and his furniture: Ogilvie, have you got any brandy?"

Ogilvie rang, and got some brandy, some water, a tumbler, and a wine-glass placed on the table. Macleod, with a hand that trembled violently, filled the tumbler half full with brandy.

"And she could not deny the story to Mrs. Ross?" said he, with a strange and hard smile on his face. "It was her modesty. Ah, you don't know, Ogilvie, what an exalted soul she has. She is full of idealisms. She could not explain all that to Mrs. Ross. *I* know. And when she found herself too weak to carry out her aspirations, she sought help. Is that it? She would gain assurance and courage from the woman-man?"

He pushed the tumbler away; his hand was still trembling violently.

"I will not touch that, Ogilvie," said he, "for I have not much mastery over myself. I am going away now—I am going back now to the Highlands. Oh! you do not know what I have become since I met that woman—a coward and a liar! They wouldn't have you sit down at the mess table, Ogilvie, if you were that: would they? I dare not stay in London now. I must run away now—like a hare that is hunted. It would not be good for her or for me that I should stay any longer in London."

He rose, and held out his hand: there was a curious glazed look on his eyes. Ogilvie pressed him back into the chair again.

"You are not going out in this condition, Macleod—you don't know what you are doing. Come now, let us be reasonable; let us talk over the thing like men. And I must say, first of all, that I am heartily glad of it, for your sake. It will be a hard twist at first; but, bless you! lots of fellows have had to fight through the same thing, and they come up smiling after it, and you would scarcely know the difference. Don't imagine I am surprised:—oh no. I never did believe in that young woman; I thought she was a deuced sight too clever; and when she used to go about humbugging this one and the other with her innocent airs, I said to myself, 'Oh, it's all very well; but *you* know what you are about.' Of course there was no use talking to you. I believe at one time Mrs. Ross was considering the point whether she ought not to give you a hint, seeing that you had met Miss White first at her house, that the young lady was rather clever at flirtation, and that you ought to keep a sharp look-out. But then you would only have blazed up in anger. It was no use talking to you. And then, after all, I said that if you were so bent on marrying her, the chances were that you would have no difficulty, for I thought the bribe of her being called Lady Macleod would be enough for any actress. As for this man Lemuel, no doubt he is a very great man, as people say; but I don't know much about these things myself; and—and—I think it is very plucky of Mrs. Ross to cut off two of her lions at one stroke. It shows she must have taken an uncommon liking for you. So you must cheer up, Macleod. If women take a fancy to you like that, you'll easily get a better wife than Miss White would have made. Mind you, I don't go back from any thing I ever said of her. She is a handsome woman, and no mistake; and I will say that she is the best waltzer that I ever met with in the whole course of my life—without exception. But she's the sort of woman who, if I married her, would want some looking after—I mean, that is my impression. The fact is, Macleod, away there in Mull you have been brought up too much on books and your own imagination. You were ready to believe any pretty woman, with soft English ways, an angel. Well, you have had a twister; but you'll come through it; and you will get to believe, after all, that women are very good creatures, just as men are very good creatures, when you get the right sort. Come now, Macleod, pull yourself together. Perhaps I have just as hard an opinion of her conduct toward you as you

have yourself. But you know what Tommy Moore, or some fellow like that, says: 'Though she be not fair to me, what the devil care I how fair she be?' And if I were you I would have a drop of brandy—but not half a tumblerful."

But neither Lieutenant Ogilvie's pert common-sense, nor his apt and accurate quotation, nor the proffered brandy, seemed to alter much the mood of this haggard-faced man. He rose.

"I think I am going now," said he, in a low voice. "You won't take it unkindly, Ogilvie, that I don't stop to talk with you. It is a strange story you have told me—I want time to think over it. Good-by."

"The fact is, Macleod," Ogilvie stammered, as he regarded his friend's face, "I don't like to leave you. Won't you stay and dine with our fellows? Or shall I see if I can run up to London with you?"

"No, thank you, Ogilvie," said he. "And have you any message for the mother and Janet?"

"Oh, I hope you will remember me most kindly to them. At least I will go to the station with you, Macleod."

"Thank you, Ogilvie; but I would rather go alone. Good-by, now."

He shook hands with his friend—in an absent sort of way—and left. But while yet his hand was on the door, he turned and said,

"Oh, do you remember my gun that has the shot barrel and the rifle barrel?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And would you like to have that, Ogilvie?—we sometimes had it when we were out together."

"Do you think I would take your gun from you, Macleod?" said the other. "And you will soon have plenty of use for it now."

"Good-by, then, Ogilvie," said he; and he left, and went out into the world of rain and lowering skies and darkening moors.

And when he went back to Dare it was a wet day also; but he was very cheerful; and he had a friendly word for all whom he met; and he told the mother and Janet that he had got home at last, and meant to go no more a-roving. But that evening, after dinner, when Donald began to play the Lament for the memory of the five sons of Dare, Macleod gave a sort of stifled cry, and there were tears running down his cheeks—which was a strange thing for a man; and he rose and left the hall, just as a woman would have done. And his mother sat there, cold, and pale, and trembling; but the gentle cousin Janet called out, with a piteous trouble in her eyes:

"Oh, auntie, have you seen the look on our Keith's face ever since he came ashore to-day?"

"I know it, Janet," said she. "I have seen it. That woman has broken his heart—and he is the last of my six brave lads."

They could not speak any more now; for Donald had come up the hall; and he was playing the wild, sad wail of the "Cumhadh na Cloinne."

CHAPTER XLI.

A LAST HOPE.

THOSE sleepless nights of passionate yearning and despair—those days of sullen gloom broken only by wild cravings for revenge that went through his brain like spasms of fire: these were killing this man. His face grew haggard and gray; his eyes morose and hopeless; he shunned people as if he feared their scrutiny; he brooded over the past in a silence he did not wish to have broken by any human voice. This was no longer Macleod of Dare. It was the wreck of a man—drifting no one knew whither.

And in those dark and morbid reveries there was no longer any bewilderment. He saw clearly how he had been tricked and played with. He understood now the coldness she had shown on coming to Dare; her desire to get away again; her impatience with his appeals; her anxiety that communication between them should be solely by letter. "Yes, yes," he would say to himself—and sometimes he would laugh aloud in the solitude of the hills—"she was prudent. She was a woman of the world, as Stuart used to say. She would not quite throw me off—she would not be quite frank with me—until she had made sure of the other. And in her trouble of doubt, when she was trying to be better than herself, and anxious to have guidance, *that* was the guide she turned to—the woman-man, the dabbler in paint-boxes, the critic of carpets and wall-papers!"

Sometimes he grew to hate her. She had destroyed the world for him. She had destroyed his faith in the honesty and honor of womanhood. She had played with him as with a toy—a fancy of the brain—and threw him aside when something new was presented to her. And when a man is stung by a white adder, does he not turn and stamp with his heel? Is he not bound to crush the creature out of existence, to keep God's earth and the free sunlight sweet and pure?

But then—but then—the beauty of her! In dreams he heard her low, sweet laugh again; he saw the beautiful brown hair; he surrendered to the irresistible witchery of the clear and lovely eyes. What would not a man give for one last, wild kiss of the laughing and half-parted lips? His life! And if that life happened to be a mere broken and useless thing—a hateful thing—would he not gladly and proudly fling

it away? One long, lingering, despairing kiss; and then a deep draught of Death's black wine!

One day he was riding down to the fishing station when he met John MacIntyre the postman, who handed him a letter, and passed on. Macleod opened this letter with some trepidation, for it was from London; but it was in Norman Ogilvie's handwriting.

"DEAR MACLEOD,—I thought you might like to hear the latest news. I cut the inclosed from a sort of half-sporting, half-theatrical paper our fellows get; no doubt the paragraph is true enough. And I wish it was well over and done with, and she married out of hand; for I know until that is so, you will be torturing yourself with all sorts of projects and fancies. Good-by, old fellow. I suppose when you offered me the gun, you thought your life had collapsed altogether, and that you would have no further use for any thing. But no doubt, after the first shock, you have thought better of that. How are the birds? I hear rather bad accounts from Ross; but then he is always complaining about something.

"Yours sincerely,

"NORMAN OGILVIE."

And then he unfolded the newspaper cutting which Ogilvie had inclosed. The paragraph of gossip announced that the Piccadilly Theatre would shortly be closed for repairs; but that the projected provincial tour of the company had been abandoned. On the re-opening of the theatre, a play, which was now in preparation, written by Mr. Gregory Lemuel, would be produced. "It is understood," continued the newsman, "that Miss Gertrude White, the young and gifted actress who has been the chief attraction at the Piccadilly Theatre for two years back, is shortly to be married to Mr. L. Lemuel, the well-known artist; but the public have no reason to fear the withdrawal from the stage of so popular a favorite; for she has consented to take the chief *rôle* in the new play, which is said to be of a tragic nature."

Macleod put the letter and its inclosure into his pocket, and rode on. The hand that held the bridle shook somewhat; that was all.

He met Hamish.

"Oh, Hamish!" he cried, quite gayly. "Hamish, will you go to the wedding?"

"What wedding, Sir?" said the old man; but well he knew. If there was any one blind to what had been going on, that was not Hamish; and again and again he had in his heart cursed the English traitoress who had destroyed his master's peace.

"Why, do you not remember the English lady that was here not so long ago? And she is going to be married. And would you like to go to the wedding, Hamish?"

He scarcely seemed to know what he was saying in this wild way; there was a strange look in his eyes, though apparently he was very merry. And this was the first word he had uttered about Gertrude White to any living being at Dare ever since his last return from the south.

Now what was Hamish's answer to this gay invitation? The Gaelic tongue is almost devoid of those meaningless expletives which, in other languages, express mere annoyance or temper. When a Highlander swears, he usually swears in English. But the Gaelic curse is a much more solemn and deliberate affair.

"*May her soul dwell in the lowermost hall of perdition!*"—that was the answer that Hamish made; and there was a blaze of anger in the keen eyes and in the proud and handsome face.

"Oh yes," continued the old man in his native tongue, and he spoke rapidly and passionately, "I am only a serving-man; and perhaps a serving-man ought not to speak; but perhaps sometimes he will speak. And have I not seen it all, Sir Keith?—and no more of the pink letters coming; and you going about a changed man, as if there was nothing more in life for you? And now you ask me if I will go to the wedding! And what do I say to you, Sir Keith? I say this to you—that the woman is not now living who will put that shame on Macleod of Dare!"

Macleod regarded the old man's angry vehemence almost indifferently: he had grown to pay little heed to any thing around him.

"Oh yes, it is a fine thing for the English lady," said Hamish, with the same proud fierceness, "to come here and amuse herself. But she does not know the Mull men yet. Do you think, Sir Keith, that any one of your forefathers would have had this shame put upon him? I think not. I think he would have said, 'Come, lads, here is a proud madam that does not know that a man's will is stronger than a woman's will; and we will teach her a lesson. And before she has learned that lesson, she will discover that it is not safe to trifle with a Macleod of Dare.' And you ask me if I will go to the wedding! I have known you since you were a child, Sir Keith, and I put the first gun in your hand, and I saw you catch your first salmon; it is not right to laugh at an old man."

"Laughing at you, Hamish? I gave you an invitation to a wedding."

"And if I was going to that wedding," said Hamish, with a return of that fierce light to the gray eyes, "do you know how I would go to the wedding? I would take two or three of the young lads with me. We would make a fine party for the wedding. Oh yes; a fine party! And if the English church is a fine church, can we not take off our caps as well as any one? But

when the pretty madam came in, I would say to myself, 'Oh yes, my fine madam, you forgot it was a Macleod you had to deal with, and not a child, and you did not think you would have a visit from two or three of the Mull lads?'"

"And what then?" Macleod said, with a smile—though this picture of his sweetheart coming into the church as the bride of another man had paled his cheek.

"And before she had brought that shame on the house of Dare," said Hamish, excitedly, "do you not think that I would seize her—that I would seize her with my own hands? And when the young lads and I had thrust her down into the cabin of the yacht—oh yes, when we had thrust her down and put the hatch over—do you think the proud madam would be quite so proud?"

Macleod laughed a loud laugh.

"Why, Hamish, you want to become a famous person! You would carry off a popular actress, and have all the country ringing with the exploit! And would you have a piper, too, to drown her screams—just as Macdonald of Armadale did when he came with his men to South Uist and carried off Flora Macdonald's mother?"

"And was there ever a better marriage than that—as I have heard many a man of Skye say?" Hamish exclaimed, eagerly. "Oh yes, it is good for a woman to know that a man's will is stronger than a woman's will! And when we have the fine English madam caged up in the cabin, and we are coming away to the north again, she will not have so many fine airs, I think. And if the will can not be broken, it is the neck that can be broken; and better that than that Sir Keith Macleod should have a shame put on him."

"Hamish, Hamish, how will you dare to go into the church at Salen next Sunday?" Macleod said; but he was now regarding the old man with a strange curiosity.

"Men were made before churches were thought of," Hamish said, curtly; and then Macleod laughed, and rode on.

The laugh soon died away from his face. Here was the stone bridge on which she used to lean to drop pebbles into the whirling clear water. Was there not some impression even yet of her soft warm arm on the velvet moss? And what had the voice of the streamlet told him in the days long ago?—that the summer-time was made for happy lovers; that she was coming; that he should take her hand and show her the beautiful islands and the sun-lit seas before the darkening skies of the winter came over them. And here was the summer sea; and moist, warm odors were in the larch-wood; and out there Ulva was shining green, and there was sunlight on the islands and on the rocks of Erisgeir. But she—where was she? Perhaps standing before a mirror, with a dress all of white, and trying how orange blossoms would best lie in her soft brown hair. Her arms are uplifted to her head; she smiles: could not one suddenly seize her now by the waist, and bear her off, with the smile changed to a blanched look of fear? The wild pirates have got her; the Rose Leaf is crushed in the cruel northern hands; at last—at last—what is in the scabbard has been drawn and declared, and she screams in her terror!

Then he fell to brooding again over Hamish's mad scheme. The fine English church of Hamish's imagination was no doubt a little stone building that a handful of sailors could carry at a rush. And of course the yacht must needs be close by; for there was no land in Hamish's mind that was out of sight of the salt-water. And what consideration would this old man have for delicate fancies and studies in moral science? The fine madam had been chosen to be the bride of Macleod of Dare; that was enough. If her will would not bend, it would have to be broken. That was the good old way: was there ever a happier wife than the lady of Armadale, who had been carried screaming down stairs in the night-time, and placed in her lover's boat, with the pipes playing a wild pibroch all the time?

Macleod was in the library that night when Hamish came to him with some papers. And just as the old man was about to leave, Macleod said to him:

"Well, that was a pretty story you told me this morning, Hamish, about the carrying off of the young English lady. And have you thought any more about it?"

"I have thought enough about it," Hamish said, in his native tongue.

"Then perhaps you could tell me, when you start on this fine expedition, how you are going to have the yacht taken to London? The lads of Mull are very clever, Hamish, I know; but do you think that any one of them can steer the *Umpire* all the way from Loch-na-Keal to the river Thames?"

"Is it the river Thames?" said Hamish, with great contempt. "And is that all—the river Thames? Do you know this, Sir Keith, that my cousin Colin Laing, that has a whiskey shop now in Greenock, has been all over the world, and at China, and other places; and he was the mate of many a big vessel; and do you think he could not take the *Umpire* from Loch-na-Keal to London? And I would only have to send a line to him and say, 'Colin, it is Sir Keith Macleod himself that will want you to do this;' and then he will leave twenty or thirty shops—ay, fifty and a hundred shops—and think no more of them at all. Oh yes, it is very true what you say, Sir Keith. There is no one knows better than I the soundings of Loch Scridain and Loch Tua; and you have said yourself

that there is not a bank or a rock about the islands that I do not know; but I have not been to London. No, I have not been to London. But is there any great trouble in getting to London? No, none at all, when we have Colin Laing on board."

Macleod was apparently making a gay joke of the matter; but there was an anxious, intense look in his eyes all the same—even when he was staring absently at the table before him.

"Oh yes, Hamish," he said, laughing in a constrained manner, "that would be a fine story to tell; and you would become very famous—just as if you were working for fame in a theatre; and all the people would be talking about you. And when you got to London, how would you get through the London streets?"

"It is my cousin who would show me the way: has he not been to London more times than I have been to Stornoway?"

"But the streets of London—they would cover all the ground between here and Loch Scridain; and how would you carry the young lady through them?"

"We would carry her," said Hamish, curtly.

"With the bagpipes to drown her screams?"

"I would drown her screams myself," said Hamish, with a sudden savageness; and he added something that Macleod did not hear.

"Do you know that I am a magistrate, Hamish?"

"I know, Sir Keith."

"And when you come to me with this proposal, do you know what I should do?"

"I know what the old Macleods of Dare would have done," said Hamish, proudly, "before they let this shame come on them. And you, Sir Keith—you are a Macleod too; ay, and the bravest lad that ever was born in Castle Dare! And you will not suffer this thing any longer, Sir Keith; for it is a sore heart I have from the morning till the night; and it is only a serving-man that I am; but sometimes when I will see you going about—and nothing now cared for, but a great trouble on your face—oh, then, I say to myself, 'Hamish, you are an old man, and you have not long to live; but before you die you will teach the fine English madam what it is to bring a shame on Sir Keith Macleod!'"

"Ah, well, good-night now, Hamish; I am tired," he said; and the old man slowly left.

He was tired—if one might judge by the haggard cheeks and the heavy eyes; but he did not go to sleep. He did not even go to bed. He spent the livelong night, as he had spent too many lately, in nervously pacing to and fro within this hushed chamber, or seated with his arms on the table, and the aching head resting on the clasped hands. And again those wild visions came to torture him—the product of a sick heart and a bewildered brain; only now there was a new element introduced. This mad project of Hamish's, at which he would have laughed in a saner mood, began to intertwist itself with all these passionate longings and these troubled dreams of what might yet be possible to him on earth; and wherever he turned it was suggested to him; and whatever was the craving and desire of the moment, this, and this only, was the way to reach it. For if one were mad with pain, and determined to crush the white adder that had stung one, what better way than to seize the hateful thing and cage it, so that it should do no more harm among the sons of men? Or if one were mad because of the love of a beautiful white Princess, and she far away, and dressed in bridal robes, what better way than to take her hand, and say, "Quick, quick, to the shore! For the summer seas are waiting for you; and there is a home for the bride far away in the north?" Or if it was only one wild, despairing effort—one last means of trying—to bring her heart back again? Or if there was but the one fierce captured kiss of those lips no longer laughing at all? Men had ventured more for far less reward, surely? And what remained to him in life but this? There was at least the splendid joy of daring and action!

The hours passed; and sometimes he fell into a troubled sleep as he sat with his head bent on his hands—but then it was only to see those beautiful pictures of her that made his heart ache all the more. And sometimes he saw her all in sailor-like white and blue, as she was stepping down from the steamer; and sometimes he saw the merry Duchess coming forward through the ball-room, with her saucy eyes and her laughing and parted lips; and sometimes he saw her before a mirror; and again she smiled—but his heart would fain have cried aloud in its anguish. Then again he would start up, and look at the window. Was he impatient for the day?

The lamp still burned in the hushed chamber. With trembling fingers he took out the letter Ogilvie had written to him, and held the slip of printed paper before his bewildered gaze. "The young and gifted actress." She is "shortly to be married." And the new piece that all the world will come to see, as soon as she is returned from her wedding tour, is "of a tragic nature."

* * * * * *

Hamish, Hamish, do you hear these things? Do you know what they mean? Oh, we will have to look sharp if we are to be there in time! Come along, you brave lads; it is not the first time that a Macleod has carried off a bride. And will she cry, do you think—

for we have no pipes to drown her screams? Ah, but we will manage it another way than that, Hamish! You have no cunning, you old man! There will be no scream when the white adder is seized and caged.

* * * * * *

But surely no white adder! O sweetheart, you gave me a red rose! And do you remember the night in the garden, with the moonlight around us, and the favor you wore next your heart was the badge of the Macleods? You were not afraid of the Macleods then; you had no fear of the rude northern people; you said they would not crush a pale Rose Leaf. And now—now—see! I have rescued you; and those people will persuade you no longer; I have taken you away—you are free! And will you come up on deck now, and look around on the summer sea? And shall we put in to some port, and telegraph that the runaway bride is happy enough; and that they will hear of her next from Castle Dare? Look around, sweetheart: surely you know the old boat. And here is Christina to wait on you; and Hamish—Hamish will curse you no more—he will be your friend now. Oh, you will make the mother's heart glad at last: she has not smiled for many a day.

* * * * * *

Or is it the proud madam that is below, Hamish; and she will not speak; and she sits alone in all her finery? And what are we to do with her now, then—to break her will? Do you think she will speak when she is in the midst of the silence of the northern seas? Or will they be after us, Hamish? Oh, that would be a fine chase, indeed; and we would lead them a fine dance through the western isles; and I think you would try their knowledge of the channels and the banks. And the painter fellow, Hamish, the woman-man, the dabbler—would he be in the boat behind us?—or would he be down below, in bed in the cabin, with a nurse to attend him? Come along, then!—but beware of the overfalls off Tiree, you southern men! Or is it a race for Barra Head, and who will be at Vatersay first? There is good fishing ground on the Sgriobh bhan, Hamish; they may as well stop to fish as seek to catch us among our western isles. See, the dark is coming down, are these the Monach lights in the north?—Hamish, Hamish, we are on the rocks, and there is no one to help her! Oh, sweetheart!—sweetheart!—

The brief fit of struggling sleep is over; he rises and goes to the window; and now, if he is impatient for the new day, behold! the new day is here. Oh, see how the wan light of the morning meets the wan face! It is the face of a man who has been close to Death; it is the face of a man who is desperate. And if, after the terrible battle of the night, with its uncontrollable yearning and its unbearable pain, the fierce and bitter resolve is taken?—if there remains but this one last despairing venture for all that made life worth having? How wildly the drowning man clutches at this or that, so only that he may breathe for yet a moment more! He knows not what miracle may save him; he knows not where there is any land; but only to live—only to breathe for another moment—that is his cry. And then, mayhap, amid the wild whirl of waves, if he were suddenly to catch sight of the shore, and think that he was getting near to that, and see awaiting him there a white Princess, with a smile on her lips and a red rose in her outstretched hand, would he not make one last convulsive effort before the black waters dragged him down?

CHAPTER XLII.

THE WHITE-WINGED DOVE.

THE mere thought of this action, swift, immediate, impetuous, seemed to give relief to the burning brain. He went outside, and walked down to the shore; all the world was asleep; but the day had broken fair and pleasant, and the sea was calm and blue. Was not that a good omen? After all, then, there was still the wild, glad hope that Fionaghal might come and live in her northern home; the summer days had not gone forever; they might still find a red rose for her bosom at Castle Dare.

And then he tried to deceive himself. Was not this a mere lover's stratagem? Was not all fair in love as in war? Surely she would forgive him, for the sake of the great love he bore her, and the happiness he would try to bring her all the rest of her life? And no sailor, he would take care, would lay his rough hand on her gentle arm. That was the folly of Hamish. There was no chance in these days for a band of northern pirates to rush into a church and carry off a screaming bride. There were other ways than that; gentler ways; and the victim of the conspiracy—why, she would only laugh in the happy after-time and be glad that he had succeeded. And meanwhile he rejoiced that so much had to be done. Oh yes, there was plenty to think about now, other than those terrible visions of the night. There was work to do; and the cold sea air was cooling the fevered brain, so that it all seemed pleasant and easy and glad. There was Colin Laing to be summoned from Greenock, and questioned. The yacht had to be provisioned for a long voyage. He had to prepare the mother and Janet for his going away. And might not Norman Ogilvie find out somehow when the marriage was to be, so that

he would know how much time was left him?

But with all this eagerness and haste he kept whispering to himself counsels of caution and prudence. He dared not awaken her suspicion by professing too much forgiveness or friendliness. He wrote to her —with what a trembling hand he put down those words, *Dear Gertrude*, on paper, and how wistfully he regarded them!—but the letter was a proud and cold letter. He said that he had been informed she was about to be married; he wished to ascertain from herself whether that was true. He would not reproach her either with treachery or deceit; if this was true, passionate words would not be of much avail. But he would prefer to be assured, one way or another, by her own hand. That was the substance of the letter.

And then, the answer! He almost feared she would not write. But when Hamish himself brought that pink envelope to him, how his heart beat! And the old man stood there in silence, and with gloom on his face: was there to be, after all, no act of vengeance on her who had betrayed Macleod of Dare?

These few words seemed to have been written with unsteady fingers. He read them again and again. Surely there was no dark mystery within them?

"Dear Keith,—*I can not bear to write to you. I do not know how it has all happened. Forgive me, if you can; and forget me.* G."

"Oh, Hamish," said he, with a strange laugh, "is it an easy thing to forget that you have been alive? That would be an easy thing, if one were to ask you? But is not Colin Laing coming here to-day?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," Hamish said, with his eyes lighting up eagerly, "he will be here with the *Pioneer*, and I will send the boat out for him. Oh yes; and you are wanting to see him, Sir Keith?"

"Why, of course," Macleod said. "If we are going away on a long voyage, do we not want a good pilot?"

"And we are going, Sir Keith?" the old man said; and there was a look of proud triumph in the keen face.

"Oh, I do not know yet," Macleod said, impatiently. "But you will tell Christina that if we are going away to the south, we may have lady visitors come on board some day or another; and she would be better than a young lass to look after them, and make them comfortable on board. And if there is any clothes or ribbons she may want from Salen, Donald can go over with the pony; and you will not spare any money, Hamish, for I will give you the money."

"Very well, Sir."

"And you will not send the boat out to the *Pioneer* till I give you a letter; and you will ask the clerk to be so kind as to post it for me to-night at Oban; and he must not forget that."

"Very well, Sir," said Hamish; and he left the room, with a determined look about his lips, but with a glad light in his eyes.

This was the second letter that Macleod wrote; and he had to keep whispering to himself, "Caution! caution!" or he would have broken into some wild appeal to his sweetheart far away:

"Dear Gertrude" (he wrote),—"I gather from your note that it is true you are going to be married. I had heard some time ago; so your letter was no great shock to me; and what I have suffered—well, that can be of no interest to you now, and it will do me no good to recall it. As to your message, I would forgive you freely; but how can I forget? Can you forget? Do you remember the red rose? But that is all over now, I suppose; and I should not wonder if I were, after all, to be able to obey you, and to forget very thoroughly, not that alone, but every thing else. For I have been rather ill of late—more through sleeplessness than any other cause, I think; and they say I must go for a long sea-voyage; and the mother and Janet both say I should be more at home in the old *Umpire* —with Hamish and Christina and my own people round me—than in a steamer; and so I may not hear of you again until you are separated from me forever. But I write now to ask you if you would like your letters returned, and one or two keepsakes, and the photographs: I would not like them to fall into other hands; and sometimes I feel so sick at heart that I doubt whether I shall ever again get back to Dare. There are some flowers, too; but I would ask to be allowed to keep them, if you have no objection—and the sketch of Ulva, that you made on the deck of the *Umpire* when we were coming back from Iona, I would like to keep that, if you have no objection. And I remain your faithful friend,

"Keith Macleod."

Now at the moment he was writing this letter Lady Macleod and her niece were together, the old lady at her spinning-wheel, the younger one sewing. And Janet Macleod was saying:

"Oh, auntie, I am so glad Keith is going away now in the yacht; and you must not be vexed at all or troubled if he stays a long time; for what else can make him well again? Why, you know that he has not been Keith at all of late—he is quite another man—I do not think any one would recognize him. And surely there can be no better cure for sleeplessness than the rough work of the yachting; and you know Keith

will take his share, in despite of Hamish; and if he goes away to the south, they will have watches, and he will take his watch with the others, and his turn at the helm. Oh, you will see the change when he comes back to us!"

The old lady's eyes had slowly filled with tears.

"And do you think it is sleeplessness, Janet," said she, "that is the matter with our Keith? Ah, but you know better than that, Janet."

Janet Macleod's face grew suddenly red; but she said, hastily:

"Why, auntie, have I not heard him walking up and down all the night, whether it was in his own room or in the library? And then he is out before any one is up: oh yes, I know that when you can not sleep the face grows white and the eyes grow tired. And he has not been himself at all—going away like that from every one, and having nothing to say, and going away by himself over the moors. And it was the night before last he came back from Kinloch, and he was wet through, and he only lay down on the bed, as Hamish told me, and would have slept there all the night but for Hamish. And do you not think that was to get sleep at last—that he had been walking so far, and coming through the shallows of Loch Scridain, too? Ah, but you will see the difference, auntie, when he comes back on board the *Umpire;* and we will go down to the shore, and we will be glad to see him that day."

"Oh yes, Janet," the old lady said, and the tears were running down her face; "but you know—you know. And if he had married you, Janet, and staid at home at Dare, there would have been none of all this trouble. And now—what is there now? It is the young English lady that has broken his heart; and he is no longer a son to me, and he is no longer your cousin, Janet, but a broken-hearted man that does not care for any thing. And you are very kind, Janet; and you would not say any harm of any one. But I am his mother—I—I—well, if the woman was to come here this day, do you think I would not speak? It was a bad day for us all that he went away—instead of marrying you, Janet."

"But you know that could never have been, auntie," said the gentle-eyed cousin, though there was some conscious flush of pride in her cheeks. "I could never have married Keith."

"But why, Janet?"

"You have no right to ask me, auntie. But he and I—we did not care for each other—I mean, we never could have been married. I hope you will not speak about that any more, auntie."

"And some day they will take me, too, away from Dare," said the old dame, and the spinning-wheel was left unheeded; "and I can not go into the grave with my five brave lads; for where are they all now, Janet?—in Arizona one, in Africa one, and two in the Crimea, and my brave Hector at Königgrätz. But that is not much: I shall be meeting them all together; and do you not think I shall be glad to see them all together again just as it was in the old days? and they will come to meet me; and they will be glad enough to have the mother with them once again. But, Janet, Janet, how can I go to them? What will I say to them when they ask about Keith—about Keith, my Benjamin, my youngest, my handsome lad?"

The old woman was sobbing bitterly, and Janet went to her and put her arms round her, and said:

"Why, auntie, you must not think of such things. You will send Keith away in low spirits if you have not a bright face and a smile for him when he goes away."

"But you do not know—you do not know," the old woman said, "what Keith has done for me. The others—oh yes, they were brave lads; and very proud of their name, too; and they would not disgrace their name wherever they went; and if they died; that is nothing, for they will be together again now; and what harm is there? But Keith, he was the one that did more than any of them; for he staid at home for my sake; and when other people were talking about this regiment and that regiment, Keith would not tell me what was sore at his heart; and never once did he say, 'Mother, I must go away like the rest,' though it was in his blood to go away. And what have I done now?—and what am I to say to his brothers when they come to ask me? I will say to them, 'Oh yes, he was the handsomest of all my six lads; and he had the proudest heart too; but I kept him at home.' And what came of it all? Would it not be better now that he was lying buried in the jungle of the Gold Coast, or at Königgrätz, or in the Crimea?"

"Oh, surely not, auntie! Keith will come back to us soon; and when you see him well and strong again, and when you hear his laugh about the house, surely you will not be wishing that he was in his grave? Why, what is the matter with you to-day, auntie?"

"The others did not suffer much, Janet; and to three of them anyway it was only—a bullet—a cry—and then the death-sleep of a brave man, and the grave of a Macleod. But Keith, Janet, he is my youngest; he is nearer to my heart than any of them: do you not see his face?"

"Yes, auntie," Janet Macleod said, in a low voice. "But he will get over that. He will come back to us strong and well."

"Oh yes, he will come back to us strong and well!" said the old lady, almost wildly; and she rose, and her face was pale. "But

I think it is a good thing for that woman that my other sons are all away now; for they had quick tempers, those lads; and they would not like to see their brother murdered."

"Murdered, auntie!"

Lady Macleod would have answered in the same wild, passionate way, but at this very moment her son entered. She turned quickly; she almost feared to meet the look of this haggard face. But Keith Macleod said, quite cheerfully:

"Well, now, Janet, and will you go round to-day to look at the *Umpire*? And will you come too, mother? Oh, she is made very smart now; just as if we were all going away to see the Queen."

"I can not go to-day, Keith," said his mother; and she left the room before he had time to notice that she was strangely excited.

"And I think I will go some other day, Keith," his cousin said, gently, "just before you start, that I may be sure you have not forgotten any thing. And, of course, you will take the ladies' cabin, Keith, for yourself; for there is more light in that, and it is farther away from the smell of the cooking in the morning. And how can you be going to-day, Keith, when it is the man from Greenock will be here soon now?"

"Why, I forgot that, Janet," said he, laughing in a nervous way. "I forgot that, though I was talking to Hamish about him only a little while ago. And I think I might as well go out to meet the *Pioneer* myself, if the boat has not left yet. Is there any thing you would like to get from Oban, Janet?"

"No, nothing, thank you, Keith," said she; and then he left; and he was in time to get into the big sailing boat before it went out to meet the steamer.

This cousin of Hamish, who jumped into the boat when Macleod's letter had been handed up to the clerk, was a little black-haired Celt, beady-eyed, nervous, but with the affectation of a sailor's bluffness, and he wore rings in his ears. However, when he was got ashore, and taken into the library, Macleod very speedily found out that the man had some fair skill in navigation, and that he had certainly been into a good number of ports in his lifetime. And if one were taking the *Umpire* into the mouth of the Thames, now? Mr. Laing looked doubtfully at the general chart Macleod had; he said he would rather have a special chart which he could get at Greenock; for there were a great many banks about the mouth of the Thames; and he was not sure that he could remember the channel. And if one wished to go further up the river, to some anchorage in communication by rail with London? Oh yes, there was Erith. And if one would rather have moorings than an anchorage, so that one might slip away without trouble when the tide and wind were favorable? Oh yes, there was nothing simpler than that. There were many yachts about Erith, and surely the pier-master could get the *Umpire* the loan of moorings. All through Castle Dare it was understood that there was no distinct destination marked down for the *Umpire* on this suddenly arranged voyage of hers; but all the same Sir Keith Macleod's inquiries went no further, at present at least, than the river Thames.

There came another letter, in dainty pink; and this time there was less trembling in the handwriting; and there was greater frankness in the wording of the note.

"Dear Keith" (Miss White wrote),—"I would like to have the letters; as for the little trifles you mention, it does not much matter. You have not said that you forgive me; perhaps it is asking too much; but believe me you will find some day it was all for the best. It is better now than later on. I had my fears from the beginning: did not I tell you that I was never sure of myself for a day? and I am sure papa warned me. I can not make you any requital for the great generosity and forbearance you show to me now; but I would like to be allowed to remain your friend. G. W.

"P.S.—I am deeply grieved to hear of your being ill, but hope it is only something quite temporary. You could not have decided better than on taking a long sea-voyage. I hope you will have fine weather."

All this was very pleasant. They had got into the region of correspondence again; and Miss White was then mistress of the situation. His answer to her was less cheerful in tone. It ran thus:

"Dear Gertrude,—To-morrow morning I leave Dare. I have made up your letters, etc., in a packet; but as I would like to see Norman Ogilvie before going farther south, it is possible we may run into the Thames for a day; and so I have taken the packet with me, and, if I see Ogilvie, I will give it to him to put into your hands. And as this may be the last time that I shall ever write to you, I may tell you now there is no one any where more earnestly hopeful than I that you may live a long and happy life, not troubled by any thinking of what is past and irrevocable.

"Yours faithfully,

"Keith Macleod."

So there was an end of correspondence. And now came this beautiful morning, with a fine northwesterly breeze blowing, and the *Umpire*, with her mainsail and jib set, and her gay pennon and ensign fluttering in the

wind, rocking gently down there at her moorings. It was an auspicious morning; of itself it was enough to cheer up a heart-sick man. The white sea-birds were calling; and Ulva was shining green; and the Dutchman's Cap out there was of a pale purple-blue; while away in the south there was a vague silver mist of heat lying all over the Ross of Mull and Iona. And the proud lady of Castle Dare, and Janet, and one or two others more stealthily, were walking down to the pier to see Keith Macleod set sail; but Donald was not there—there was no need for Donald or his pipes on board the yacht. Donald was up at the house,

"Oh, well, Janet," said he, carelessly, "you know that when one goes away on a voyage, it is never certain about your coming back at all; and it is better to leave every thing right."

"But you are not going away from us with thoughts like these in your head, surely?" the cousin said. "Why, the man from Greenock says you could go to America in the *Umpire;* and if you could go to America, there will not be much risk in the calmer seas of the south. And you know, Keith, auntie and I don't want you to trouble about writing letters to us; for you will have enough trouble in looking after the



"AND THIS BEAUTIFUL WHITE-SAILED VESSEL THAT IS GOING SOUTH THROUGH THE SUMMER SEAS."

and looking at the people going down to the quay, and saying bitterly to himself, "It is no more thought of the pipes now that Sir Keith has, ever since the English lady was at Dare; and he thinks I am better at work in looking after the dogs."

Suddenly Macleod stopped, and took out a pencil, and wrote something on a card.

"I was sure I had forgotten something, Janet," said he. "That is the address of Johnny Wickes's mother. We were to send him up to see her some time before Christmas."

"Before Christmas!" Janet exclaimed; and she looked at him in amazement. "But you are coming back before Christmas, Keith?"

yacht; but you will send us a telegram from the various places you put into."

"Oh yes, I will do that," said he, somewhat absently. Even the bustle of departure and the brightness of the morning had failed to put color and life into the haggard face and the hopeless eyes.

That was a sorrowful leave-taking at the shore; and Macleod, standing on the deck of the yacht, could see, long after they had set sail, that his mother and cousin were still on the small quay watching the *Umpire* so long as she was in sight. Then they rounded the Ross of Mull; and he saw no more of the women of Castle Dare.

And this beautiful white-sailed vessel that is going south through the summer seas:

surely she is no deadly instrument of vengeance, but only a messenger of peace? Look, now, how she has passed through the Sound of Iona; and the white sails are shining in the light; and far away before her, instead of the islands with which she is familiar, are other islands—another Colonsay altogether, and Islay, and Jura, and Scarba, all a pale transparent blue. And what will the men on the lonely Dubh Artach rock think of her as they see her pass by? Why, surely that she looks like a beautiful white dove. It is a summer day; the winds are soft; fly south, then, White Dove, and carry to her this message of tenderness, and entreaty, and peace! Surely the gentle ear will listen to you; before the winter comes, and the skies grow dark overhead, and there is no white dove at all, but an angry sea-eagle, with black wings outspread, and talons ready to strike. Oh, what is the sound in the summer air? Is it the singing of the sea-maiden of Colonsay, bewailing still the loss of her lover in other years? We can not stay to listen: the winds are fair. Fly southward, and still southward, O you beautiful White Dove, and it is all a message of love and of peace that you will whisper to her ear!

CHAPTER XLIII.

DOVE OR SEA-EAGLE?

But there are no fine visions troubling the mind of Hamish as he stands here by the tiller in eager consultation with Colin Laing, who has a chart outspread before him on the deck. There is pride in the old man's face. He is proud of the performances of the yacht he has sailed for so many years; and proud of himself for having brought her—always subject to the advice of his cousin from Greenock—in safety through the salt sea to the smooth waters of the great river. And indeed this is a strange scene for the *Umpire* to find around her in the years of her old age. For instead of the giant cliffs of Gribun and Bourg, there is only the thin green line of the Essex coast; and instead of the rushing Atlantic, there is the broad smooth surface of this coffee-colored stream, splashed with blue where the ripples catch the reflected light of the sky. There is no longer the solitude of Ulva and Colonsay, or the moaning of the waves round the lonely shores of Fladda, and Staffa, and the Dutchman; but the eager, busy life of the great river—a black steamer puffing and roaring, russet-sailed barges going smoothly with the tide, a tug bearing a large green-hulled Italian ship through the lapping waters, and everywhere a swarming fry of small boats of every description. It is a beautiful summer morning, though there is a pale haze lying along the Essex woods. The old *Umpire*, with the salt foam of the sea incrusted on her bows, is making her first appearance in the Thames.

"And where are we going, Hamish," says Colin Laing, in the Gaelic, "when we leave this place?"

"When you are told, then you will know," says Hamish.

"You had enough talk of it last night in the cabin. I thought you were never coming out of the cabin," says the cousin from Greenock.

"And if I have a master, I obey my master without speaking," Hamish answers.

"Well, it is a strange master you have got. Oh, you do not know about these things, Hamish. Do you know what a gentleman who has a yacht would do when he got into Gravesend as we got in last night? Why, he would go ashore, and have his dinner in a hotel, and drink four or five different kinds of wine, and go to the theatre. But your master, Hamish, what does he do? He stays on board, and sends ashore for time-tables and such things; and, what is more than that, he is on deck all night, walking up and down. Oh yes, I heard him walking up and down all night, with the yacht lying at anchor."

"Sir Keith is not well. When a man is not well he does not act in an ordinary way. But you talk of my master," Hamish answered, proudly. "Well, I will tell you about my master, Colin—that he is a better master than any ten thousand masters that ever were born in Greenock, or in London either. I will not allow any man to say any thing against my master."

"I was not saying any thing against your master. He is a wiser man than you, Hamish. For he was saying to me last night, 'Now when I am sending Hamish to such and such places in London, you must go with him, and show him the trains, and cabs, and other things like that.' Oh yes, Hamish, you know how to sail a yacht, but you do not know any thing about towns."

"And who would want to know any thing about towns? Are they not full of people who live by telling lies and cheating each other?"

"And do you say that is how I have been able to buy my house at Greenock," said Colin Laing, angrily, "with a garden and a boat-house too?"

"I do not know about that," said Hamish; and then he called out some order to one of the men. Macleod was at this moment down in the saloon, seated at the table, with a letter inclosed and addressed lying before him. But surely this was not the same man who had been in these still waters of the Thames in the by-gone days, with gay companions around him, and the band playing "A Highland lad my love was

born," and a beautiful-eyed girl, whom he called Rose Leaf, talking to him in the quiet of the summer noon? This man had a look in his eyes like that of an animal that has been hunted to death and is fain to lie down and give itself up to its pursuers in the despair of utter fatigue. He was looking at this letter. The composition of it had cost him only a whole night's agony. And when he sat down and wrote it in the blue-gray dawn, what had he not cast away?

"Oh no," he was saying now to his own conscience, "she will not call it deceiving! She will laugh when it is all over; she will call it a stratagem; she will say that a drowning man will catch at any thing. And this is the last effort—but it is only a stratagem: she herself will absolve me—when she laughs and says, 'Oh, how could you have treated the poor theatres so?'"

A loud rattling overhead startled him.

"We must be at Erith," he said to himself; and then, after a pause of a second, he took the letter in his hand. He passed up the companionway; perhaps it was the sudden glare of the light around that falsely gave to his eyes the appearance of a man who had been drinking hard. But his voice was clear and precise as he said to Hamish,

"Now, Hamish, you understand every thing I have told you?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith."

"And you will put away that nonsense from your head; and when you see the English lady that you remember, you will be very respectful to her, for she is a very great friend of mine; and if she is not at the theatre, you will go on to the other address, and Colin Laing will go with you in the cab. And if she comes back in the cab, you and Colin will go outside beside the driver, do you understand? And when you go ashore you will take John Cameron with you, and you will ask the pier-master about the moorings."

"Oh yes, Sir Keith; have you not told me before?" Hamish said, almost reproachfully.

"You are sure you got every thing on board last night?"

"There is nothing more that I can think of, Sir Keith."

"Here is the letter, Hamish."

And so he pledged himself to the last desperate venture.

Not long after that Hamish and Laing and John Cameron went in the dingey to the end of Erith pier, and left the boat there; and went along to the head of the pier, and had a talk with the pier-master. Then John Cameron went back, and the other two went on their way to the railway station.

"And I will tell you this, Hamish," said the little black Celt, who swaggered a good deal in his walk, "that when you go in the train you will be greatly frightened. For you do not know how strong the engines are, and how they will carry you through the air."

"That is a foolish thing to say," answered Hamish, also speaking in the Gaelic. "For I have seen many pictures of trains; and do you say that the engines are bigger than the engines of the *Pioneer*, or the *Dunara Castle*, or the *Clansman* that goes to Stornoway? Do not talk such nonsense to me. An engine that runs along the road, that is a small matter; but an engine that can take you up the Sound of Sleat, and across the Minch, and all the way to Stornoway, that is an engine to be talked about!"

But nevertheless it was with some inward trepidation that Hamish approached Erith station; and it was with an awe-struck silence that he saw his cousin take tickets at the office; nor did he speak a word when the train came up, and they entered and sat down in the carriage. Then the train moved off, and Hamish breathed more freely: what was this to be afraid of?

"Did I not tell you you would be frightened?" Colin Laing said.

"I am not frightened at all," Hamish answered, indignantly.

But as the train began to move more quickly, Hamish's hands, that held firmly by the wooden seat on which he was sitting, tightened and still further tightened their grasp, and his teeth got clinched, while there was an anxious look in his eyes. At length, as the train swung into a good pace, his fear got the better of him, and he called out:

"Colin—Colin—she's run away!"

And then Colin Laing laughed aloud, and began to assume great airs, and told Hamish that he was no better than a lad kept for herding the sheep who had never been away from his own home. This familiar air re-assured Hamish; and then the train stopping at Abbey Wood proved to him that the engine was still under control.

"Oh yes, Hamish," continued his travelled cousin, "you will open your eyes when you see London; and you will tell all the people when you go back that you have never seen so great a place; but what is London to the cities and the towns and the palaces that I have seen? Did you ever hear of Valparaiso, Hamish? Oh yes, you will live a long time before you will get to Valparaiso! And Rio: why, I have known mere boys that have been to Rio. And you can sail a yacht very well, Hamish; and I do not grumble that you would be the master of the yacht—though I know the banks and the channels a little better than you; and it was quite right of you to be the master of the yacht; but you have not seen what I have seen. And I have been where there are mountains and mountains of gold—"

"Do you take me for a fool, Colin?" said Hamish, with a contemptuous smile.

"Not quite that," said the other; "but am I not to believe my own eyes?"

"And if there were the great mountains of gold," said Hamish, "why did you not fill your pockets with the gold; and would not that be better than selling whiskey in Greenock?"

"Yes; and that shows what an ignorant man you are, Hamish," said the other, with disdain. "For do you not know that the gold is mixed with quartz, and you have got to take the quartz out? But I dare say now you do not know what quartz is: for it is a very ignorant man you are, although you can sail a yacht. But I do not grumble at all. You are master of your own yacht, just as I am the master of my own shop. But if you were coming into my shop, Hamish, I would say to you, 'Hamish, you are the master here, and I am not the master; and you can take a glass of any thing that you like.' That is what people who have travelled all over the world, and seen princes and great cities and palaces, call *politeness*. But how could you know any thing about *politeness?* You have lived only on the west coast of Mull, and they do not even know how to speak good Gaelic there."

"That is a lie, Colin," said Hamish, with decision. "We have better Gaelic there than any other Gaelic that is spoken."

"Were you ever in Lochaber, Hamish?"

"No, I was never in Lochaber."

"Then do not pretend to give an opinion about the Gaelic—especially to a man who has travelled all over the world, though perhaps he can not sail a yacht as well as you, Hamish."

The two cousins soon became friends again, however. And now, as they were approaching London, a strange thing became visible. The blue sky became more and more obscured. The whole world seemed to be enveloped in a clear brown haze of smoke.

"Ay, ay," said Hamish, "that is a strange thing."

"What is a strange thing, Hamish?"

"I was reading about it in a book many a time—the great fire that was burning in London for years and years and years: and have they not quite got it out yet, Colin?"

"I do not know what you are talking about, Hamish," said the other, who had not much book-learning, "but I will tell you this, that you may prepare yourself now to open your eyes. Oh yes, London will make you open your eyes wide, though it is nothing to one who has been to Rio, and Shanghai, and Rotterdam, and other places like that."

Now these references to foreign parts only stung Hamish's pride; and when they did arrive at London Bridge he was determined to show no surprise whatever. He stepped into the four-wheeled cab that Colin Laing chartered just as if four-wheeled cabs were as common as sea-gulls on the shores of Loch-na-Keal. And though his eyes were bewildered and his ears dinned with the wonderful sights and sounds of this great roaring city—that seemed to have the population of all the world pouring through its streets—he would say nothing at all. At last the cab stopped; the two men were opposite the Piccadilly Theatre.

Then Hamish got out and left his cousin with the cab. He ascended the wide steps; he entered the great vestibule; and he had a letter in his hand. The old man had not trembled so much since he was a schoolboy.

"What do you want, my man?" some one said, coming out of the box office by chance.

Hamish showed the letter.

"I wass to hef an answer, Sir, if you please, Sir, and I will be opliged," said Hamish, who had been enjoined to be very courteous.

"Take it round to the stage entrance," said the man, carelessly.

"Yes, Sir, if you please, Sir," said Hamish; but he did not understand; and he stood.

The man looked at him; called for some one; a young lad came; and to him was given the letter.

"You may wait here, then," said he to Hamish; "but I think rehearsal is over, and Miss White has most likely gone home."

The man went into the box office again; Hamish was left alone there in the great empty vestibule. The Piccadilly Theatre had seldom seen within its walls a more picturesque figure than this old Highlandman, who stood there with his sailor's cap in his hand, and with a keen excitement in the proud and fine face. There was a watchfulness in the gray eyes like the watchfulness of an eagle. If he twisted his cap rather nervously, and if his heart beat quick, it was not from fear.

Now when the letter was brought to Miss White, she was standing in one of the wings, laughing and chatting with the stage-manager. The laugh went from her face. She grew quite pale.

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright," said she, "do you think I could go down to Erith and be back before six in the evening?"

"Oh yes; why not?" said he, carelessly.

But she scarcely heard him. She was still staring at that sheet of paper, with its piteous cry of the sick man. Only to see her once more—to shake hands in token of forgiveness—to say good-by for the last time: what woman with the heart of a woman could resist this despairing prayer?

"Where is the man who brought this letter?" said she.

"In front, miss," said the young lad, "by the box office."

Very quickly she made her way along the gloomy and empty corridors, and there in the twilit hall she found the gray-haired old sailor, with his cap held humbly in his hands.

"Oh, Hamish," said she, "is Sir Keith so very ill?"

"Iss it ill, mem?" said Hamish; and quick tears sprang to the old man's eyes. "He iss more ill than you can think of, mem; it iss another man that he iss now. Ay, ay, who would know him to be Sir Keith Macleod?"

"He wants me to go and see him—and I suppose I have no time to go home first—"

"Here is the list of the trains, mem," said Hamish, eagerly, producing a certain card. "And it iss me and Colin Laing, that'ss my cousin, mem; and we hef a cab outside; and will you go to the station? Oh, you will not know Sir Keith, mem; there iss no one at all would know my master now."

"Come along, then, Hamish," said she, quickly. "Oh, but he can not be so ill as that. And the long sea-voyage will pull him round, don't you think?"

"Ay, ay, mem," said Hamish; but he was paying little heed. He called up the cab; and Miss White stepped inside; and he and Colin Laing got on the box.

"Tell him to go quickly," she said to Hamish, "for I must have something instead of luncheon if we have a minute at the station."

And Miss White, as the cab rolled away, felt pleased with herself. It was a brave act.

"It is the least I can do for the sake of my bonnie Glenogie," she was saying to herself, quite cheerfully. "And if Mr. Lemuel were to hear of it? Well, he must know that I mean to be mistress of my own conduct. And so the poor Glenogie is really ill. I can do no harm in parting good friends with him. Some men would have made a fuss."

At the station they had ten minutes to wait; and Miss White was able to get the slight refreshment she desired. And although Hamish would fain have kept out of her way—for it was not becoming in a rude sailor to be seen speaking to so fine a lady—she would not allow that.

"And where are you going, Hamish, when you leave the Thames?" she asked, smoothing the fingers of the glove she had just put on again.

"I do not know that, mem," said he.

"I hope Sir Keith won't go to Torquay or any of those languid places. You will go to the Mediterranean, I suppose?"

"Maybe that will be the place, mem," said Hamish.

"Or the Isle of Wight, perhaps," said she, carelessly.

"Ay, ay, mem—the Isle of Wight; that will be a ferry good place, now. There wass a man I wass seeing once in Tobermory, and he wass telling me about the castle that the Queen herself will hef on that island. And Mr. Ross, the Queen's piper, he will be living there too."

But of course they had to part company when the train came up; and Hamish and Colin Laing got into a third-class carriage together. The cousin from Greenock had been hanging rather in the background; but he had kept his ears open.

"Now, Hamish," said he, in the tongue in which they could both speak freely enough, "I will tell you something; and do not think I am an ignorant man; for I know what is going on. Oh yes. And it is a great danger you are running into."

"What do you mean, Colin?" said Hamish; but he would look out of the window.

"When a gentleman goes away in a yacht, does he take an old woman like Christina with him? Oh no; I think not. It is not a customary thing. And the ladies' cabin; the ladies' cabin is kept very smart, Hamish. And I think I know who is to have the ladies' cabin."

"Then you are very clever, Colin," said Hamish, contemptuously. "But it is too clever you are. You think it strange that the young English lady should take that cabin. I will tell you this—that it is not the first time nor the second time that the young English lady has gone for a voyage in the *Umpire*, and in that very cabin too. And I will tell you this, Colin; that it is this very year she had that cabin; and was in Loch Tua, and Loch-na-Keal, and Loch Scridain, and Calgary Bay. And as for Christina—oh, it is much you know about fine ladies in Greenock! I tell you that an English lady can not go any where without some one to attend to her."

"Hamish, do not try to make a fool of me," said Laing, angrily. "Do you think a lady would go travelling without any luggage? And she does not know where the *Umpire* is going!"

"Do you know?"

"No."

"Very well, then. It is Sir Keith Macleod who is the master when he is on board the *Umpire*, and where he wants to go, the others have to go."

"Oh, do you think that? And do you speak like that to a man who can pay eighty-five pounds a year of rent?"

"No, I do not forget that it is a kindness to me that you are doing, Colin, and to Sir Keith Macleod too; and he will not forget it. But as for this young lady or that young lady, what has that to do with

it? You know what the bell of Scoon said: '*That which concerns you not, meddle not with.*'"

"I shall be glad when I am back in Greenock," said Colin Laing, moodily.

But was not this a fine, fair scene that Miss Gertrude White saw around her when they came in sight of the river and Erith pier?—the flashes of blue on the water, the white-sailed yachts, the russet-sailed barges, and the sunlight shining all along the thin line of the Essex shore. The moment she set foot on the pier she recognized the *Umpire* lying out there, the great white mainsail and jib idly flapping in the summer breeze: but there was no one on deck. And she was not afraid at all; for had he not written in so kindly a fashion to her; and was she not doing much for his sake, too?

"Will the shock be great?" she was thinking to herself. "I hope my bonnie Glenogie is not so ill as that; for he always looked like a man. And it is so much better that we should part good friends."

She turned to Hamish.

"There is no one on the deck of the yacht, Hamish," said she.

"No, mem," said he, "the men will be at the end of the pier, mem, in the boat, if you please, mem."

"Then you took it for granted I should come back with you?" said she, with a pleasant smile.

"I wass thinking you would come to see Sir Keith, mem," said Hamish, gravely. His manner was very respectful to the fine English lady; but there was not much of friendliness in his look.

She followed Hamish down the rude wooden steps at the end of the pier; and there they found the dingey awaiting them, with two men in her. Hamish was very careful of Miss White's dress as she got into the stern of the boat; then he and Colin Laing got into the bow; and the men half paddled and half floated her along to the *Umpire*—the tide having begun to ebb.

And it was with much ceremony, too, that Hamish assisted Miss White to get on board by the little gangway; and for a second or two she stood on deck and looked around her, while the men were securing the dingey. The idlers lounging on Erith pier must have considered that this was an additional feature of interest in the summer picture—the figure of this pretty young lady standing there on the white decks and looking around her with a pleased curiosity. It was some little time since she had been on board the *Umpire*.

Then Hamish turned to her, and said, in the same respectful way:

"Will you go below, mem, now? It iss in the saloon that you will find Sir Keith, and if Christina iss in the way, you will tell her to go away, mem."

The small gloved hand was laid on the top of the companion, and Miss White carefully went down the wooden steps. And it was with a gentleness equal to her own that Hamish shut the little doors after her.

But no sooner had she quite disappeared than the old man's manner swiftly changed. He caught hold of the companion hatch; jammed it across with a noise that was heard throughout the whole vessel; and then he sprang to the helm, with the keen gray eyes afire with a wild excitement.

"—— her, we have her now!" he said, between his teeth; and he called aloud: "Hold the jib to weather there! Off with the moorings, John Cameron! —— her, we have her now!—and it is not yet that she has put a shame on Macleod of Dare!"

SOME PECULIARITIES OF YELLOW JACK.

"FROM time to time yellow fever knocks at our doors," says a close observer and student of the disease, "and if they were not kept carefully closed, no one could answer for the consequences." For two centuries and more it has knocked at the gates of our sea-port towns all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to Boston, and as far beyond as Quebec; and it has broken in, until comparatively recent times, quite as frequently and fatally upon the North as upon the South. In the city of Philadelphia, for instance, it has been especially destructive; more than once it has caused a mortality there that is comparable to that of the true Asiatic (or "glandular") plague. "Few cities beyond the tropics," say Dr. La Roche, the leading authority among hundreds of writers upon the subject, "New Orleans, Charleston, and one or two others excepted, have been as repeatedly visited by the fever as Philadelphia was prior to 1820. In few has it spread more extensively than it did during some of our epidemics, and certainly in none within the limits of this country has it assumed a more malignant garb, and given rise to a greater ratio of mortality among those attacked. Nay, it may be doubted whether the records of West Indian or European epidemics exhibit more than a few instances in which the disease has proved more extensively destructive to human life."

Whence has come this terrible plague unknown to the ancients—the plague of the New World? The question, like others that may be asked about it, is easier asked than answered. Where the disease was first observed is not known. The best authorities think that it originated in the West India Islands soon after the immigration of Europeans. It was nowhere known before the beginning of the sixteenth century. Columbus and his companions left

descriptions of a disease which they saw in the Antilles, and which, according to some modern writers, must have been the yellow fever. But the accounts left by these sturdy explorers are not quite scientific enough to make us feel sure as to just what they observed in the domain of pathology. Whether it was yellow fever or something else, the Antilles were, in all likelihood, the cradle of the disease. Spreading thence, it has domiciled itself since the time of Columbus in Southern Europe; and almost yearly it sets out from its habitats in the Gulf of Mexico and travels northward, "without haste, without rest," for hundreds or thousands of miles, until its epidemic force is spent or checked.

Owing probably to the greater commerce of Northern than of Southern sea-ports with the infected regions, the former were the earlier sufferers. The first definite record that I find of the disease as an epidemic upon our territory is that of its ravages in Boston in the year 1681. It reached New York in 1702, Philadelphia thirty years later, New Haven in 1743, and Norfolk in 1747. In New Orleans the disease was unknown until 1796—more than a hundred years after it had found its way to Boston! Some of the Southern towns formed an early acquaintance with it, as Mobile in 1705. But in New Orleans the yellow fever has more than made up for the tardiness of its first appearance, having prevailed there as an epidemic about forty times during the past eighty years. In Boston there were six epidemics between 1681 and 1695; in Philadelphia during the eighteenth century there were eleven, those of 1793 and of 1797 being especially fatal. In the latter year from three-fourths to five-sixths of the city population fled into the country. Two out of every five cases died—nearly one-half of those who were attacked. This degree of mortality is seldom exceeded in any epidemics except those of the Asiatic plague, in which often nearly all who are attacked may perish, and which has more than once swept away a full half of the population of a given community. The plague is the most fatal of all epidemic diseases; but happily it is much less prevalent in modern times than formerly.

The yellow fever record of the present century begins with the epidemic of Philadelphia in 1802. In one or many parts of the United States the disease has prevailed almost yearly since that time, up to the dreadful summer just ended in the South. But it would fill pages of this Magazine simply to mention our past visitations of the pestilence even in the North. Let us turn from the historic record to the description, the natural history, of the disease, and ask what its origins are to-day, whence it comes, whither it goes, and what are some of the mysterious ways of its moving. The physician can not give full answers to all of these questions; but some of the answers are very curious, and not a few of them may be new to my readers who have not chanced to see or to study the disease. I will try to set forth in short compass the substance of what is known respecting this gravest epidemic of the Western Continent.

Yellow fever, like the cholera, is one of the great migrating diseases. Starting from some point within the tropics, it travels steadily onward from point to point as long as it does not meet freezing weather; and it travels northward by preference—comparatively seldom to the southward of the zone from which it sets out. Thus Brazil has suffered comparatively little from its epidemic visitations, though, as we shall see, the disease planted its germs long ago in Rio de Janeiro, on the extreme southern limit of the tropics. But its favorite course is toward the north. "Upon our Atlantic coasts," says Dr. J. C. Nott, a careful student and observer of its phenomena, "as on the coast of the Mediterranean, it comes from time to time in one of those immense waves that know no bounds and stop at no impediments. The distance to which the disease extends seems to depend much upon the strength of the wave: it first strikes the Gulf, and *generally* goes no farther. Occasionally it will break over the peninsula of Florida and reach Savannah and Charleston. In 1855, after many years of immunity, it struck Norfolk with full force, and only a few ripples, as in 1853, 1856, 1870, have for half a century reached the Delaware River and the bay of New York." And the same observer, writing eight years ago, adds some words which have a grave significance to-day: "Yellow fever, after a long absence, never makes its re-appearance in our Northern cities without a warning from the Gulf of Mexico. It is seen not only for months, but often for several years, in vigorous action in its native habitat before it leaps over its accustomed bounds; but when once on the tramp, it may travel from Buenos Ayres to Quebec, leaving more graves in its track than Asiatic cholera. There is reason to fear that one of these eruptions is now marshalling its forces."

Let us glance at the course of one of these typical epidemics—at the one, for instance, which started as far away as Rio de Janeiro, twenty-eight years ago, and travelled in six years all the way to New York—a journey of nearly four thousand miles—in a great circle. A great many years before, so many that the inhabitants of Rio had lost all recollection or tradition of the fact, the yellow fever had visited their city; but now the epidemic broke upon them like lightning from a clear sky. "This outbreak," says Dr. Nott, "commenced in Rio

in January, 1850, and travelled night and day for six years, making its expiring effort in New York Bay in 1856. I had my eye upon this epidemic from its commencement, watching its steady course and ravages along the Atlantic, Caribbean Sea, and Gulf of Mexico for several thousand miles. When it struck New Orleans [1853] it was clear to my mind that our own coast was doomed, and before it reached Mobile I was so certain it would come that I moved my family into the healthy pine hills, seven miles from the town, where the disease had never been. But, in spite of all my prudence, the disease not only came to Mobile, but followed my family out to Spring Hill, where I lost four of my children in one week."

How is the disease disseminated? In two ways: in a given town or city, by a slow and regular progression from house to house; between distant places, by following the lines of travel and commerce. It is carried with especial frequency by sailing ships, and generally makes its first appearance in a previously healthy place near the docks and wharves. Whether the part of the town nearest the water happens to be a clean or a dirty quarter, a rich or a poor one, makes no difference. Clean streets do not check the disease, nor does foulness favor its spreading. In 1857 the yellow fever prevailed in that part of New Orleans which was, by official report, "in the best possible sanitary condition," and in no other, though the rest of the city was and had been for years almost indescribably filthy. The germs of the disease are portable, like bulk in freight, and they will take root in any soil. They lurk in baggage-cars, in boxes, and in clothing, in any loose-textured substance that is closely shut up, as even in cargoes of sugar. In porous materials like these—*fomites*, as physicians call them—the poison will hide and ripen for some two months' time, and develop its fullest strength of infection. A parcel sent from New Orleans may start an epidemic of yellow fever in Boston or Quebec.

The disease is one of hot climates, and of low alluvial ground by preference, though any kind of soil will do for it, and any elevation above sea-level that is not too great for the degree of heat required. That degree is a daily average, continued for some weeks together, of from 77° to 80° F.—a temperature which is reached for a month or more together and exceeded, during our more than torrid summers, in almost any of our towns and cities from Florida to Maine. Yellow fever has prevailed as far north even as Quebec, and may extend as far again in the future.

Of the mysterious way in which the disease travels from house to house, a living messenger of death, we know little. Science has not yet been able to seize upon the secret of its cause, which in all cases is probably the same, though some observers think that there are two distinct forms of the disease. Is it in a microscopic plant or insect, too small, however, for detection by the highest magnifying power yet at our command, that its exciting cause consists? That is probable. It is supposed that these germs enter the blood and destroy it by a process comparable to that which is set up in yeast by fermentation. It has been suggested, very plausibly, that this living germ can enter the human body only at a particular stage of its own growth, and that when it has completed its career by multiplying there, it has no power to leave that body and invade the sanctuary of another life. This theory would account for the non-contagiousness of the disease.

As heat fosters, so cold suppresses, the disease. A mere touch of frost, however, is not enough to destroy it; there must be cold enough to make ice. "In New York and the vicinity the fever poison has generally remained active until the last days of October, and frequently as late as the middle or last of November," according to recent reports of the New York Board of Health. Even the winter, while it checks, by no means always extirpates, the poison. It lies latent during the winter, and when warm weather comes again the disease completes its work, taking it up at the point where it had left off during the previous year. "Not only does yellow fever *hibernate* during its migrations," says Dr. Nott, "but it will half do its work during one autumn in cities, resume and finish it the next season: 1842–43 was an example of this in Mobile; 1843–44 in Montgomery, Alabama; 1857–58 in New Orleans. Many similar examples might be adduced." In the former instance, adds Dr. Nott, the yellow fever "commenced in Spanish Alley, in the southern part of the city, and took six weeks to overrun one-half of the town, or all that part south of Dauphin Street, which divides the town into two pretty nearly equal parts. The next year the disease commenced in the northern extreme, and swept all the town left untouched the previous year. Each year it took its half of the town more deliberately than the army-worm would eat through a cotton field.....As remarked by Dr. Warren Stone, of New Orleans, it will often travel, like a tax-collector, from house to house along a street for two or three weeks before it diverges." So constant is this gradual progression that when the disease is prevailing in one part of a town the resident of another part can retire with safety long after the first appearance of the epidemic. In New York, during the epidemic of 1822, its measured progress was about forty feet per day. The Board of Health

put a fence around it in Rector Street, "and extended the inclosure every few days, to keep persons out of the infected district."

Is yellow fever contagious? No question in medicine, and scarcely any in theology, has been debated more learnedly and more ardently—I may say, indeed, more furiously—nor for a longer time, than this one. In Spain, at one time, the discussion grew so violent that it had to be prohibited by law. It is said—or at least it is said that it is said—by a grave historian of the game of chess, that during the early Middle Ages, when the chess-board was a large table, and the chess-men were as big as nine-pins, quarrels would sometimes arise toward the end of the game; when, to settle the point in discussion, the rival players would snatch the kings or queens from the board and brain each other with them. So many fine players, it seems, were lost to science in this way that finally the expedient was hit upon of reducing the size of the chess-men to their present harmless proportions. Well, the quarrel over the contagiousness of yellow fever has fallen off in interest to quite an equal degree. It is now generally admitted that yellow fever is not contagious; that is to say, a person who has the disease can not directly communicate it to any body else. The poison, as we have seen, has its own sufficient ways of spreading and multiplying independently of the human body. It is not from man to man that it hands on the inverted torch. Consequently the well, as long as they live in a place which the epidemic infection has not reached, are perfectly safe. They need not fear the presence or even the contact of yellow fever patients that may come to them from an infected region, if they attend to the disinfection of clothes and baggage. You may receive the sick from an infected ship, or have the dying patients from a yellow fever hospital quartered upon you, and yet, so long as the disease has not come to your neighborhood in one of the ways I have mentioned, you are safe. But leave your uninfected house and visit the infected ship or city, and you will catch the disease, unless, of course, you are exempt from danger by reason of a previous attack, or for some other of the reasons to be mentioned. A few minutes, even, spent upon a ship where the disease exists has cost many a man his life. But it is the ship, and not the sufferer on board, that gives out the poison. In a city it travels the fastest, and is the most fatal near the ground. Persons living in the upper stories of buildings sometimes pass through the worst epidemics safely, while the lower floors are full of the sick and dying

The experiments which have been made by courageous physicians to prove that the yellow fever can not be taken directly from the human body are too sickening for description here.* It is enough to say that both experiment and long experience indicate that the yellow fever is not communicated from one human body to another. It can only be taken from infected *things* and from infected *places*. And when its germs have once been planted in a given place, they remain latent there for more than a single season. Following years see a renewal, usually in milder form, of the epidemic; until finally, in a Northern climate, the disease spends itself, and does not return until it is borne northward again upon one of the great epidemic waves from the Gulf of Mexico.

Against the epidemic onslaught of such a disease as this it will be seen that the mere quarantine of persons can be of little use, for the poison not only travels in its own dark way, but develops its strength in the porous substances which carry it. Against this latter source of danger nothing but thorough disinfection will serve—the subjection, namely, of every infected vessel or package coming from the yellow fever zone either to a degree of cold below 32° F. or of heat not less than 200°, either of which temperatures will disinfect effectually. To check the spread of the epidemic from house to house, when once it has found a foot-hold, no effective means have yet been devised, though many have been suggested. A newspaper correspondent proposed lately to explode gunpowder in the streets of Southern cities and in the bedrooms of the sick, hoping to destroy the poison germs by concussion. Of course the plan is a futile one; the microscopic germ would no more feel the shock of such an air wave than the hull of an Atlantic steamer would feel the shock of a rising tide. If I were to make a suggestion, it would be to inclose the infected district, at the beginning of the epidemic, with a constantly burning fire. Should the disease overleap this *cordon* it might be necessary to burn the infected houses to the ground. As much as this is often done to check the much less dreadful calamity of a conflagration.

But let me not paint the disease in darker colors than it deserves. Even in the worst epidemics many are exempt, and generally a majority of those affected recover. One attack almost always exempts from a second, as in the case of small-pox and other zymotic or *ferment* diseases. The *preferences* of the yellow fever, as to attack and exemption, are very interesting, at least to those who live within its range. Thus it is especially a disease of mature years. Children and old people comparatively seldom take it, though they are by no means always ex-

* See, for instance, in *La Roche on Yellow Fever*, vol. i., p. 295, the account of Fürth's inoculations.

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empt. The majority of cases in this country occur in persons between the ages of fourteen and forty. Stout and healthy people, well nourished and of the sanguine temperament, are the most likely to take it and to die of it. Thin, wiry, nervous persons escape it more frequently, and make more frequent recoveries. Women are less likely to take it, and have better chances of recovery, than men. Race and acclimation make a great difference in one's chances. After living long in the yellow fever zone one may become acclimatized, and pass safely through repeated epidemics of the disease. If then such a person goes North to live, he will at once begin to lose his acclimation, and if he stays long enough, he may lose it entirely, and die of the yellow fever on returning to the South. The risk in such a case is greater in proportion to the time one has been absent; even more than this, the risk is the greater in proportion to the northward remoteness of the place that one has gone to live in. Let an acclimated resident of New Orleans, for instance, go to Charleston to live; he will at once begin to lose his immunity from the fever, but he will not lose it rapidly. But let him go farther north, as to Portland or Quebec; he will then lose his Southern acclimation much more speedily and certainly. A few years of Northern residence might make it a fatal thing for him to be exposed again to a Southern epidemic. But he could never certainly know whether he had lost his acclimation except by running the risks of a new exposure.

The duration of the yellow fever in a given case is very variable, but it is generally from three to nine days; in fatal cases the average duration is about five days. Still more variable is the time from the exposure to the appearance of the first symptoms—the so-called period of incubation; it may be a day, it may be a fortnight, or more. The dreaded symptom of black-vomit is almost surely a fatal one: after this occurs, not more than two or three out of a hundred recover.

It remains to note some of the more general effects of the yellow fever infection. During an epidemic those who do not take the disease still feel the epidemic influence, and are very commonly more or less indisposed. Like persons living in a miasmatic region, those who are exposed to the yellow fever poison will sleep poorly at night. Commonly such a person's "appetite will not be so good as formerly; his system will be attacked from time to time by the offshoots of the diseases preying on others around him." During the epidemic of Natchez in 1819, and in 1820 at New Orleans, a general depression of health was remarked; and even the vegetable kingdom, like the human, seems "subjected in some degree to the effect of the unseen agent;" and the vegetable kingdom is not yet supposed, even by the most advanced disciples of Darwin, to be greatly affected by the power of the imagination. Cautious observers have long ago remarked the coincidence of blights with pestilences. The potato-disease keeps company with influenza and cholera. It is certain that unusually sickly seasons "are often alike unfavorable to the health and fruitfulness of many classes of plants." During the Louisiana epidemic of 1853, Mr. Lawrence, a New Orleans gardener, found that "his garden seeds would often fail to germinate. But still oftener, when they would sprout up a few inches from the soil, a sudden blight would seize them, and in a few days they would wither and die. This was eminently the case with the cauliflower, the celery, the cabbage, radish, and other vegetables. To keep up his stock he in vain applied to his neighbors, to those on the opposite side of the river and down the coast. These effects only continued during the epidemic. At Biloxi the peaches rotted on the trees; at Bayou Sara the China-trees had a sickly appearance, and their leaves were covered with a crustaceous larva; at Baton Rouge the peaches were full of worms, and potatoes rotted in the ground;" and at Lake Providence the figs were few and poor.

"Still more striking," continues La Roche, "is the effect of the insalubrious condition on animals, both domestic and wild, previous to and during the course of the disease. Dogs, cats, hogs, goats, monkeys, cattle of all kinds, foxes and panthers, fowls, parrots, undomesticated birds, and even fish and oysters, are known to participate at times in the calamity." Just before the epidemic of 1797 four or five thousand cats died in Philadelphia, and dogs "were severely and fatally affected the same year and about the same time. The next year cats were again affected, as well as rats, of both of which numbers were carried off"—an unusual case of adjustment between the demand and the supply in the economy of the lower animals.

Such are the main characteristics of the yellow fever as seen in America and in Europe, where the type of the disease is substantially the same as here. With the appalling symptoms and the too often unsuccessful treatment of this terrible disease we have had happily little to do in Northern latitudes for several years, and that part of the subject need not be discussed in these pages. Let us hope that before the next plague wave rolls northward upon us from the Gulf of Mexico, some great discoverer—the Jenner of yellow fever—will tell us how to break its fatal force as thoroughly as the force of the small-pox was broken by the discovery of vaccination.

THE FIRST RAILROAD IN CHINA.

I REMEMBER seeing, many years ago, a remarkable book, published in Vermont, the title of which might have served well as a heading for this paper, recording faithfully, as it proposes to do, the details and ignominious ending of an earnest effort to advance Western civilization in the Far East. This title was, *Apokatastasis; or, Progress Backward.*

The Shanghai-bound mail-steamer, having threaded the tortuous passages of the Chusan Archipelago, rounded Gutzlaff Island, and steamed some fifty miles up the broad and muddy Yangtsze, turns at the "Red Buoy," and enters the narrower Wongpoo, soon reaching the town of Woosung, at the mouth of the creek of the same name. What Woosung is like it is unnecessary to say; what it is hopelessly *unlike* may be learned by consulting a highly imaginative picture in the late Mr. Seward's *Travels*, representing non-existent pagodas and impossible mountains. From hence to the foreign settlement at Shanghai is, by the curving river, some twelve miles, but as the crow flies, about eight. Over this shorter distance some public-spirited people constructed, about twelve years ago, a carriage road, expecting to give their fellow-residents a new and pleasant drive and the enjoyment of a cool breeze on sultry summer afternoons. It was, however, never very popular, and the lower and larger portion was perforce abandoned when the Chinamen had stolen the bridges piecemeal, and were gradually and skillfully merging the road itself in the adjoining rice fields. The upper portion, however, remained in use, especially as, a short distance from Shanghai, it passed the rifle range, occupied periodically by volunteers and naval brigades, generally to their own satisfaction, but occasionally to the detriment of the ingenuous natives, who insisted on choosing it for a promenade. It happened that on a crisp and pleasant Saturday, about five years ago, the weekly paper hunt was announced to "finish" at this place. This paper hunt is an approved winter sensation in Shanghai, the foxes being red-coated horsemen, who, scattering paper at full gallop over a previously selected course, furnish scent to a large and well-appointed field of hunters. A difficult jump has always to be taken at the "finish," at which are present numbers of ladies and gentlemen. On this occasion a commotion was visible among the spectators, evidently not attributable to the prowess and mishaps of the riders, and its cause was found in the curious spectacle of two long white lines, or lime marks, thirty feet apart, clearly the work of an engineer, and stretching over the paddy fields in the direction of Woosung. This was the brief and informal announcement of the birth of an undertaking, the funeral obsequies of which were equally briefly and informally chronicled in a cable dispatch recently published in the New York papers, and reading, "The Chinese are pulling up the Woosung Railway."

The foreign merchants in China are a hard-working and enterprising set of men, who have always been considered good fellows (if I except a brief cycle of unpopularity when the English and American papers called them "irate traders" and "envenomed old smugglers)." I doubt, at all events, if, in any part of the world, men are more alert to see and seize upon any new business opening; and it is not to be supposed that through the long years which had elapsed since the establishment of the Treaty Ports they had not done all that in them lay to introduce railroads into a country so singularly fitted to benefit by them. In this effort, however, they had been thwarted at every turn. Never had it seemed possible to obtain any thing remotely approaching authority or concession. It remained for the representatives of the more active commercial nations to take a valuable hint from a few subjects of a small and gallant Continental kingdom. The Great Northern Telegraph Company, of Denmark, had secured the right to use the Russian land lines reaching through Siberia to Wladivostok, a port just northeast of Corea. They proposed to lay a submarine cable thence, *viâ* Nagasaki, to Shanghai, and from Shanghai to Hong-Kong. It seemed needful to obtain permission to bring the wires ashore at Shanghai, and the commissioner went to Pekin for this purpose. He met with a refusal, curt and decisive. This outrageous request was like a bomb-shell in the Tsung-li Yamun (Foreign Office). The very hairs in Prince Kung's venerable pigtail stood on end. The impudence of these barbarians was astounding. Did they not know that the short line, constructed some years before from Shanghai to the Beacon, had so offended the mighty Fung-Shuey, or Spirit of the Air, that deaths in the neighborhood had been incessant, until the villagers very properly destroyed this obnoxious invention? Let the presumptuous commissioner retire. "A necessary communication. Respect this." By all rights this commissioner should have considered himself snubbed, crushed, and should have sent a protest to his minister, inspired some indignant articles in the newspapers, and gone home. But so regardless of precedent ("olo-custom," the Chinamen call it) were he and his associates that they held their peace, ordered up their telegraph steamer, laid their cable, brought the end into Shanghai, and opened their office; and in about three

weeks, if I mistake not, the Chinese officials were sending messages over the wires themselves! When this had all come to pass, certain Englishmen and Americans felt very small indeed. It was clear that the yellow-haired barbarians had beaten the red-haired ones (the writer has known a native to address an envelope to an H.B.M. representative as "Red-haired Barbarian Consul)," and the latter sadly reflected that they had undoubtedly lived in vain if, after all these years of toil and trouble, it had needed these countrymen of Hamlet to remind them that since, as every school-boy ought to know, all things in China are reversed, they should of course have understood that the mandarins wanted them to act first and ask permission afterward!

With this view of the case strongly impressed on their minds, a party of gentlemen found it agreeable about this time to take their twelve-o'clock breakfast together, at intervals of a few days, and chat about the old road to Woosung. Some of them took a walk, others a ride, over it, and inquiries were carefully pushed in various quarters. It was soon evident that if a railroad could be built in China, it must be over this track; and even the accomplishment of this seemed by no means certain. Toward the acquiring, therefore, of a clear title to this road all efforts were directed.

It must now be explained that foreigners hold land in China by treaty stipulations, under title deeds, in both Chinese and English, registered at a consulate: usually, but by no means necessarily, that of the nation to which the owner belongs. This title is in the nature of a perpetual lease. Could such title be obtained for a strip of land embracing the old road, it seemed reasonable to assume that if there were interference with any construction thereupon, the tenure of every hong and other piece of real estate in Shanghai would be affected, and the railroad projectors would have the whole community at their back. Purchases were therefore cautiously begun and carried on, and registry obtained, not in the British or United States consulate, where attention would be attracted to it, but in a Continental bureau. Of course there were numerous and troublesome obstacles, such as are not unknown in Western lands. Farmers claimed many times the value of their holdings for small corners; old women of horrible aspect, and mistresses of the choicest Chinese billingsgate, cursed the engineer and interpreter by their gods, and vowed that Confucius himself should not have an iota of their patrimony; and the defunct natives gave the most trouble of all. It should be stated that in this favored land the rude forefathers of the hamlet who have departed this life are disposed of in sundry and promiscuous ways, according, apparently, to the means or caprice of their friends. Some are interred; others, packed in boxes, are deposited in the fields; and others, again, placed in barrel-like earthen receptacles (happily described by a British officer as "jars of *potted ancestors*, by Jove! you know)."

When it came to disturbing these, opposition culminated, as the ideas of buyers and sellers differed materially as to the market value of "potted ancestors," and a crisis soon came. "Ven zey 'iss me," says the poor French actor, "I do not mind 'im mooch; but ven it coom to ze *or-an-ge-peel, c'est autre chose!*" So when scolding old women were re-enforced by barbaric hordes with uplifted hoes and shovels, the surveying party retreated in good skirmishing order, and reported at head-quarters. At this juncture came, most opportunely, the willing and efficient aid of a Chinese official, to whom much credit is due, and who secured the settlement of all claims and the condemnation of the needed land. Through his help, too, as I have always thought, was obtained the unexpected boon of a proclamation from the Taoutae, or Governor, of Shanghai, stating that the foreigners had the right to keep the road open for all time, and run thereon—what? "Cars," the interpreter said the word meant, and that surely was—enough.

Just here, and in anticipation of any misconception or hostile criticism of the spirit in which the subject is treated, it may be as well to put certain statements distinctly on record. Whatever may have been the opinions of the projectors of this railroad regarding the wisdom of treaty stipulations, or their impatience and disgust at the obstructiveness of the Chinese, they acted throughout in what they deemed a strictly legal manner. In a dispatch recently published, one of the most careful and conservative members of the diplomatic corps at Pekin says:

"The actual situation I understand to be this: the ground for the line has been purchased and paid for. The termini are Shanghai and Woosung, at the junction of the Whampoo and Yangtsze rivers. A line of railroad over this route would serve the convenience of foreigners in going to and from shipping detained at Woosung by a lack of water on the bar. There is a considerable Chinese population at Woosung who would assist in supporting it when opened. The ground was bought ostensibly for a *maloo* (or horse road), and I believe that the authorities knew that rails would be laid down for a tram-way.

"The leading motive of the promoters of the enterprise is a desire to exhibit to the Chinese a railway in practical operation, and thus to hasten the moment for a general introduction of railways into the empire.

"Every step taken thus far has been regular and defensible, saving, perhaps, that, in a strictly moral point of view, the ultimate object should have been declared from the outset. That this would have defeated the enterprise there can be no doubt.

"I am free to say that I sympathize most keenly with the promoters. They are striving to confer a ben-

efit upon China. Their spirit is such that they will be perfectly willing to vary the plan to meet the views of the Chinese, so far as these are founded upon reason, or even upon prejudices which are strongly held, and saving always demands to abandon the undertaking. They believe they have a right to build a road over ground which they have bought and paid for. The promoters have been largely our countrymen. The corporation has become British.

"Under these circumstances our office at Shanghai may now properly withdraw from the leading position which it has heretofore taken. Such would not indeed be expected under the circumstances, and might be offensive to the British authorities.

"But, sympathizing with the purpose of the promoters as I do, and as I believe our government will, I advise you to co-operate with the British consul and your colleagues generally in their efforts to secure the peaceable establishment of the line."

These are words of truth and soberness, and it should be added that the directors regarded their silence as to their ultimate design as simply *pro formâ*. No well-informed or intelligent man doubted for one moment that the Chinese authorities knew exactly what the builders were doing, and were quite content so long as they were not called upon to commit themselves. The telegraph gave us a clear precedent; and if any thing might be considered as proved, it was that in matters of this kind the officials only wanted to keep their skirts clear of all responsibility. The Taoutae of Shanghai could thus run up an enormous bill for telegrams to Canton, or join a social excursion to Woosung, while fulminating the most indignant or heart-broken communication to his superiors about the inexpressible fierceness and wily tricks of the infamous barbarians.

The road-builders now felt that they had been successful in a high degree, and especially in keeping the matter quiet. Nothing was said or known of it on the "Bund." This word (Hindostanee, I think) denotes the fine water street of Shanghai running along the bank of the river, public garden and jetties on one side, and handsome and often imposing buildings on the other. It is the Fifth Avenue, the Rotten Row, the Champs Élysées, the Rialto, notably the Areopagus, of Shanghai. Here, after business hours, stroll the *taepans*, or heads of houses, the tea-tasters, and "mercantile assistants" (euphemism for clerks) of all degrees, and the "globe-trotters." Here are displayed the paces of the last pair of horses imported from Sydney, and is anxiously expected the *début*, in pony-phaeton or open sedan-chair, of the newly arrived bride; and here, of all places, is "the news" to be had in its freshest and fullest form. Like the worthies whom St. Paul met at Athens, the people on the Bund, "and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." A rumor is called a "Bunder." "Why is old —— [a noted frequenter of the Bund] the most credulous man in Shanghai?" was a popular conundrum, the answer being, "Because he *re-lies* upon all he hears."

So the Bund knew nothing about it. The railroad-builders mixed in the gay throng, smoked social cheroots on the club veranda, and held their peace; and when at last all the world and his wife went to the paper hunt, and found out what had been going on, we grimly chuckled over the fact that *mum* had been so emphatically the word until the critical point was passed, and, as we fondly hoped, the success of our scheme was assured.

All the risk and expense of this achievement had been borne by a few people, to whom were added a few others after it was made public. To build and equip the road was plainly too much for local means. Times were hard; teas and silks were "depressed" (when will they be otherwise?); there was clearly a risk in the enterprise which prudence required should be largely subdivided; and it was to Great Britain, the land of iron and cheap capital, that the thoughts of the directors turned. Meanwhile it was determined to test the soundness of their views as to rights of property. Authority was given to the telegraph company, who were shareholders, to construct a line over the whole length of the road, and this was forthwith done. It was certainly fair to think that if Fung-Shuey would allow the invasion of its special domain by tall telegraph poles, it could not object to humbly creeping iron rails. The affair was managed with the tact and judgment which had characterized all the operations of the clever manager of the great company. When asked how he was succeeding, he replied that he had much less trouble out of the settlement than in it, where a man had refused to have the insulator attached to his house for fear that the current would *sour the beer* in his brewery adjoining! There have been vague rumors that some Buddhist priests, whose temples were used for warehouses at remunerative rates, had succeeded in propitiating the obstreperous deity; but only a sordid and suspicious mind could claim that there was any connection between the absence of all disturbance along the line and a visible increase in the physical well-being of the dozen petty district magistrates who took excellent care of the poles, and who seemed quite able to afford an extra shark's fin and glass of samshoo on an oft-recurring holiday. What was patent to all was that the line *was* erected and *wasn't* pulled down.

A few months later saw two members of the Board of Directors busy in London, and of their struggles and vicissitudes it is not desirable or permissible to tell in detail. They bearded capitalists in their dens, and bankers in their halls. They talked and

wrote and labored generally to secure the needed assistance; and after many ups and downs, and the necessary departure of one of the members of the committee, the other pushed the affair on to success. Never was a man better fitted for a task than he for this. I know of no one else who could have accomplished what he did; and while much credit is due to all who, from first to last, put their shoulders to the wheel, it is clearly by his intelligence, energy, and persistence that the building of the road was secured—just as his must be the keenest disappointment at the present miserable turn of affairs. His name, even were it allowable to mention it, would be familiar to but few of the readers of this Magazine, but none is better known in the China communities; and the present writer, in this brief mention of his eminent services in this cause, is prompted as well by strict justice as by warm personal regard. The representatives of the railroad who had charge of its interests in Great Britain brought two points prominently and persistently forward. One was that, in its early stage, the enterprise was naturally speculative, and that no one was to be accepted as a participator who was not able and willing to lose his money in case of unforeseen difficulties, and to do without dividends, if necessary, having in view the prospect of making this little road the entering wedge for a grand "China system;" the other was that every principle of prudence and sound business sense demanded that the road should be the simplest and cheapest construction that could be made to serve the purpose. This latter view having prevailed over conflicting counsels, a narrow-gauge road was finally built, from Shanghai, first to Kong-Wan—a city half-way to Woosung—and then on to the latter place. It was successfully opened, and its projectors felt rewarded for all their trouble, and looked forward to a career of prosperity and material progress.

The enterprise had now become clearly of British nationality, and it is not derogatory to one's patriotic feelings to say that in such things it is generally very desirable to have the support of a government whose foreign policy has been so vigorous. The reverse, however, is the case when said government has ulterior plans with which the enterprise may come into collision, with an excellent chance of going to the wall, and so it was, unfortunately, in this instance, as shall now be narrated.

The writer well remembers the impression made upon him, at a pleasant Shanghai party years ago, by a new-comer who had joined the dance. His face and figure were striking, and marked him to a careful observer as no ordinary man. It was the late lamented Augustus R. Margary, son of an old British general, and himself a rising member of the consular service. He had received the medals of the Royal Albert and other humane societies for swimming off, in company with Mr. John Dodd, during a typhoon in Keelung Harbor, and bringing the crew of a Chinese vessel ashore one by one; but he was not a man to speak of his own achievements, and he toiled quietly on in the service where "few die and none resign." In the mean time, under strong pressure, the British government had determined to explore a trade route from Burmah into Western China, and an expedition under Colonel Browne was ordered to start from Rangoon. To meet the expedition Mr. Consular Assistant Margary was chosen, and instructed to proceed up the Yangtsze, then due west. It was like leading a forlorn-hope, and it was done in the teeth of the greatest obstacles. Accompanied by one native and almost broken down by illness, Margary accomplished the journey and reported to Colonel Browne. Turning eastward with him, he was sent ahead to the town of Manwine to make some arrangements, and was attacked and speedily murdered. He was an officer of the British government, and travelling under imperial passes, and for this base and treacherous crime old Lord Palmerston would have exacted terrible penalties, if he had been obliged to storm the Peiho forts a second time. Even in these days of milder measures, it seemed clear enough that the preservation of British prestige required something like vigorous action. At one time it looked very much like it. The British minister made his demands, and in due course sent for the admiral, and had the fleet held in readiness. It really seemed as if this outrage was not to go unpunished, as the terrible "Tien-tsin massacre" had done; but all expectation of this kind was speedily disappointed. Instead of an ultimatum, there came more parleying—"*talkee-talkee pidgin*" the Chinamen call it. A commission, whose report, I believe, has never been made public, was sent to Manwine to "investigate," and soon there came forth to the world the "Chefoo Convention," an agreement understood by nobody, unsatisfactory to every body, and unratified as yet by the British government.

Doubtless with plenipotentiaries, as with humbler men, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness" of complicated instructions, inadequate support, unforeseen obstacles, and vexing misconception, and they are entitled to the benefit of all doubts; but in this case it really seems as if some one might rise and explain. This convention has given one more twist to the tangled snarl of transit dues, and opened some ports which further subdivide a trade which was far more satisfactory when concentrated; but poor Mar-

gary's blood still cries out for retribution on his murderers. His gallant father has died of grief; and I venture to predict that the British name will be found to have received damage which will be ultimately repaired only at the point of the bayonet. In the course of these negotiations the wily mandarin brought up the matter of the poor little railway. Without a moment's hesitation this sop was thrown to the Celestial Cerberus; the property was valued, and a price set which the proprietors were politely instructed to accept. The money was payable in three installments, at intervals of a third of a year, during which it was agreed that the road should be operated by and on account of its original owners. The programme was duly carried out, and the money paid, and then "the Chinese pulled up the Woosung Railway." There is a report that the plant is to be taken to the island of Formosa; it might as well be Timbuctoo, or the kingdom of Prester John, for all that will ever come of it again. I can imagine the keen delight of the official charged with the work of demolition. A friend of mine always maintained that a Canton boy on the Pacific Mail steamer cheerfully accepted a largely reduced stipend in consideration of the privilege of tormenting the passengers three times daily with an old-fashioned and deafening gong. Something similar—*parvis componere magna*—must have been the feelings of the Chinamen who for the first time in this century had the pleasure of destroying the work of foreigners without a certainty of a Nemesis in the shape of the ubiquitous and inevitable gun-boat.

It is stated that the road-bed was to be left undisturbed; but the hardy sons of toil living along the line know better than that. Stick by stick, inch by inch, will the bridges disappear, and the road be annexed, as gradually and surely as Russia "rectifies" her Chinese frontier. It will be but a short time before the inquisitive "globe-trotter," asking his boy where he can see the railroad, will be told, "That lailloadee? No got. That countleeman hab stealum alla [*stolen all*]. Hab finishee!" But when he asks about the telegraph, it will be shown him, with the posts freshly painted, and a new insulator on each one. A friendly competitive game was played between a small party of Danish new-comers and a strong Anglo-American organization. We thought that we held the better hand, and returned their lead boldly, but they came out with the odd trick and all the honors. The telegraph stands, carrying its messages and paying its dividends. The railroad has "gone glimmering down the vale of things that were!"

EXPECTATION.

We rode into the wooded way;
Below us wide the shadows lay;
We rode, and met the kneeling day;
  We said, "It is too late.

"The sun has dropped into the west;
The mountain holds him to her breast—
She holds and hushes him to rest.
  For us it is too late

"To see the leaf take fire now,
To see, and then to wonder how
The glory pauses on the bough,
  While panting grass-tops wait."

When, lo! the miracle came on.
A road-side turn—a moment gone—
And far the sun low-lying shone;
  The forest stood in state.

Transfigured spread the silent space;
The glamour leaped about the place,
And touched us, swept from face to face.
  We cried, "Not yet too late!"

But one, who nearer drew than all,
Leaned low and whispered: "Suns may fall
Or flash; dear heart! I speak and call
  Your soul unto its fate.

"Tread bravely down life's evening slope.
Before the night comes, do not grope!
Forever shines some small, sweet hope,
  And God is not too late."

A RESCUE FROM CANNIBALS.

HULDA came down into the bowels of the earth to find me, as she usually was compelled to do. There was no necessity for her remaining amid the rust and roaches, the gloom and interminable steam, of that cavernous kitchen floor of ours on Brooklyn Heights. Why Heights, I wonder? We were on the steep side of the hill, and there was considerable more of depth than height about it—at least on the kitchen floor, where I spent the most of my time; for I superintended all the cooking for the boarders. We had kept boarders now for years and years, or perhaps the boarders had kept us, or it might have been a mutual eking out of existence. But I took care of the cooking, because in that the main strength of success lay, and I didn't want to keep boarders all my life.

When we began it was to please brother Bob. He was a well-to-do salesman then in the city, and used to come down to the dear old homestead with so many airs and graces about him, that we grew to look upon him with a sort of awe, and wondered if this prinky gentleman in the high hat and linen duster could be our Bob that used to kick all the bottoms out of the chairs, and never had a whole knee in his breeches; that robbed the birds' nests, worried the school-master, was nearly drowned in the mill-race, and had his leg broken by a fall from the hay-rick. Nobody would dream he had ever a kink in his leg, now that he had got to be a commercial man. He was as straight and tall as the finest of our scarlet-runner poles, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, he was that smooth and sleek and soft-spoken. How surprised we were when he proposed himself to go and hear David Devine's first sermon, holding the hymn-book all the way, and carrying Hulda's best shawl on his arm! I used to be his favorite in the good old days when he didn't know a snub-nose from a Grecian one, and Bob found my carroty hair and freckles much finer than the silken locks and delicate complexion of Hulda. He used to call Hulda a milk-and-water baby, and I was the one he came to in all his scrapes and short-comings. But, somehow, after he got to the city I never could find much favor in his sight, and had no relish for a dead delight. The boy was gone from me as utterly as if he lay in the old church-yard by sister Betty's side. The memory of him was far sweeter than any present delight in his prosperity.

I was always opposed to giving up the homestead when father and mother died, and going to the city to keep house for Bob. But Bob persisted, and won over Hulda, as he always did. I think he had a sneaking design from the first that Hulda should win the admiration of one of his employers—the bachelor member of the firm of Marley and Brothers. He came out with Bob in one of the vacations, and certainly seemed to admire Hulda, as one might say, *ravenously*. He ate more in a quiet way than any person I ever saw; and it seemed a very high compliment, in Bob's eyes, that while he was eating, his grave, owl-like eyes were fixed upon Hulda, though why I can't say, as I always did the cooking. I used to tell our young preacher, Davy Devine, that he couldn't expect the hot place would have the terror for me it had for others, seeing that I was used to the hottest corner, and rather liked it. David made some kind little reply in his pleasant way; and I must say my choice for Hulda had always been this handsome, fair-worded, pure-hearted, God-loving young neighbor of ours. He had always cared for her since they were children together, and I knew father and mother would have been well content to have Hulda the pastor's wife in the old Dutch church where they had gone together year in and year out, and now lay resting close by.

Hulda was little more than a child, but was taking kindly to the wonderfully pleasant ways of Providence just then; and after mother died she clung more and more to me and David. He and I used to talk the matter over, even to the furbishing up of the old parsonage, never dreaming but that all would be right. It seemed as natural to me as seed-time and harvest that Hulda should marry David, and walk up the aisle in her plain silk gown and close bonnet, and every body should say what a sweet wife was the young parson's. As for me, the homestead seemed like the foundations of the earth, that nothing could shake but the trump of Gabriel. It had been ours since our Dutch forefathers first grappled with the soil, and as long as *it* held on, why shouldn't I? There was plenty to keep me busy—what with the making and bleaching of linens and homespun, tending to the hired men in the summer, preserving, pickling, and drying fruit in the fall, I got few minutes to squander, save some sweet ones wasted on that dream of mine about David and Hulda.

But in the mean time Bob married a fashionable city girl, and in the hot seasons he brought his wife and children home. I couldn't find much fault with the girl, though I tried to hard enough; she spent too much time distorting her pretty hair out of its natural comeliness, and put as many queer artificial humps about her as a camel; but she had a winsome, cheery way with her, and I always had a weakness for beauty, be it in man, woman, or beast; and, besides, she always had a good word for the young parson, often luring Marley away

with her coquetry and wiles, so that David could have a word with Hulda.

"He's worth a dozen of that bald, blinking Marley," she would say, "and I'll do what I can, Magda, to foil Bob's plans."

She was such a good-natured creature I wish it had been God's will to spare her to her young brood, of which she was overfond; but while they were three manikins the gay young mother got cold and died, and nothing would do but we must go to the city to keep house for Bob. Hulda's tender heart was wrung for Bob's widowed and lonely condition, but I could see under his stiff, hard melancholy a bitter quantity of worldly forethought and speculation.

I knew what was coming, and, indeed, was prepared for any thing. What did it matter now that the blessed old homestead was out of our hold? I had kept some of the mahogany furniture, much to Bob's disgust, who seemed to cheapen the richest acres we had, and spoke slightingly of the knots and gnarls in our dear old apple-trees that every body knew made the fruit all the sweeter. Bob sniffed with disdain at my holding the mortgage for my share of the estate.

"Ready money would be much better, Magda," he said; but I had my way, thank God! And I told Bob up and down I wanted it understood that there was to be no obligation on either side—Hulda and I would take the city house, and he and the three children should board with us. To help along with the expenses I took a few more boarders, and still a few more, for one brought another. I had a sort of faculty for cooking, and if there's one weakness in the human race more prevailing and besetting than another, it's gluttony. I used to do my best to tempt the jaded yet voracious palate of that yellow dyspeptic Marley, and gave him many a grim hobgoblin for company after he'd left my sweet Hulda, for I couldn't forgive his winning her consent to marry him, when he knew the core of her heart was another's. The coming to the city and finding out how pretty she was had turned Hulda's head.

Bob's will and cunning were strong and untiring, and anyway Hulda gave up poor David Devine, and agreed to marry that grim and greedy Marley. I lay awake at night worrying about it—my heart was so sore perplexed for poor David, and wrathful against Bob, and distrustful of Providence. I grew desperate and wicked, but David stuck to his faith, dear fellow, though he hadn't strength to stick to the old spot where he had been so happy and so miserable. He went out as a missionary to some of those cannibal islands, where I wonder the women didn't eat him—he was so handsome and so good.

The very name of Marley became an abomination to me, and I forced a promise from Hulda that she wouldn't marry for a couple of years, during which time I hoped for Heaven knows what that was strange or remarkable. I had small doubt but that poor David was food for the fishes or the cannibals, for I had heard no word from him; but I kept on praying and hoping for a hurricane that might sweep every Marley off the face of the earth. Whenever Marley took Hulda out he brought a carriage, and as it wasn't Bob's way to waste any luxury, he used very often to occupy the spare seat—he and a sister of Marley's, a high-nosed, high-colored, big-toothed young woman called Judith. I saw what was coming, and I told Bob he'd regret it to his dying day, but he married Judith Marley within that year. She disliked the trouble of housekeeping, so he brought her to board with me. They took a suite of rooms on the second floor, and before she had been in the house a month she began to raise Cain, as I knew she would. Of which I was very glad. I should have been sorely disappointed if she had forced me to love her, as did the fond, flighty first wife of Bob; for to hate the Marleys had become my sole strength and tonic during days of endless labor and weariness of body and soul. The spite I had against the whole Marley race, that had spoiled my Bob for me, and wheedled my sister into a perfidy that broke the manly heart of David Devine—the spite I held for them one and all kept life in me when I should otherwise have fainted by the way. Bob saw that we couldn't live together, and took a furnished house down the street, for Bob was a big man now, and one of the partners of Marley and Brothers; but before Judith went away she gave me what she called a piece of her mind. By the grace of Heaven it so happened that Hulda said one little word or two in my defense, when the termagant turned upon her, and, among other insults, accused her of entrapping her brother into a marriage. Hulda did not reply, but there was something in her face that frightened Judith. She tried to eat the mischievous words, but I knew that the Marley link was broken. Poor Bob took up his wife's quarrel, though one could see this second honey-moon of his had rather a bitter flavor. I felt sorry for him and the three poor little step-children as they went soberly down to their fine new house.

I had Hulda to myself now, and will confess that I left no stone unturned to accomplish my purpose. I spared neither her suitor's age nor his infirmities, and repeated, with many a sly exaggeration, the taunt of Judith. So all poor Marley's entreaties, and the threats and wrath of Bob, were unable to mend the mischief of one woman's tongue. Hulda gave up Marley, and settled down with me to old-maidenhood and the

dreary monotony of keeping boarders. Even Hulda was past middle age when she came down to me that morning on the kitchen floor. As I said, there was no necessity for Hulda's remaining among the rust and roaches, the clatter of the dishes, and the bustle of the black serving-maids. I had kept Hulda the lady manager of the house. Her laces were real, while mine were any twopenny cheatery that came to hand; she rustled in her silks, while I got about in a gingham gown; but we worked together, Hulda and I, and the time had come now when we could shake the dust and ashes of this drudgery from our feet. It was growing hot for that early season of the year. I had been thinking all the morning of the budding larches out on the old homestead, and the tender green of the willow slips down by the meadow. It seemed to me I could hear the young lambs bleat, and catch the milky breath of the cows as they chewed their early cud. It might have been the steam of the boarding-house breakfast that dimmed my eyes as I whispered to Hulda:

"It's all settled. The boarders must be told to-day. We're rid of all this din and drudgery. I've paid the last cent on the homestead, and it's ours, dearie, to have and to hold forever."

"And shall we live there all alone, Magda?" she said—"only you and I?"

"I shall take Chloe to help about the house," I said; "but as to living alone, that's what I thought we'd been working and praying for. You certainly don't want to take any of the boarders along? Mrs. Post wants to bring her sick baby out for the summer, and that young student on the second floor back is pestering me to spend his vacation with us; but surely, Hulda, you would not begin our new life with boarders?"

"No, Magda, no," she said, with that little melancholy, deprecatory, exasperating smile of hers; and as she went away she left the germ after her of rather a bitter misgiving, which ripened into full maturity when we got settled in the old homestead, with all our household gods about us. These deities wore a rueful and rusty air. There was something out of joint. It was Time himself, no doubt. The tall clock in the corner didn't tick in the old cheery way, but put Hulda in mind of some weary jingle she had read, with the one refrain of "Never, forever—forever, never." I never could see, myself, the use of reading rhymes—either they are too silly or too grave—but Hulda had always been what they call romantic. I began to hate the approach of a moonlight night, for she would sit out-of-doors and run the risk of the ague; and when the air grew chill enough to have a comfortable fire on the hearth, Hulda spoiled it all by begging me not to light the lamps, and there she would sit in a blindman's holiday. I began to get the rickets myself; and though I wouldn't have owned to it for the world, I was sorry I hadn't brought out with me Mrs. Post and her baby, and the young student on the second floor back. For one thing, I hadn't enough to do. Chloe did all the kitchen-work, Hulda attended to the bedrooms, and the cooking that was left to me wasn't worth mentioning. It was enough to break one's heart to see the dishes come and go untouched and untasted. I would almost have been glad to see that greedy Marley come in for one hearty meal. There was nobody to brew or bake for; nobody to mend or make for; and, ah me! what a bitter cry I had one day when I stupidly stumbled into Bob's snuggery up under the eaves of the garret, and saw there the broken fishing rods, the old rabbit-hutches, the bird-traps, kites, marbles, and Heaven knows what and all! I couldn't get the boy out of my mind, and began, now that I had plenty of time, to think that I might have been a little hard myself, and grew to wondering about the children of Bob's first wife that I'd given over to the clutch of Judith Marley without one effort to cheer or comfort.

The hard Northern winter came on apace. All the little brooks froze tight, the tender green of the larches and willows had given way to red and gold, and at last there was no color or substance left them but their skeleton branches against a leaden sky. The snow came down in whirling drifts, and day in, day out, the old clock ticked the doleful refrain. I got out some patchwork, but put it away again—for who would inherit my handiwork?—and made up my mind we'd have no Christmas dainties that year to stare us dolefully out of countenance. Poor Chloe was getting dyspeptic already with overfeeding, and even her wool didn't tighten up in the old vigorous way.

It was the third day before Christmas, when a storm set in of hail and snow and sleet, so that it was all we could do to get the dumb creatures about the place housed and fed. When all was done, I set the logs to blazing upon the hearth, and happily kept a warm drink in the ashes for Chloe, who was still fussing about the kitchen. The wind roared around the house, swinging the branches of the trees against the weather-boarding; and said I, "Hulda, God save any poor creatures at the mercy of this storm to-night!"

"Amen!" said Hulda.

At that moment we both heard something like a human voice strained to the utmost, and Hulda started to her feet.

"Be quiet, Hulda," I said, myself far from easy; "it's only the shrieking of the wind."

But again we heard the voice, and again we heard my name. I reached for my cloak and hat, and buckled on my rubbers, while

Hulda stood trembling by, when suddenly the door flew open, and a great gust of storm and sleet came pelting in, driving before it a man and some young children he was huddling before him like sheep in a tempest. They were blinded with the storm and half frozen, but the boy dragged his sister by the hand, and poor Bob held the youngest child in his arms.

"Don't you know us, Aunt Mag?" said the little fellow. "I'm Bob, you know. The wagon all broke down, and we're jolly glad to get ho-ome." Here the little man began to cry, for his brave heart was overburdened, and the child in Bob's arms took up the refrain. Bob himself was white as the snow outside, and seemed dazed and bewildered.

"See here, Mag," he stammered out, "I've brought the children to you to board for a while. Every thing's at sixes and sevens in the city; Marley and Brothers have gone to smash; but I'll get something in the way of a clerkship again, and pay the children's board, you know; they sha'n't be a burden to you, Mag."

A burden! It didn't seem much like a burden. Such a glad commotion as those little ones created, Hulda and Chloe putting dry clothes on them, and tricking them out as if for a baby masquerade. The hot posset was poured down their little throats, and a bountiful supper was given them of hot milk and buns.

"There'll be something grand for breakfast," I said, looking upon them as greedily as ever poor Marley did upon Hulda. How the old kitchen echoed with their romps and capers! They were all handsome, every one of them, with Bob's fine make and build, and beautiful eyes like their pretty dead mother's.

"Bob," I said, choking yearningly over the thought, "if you'll give them to me, the whole three, I'll spend my whole life in making them happy; and after I'm gone, they shall have the homestead and every penny I've got in the world."

"Yes, yes," said Bob, who had never ceased shivering, and was now as hot and red as he had been white and cold, "I'll pay their board, Magda; this is only a temporary trouble. I hope to get a clerkship, quite a lucrative clerkship; but little Bob will never get through the storm—never! Keep hold of your sister, Bob," cried my poor brother, in a loud voice, "and keep the tail of my coat firm in your other hand; don't let go, my son, for God's sake, Bobby—don't let go!"

He got upon his feet, and seemed to be plodding through the storm, and as he made his way to the kitchen door I coaxed him on up to bed in his own old room, that I had kept aired and comfortable to lighten my own aching heart. When the morning dawned, and the doctor could get to us, poor Bob was wild in delirium; the only words he muttered or called aloud were about bonds and bills, dollars and fractions of dollars. His long white fingers seemed to hold a pen, and scratch, scratch the weary figures upon the counterpane till my eyes and brain ached for very pity.

For two wretched days and nights he struggled with this sordid misery, the fiend of commercial fret and disaster never letting go his grip; but Christmas morning dawned clear and bright, and before the eastern sky had quite lost its glory Bob fell into a deep, untroubled sleep. How white and wan he looked! How thin and bloodless were the once busy fingers that now lay limp and still!

Hulda and I wept our fill upon the landing, but not a sound disturbed the stillness of Bob's old room, for the doctor had shaken his head when we augured so hopefully for this slumber, and we said to one another it was the doctor's prim, old-fashioned way, but we went about on tiptoe nevertheless, and my heart kept choking up in my throat, I scarce knew why.

At noon-time the sky was all one blaze of cloudless sunny blue, and to keep the room dark I strove to fasten an extra shawl over the window. Suddenly I heard Bob whisper my name in such a strange voice that I got down quickly and went over to the bedside, and was puzzled to hear a low laugh from his trembling lips.

"Say, Mag," he whispered, "don't let mother know. I crept in through the window, and left some of my pants on the gooseberry bushes below; you'll patch 'em up, won't you, Mag? And keep mum about it. Such a lark as we had last night! Dave Devine and I painted the deacon's horse white and red; but keep mum, Mag—not a word for your life!"

I kept mum. God knows I couldn't speak. I had got my boy Bob back again, but there was a sore tugging at my heart-strings. The doctor came and lingered long, then he turned to me—"My work is done," he said. "I was afraid from the first it would be useless: a higher and better work has begun. There is some one down stairs—a stranger in these parts, but no stranger to you or me, or this dear lad lying here. I wouldn't like to bring a new face among you just now, but this one will do. Bob," he said, leaning over my poor brother—"Bob, here is an old friend to pray with us on this dear day that Christ was born."

Then there came into the room a man with brown skin and lusty growth—his hair was almost white, but his eyes had a familiar loving glow dear to the olden time. I did not care to question who he was or whence he came, but knelt silently at the bedside while he prayed.

Bob's lips moved, but only with some boyish memory, and hour after hour went by. The day was at last waning; I was alone with my brother. I heard the light breathing of his children, and mine now, in the room close by; the low voices of David and Hulda reached me once in a while from the lower floor. I might have been a hard and bitter woman, but as at last the day went out and took Bob with it, I felt a grim delight in my sore and aching heart that he was beyond the reach of the Marleys.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE were speaking last month of the romance of English life, which springs from a long historic perspective and poetic association, and which gives a peculiar charm to the biographies of famous Englishmen. A correspondent, Orlando by name, a well-read and intelligent man, says that he has observed the fact, and adds that he regrets to say, also, that it is as true of political as of literary men, and that, with all his American feeling and admiration of our system and its results, he can not find our historical or biographical politics as interesting as those of the "old home." "I read Macaulay and Burnet, Clarendon and Carlyle," says Orlando, "and the lives of Walpole and Pitt and Fox and Burke and Romilly, and Horner and Mackintosh, with the same zest that I read Scott's novels. Such reading is an endless delight. A book, for instance, like that mentioned by the Easy Chair a few months since —the life of Prince Albert, who was not a great man, however exemplary—is more interesting than almost every American political biography that you can mention. What is the meaning of this? And if it be the common feeling of American readers, how do you explain it?"

Orlando's remark, so far as it concerns the inadequacy of American political biography, is certainly true. For a peculiarly political people, we have unquestionably the most indifferent stories of political leaders. What a gallant and picturesque figure in our politics is Henry Clay; but to what biography shall the young student be referred? How positive, and in the course of events almost sinister, a power was Mr. Calhoun! But there is no tolerable life of him. Going further back, there is still a singular paucity of good memoirs of public men. Mr. Charles Francis Adams's life of his grandfather, the heroic John Adams, is perhaps the best of its kind. Irving's *Washington* is charming, but Irving had no taste for politics, and a glance at Van Buren's *Origin of Parties* shows at once the inadequacy of Irving's account of the political part of Washington's career. Mr. Morse's life of Hamilton is the only one worth consideration. But admirable as it is as a contribution to the subject, it hardly fulfills the conditions. Randall's *Jefferson* is a laborious and ample work, but it has little other attraction than that of the events themselves. John Jay's memoir, well written by his son, is valuable for its facts, but not interesting as a story or a picture. It will not hold its own with the young American reader against the life of Romilly. Sparks's life of Gouverneur Morris is a collection of material, it is not a memoir.

Madison is wholly without an adequate biography. The bulky volumes of Mr. Rives, so far as they go, supply only valuable information, but tell no story. The stately volumes of John Quincy Adams's *Diary* are a mine, but not a biography. The life of Webster is not yet written. Mr. Parton has given us memoirs of Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, and Aaron Burr. The first of these is among the best of all American biographies, and the second is an illustration, in many ways, of the general manner in which political biography should be treated. The other two are very interesting and entertaining, but they seem too partial, and are read with a distrusting protest. Edmund Quincy's life of his father, Josiah Quincy, is a model; and Mr. Cabot Lodge's life of George Cabot is among the very best memoirs, while his magazine sketch of Timothy Pickering is masterly. As yet we have but one volume of Mr. Seward's life; and we have two of Mr. Sumner's, which do not extend to his public career, but which are singularly delightful from their glimpses of the best European society of his youth.

These are a few of the biographies of our public men. But no one can run over the list of our noted political names without confessing that the memoirs are singularly wanting in that fascination which is felt in the story of English statesmen and statesmanship. The reasons are perhaps obvious, and three are prominent. In the first place, our great tradition of avoiding entangling alliances and of taking no part in European politics has necessarily secluded us from the great political movement of Christendom, except as we have morally influenced it, and such influence has been hitherto wholly paralyzed by the continuance of slavery. A slave-holding republic could be neither a reproof nor an exhortation to monarchies, more or less constitutional, which had abolished slavery. Besides, the political centres of the world were elsewhere, and politically we had no relations or alliances with them. Our politics have been, therefore, local, affecting ourselves only, and consequently involving domestic details of no universal significance. When Canning was "calling a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," and supporting the Spanish popular movement against the Holy Alliance, we were lapsed happily in an era of good feeling, and were burnishing our arms for the Missouri struggle. In the European capitals, also, was gathered the most brilliant society in the world—a society of renowned names and historic associations, social hierarchies whose influence upon public affairs was most subtle and profound, and which decorated the story of statesmen with the splendor of courts and aristocratic rank. The main current of history was in Europe, and not in America. The fountains, indeed, might be gathering fullness on this continent, and the general welfare of a part of this country be very much higher and greater than in any part of Europe. But although happy be the country whose annals are dull, dull annals are not fascinating reading. Châteaubri-

and was a very much smaller figure than many conspicuous Americans. But Châteaubriand conducting the foreign relations of France under the Bourbon reaction was a more romantic personage, and his story, even in Alison, more attractive, than that of John Quincy Adams—one of the most accomplished of public men—arranging the Panama Congress. One, amid accessories that strike the imagination, was dealing with the great course of public events; the other, among details that can not interest, was quite outside of "world politics."

This counts for much in explaining the difference that we are noting. But there is another reason somewhat like it, and that is the structure of our government, which offers to the world no focus of interest. In other words, our politics are largely State politics, and the subjects of national consideration have hitherto been as few as possible. Jefferson defined the general or national government as a department of foreign affairs; and as our commanding tradition was hostile to foreign alliance, our statesmen took no part, as we have seen, in the question that engaged all other statesmen. This was amusingly illustrated in the first years of the century. When the tread of Napoleon shook Europe and aroused Christendom, when all the romantic spirit of young Germany flamed into life which survives in the music and literature of the time, and when progressive liberty was really imperilled, Mr. Jefferson proclaimed the embargo, and America curled up in its shell. It was very possibly true that we were building a house for the repose of the combatants when the struggle was over, but meanwhile

> "All day long the noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea,"

and the heroism, the sacrifice, the splendor, and the significance of the strife were more alluring than the spectacle of raising a building. Our statesmen, moreover, stood on no historic scene and in no perspective. They assembled in a town improvised between woods and a river, a spot without a single inspiring association, without a sign of that vast and nameless charm which inheres in an old community of cultivated persons, bred among the richest accumulations and influences of literature and art and social tradition—a capital in which the weekly wash of the chief of the state was hung in his drawing-room to dry. In this bare and hard seclusion they discussed tariffs and laws of Indian settlement. Congress was a frontier Legislature regulating land titles and road-making. But all the concentration, the central interest, that belong to the Parliament of a country which has no other, assembling in a magnificent metropolis, the fountain of enormous influence of every kind, has been wanting to the older men in our political history.

Another reason of the inferior interest in such works is perhaps as obvious. It is the absence of high literary training, and of that sense of the commanding eminence and dignity of public political life which distinguishes other countries. In one sense we are the most political of people, but politics and the prizes of politics do not have that hold of the public imagination which naturally would be expected. In all our novels and stories how slight is the interest in such subjects, how few turn in any way upon politics of any kind! But, above all, it is the biographer who makes biography interesting. The lives of English statesmen have been largely written either by members of their families trained at the universities, or by other statesmen, their disciples, or by accomplished literary men. Their heroes dealt with affairs of universal interest, amid the most imposing and effective influences, and even if the biographers had merely edited their letters and papers they would have made their books most interesting. But three illustrations will show what they have done: Stanhope's *Pitt*, Macaulay's account of the great Whig statesmen of the Revolution, and Trevelyan's life of Macaulay himself. It is true that he was a literary as well as a political figure. But so was Burke, so was Canning, so are Gladstone and Beaconsfield; and if our statesmen are seldom so, that is also one of the reasons why their memoirs fail of an equal interest with that of the lives of great Englishmen. The works that we name show what an immense advantage there is in skillful literary treatment. The art of literature, the power of literature as an art, is not yet sufficiently recognized by us. What a book, for instance, a trained and accomplished writer might make of the life of Clay! How much he could tell the American public which it does not know of the war of 1812 and its party history, of the South American question, of the great debates and movements of public opinion upon the tariff, "the American system," internal improvements, and the Bank! Henry Clay was not the greatest of men, but he was a fascinating figure, and the one around which those subjects naturally group themselves. If any reader thinks that they are "dry" topics, he has but to turn to Macaulay's account of the English treatment of its debased currency in 1696 to see how interesting and clear even the story of a sound regulation of national finances can be made.

Indeed, the most that can be said, perhaps, is that we do not know how interesting our political story is, because it has not been adequately written, either in biography or in history. Mr. Bancroft thus far ends with the Revolution. Hildreth comes only to 1820, and with all his virtues, and conceding the extraordinary value of his annals, it will not be urged that he was a great literary artist. Mr. Gay's history, ample and admirable for the period which it has thus far covered, has not yet reached modern American politics. Their story must be sought in many imperfect and unsatisfactory works. Yet the well-written biographies of a very few men would give us a complete and continuous political history of the United States to the end of the civil war.

The season brings with it the problem of the grog-shop, the great source of poverty and crime. The temperance orators will begin anew, and the annual appeal will be made for aid and sympathy. The sum of money that is given every year to maintain the agitation, to pay lecturers and colporteurs, and sustain publications of every kind, is enormous. Into every little village in certain parts of the country comes the agent, knocking at every door, and begging a little money to aid so holy and humane a cause. Blazing batteries of statistics are opened against the evil. Petitions, nominations, conventions, sermons, speeches, confessions, tea parties, fairs, festivals of every

kind and degree, promote the work. It has been going on for fifty years. Rum and brandy have been placed under the ban. From ordinations and funerals and christenings they have disappeared. The teeming sideboard and the whiskey bottle urged upon every caller are confined mostly to Washington and the political capitals. At hotels the conscious citizen is shy of ordering wine, and the stoutest hearts palpitate a little in public dining-rooms at the pop of Champagne. Even at many hotels the wine list has vanished from the bill of fare. At others there are dark and devious ways to be trodden before the liquor is obtained, while in the very height of the season at Saratoga and Newport it is evident that the habit of wine-drinking is declining. More palpable but not more significant signs of the results of the long agitation are the various forms of prohibitory or restraining laws—the Local Option and the Civil Damages acts.

Is drunkenness diminished, or has the crusade merely driven the habit of drinking into concealment? Do the statistics show less crime from the use of ardent spirits? Is there a fair net return in greater sobriety and in general social morality from the vast expense that has attended the agitation? It is impossible to answer such questions definitely or satisfactorily. The causes of social changes are always complex, and the greater or less good conduct of any community depends often quite as much upon the feelings from which movements spring as from the actual measures that are taken. Even if answers could be furnished, they would affect action very little. The temperance movement is moral. The spectacle of the debasement of human nature, the ruin of domestic happiness, the endless crime—these are the springs of the agitation, and while these continue the work will go on. We say generally that it began in this country half a century ago. But really it began before the middle of the last century in England. As a source of crime drunkenness challenged the attention of the state, and Sir Robert Walpole, who was in no sense a Grand Worthy Patriarch, undertook to stem the current. He could not do it, and he yielded. "Drunk for a ha'penny, dead drunk for a penny," was too much for him. The moral aspect of the agitation has never been so prominent elsewhere as in this country. And since it is a work sure to continue, and to be constantly stimulated by individual observation, it is fair to criticise methods, and to ask whether they have been wisely chosen.

Has not the temperance movement in this country been too exclusively a moral appeal? Has it not forgotten too much the nature and the circumstances of the evil? Temperance addresses are largely descriptions of the effects of drunkenness. They are tragi-comedies, in which the speaker seeks to make his audience laugh at the antics of the drunkard, and cry over the broken heart and ruined home of his wife and family. This strain is varied with thundering denunciations of "the moderate drinker," compared with whose insidious infamy the immoderate drinker who totally imbrutes himself is an object of pity rather than of reprobation, and with these are mingled chemical and sanitary statistics. The appeal, however, is moral, and the remedy usually proposed is absolute prohibition. The friends of "license," however stringently regulated, are regarded as mere Laodiceans, or worse. But this mere moral appeal to renounce drunkenness because it produces crime and unhappiness and disease is too arid. It forgets the persons to whom it is addressed, and the conditions of their life. Consequently there are the excitement and fury of a revival, vast temporary enthusiasm, and swift backsliding.

For what is drunkenness? It is in its origin the perversion of a natural taste for social enjoyment, and it is most prevalent among those who have the least opportunity for such enjoyment. When it has fixed itself upon its victim it is largely dependent upon physical conditions. The usual temperance appeal to him is by the mere main strength of his moral will to break up the habit. His home is bare and desolate, and the preacher urges him to prefer it to the cozy and warm and social "saloon." His system, enfeebled by excess, craves the stimulant, and the exhortation is simply not to take it. He needs especially every kind of support and assistance and diversion, and he is told to help himself. This is a relief which forgets the nature of the disease. That of itself suggests the remedy. The drunkard seeks social enjoyment illicitly. Supply it to him lawfully, show him that he can gratify his natural tastes without shame to himself or harm to his family or society. Give to the weak system which craves "a little something," a little something that will cheer and not inebriate. The drunkard knows the misery that drunkenness produces, for he is its victim. He does not wish to hear of that. The incipient drunkard knows it also. What they want is something to take the place of drunkenness, something that will help them to help themselves. If all the money that is yearly given to support talking upon the subject were devoted to doing something in the way suggested, the "liquor interest" would be confronted with something that it would fear. "Holly-Tree" inns upon a great and general scale, "public coffee-houses" like those in Liverpool, neighborhood clubs which would develop and illustrate the neighborly sympathy which is now not suspected, and the supposed absence of which is most mischievous—all these and similar enterprises would be a temperance movement which would aid the moral appeal and the sanitary argument with those social sympathies and supports which are indispensable to the prosperity of the work.

The Easy Chair has elsewhere praised the honorable contests of college men. But there are some relics of barbarism yet lingering in colleges and schools upon which this seems to be a proper pulpit to preach a short sermon. The American boy is justly indignant with British "fagging," and the American boy grown into a man has his own theories about the origin of a certain brutality which he thinks he perceives inhering in the Englishman brought up on a fagging system. Taine evidently thinks that the veneer of civilization is very thin indeed upon many British Berserkers. They seem to him under a slight enchantment of civility, but at any moment the original barbarian will burst out with a bound, as the white cat transformed into a princess could not without a spring see a mouse running across the floor. Thackeray saw fagging with American and human eyes, and in his Doctor Birch shows what the abuse is.

But the American boy must remember the argu-

ment urged for the system of fagging. "It makes fellows manly. It teaches them to be self-denying and obedient. It teaches them also to serve, and prevents them from the evils of cockering and pampering." This is the traditional regulation plea. "Besides," continues the argument, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Is there a manlier nation than the English? Are there braver and better leaders of men, on sea and shore, in battle and in Parliament, than the well-fagged graduates of the English schools?" The youngest American boy would scorn so absurd a *post hoc propter hoc.* Such generalizations are as easy as they are ridiculous. They would credit Marengo to French *bouilli*, and Russian valor to *caviare.* The English-speaking race has produced heroes of every kind on this side of the ocean. But none of them were ever fags. Mere endurance can be bought at too high a price. The evils of slave-holding are not cured by the fact that the master may have been a slave. With all the theoretical excuses, the practical effect is brutality, and the argument is much the same with fagging. An ideal fagging is conceivable, but it is not practicable.

But while the American boy at school and college spurns this barbarism, what if he fostered it in another form? The mischief of fagging is that of great and irresponsible power in little things. What is hazing? How is hazing more manly or decent than fagging? If it is to be viewed as practical joking, and the freak of the irrepressible spirits of youth, why should not fagging be regarded as the wholesome training of rough discipline? If a crowd of "Sophs" may toss a "Fresh" in a blanket, why should not a fellow in an upper form properly fag one in a lower, and what have the blanket-tossers to object to it? The ducking of one man in a horse-pond by a dozen of his neighbors is undoubtedly as neat and pointed and pretty a joke as those described in *Evelina;* it is, perhaps, full of wit and humor. But we must not deny the equal exquisiteness of the jest of forcing a fag to kindle the fire before dressing on a frosty morning. These are perhaps excellent sports. They may argue a keen sense of humor and a kind heart. But the jokers must not quarrel with the form of each other's jests.

In the American school, for instance, as a Vermont paper says of graded schools in that State, a new pupil is subjected to the "school bite," which is a slap on the back from the fist or the open hand *ad libitum;* and upon passing into a higher grade, he is seized by four boys by the legs and arms and thrown up into the air to fall upon his back. If he admits that he is "rotten," he is spared; but if he insists that he is sound, he is thrown again. This capital fooling has developed spinal disease. But nothing certainly could be more excellent jesting; and, as a commentator truly remarks, it is only the fruit of exuberant spirits, and takes the nonsense out of mollycoddles and milksops. Who wants a boys' school to be a prayer-meeting? adds the commentator, or that boys should behave in their sports like deacons? Boys will be boys, and hazing is but boys' fun. That seems to end the argument. If throwing a fellow in the air to fall upon the ground on his back a few times is fun, of course every body enjoys fun, and there is not a parent in the land who will not wish to contribute to the general amusement.

Besides, its moral advantages are as evident as its fun. It is well known that nothing is better for children than to accustom them to stick pins through flies, and to watch the taking off of chickens and pigs. It fosters a kindly feeling, a habit of humanity, a sensibility to pain, a sympathy with every form of suffering, which refine the character and elevate the mind. Flies and chickens and pigs can not help themselves. It is so with the new pupil. He is helpless; and when a crowd of older, bigger, and stronger fellows fall upon him and treat him to a ducking, or a throw up and fall, they are not only making a joke which is suitable for their time of life, and which all healthy-minded persons must enjoy, but they are humanizing and refining themselves. They are sure to be better and more manly men for having broken the back of a boy who can not help himself. The schools and colleges which cherish these manly sports have also a natural contempt for the British pupil who fags, and for the fag who submits. If British boys would see the fair play of boys who scorn fagging, let them contemplate the hazing of an American college or academy.

If "international" contests between athletes of any kind settled any thing, the interest which attends them would be something more than a mere gambling interest. Two generals stepping out to decide a battle by single combat offer a chivalrous spectacle which tradition and romance have furnished. But a struggle of any kind which is shrewdly suspected to be, in the slang phrase, "a put-up job," has no real interest whatever. It is unfortunate that every athletic contest except that of known amateurs is now liable to that suspicion; and it is upon that feeling that the advice of old college men to under-graduates is founded: "Beware of professionals." The opportunities of gambling in games upon which heavy bets are made, and in which success depends upon individuals, are immense. If at base-ball the blues and the reds are fairly matched, and a gamester can persuade a blue to share his bets that the reds will win, the blue can make the red win. His side loses prestige, indeed, but he pockets his winnings. It is a foul trick, perhaps, but, bless you! even base-ball players must live. It is hardly fair to demand of professional sportsmen a higher morality than is expected of other professions. The short-cuts are as tempting in games as they are every where else.

The papers were full in the autumn of accounts of a great scull match to be rowed upon the St. Lawrence, over the Lachine course, about nine miles from Montreal. The contestants were Hanlan and Courtney, the former a Canadian, and the latter a New Yorker from Auburn. The race was for twenty-five hundred dollars a side and the "championship," and six thousand dollars were to be presented to the winner by "the people of Montreal." The interest in the matter was prodigious, and the greater it was, the more amusing. Sporting circles on both sides of the sea were thoroughly aroused. The newspapers published letters and telegrams, and properly, because there was a great desire to know all about it. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were said to be staked on the issue, and when the day of the contest came there was an expectation in "sporting circles" like that which precedes a great battle which is known to be imminent. The intense

excitement was but deepened by the telegraphic announcement of a high wind which ruffled the water so that the race must be postponed.

Meanwhile an enormous crowd had assembled to see the conflict, and the next day on the grand stand alone there were seven thousand persons. The river was calm, the rowers in good condition, and toward sunset they "caught the water." The course is about five miles, and away they went. They "pushed" and "dashed" and "spurted." One led, the other lost, a little; then they were neck and neck. At about half-way "the grand struggle began" with "magnificent spurting" on both sides; but the Canadian Hanlan finally pulled just ahead, and won by a length and a quarter in thirty-six minutes and twenty-two seconds. It was a famous victory. But there came simultaneously the rumor that Courtney had "sold out," to the great indignation of those who are of opinion that it should have been "the greatest match of the century," and have made "an epoch in aquatic history." Aquatic history, however, is now left to deplore the possibility that a match where "the betting should have been even" was not bravely won, but basely sold.

There are plenty of morals to be drawn from the text, and it is singular how "manly sports," when they are professional, become closely associated with knavery. The race-course was always condemned by the religious sentiment as a swift descent toward every kind of dissipation and unrighteousness. To go to races was hardly less offensive than to go to the theatre, and whoever went to the theatre was plainly on the high-road to another place. "Sporting circles" are always apt to plume themselves upon manliness and honor and gentlemanliness, but 'tis a queer honor that is bred at the races or the gaming table. The charm of college contests is that they are above all suspicion. College men do not row and play ball for a living. They are like knights who rode into the lists to joust honorably for their lady's favor, and for the smile of the queen of love and beauty. Whoever chooses to wager upon the event does so fairly and without suspicion of collusion. The interest that attends such rivalries is at least legitimate. A contest between the Harvard and Columbia or the Oxford and Cambridge crew does not, indeed, settle the fate of nations, nor even deal conclusively with the problem of effete monarchies, but it is unsullied by any unhandsome doubt or surmise. It is a fair contest of generous rivals, and an honest determination of the relative value of methods and training.

This has ceased now to be true of the ordinary contests of other athletes, and the excitement and interest in them are as absurd as they would be in the performances of jockeys who are bent on gain and not on glory. It is exceedingly ludicrous to remember that the "Benicia Boy" going out to "mash the nose" of his British opponent was regarded with a public attention and newspaper mention like that of Beaconsfield going to the Congress of Berlin. Throngs gathered at the bulletin-boards to read the details of tapping the opposing knowledge-box, drawing the claret, and closing the peepers. If an Austerlitz or a Waterloo, a Sedan or a Plevna, had been pending, the eagerness could not have been greater. There was nothing whatever at stake. The sole question was which of two bruisers would first beat the other helpless. When that was ascertained, those who had bet on the wrong man would swear that there was foul play, and an enlightened public would believe it. This is the present situation of international professional contests in the various manly arts, and "werry nice it is," quoth Mr. Weller.

It was impossible to read Mr. Gladstone's recent paper, "Kin beyond Sea," without wondering how his English brethren would receive it. Nor can any body be surprised at the scolding which he receives from those who are never friendly to him, nor even at the silence of papers which are usually just. There is an amusing bitterness in some of the comments, as if an Englishman of superior intelligence, in saying that he thought the present commercial supremacy of his own country would some time pass to another, were in some way a moral traitor to his native land. It is not easy to decide whether the critics think that the wrong lies in holding the opinion, or in expressing it. But it is very clear that their comments are an illustration of that pseudo-patriotism which is very absurd. National greatness does not appear from stout asseveration, but from demonstration. It is a fact, not a boast. The philosophic student of history and of the movement of his time may see that pending changes, the development of inventions, the natural growth of empires, will so affect trade or population as to involve a transfer of some kinds of ascendency from one country to another. It is exquisitely ludicrous to suppose that to state such conclusions is to aim a blow at any country. On the contrary, it is in the power of such discernment that the loftiest genius of statesmanship lies. The Venetian or the Genoese who saw the command of the seas passing inevitably into the hands of Britain was not bound to keep silence, but rather to speak, that his country might be fore-armed for the event.

The offense of Mr. Gladstone is very simple. He is alluding to what he calls the special interest of England in this country, and he says that he does not speak "of the menace which, in the prospective development of her resources, America offers to the commercial pre-eminence of England. On this subject I will only say that it is she alone who, at a coming time, can, and probably will, wrest from us that commercial primacy. We have no title, I have no inclination, to murmur at the prospect. If she acquires it, she will make the acquisition by the right of the strongest; but in this instance the strongest means the best. She will probably become what we are now—the head servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employed, because her service will be the most and ablest. We have no more title against her than Venice or Genoa or Holland has had against us." These are not improbable conclusions. No man of the English race, of very great sagacity and familiarity with history and the springs and course of civilization, can contemplate the character, the growth, and the condition of this country without perceiving at least the extreme probability of such a result. The announcement of the probability could be regarded as distrust or betrayal of the student's own country only by a smaller sagacity and a pinchbeck patriotism.

The criticism upon Mr. Gladstone is an out-

break of the same spirit which leads the caricature Brother Jonathan, the lank sharper in a swallow-tailed coat and star-spangled trousers, to spit upon the Parthenon, and find Europe monarchical and mouldy. It is the travesty of genuine patriotism. In reading the paper in question it is impossible not to feel how genuine an Englishman Mr. Gladstone is. He is not, indeed, an Englishman like Addison's Jacobite Tory squire whom we have before mentioned, who had seen no good weather in England since the Revolution. He does not satisfy his English soul by denouncing popery and wooden shoes, nor personify his countrymen to his imagination as a fat-witted boor. He has Andrew Marvell and Philip Sidney in mind, Milton and Falkland, men who differ, but who are of large souls and generous hearts, and to such men he says plainly what he thinks, and thinks as an Englishman and an honest man. It is evident that political England and America represent, as he says, the two greater branches of a race born to command, and that, while interested in the way in which we are working out the common destiny, his sympathies are with the way of his own branch. Indeed, he points out the ways in which English institutions give more rapid effect than ours to the will of the people, and it is evident that he believes liberty, upon the whole, to be surer of a steadily progressive development under the political forms of England. His offense, therefore, is not that he prefers American institutions to those of his own country, but that he sees economical and commercial reasons which will enable America at some time to wrest the commercial primacy of the world from England.

Mr. Gladstone's position is singular and noble. Without office or patronage, he is the great leader of the best opinion of England, and he leads without the slightest flattery of popular error or pandering to popular prejudice. His paper upon "England's Mission," and this of "Kin beyond Sea," are so full of the suggestions of a wise and patriotic mind that they must necessarily command the attention of English intelligence, and wield great influence. Institutions that train such a public character as his are not unworthy even of our careful consideration. How many of our leaders, in the same relative position to a great party as he, would dare to speak of their country, its mistakes and its tendencies, as boldly and truthfully as he has spoken of his country in these articles? Mr. Gladstone is, as we might say, the certain executive head of his party if it came into power, and if he would accept the position. Now

> "Let observation with extensive view
> Survey"

our Presidential candidates from sea to sea, and declare how many of them are as free and frank as the leader who holds the British conscience fast and firm against Jingo delirium. Patriotism is not the incessant assertion that our own country is the greatest and best; it is incessant vigilance to make it the greatest and best.

Editor's Literary Record.

ONE of the beneficial results of the revived taste for ceramics has been the stimulus which it has given to the creation of a refined and instructive literature, illustrating the art from the several stand-points of the poet, the savant, the amateur, and the specialist. In our own country the contributions to this literature have been of the highest rank and value, conspicuous among them being Prime's scholarly and elegant volume on *Pottery and Porcelain*, and Longfellow's preeminently picturesque poem, in which, like another Robin Goodfellow, the poet puts "a girdle round about the earth," and at one glimpse reveals the origin and progress of the beautiful and useful art in widely distant lands and times. No work, however, has yet been published which responds so satisfactorily to the prevalent demand for full and practical information on the subject as Miss Young's conscientiously executed volume on *The Ceramic Art*,[1] which she modestly styles a compendium, though it is so full and elaborate as to leave little untold that is either useful or desirable. In a well-written introduction she prepares the way to the more technical consideration of the subject by a comprehensive historical sketch, in which she traces the shadowy origin of the art in the legendary period of the ancient nations, describes its direct or reflex influence upon their religion and literature, and shows how it illustrates their history and preserves the record of their manners and customs. She then analyzes the ingredients that contributed to the diversity of the art in each nation in the particulars of form, color, design, and utility, and finally, having shown how it illustrates the art ideas of all nations, as well as how it has influenced art in general, she glances at its present aims, accomplishments, and possibilities, and concludes with some tasteful suggestions as to its place in the household, and on the combinations by which it may be made to enhance the beauty and attractiveness of our homes. The technical portion of the work is comprised under the head of "Nomenclature and Methods," and discusses, with the least possible resort to technical or abstruse terms, and in a manner so elementary and gradual as to be easily understood by the amateur, all that needs to be known as to the terms used in the art; as to the distinctions that are made between the various ceramic products, based upon the material or methods employed or the place of their manufacture; as to their original introduction into Europe, and the various progressive discoveries which led to their established production there; as to the several classifications of art products which have been suggested, with those which are the most satisfactory; and finally, as to the composition of the various Oriental and European wares and glazes, with the processes employed in their manufacture and decoration. The remainder of the volume is devoted to the history of the art in the Orient, in Europe, and in America.

[1] *The Ceramic Art:* A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By Jennie J. Young. With 464 Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 499. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Under the Orient we are shown the several stages of the art from the earliest times, and the results developed at each stage in Egypt, Assyria, Judæa, India and Central Asia, China, Corea, Japan, and Persia, and are given abundant examples of their different styles, with estimates of their comparative excellence as works of art. Under the head of Europe we are led back to the fountains of the art in the countries bordering the Mediterranean, and are made to follow the stream in all its shifts and turns, from Greece to Spain, Italy, France, Germany, Central Europe, the Scandinavian and Sclavic nations, and Great Britain and Ireland. As we move forward with our enthusiastic and intelligent guide, we stop now and again to trace the peculiarities of form and color which it takes on in each new land, to estimate how much of its volume is derived from its new home and how much from some parent source, and we linger on its banks to admire the beauties or criticise the defects which are offered for our scrutiny. The concluding book, which is appropriated to the ceramic art in America, comprises an account and classification of the aboriginal remains in South and Central America and in the United States, and an outline sketch of the origin and present condition and prospects of the art in our own country. As has already been intimated, the illustrations in this elegant volume are very numerous, and present a greater variety of characteristic examples of the most perfect wares of all nations, largely drawn from American collections, than has ever before been grouped in one view.

It is easy to foresee that, by reason of its intrinsic interest and the conflicting verdicts that will be passed upon its merits or demerits, *Like unto Like*[2] will have a large circle of readers. The first impressions of which most readers will be conscious will be a sense of enjoyment, caused by the charming bits of description which are freely but not too lavishly distributed over the narrative, and a feeling of surprise excited by the subtlety and skill with which delicate shades and difficult traits of character are delineated. And yet the book is much more than a collection of pen-pictures. It is a genuine novel, fresh, bright, eventful, and telling the old story of love with zestful spirit and grace. Moreover, it is an American novel, whose scene is laid in that ample store-house of indigenous fiction, the South, and its story is genially illustrative of the varied aspects of social, family, and plantation life, and of the typical customs, virtues, foibles, peculiarities, and prejudices belonging to each, as they have existed there since the war. To give an outline of its plot would be an acceptable performance to those only who read a novel as witches are reputed to say their prayers, and it will be enough to say that it is so cleverly constructed and so ingeniously unfolded as to pique curiosity, and that it is diversified with a sufficient play of vicissitude, and peopled with a large enough variety of contrasted or related characters, to entitle it to be styled dramatic.

Although the actors in *Sibyl Spencer*[3] are of the conventional type, the story of which they form a part is far from commonplace. The scene opens in a rural New England town early in the threatening agitation that preceded the war of 1812, and shifts with the events of the war to Canada, the Hudson, and points on our frontier where the opposing armies operated. In the course of the story, along with the pleasing or painful incidents affecting two sets of lovers, we are given several spirited interior views of representative homes in New England, and delineations of some of the most characteristic traits of its social, religious, and political life. As an essay toward the revival of the American historical novel it deserves to be received with favor, especially the portions descriptive of thrilling adventures by flood and field in which several of the principal characters take part, with peril to life or honor.

More florid in its coloring, more diffuse in its style, and venturing with a freer step into the domain of the doubtful or questionable than either of the preceding, *Roxy*[4] will be a favorite with that large class for whom the lily and violet have few attractions, and who lavish their admiration on flowers of more pretentious size and more gorgeous hue. Its sensuous descriptions of men and women—notably of women who by their splendid physical development are what the author himself terms "magnificent animals"—and the warm juxtapositions in which the sexes are sometimes thrown in his racy genre paintings of free and easy Western life, have a rich juiciness that is sure to tickle the unregenerate palate. The tale is affluent of genuine sensations, and the passions, emotions, and strifes which it chronicles with a free hand are of the same large proportions and showy complexions as its most prominent actors.

The author of *Cousin Polly's Gold Mine*[5] is a born story-teller, and delineates character with unwonted delicacy and firmness of touch. Her story, which is a transcript of simple rural life whose key-note is an affectionate and self-sacrificing loyalty to brotherly affection, revolves around four principal personages: two pure and true-hearted brothers, the one of quick parts and brilliant personal appearance, and the other neither clever nor well-favored; a sweet, gently nurtured, trustful, and loving New England girl, above the brothers in station, but whom both worship with their love—the one silently and afar off, as though she were a moon in some distant heaven, and the other with outspoken and successful ardor; and "Cousin Polly," bright, quick, and sharp as steel, whose nurture had been a hard and ungentle one, and by its maxims of parsimonious thrift and self-imposed toil had incrusted her with unmaidenly self-reliance and a hard selfishness. How the bright morning of happy successful love became obscured by misfortune till the sun of the favored brother sunk in darkness; how the other battled against and overcame disappointment and misfortune, growing stronger and nobler by the discipline of suffering endured with fortitude, and by the sacrifice of himself for the happiness of others; and how at the touch of innocent childhood there gushed from under the hard crust of Cousin Polly's rough exterior a long-pent fountain of womanly sweetness and love—all this is

[2] *Like unto Like.* A Novel. By Sherwood Bonner. "Library of American Fiction." 8vo, pp. 169. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Sibyl Spencer.* By James Kent. 12mo, pp. 309. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[4] *Roxy.* By Edward Eggleston. 12mo, pp. 432. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] *Cousin Polly's Gold Mine.* A Novel. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. "Library of American Fiction." 8vo, pp. 109. New York: Harper and Brothers.

told in this genial tale with graceful gayety or with tender pathos.

Taine's latest production, *The French Revolution*,[6] forms the second part of his series on "The Origins of Contemporary France," and resumes the relation of events at the point where it closed in the preceding volume, *The Ancient Régime*. The text of the volume under notice, as formulated by its author, is, "Popular insurrections and the laws of the Constituent Assembly end in destroying all government in France;" and the method which the author has pursued in the collation of evidence and the selection of authorities has been, as he informs us, to gather his materials almost exclusively from disinterested contemporaneous eye-witnesses of the facts, who wrote on the spot, at the moment, and under the dictation of the facts themselves, and whose evidence exists in the form of legal depositions, secret reports, confidential dispatches, private letters, and personal mementos. While this method has not the merit of novelty, it is a good one; and the author seems to have adhered to it in his relation of the events which occurred in France from the beginning of anarchy in the terrible winter of 1788–89 until the spring of 1792, when the people had become "a mob of mad brutes, under the leadership of insane and blood-thirsty blockheads." The relation of the appalling events that trod on each other's heels during this period is minute and graphic; and by his adhesion to the method of extracting his facts from the evidence of eye-witnesses the historian throws a flood of new light upon all that transpired, revealing alike the doings of the more gigantic architects of ruin, and of the microscopic vermin who undermined the foundations of social order. The work has many fine rhetorical passages, and numerous vigorous descriptions of prominent scenes and actors.

The final volume of D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin*[7] fitly closes his great work on *The Reformation in Europe*, and has a peculiar interest to English and American readers because of the large space it devotes to the progress of the Reformation in England under Henry VIII. D'Aubigné's description of England, and of the men and events which colored its history during this momentous period, is graphic and vigorous, but qualified by a temperate reserve. The volume also records the progress of the Reformation in Spain and Germany and their dependencies, and concludes with the death of Luther.

The recognized influence of books treating upon literature to refine the taste and discipline the judgment of the young should cause a hearty welcome to be extended to a good text-book of general ancient literature, adapted to use in high schools and academies. The want of such a book has been long felt, and is now met by Dr. Quackenbos's *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature*.[8] After an introduction in which the origin and relationship of languages are considered, and a brief summary is given of ancient literature without regard to national divisions, the volume falls under three parts: the first devoted to the ancient Oriental literatures, embracing the Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, Hebrew, Chaldean, Assyrian, Arabic, Phœnician, and Egyptian; the second to Grecian literature, comprising chapters on its birth, on epic and lyric poetry, on the rise of prose, on the Alexandrian period, and on the later Greek literature; and the third traces the history of Roman literature from its dawn and through its golden age to its decline. The book is noticeable for its careful condensation and the fullness of its topical and synoptical outline, and being unencumbered by obscure names or tedious details, is easy of comprehension and retention. The short, pregnant chapters on the Assyrian, Chaldean, and Egyptian literatures, with the examples given of each, must have the effect to awaken curiosity and fasten attention; and the brief biographies which are grafted on the narrative, of the great writers who created, moulded, or perfected the literature of their respective ages, accompanied as they are by short and characteristic specimens of their writings, will prove wholesome stimulants to youthful effort and emulation.

Professor Cruttwell's *History of Roman Literature*[9] is designed for general readers rather than as an exhaustive book of reference for professed scholars. Consisting of three divisions, the first treats upon the history of Roman literature from Livius Andronicus to Sulla, passing in review the earliest remains of the language, and presenting successively the history of the literature of oratory and philosophy, of historical and biographical composition, and of poetry and the drama. The second book covers the history of the Golden Age, subdivided into the "Republican Period" and the "Augustan Epoch," from the consulship of Cicero to the death of Augustus, and proceeds upon the same general methods of treatment as were pursued in the first, but more elaborately. Continuing the same methods, the third book gives the history of the literature of the Decline, from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Marcus Aurelius. Notwithstanding the rigid condensation that is observable, the author has avoided the baldness which usually accompanies great conciseness; and his biographical sketches and critical analyses and estimates of the prose writers and orators of the republican period and of the illustrious poets of the Augustan age are favorable specimens of the art of writing tersely yet elegantly.

Some circumstances connected with Archbishop Trench's publication of the series of lectures on Mediæval Church History,[10] delivered by him many years ago to a class of young ladies at Queen's College, seem to indicate his resolution to be his own literary executor; and this first-fruits of his determination will gratify a large

[6] *The French Revolution.* By H. A. Taine. Translated by John Durand. Vol. I. 12mo, pp. 356. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[7] *History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin.* By Rev. J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D. Vol. VIII. 12mo, pp. 464. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[8] *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.* By John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. Accompanied with Engravings and Colored Maps. 12mo, pp. 432. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *History of Roman Literature from the Earliest Period to the Death of Marcus Aurelius.* By Charles Thomas Cruttwell, M.A. 8vo, pp. 503. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[10] *Lectures on Mediæval Church History.* Being the Substance of Lectures delivered at Queen's College, London. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 8vo, pp. 444. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

body of intelligent readers belonging to the Church in this country and England of which he is an ornament. In several introductory lectures he outlines the methods that should be observed in pursuing a study of church history, and defines the limitations severally of ancient, mediæval, and modern church history. He then discusses the history of the church, or more properly of Christianity as an organization, during the years which he ascribes to the mediæval period, beginning with the pontificate of Gregory the Great in 590, and closing with the opening of the Reformation in 1517. The lectures are arranged under three subdivisions: the first, covering the years from 590 to 1050, describes the Middle Ages in their formation; the second, from 1050 to 1303, shows us the Middle Ages at their height; and the third, from 1303 to 1517, exhibits them in their decline. Among the interesting topics specifically illustrated are the conversion of England and Germany, the composition of the Holy Roman Empire, and the revival of learning and Christian art.

The latest of the series forming the "Epochs of Ancient History" is a convenient little summary devoted to the history of early Rome,[11] in which its author traces the causes of the greatness of Rome, indicates the sources from whence a knowledge of its history is derived, examines what is credible and what apocryphal in its legendary period, and sketches its civil and religious institutions, its wars, leagues, and foreign relations during the regal supremacy and under the republic, and concludes with a spirited account of the invasion by the Gauls and of their expulsion by Camillus.

It is seldom in this country that one who is not a candidate for the Presidency is selected as a subject for biographical honors while he is yet in the flesh. Hon. A. H. Stephens, however, is an exception to the rule, and the exceptional office has been discharged in the work before us[12] with spirit by two personal friends, one of whom had unusual opportunities, during a close intimacy of over twenty-five years, to learn the minute particulars of Mr. Stephens's life, and whose memoranda of conversations have been largely re-enforced by an imaginary correspondence maintained between the two friends. The biographers have also had recourse to a large body of letters written by Mr. Stephens to his brother, in which he recorded nearly every event of his life, and the motives which influenced his actions. The work is generally well done, though trivial things are sometimes unduly magnified, and place has been given to much unnecessary and exasperating rubbish. The strictly biographical part is entertaining and instructive.

In many respects the most remarkable, and in a highly important field of scientific inquiry the most valuable, contribution of the year to our permanent American literature is the recently published volume of *Scientific Memoirs*,[13] by Dr. Draper. Collected from *Harper's Magazine* and from various journals, pamphlets, and transactions of learned societies, in which they originally appeared, these memoirs represent the fruits of forty years of patient investigation by one of the most eminent living philosophers, and embody the history of many original discoveries which have since been admitted into the accepted body of scientific knowledge. Having been allowed to remain substantially as when first written, the several memoirs form a series of waymarks along a laborious and successful lifetime, denoting the departure made, the intervals of progress accomplished, and the extent of the ground traversed; and thus, although the volume is far from being an autobiography in the usual sense, it is at once an authentic personal record of investigation and discovery in the realm of science, and a profoundly interesting autobiography of a successful discoverer while in the very act of his various experiments, and at the different stages of his great discoveries. To the American scholar these memoirs have special interest as the just and modest assertion of credit for work accomplished by an American philosopher, made with calm and dignified directness and great simplicity, and also as the unimpeachable record of the recognition of the high grade and value of that work by the scientific world. Reserving for the present several other memoirs on chemical, electrical, and physiological topics, Dr. Draper has included in this publication those only which relate to the operations, properties, phenomena, influences, and effects of light and heat, and which give the history of his discoveries connected with these all-pervading natural agencies.

Few books in the department of natural history are deserving of a more cordial welcome than Wilson's *Ornithology*;[14] and the edition of that engaging work, with Bonaparte's additions, now before us, merits the heartier reception for its generous proportions, its typographical excellence, and its adaptedness to popular needs by its comparative inexpensiveness. The three volumes composing the work are comprised in one large octavo of nearly twelve hundred pages, embellished by over six hundred illustrations of our native birds; and its value is enhanced by a well-written life of Wilson, a catalogue of North American birds by Professor Spencer F. Baird, an alphabetical index of genera of birds, and a copious general index.

It is seldom that the editorial function is exercised with greater discretion or a more judicious reserve than it has been by Mr. Rolfe in the preparation of his edition of *Hamlet*.[15] While it is free from the excessive criticism by which many of Shakspeare's editors have made a pedantic display of useless learning, it is full in every particular essential to an understanding of the play. In an introduction, after brief but sufficient historical sketches of the early editions of the tragedy and of the sources from whence its plot was derived, Mr. Rolfe brings together a number

[11] *Early Rome, from the Foundation of the City to its Destruction by the Gauls.* By W. Ihne, Ph.D. With a Map. 12mo, pp. 217. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[12] *Life of Alexander H. Stephens.* By Richard Malcom Johnston and William Hand Browne. 8vo, pp. 619. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[13] *Scientific Memoirs.* Being Experimental Contributions to a Knowledge of Radiant Energy. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 473. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *American Ornithology; or, The Natural History of the Birds of the United States.* With Plates engraved from Drawings from Nature by Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucian Bonaparte. 3 vols., 8vo. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

[15] *Shakspeare's Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.* Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. 12mo, pp. 285. New York: Harper and Brothers.

of critical comments selected from the writings of Goethe, A. W. Schlegel, Coleridge, Thomas Campbell, Mrs. Jameson, and others, in which the structure of the play and its leading characters are carefully analyzed, while briefer remarks on special passages are to be found in the notes which are grouped under their appropriate scenes and acts at the close of the book. In these notes, nearly six thousand in number, and the fruit of industrious and intelligent research, a large mass of valuable material is unobtrusively stored, on matters historical, archæological, and philological; explanatory of difficult or ambiguous words, phrases, and passages; giving views of the various readings and parallelisms of Shakspeare; and illustrative of the manners, customs, and incidents referred to in the text.

A new volume of poems by Whittier is sure to merit and receive a friendly greeting. Always careful and conscientious in the execution of his work, "The Vision of Echard"[16] and its companion poems are conspicuous instances of this excellent virtue in a poet. The two principal poems in the volume are on strongly contrasted subjects, and their scenes are laid in as strongly contrasted lands. The first has for its theme a vision of God in a dream to the Benedictine monk Echard, as he sat "where Marsberg sees the bridal of the Moselle and Sarre," and relates the revelation of His will to the dreamer through the voice of a spirit, till the spoken word seemed to him "written on air and wave and sod," and "the bending walls of sapphire blazed with the thought of God." The other is a legend, in the ballad style of the "Witch of Wenham Lake," which describes how, for once at least, beauty and innocence escaped from the net-work of circumstance which superstition and malice had woven around them. The other poems are brief examples of Whittier's happiest powers.

The publication of the *Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold*[17] in the popular "Franklin Square Library" was evidently prompted by a generous estimate of the culture and intelligence of its readers, and the choice of the selections has been guided by a sound literary taste. The poems in the collection are specimens of Arnold's earliest and also of his most mature work, and while they afford the neophyte an excellent study of the methods of a polished artist, they will give pleasure to all lovers of the poetic art. As was to have been expected from a poet whose ideal standard of the Muse was that she is "young, gay, radiant, and adorned outside," but with "a hidden ground of thought and of austerity within," the distinguishing traits of Arnold's verse are the gracefulness of its form and the subtle intellectuality of its interior spirit. Notwithstanding, it is by no means barren of passages of great warmth and tenderness, though it rarely rises to the height of passion, and is never sensuously emotional. Those of his sonnets which are given, especially his later ones, are true brilliants, and his romantic poems are good specimens of legendary narrative poetry.

That poetry finds in the sister art its best and most congenial interpreter is exemplified on every page of two sumptuous volumes reproducing Cowper's *Task*[18] and Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.[19] Both are copiously adorned with illustrations of unusual excellence, in which each artist evinces that he has been a diligent and reverent student of the poet he interprets, and has caught his subtlest and most poetic meanings. The illustrations of *Thanatopsis*, by W. J. Linton, are finely imaginative; and those in *The Task*—the well-known ones by Birket Foster—are picturesque studies, in which nature in some of her loveliest moods is painted with realistic fidelity.

The Speaker's Commentary[20] was undertaken in 1863, at the instance of the Speaker of the House of Commons, with the object in view of supplying, through the co-operation of scholars eminent for Biblical learning, a plain explanatory Bible commentary, more complete and accurate than any that had been hitherto accessible. Under the general editorship of Canon Cook, of Exeter, the books of the Old Testament have been completed with great acceptability, and the installment of the work just published begins the New Testament with the three synoptical gospels. The Archbishop of York contributes to the volume an elaborate general introduction on the authenticity of the four gospels. The commentary and critical notes to St. Matthew were prepared by Dean Mansel (who died before the work was published), with the exception of those on the last two chapters, which were supplied by the editor, as were those also on St. Mark. Those on St. Luke were originally prepared by the Bishop of St. David's, but have been completed and revised by the editor. The work is a valuable contribution to theological literature, and meets the necessities alike of the professional scholar and the intelligent general reader.

The singleness with which Professor Shedd has confined himself, in the latest volume of his collected essays, to subjects bearing directly upon æsthetics and literature, fairly gives it the right to the distinctive title of *Literary Essays*.[21] A glance at their topics will show their adherence to purely literary subjects, and also reveal their general drift. Originally written at intervals from 1844 to 1859, they comprise elaborate discussions on the true nature of the beautiful and its relation to culture, on the influence and method of English studies, on the ethical theory of rhetoric and eloquence, on the relation of language and style to thought, on scientific and popular education, on intellectual temperance, on Coleridge as a philosopher and theologian, etc. Each of these essays may be read with pleasure for the lucidity of its style and the amplitude of its illustrations, and with profit for its accumulation of varied knowledge. We have, however, been specially impressed by those on the nature of the beautiful, on English studies and intellectual temperance, and on S. T. Coleridge. The last will be

[16] *The Vision of Echard, and other Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. 12mo, pp. 131. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[17] *Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold.* "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 32. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *The Task.* A Poem. By William Cowper. Illustrated by Birket Foster. 8vo, pp. 263. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[19] *Thanatopsis.* By William Cullen Bryant. Thin 8vo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[20] *The Holy Bible, according to the Authorized Version, with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation.* Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter, etc. New Testament. Vol. I.: St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke. 8vo, pp. 472. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[21] *Literary Essays.* By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. 8vo, pp. 365. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

recognized as a republication of the scholarly analytical essay prefixed to Harper's edition of the poet's *Works*, published in 1852, and, it is to be hoped, may lead to a revived interest in his writings. The others are singularly suited to guide the taste of those who are preparing themselves for literary or professional pursuits.

The secret of the great acceptability of the *Sermons* of the Rev. Phillips Brooks[22] is not far to seek. Certainly it is not to be found in their bursts of oratory, or in their daring flights of imagination, nor in the seductiveness of their rhetorical embellishments; for although they are rich in varied eloquence and in sustained imaginative power of a high order, their dominant characteristics are unaffected naturalness, vigorous directness, and modest simplicity of style. The real secret of their power lies, however, less in any characteristics of style than in the fine sympathy and tender love which run through them and kindle a response in every heart. Mr. Brooks's methods are as simple as his style: almost uniformly he first resolves the absorbing issues with which he has to deal into their elementary principles, subjecting each to an exhaustive analysis, and then, after explaining and illustrating each by familiar examples drawn from nature or experience, he rebuilds them before the eyes of his auditors as examples for their warning or their imitation. In this process he touches every spiritual perplexity, and ministers encouragement or consolation or aid to every spiritual need. Rarely ever dealing dogmatically with a subject, his aim seems to be to sow the seeds of personal religion in the hearts of his hearers, and to nourish them there by his affectionate appeals and earnest reasonings till they bear fruit abundantly.

The reader of Dr. Dix's *Sermons*[23] will be insensibly impressed with the feeling that he is listening to a message carried to him by an accredited messenger. These sermons naturally fall under two classes—those which elaborate with clearness and brevity the high themes which lie at the foundation of Christianity, such as the mysteries of the Godhead and the incarnation, the office and attributes of the Holy Ghost, the efficacy of the Saviour's atonement, and the realities of heaven and hell and God as revealed in Holy Scripture; and those which relate to man, his accountability, his relationship to God and other men, the duties which he must perform, and the graces and virtues which are indispensable to spiritual growth. In this latter class the sermons on action, prayer and sorrow, on repentance, on growth in Christ, on rash and irreverent forms of belief, on the training of childhood, on sacrifice, submission, and affliction, and on the life battles in which all men must necessarily engage, are models of teaching at once authoritative and persuasive, and abound in tender and wise counsels for the furtherance of personal holiness among men. Dr. Dix's methods of illustration and modes of enforcing his message are peculiar to himself, and admirably adapted to conciliate the attention and assent of the sagacious and practical professional and business men of a great commercial centre. Apparently because he has felt that sentimental and rhetorical appeals would have no response from such as these, of whom his hearers are largely composed, he almost invariably addresses the conscience and the will through the understanding, and seeks to influence men to right belief and action by exhibiting the reasonableness, equitableness, natural fairness, and absolute consistency and justice of the religion which he preaches and the life which it requires men to lead. It is not to be inferred, however, that because of his employment of such wise and practical common-sense methods his sermons lack the higher elements, for while their exterior body is thus pre-eminently practical, their interior teachings and setting forth of truths are intensely spiritual. As has been intimated, Dr. Dix's methods of illustration are peculiar to himself, and it is interesting to observe wherein they differ from those employed by the two great preachers, Dean Goulburn and Rev. Phillips Brooks, whom he most resembles, by the importance ascribed to themes intended to aid men in the development and growth of personal holiness. He is less affluent than they in pleasing lessons and analogies drawn from natural objects, but far richer in those which are derived from the experiences of individual men, and the operations of their mental, moral, and physical nature.

The new edition of Dr. Hodge's text-book of the science of *Systematic Theology*[24] is not a bare reprint of the original *Outlines*, which appeared some eighteen years ago. Since then the work has been largely rewritten, so as to conform to the learned author's increased experience and to the advance made by modern scholarship. Several chapters have been dropped, and six new ones have been added, and it has been further enriched by extracts from the principal confessions, creeds, and theological writers of the great historical Churches. It has also been enlarged by an appendix containing two not easily accessible "confessions"—the "Consensus Tigurinus" of Calvin and the "Formula Consensus Helvetica" of Heidigger and Turretin. Notwithstanding its considerable enlargement, the work remains a model of condensation, and is an authentic version of the Princeton theology.

The appearance of a second edition of Mr. George C. Eggleston's *A Rebel's Recollections*,[25] originally written in 1874, indicates that its merits as a modest contribution to history from the Southern stand-point have had kindly recognition. To those who have not yet read it we can confidently say that its pictures of the mustering of the Confederate army, of the men who composed it, of the temper of the women of the South during the crisis of war, of the financial straits that were experienced and the financial expedients that were resorted to, and of Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and other of their military leaders, are very spirited, and without any tinge of bitterness.

A careful inspection of several of the little volumes forming "Harper's Half-hour Series" sug-

[22] *Sermons.* By the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. 12mo, pp. 371. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

[23] *Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical.* By Morgan Dix, S.T.D., Rector of Trinity Church, New York. 12mo, pp. 334. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

[24] *Outlines of Theology.* Rewritten and Enlarged. By Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D. 8vo, pp. 678. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[25] *A Rebel's Recollections.* By George Cary Eggleston. Second Edition. 12mo, pp. 260. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

gests the reflection that whoever gives them the cold shoulder because of their diminutive size will suffer a great deprivation as the price of his mistaken prejudice. For example, here is one belonging to the series of English Literature Primers, in which we find a well-executed sketch of the *Classical Period of English Literature*, by EUGENE LAWRENCE, covering the years from the birth of Milton to the death of Gibbon, and giving condensed biographies of the great English poets, wits, philosophers, statesmen, dramatists, historians, and scholars who flourished in that period of intellectual activity, together with brief accounts and critical estimates of their principal productions, and references to interesting historical incidents connected with them and their times.—Here, again, is another, containing a reproduction of three of Macaulay's masterly biographical and critical essays, illustrating the lives and writings of Oliver Goldsmith, John Bunyan, and Madame D'Arblay.—Then, under the modest title, *A Primer of German Literature*, by HELEN S. CONANT, we have another which traces in flowing outline the growth of German literature, moving with rapid and graceful touches over the early period, and dwelling at greater length on the intellectual progress of the last two centuries. This later period is illustrated by compact and brilliant sketches of the most celebrated German thinkers, and by skillful epitomes of their greatest works. —In another, the inimitable Sir Roger de Coverley papers are rapt from their scattered isolation in the *Spectator*, and brought into continuous narrative form. They are also accompanied by a large body of interesting notes, throwing light on customs, events, celebrities, and institutions referred to in the text, on which the darkness of nearly two centuries had settled.—Still another is a timely contribution to the prevailing taste for ceramics, in the form of a *Hand-Book to the Practice of Pottery Painting*, in which are set forth with minuteness all that an amateur of the fictile art needs to know as to the choice, preparation, and grouping of colors, and as to the tools and materials required, and the methods of using them, together with the steps to be followed in the process of applying the pigments to the different kinds of pottery.—And finally, to complete the variety, the last of these unpretending volumes, *Behind Blue Glasses*, is a sprightly novelette from the German of F. W. HACKLANDER, written in the genuine light comedy vein, and sparkling with humorous incidents and mirth-provoking dilemmas.

A budget of books in gay bindings, and printed on delicately tinted paper, pleasantly reminds us that while the publishers are busy catering for the tastes of grown-up folk they are not forgetful of the children. Two of these, *Aunt Sophy's Boys and Girls*, and *Little Neighbors* (E. P. Dutton and Co.), intended for children of six or eight, are large and elegant volumes, written in the true story-telling style, and noteworthy for the abundance and quality of their etchings and engravings of subjects attractive to the little people. Two others, *Prairie Days; or, the Girls and Boys of Osego*, and *My Boyhood*, from the same publishers, are designed for children from ten to fourteen. The one last named is distinctively a boy's book, and what it has to tell is exactly suited to the tastes of energetic and wide-awake boyhood. Another book in which young folk will find capital entertainment is the story of *Nelly's Silver Mine*, by H. H. (Roberts Brothers), which starts with a picture of a Christmas morning in a snug New England home, and a recital of the delights which that best of days brought to Nelly and her brother, and then transplants us to distant Colorado and its stupendous scenery. Its descriptions of the cañons and mountains, the mines and miners, and of the life that is lived in that outpost of our country, are so vivid and precise as to fire the fancy and instruct the mind of the young reader.

Editor's Scientific Record.

Astronomy.—Dr. Peters discovered his twenty-ninth and thirtieth minor planets (Nos. 188 and 189) on July 7 and September 17. Professor Watson is not too much engaged in his work on a new major planet to add occasionally an asteroid to our system. His twenty-third planet, No. 190, was discovered September 20. Swift's comet of July 7 was observed well by Dr. Peters, and is possibly the same as one announced by P. Ferrari, of Rome, as having been discovered in July. No news of this came to this country by telegraph, but it was only heard of by a telegram in the London *Times*. With regard to Vulcan, the following deductions appear not to have been noticed: 1. Leverrier's orbits were said by himself only to be possible if the inclination of Vulcan was large—say 12° or over; 2. Watson's observation fits one of Leverrier's orbits, as shown by Gaillot, but necessitates a small inclination—say 6° or thereabouts; 3. If, then, Watson's eclipse Vulcan and Leverrier's transit Vulcan are one and the same, this new planet must be on the face of the sun several times a year; but it has never been seen on the thousands of photographs, drawings, etc. Thus the ephemeris of Gaillot is meaningless.

In a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. Lockyer, the writer very strongly questions Dr. Henry Draper's discovery of oxygen in the sun. Mr. Lockyer says he has gone carefully over the whole ground, and finds (1) that the photograph on which Dr. Draper bases the discovery is not one competent to settle such an important question; (2) that he does not find the coincidences between bright solar lines and oxygen lines in the part of the spectrum with which he is most familiar; and (3) that, comparing Dr. Draper's photograph with the fine photograph of the spectrum obtained by Mr. Rutherford, he "fails to find any true bright line in the sun whatever coincident with any line of oxygen whatever." Recent observations at Greenwich, by Mr. Christie, and by Dr. John C. Draper, of the city of New York, have led to a similar conclusion, and the whole subject, so far as the opinions of scientific men are concerned, may be said to be in an unsettled state. Dr. Draper continues to work on this question, and if a different expla-

nation of his remarkable photographs is to be found, his own researches will undoubtedly disclose it. At present the question stands in this way: Dr. Draper, using an apparatus definitely described, obtains certain regular coincidences between the bright lines of oxygen in the air and bright spaces in the solar spectrum. These have been photographed hundreds of times, with many conditions varying. His explanation of these is doubted by many eminent spectroscopists, and received by many others. In the mean time no other satisfactory explanation has been advanced.

Dr. Ball, of Dublin Observatory, has made a series of observations on the parallax of 61 *Cygni*, using a different comparison star from Brünnow's. The result is, $\pi = 0.4654'' \pm 0.0497''$. For reference the following older results may be added: Bessel (1st), $\pi = 0.357''$; Johnson (1st), $0.526''$; Struve, $0.511''$; Auwers, $0.564''$; Peters, $0.349''$. Dr. Ball has also made a working list of forty-two stars which *a priori* seemed likely to be near our system, and has examined these stars at critical times of their ellipse of parallactic displacement. In no case was a large parallax ($\pi > 1''$) indicated. In this connection it may be mentioned that two stars are waiting for observers—one mentioned by Fearnley in the *Ast. Nach.*, and another by Vogel in his *Sternhaufen* χ *Persei*, 1877, 4to.

The death of Emil von Asten at Kiel on August 15 will be a great loss to "computing astronomy," as it may be long before another can be found to continue the re-investigation of the motion of Encke's comet, with which Von Asten's name is associated. His other memoirs are on the mass of Uranus, on the temperature of St. Petersburg, and on various metaphysical subjects.

Among the important reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is Glaisher's on mathematical tables. He has undertaken the calculation of the factor tables of the fourth, fifth, and sixth millions on the plan of Burckhardt's and Dase's. These tables give the least factor of every number not divisible by 2, 3, or 5, and the series will, when completed, comprise 1 to 3,000,000 (Burckhardt), 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 (Glaisher), 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 (Dase). Mr. Glaisher is now printing the first third of his work.

From *Nature* we have an account of the new work of Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, on the moon, and his lunar map. The personal history of Schmidt's long-continued labors is especially interesting. In 1839 he first began to examine the lunar surface, and made frequent studies, measures, and drawings up to 1867. At this time, being director of the Athens Observatory, he commenced his final map, which is now published, on a scale of six feet to the moon's diameter. This was finished in 1874, and is in twenty-five sections. With Lohrmann's and Beer and Mädler's maps it will make the surface of the moon better known than many parts of the civilized globe, and will serve as an invaluable witness in any future questions as to secular changes in the lunar surface.

Otto von Struve is now making a tour of inspection of observatories in Europe, for the purpose of deciding on the plan and construction of a new large refractor for Pulkova.

Meteorology.—In our meteorological review for September we note, first, the publication by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy of an imposing volume of charts giving information regarding winds, calms, fogs, rain squalls, weather, barometer, temperature of the air, of sea water, and of evaporation—all for every five degrees square, and for each month. This volume is the first of the series, and covers the Pacific Ocean between the equator and the 45th parallel of north latitude, and between the American coast and the 180th meridian. The next volume, for the north and south Atlantic Ocean, is well advanced, and the whole series, when finished, will cover the whole navigated ocean surface of the globe. This important work was begun in September, 1876, by Lieutenant T. A. Lyons and other officers of the United States navy, and will by them be continued until completed. The data are supplied by log-books of the United States vessels of war, and the journals kept by merchant vessels on forms supplied by the Hydrographic Office.

The regular Monthly Weather Reviews for August, coming to hand, as usual, about the 10th of the following month, contain many additional items relating to the remarkable local storms of that month. The Canada review devotes a short postscript to the tornado and terrible hail-storm which passed over Norwood and near Toronto on August 8; hail-stones weighing one and a half pounds were caught and measured. The average weight of a large number was half a pound. The larger ones averaged one to every yard, the smaller ones one to every inch. The review for the State of Iowa, by G. Heinrichs, gives maps showing the rain-fall during thirty storms, and illustrating the definite regular gradation of rain-fall from the centre of a storm outward. The Signal Service Review for August has an especially interesting abstract of a report, by Professor W. H. Brewer, on the tornado at Wallingford, Connecticut, on the 9th; it also gives a remarkably long list of tornadoes and local storms during the month. At the close of this review there is given a list of Signal Service stations at which the duration of the total eclipse was observed. As showing the extensive correspondence of this office, it may be added that 295 stations are stated to have sent in reports concerning this eclipse.

The reduction of observations of earth temperatures at various stations in Russia, and a general discussion of similar observations elsewhere, form the subject of the latest publication by Wild—the hourly variation of temperature under the surface of the earth is elucidated by him for the first time. The only collection and comparison of similar observations that we happen to know of were made by Abbe in working up the data relative to the hatching of grasshopper eggs, as published in the recent report of the United States Entomological Commission. Wild's paper is of pre-eminent thoroughness and ability, and must form a starting-point for many new investigations into this important subject.

The separation of meteorology from the National Observatory at Paris has been officially consummated, and the new "Central Meteorological Bureau," with Mascart at its head, has been created under the Minister of Public Instruction. The bureau is charged with all studies and applications of meteorology.

In *Physics*, Jevons has continued his researches on Pedesis, the name which he has given to the

well-known Brownian movement of microscopic particles. To decide between the hypothesis that this movement is due to surface tension, as some hold, and the one which ascribes it to chemical or electromotive action, held by the author, Jevons made the experiment in a solution of soap. Since soap lessens the surface tension of water without affecting its conductive power, the pedesis, if due to surface tension, should be lessened by it. The reverse, however, proved to be the fact, the pedetic motion becoming considerably more marked on the addition of soap, even when not only china clay, but also ferric oxide, chalk, and barium carbonate were employed. The author believes from his experiments that the detergent action of soap is due to pedesis, by which minute particles are loosened and diffused through the water, so as to be readily carried off. The high cleansing power of rain or distilled water, in contrast with that of impure hard water, is due to the fact that the electric conductivity of the former is lower, and hence pedesis is higher. The addition of salts to water increases its conductivity but diminishes its pedetic and detergent power. If the salts be alkaline, the pedetic power is lessened, but the water acts on oleaginous matter. But if soap be also added, we have the advantage of both the alkali dissolving power and of the pedetic cleansing power.

Rayleigh has discussed, in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution, the theory of maintained vibrations in acoustics, confining himself to that class of such vibrations of which heat is the motive power, and particularly to the case where the vibrating body is a mass of air more or less completely confined. The most common form of the phenomenon is that often observed in blowing a bulb on a glass tube, first investigated by Sondhauss, though the more familiar examples of the hydrogen singing flame and the tube of Rijke are also cases in point. The explanation seems to be that the heat is communicated periodically to the mass of air confined in the sounding tube at a place where in the course of a vibration the pressure varies. The phenomena, however, are yet quite complex.

Carnelley, having determined by careful calorimetrical experiments the fusing-points of various salts, has, in conjunction with Williams, made use of the data thus obtained for the purpose of determining the boiling-points of substances which are beyond the range of ordinary thermometers. Fragments of two or three salts are placed in the vapor or liquid, and examined to see if they melt. Thus, for example, while sodium chlorate melts in the vapor of mercuric chloride, sodium nitrate does not. Anthracene vapor melts potassium nitrate, but not the chlorate; its boiling-point is between 339° and 359°. The authors hope to fix in this way the boiling-points of potassium, sodium, etc.

Hofmann has devised a new form of camera lucida, which seems to be an improvement upon the ordinary instrument. In place of a total reflection prism he uses two mirrors, one metallized, the other plain, placed at a fixed angle. The latter mirror transmits the rays coming from the pencil, and at the same time reflects a part of the rays coming from the object to be drawn, and which have already been reflected from the metallized mirror. A neutral tint glass or a set of lenses may be attached to the apparatus for special kinds of work.

Thompson has described a rainbow phenomenon, seen chiefly in Switzerland, in which radial streaks of light devoid of color are observed within the primary and without the secondary bow. He explains it by supposing that the wedge-shaped radial streaks are beams of sunlight, which become visible by diffuse reflection from particles of matter in their path, just as the apparently divergent beams of sunrise or sunset become visible. Being practically parallel, they appear to converge in the point exactly opposite to the sun by perspective, just as the parallel beams of the sun appear divergent. Since the rainbow has for its centre the point opposite to the sun, such beams must have positions radial with respect to the bow. They have never been observed crossing the dark span between the primary and secondary bows. The phenomenon is a frequent one in Wyoming Territory.

Stoney and Reynolds have studied the peculiar absorption spectrum of the vapor of chlorochromic oxide, which is of special interest because it supplies information as to the duration and character of the motion of the molecules of the vapor which produces it. The spectrum consists of lines of various intensities, but uniformly distributed. Of these 105 have been examined, and from their position it has been ascertained that they are all to be referred to one motion in the molecules of the gas, of which motion they are all harmonics or quasi-harmonics. On the first supposition this motion is repeated 810,000,000,000 times every second in each molecule. From the succession of intensities it is surmised that this motion is in some way related to that of a particular point in a violin string vibrating under the influence of the bow, *i. e.*, a point nearly but not quite two-fifths of the string from one of the ends.

Hurion has examined in the laboratory of Mascart the spectrum of iodine vapor, and shows that, as Le Roux had observed, this spectrum is produced by anomalous dispersion, the blue, contrary to the usual order, being less deviated than the red. Using a hollow prism of glass, placed inside a hot-air bath, the author has successfully measured the refractive indices for the blue and red rays, and finds them as follows: for the blue 1.019, and for the red 1.0205. This gives 0.06 for the negative dispersion of iodine vapor, which is very near the positive dispersion of flint-glass. Assuming that the refractive power of a substance is independent of its physical state, the calculated indices for solid iodine would be for the red 1.89, and for the blue 1.83, the values obtained from measurements of the refractive power of a solution of iodine in carbon disulphide being 2.07 and 1.98 respectively.

Gaugain has recorded the curious fact that a bar of steel magnetized at 400° or 500° C. not only loses it magnetism gradually as it is cooled until it becomes zero, but that then magnetism of contrary sign appears, and increases until the bar reaches the temperature of the air, never becoming, however, as intense as the original magnetism. On again heating it the same effects are produced in the inverse order, and they may be reproduced many times without remagnetizing. To account for this result the author proposed the hypothesis that the bars which presented the phenomena consisted of two layers of magnetism of contrary name, which were differently modified by the variations in the temperature of the bars.

To test the question experiments were made with a steel tube inclosing a steel rod, forming a magnetic system. If the tube be magnetized, the rod inserted, and then withdrawn, the latter is found magnetized like the tube. But if, before withdrawing the rod, the system be heated to 300° and allowed to cool, the tube has lost nearly the whole of its magnetism, and the rod has become oppositely magnetized. The same results are obtained if the rod be magnetized in place of the tube. Moreover, if both tube and rod be magnetized at the ordinary temperature, or at 300° to 400°, and be at once separated, they are magnetized alike. But if the system be cooled before withdrawing the rod, their magnetism is opposite. If the magnetization has been effected at 300° to 400°, reheating the system increases the direct magnetism of the nucleus, and at the same time diminishes the inverse magnetism of the tube.

Gaiffe has contrived two simple forms of galvanometer, one for measuring electromotive force directly, and the other for measuring current strength. In the former the coil has a high resistance (about 3000 units of the British Association committee), so that the resistance of the rheometer may be neglected in comparison, and the deflections of the needle be sensibly proportional to the electromotive forces. By means of two additional resistance coils the resistance may be increased ten and fifty times. The circle is graduated empirically into sixty divisions, each of which represents one-tenth of a volt when the galvanometer resistance alone is used. Electromotive forces from 0.1 to 150 volts may thus be measured. The latter galvanometer has a coil of low resistance, with shunts by which its delicacy may be still further reduced. Using the galvanometer alone, one division on the scale represents one-ten-thousandth of a B. A. unit. With the first shunt the divisions represent hundredths, and with the second whole units. Current strengths from 0.0001 to 200 units may thus be measured. These instruments are accurate to one per cent., sufficient for testing currents used in medicine, for which they were devised.

Sabine has investigated the remarkable motions which are produced by placing a drop of very dilute acid upon the clean surface of a newly filtered and rather rich amalgam of some metal which is positive to mercury. The drop does not lie still, as it would do on pure mercury, but sets itself into an irregular jerky motion. This is true of copper, tin, antimony, zinc, and lead amalgams. If, however, amalgams of metals negative to mercury be used, such as gold, platinum, and silver, the drop lies quite still. Sulphuric, hydrochloric, oxalic, and acetic acids were used, and all produced the result, but in different degrees. In oxygen the movements are increased; in hydrogen they are arrested. The author hence infers that the motions result from alternate deoxidation of the mercury beneath the acid by electrolysis, causing the drop to contract by an altered surface tension, and reoxidation outside of the drop, causing it to expand again over the surface.

In *Chemistry*, Muntz has made a research upon the formation of alcohol in the cells of growing plants, and finds that, when confined in an atmosphere of nitrogen or any gas not containing oxygen, the presence of alcohol can be invariably detected, even after only a few hours' exposure, while none appeared in other similar plants not thus treated. The experiments were made with beets, maize, geranium, cabbage, etc., and the results are regarded as confirming the views of Pasteur, that the alcoholic fermentation produced by ordinary yeast is simply an exaggeration of the normal action of all organic cells in the absence of oxygen.

Wilson has presented to the British Association a paper on the amount of sugar contained in the nectar of various flowers. A single flower of fuchsia contains 7.59 milligrams, of which 1.69 is fruit sugar and 5.9 cane sugar. A flower of everlasting pea has 9.93 milligrams, 8.33 being fruit and 1.60 cane; a raceme of vetch 3.16 milligrams, 3.15 being fruit sugar, a single flower giving 0.158 milligrams of fruit sugar. A head of red clover gave 7.93 milligrams, 5.95 being fruit and 1.98 cane, each floret giving 0.132 milligrams, 0.099 being fruit sugar; a flower of monk's-hood 6.41 milligrams, 4.63 being fruit sugar. Approximately, then, 100 heads of clover give 0.8 gram of sugar, or 125 give a gram, and 125,000 a kilogram. As each head contains about 60 florets, it is evident that to obtain a kilogram of sugar 7,500,000 florets are required. Now as honey contains about 75 per cent. of sugar, 5,600,000 flowers would yield a kilogram of honey, or say two and a half millions a pound. Since this nectar is only of use to the flower by attracting insects to it, and in this way fertilizing the plant, as is evident from the fact that it is secreted at the time only when the visits of insects would be beneficial—*i. e.*, when the anthers are shedding their pollen—it is interesting to notice the connection now pointed out between the amount of nectar a flower secretes and the results of insect visits in changing the size, shape, color, etc., of the flower.

Zoology.—An interesting essay, by V. Sterki, on the infusoria, especially *Oxytricha* and its allies, will serve to keep up the interest in these organisms. Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift* also contains the fifth paper on the anatomy and development of sponges, by Professor F. E. Schulze, the present essay describing and figuring the metamorphosis of *Sycandra raphanus*.

Additional essays by H. Ludwig on the finer anatomy of the sand-stars and brisinga—a deep-sea, many-armed star-fish, found in deep water off the coast of Norway and in the abysses of the North Atlantic—will interest the special student.

The brachiopoda dredged in the North Atlantic in 1868–70, on the expeditions of H.M.S. *Lightning* and *Porcupine*, are being fully described and figured by J. Gwyn Jeffreys in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London. Particular attention is given to the vertical distribution and the geological range of these shelled worms, regarded still as mollusca by the author.

A writer in the *American Naturalist* for October notices the curious fact that at a point near White House Landing, Virginia, on the Pamunky River, where fresh-water mussels (*Unio*) abound, it has been found impossible to raise ducks, for the reason that at low water the ducklings were liable to be caught by the mussels and held until drowned by the rising tide. This story, Mr. Mather adds, was afterward confirmed by the Pamunky Indians, who live on an island below White House, and who, with every facility for raising large quantities of ducks, do not keep them.

A synopsis by Mr. E. B. Wilson of the *Pycnogonida* of New England, or spider-like insects, which live from low-water mark to a depth of fifty or a hundred fathoms in the sea, appears in the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences. Each species is illustrated, and this neglected though interesting group receives good treatment at the hands of the author.

The attention of critics has been lately given to a statement of Fritz Müller, of Brazil, an eminent German naturalist, as to whether a prawn (*Penæus*) is really an exception to all other shrimps, etc. (*Decapods*), and has young of the *nauplius* form instead of the *zoëa* form, the nauplius being an oval six-legged larva, and forming the early stage of the entomostracous crustacea, such as the water-fleas (*Cyclops*). The supposed fact that *Penæus* was born in the nauplius stage of existence was supposed to be a strong fact for the truth of the evolution theory. Recently Mr. C. Spence Bate has questioned whether *Penæus* has a larval form like a nauplius, and demands from Müller proof of his assertion, the latter having admitted that his evidence was of a circumstantial nature. Mr. Bate remarks that "after fully considering the subject, it appears to me that Fritz Müller's nauplius may be the larval condition of a schizopod, more or less related to *Euphausia*, or it may be the young of one of the suctorian parasites, but that there is every reason to believe that it is not the young of any known prawn, and there is no evidence to determine its relation to *Penæus*."

The causes of the humming of insects have been studied by Pérez, who finds that among *Hymenoptera* and *Diptera* humming is due to two distinct causes—one, the vibrations of which the articulation of the wing is the seat, and which constitute the true hum; the other, the friction of the wings against the air—an effect which more or less modifies the former. Among the powerful-winged *Lepidoptera*, such as the sphinxes, the sweet and mellow hum of these insects is due only to the rustling of the wings by the air. This sound, always grave, is the only one produced; it is not accompanied by basilary beatings, on account of a peculiar organization, and especially from the presence of scales. In *Libellula*, the dragon-fly, the base of whose wings is provided with soft and fleshy parts, there does not exist true humming, but a simple noise due to the rustling of the organs of flight.

A swarm of locusts (*Acridium peregrinum*) is reported in *Psyche* to have boarded the ship *Harrisburg*, of Boston, on the passage from Bordeaux, bound to New Orleans, on the 2d day of November, 1865, in latitude 25° 28′ north, longitude 41° 33′ west, making the nearest point of land 1200 miles off. They came on board in a heavy rain-squall, the clouds and ship's sails being full of them for two days, as certified to by E. G. Wiswell, master of the vessel. This species appeared in Corfu, in Spain, and even in England. The Corfu swarm, adds Mr. Scudder, was composed of the variety with yellow-colored hind-wings, and therefore came from Northern Africa, where that form is found, while the Spanish and English swarms were of the rose-colored variety, and must have originated in Senegal. "But the most interesting point of all is the fact, first pointed out by Stol, that all the other species of that group of the genus to which this species belongs are American; whence it is highly probable that *A. peregrinum* also is indigenous to America, from whence it has been recorded. Its occurrence in mid-ocean in such numbers is a clear indication that it originally flew from one continent to the other in sufficient numbers to establish itself in a new home."

The distribution of the Rocky Mountain locust has been this season observed by Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., the secretary of the United States Entomological Commission, in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho. It was only locally injurious in Northeastern Utah, and though abundant in Idaho north of and about Franklin, the commission feel authorized to state that there will be no general invasion of the Western States and Territories in 1879, though it was found by Messrs. Thomas and Packard to be spread in small numbers in the parks and plains as well as mountains of Colorado, and to occur in very small numbers in Western Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana. Portions of Northern Utah and Montana are annually afflicted by them. The results of investigations this year confirm the views stated by the Commissioners in their report issued in July last.

The maple-tree bark louse, occasionally destructive to the maple, has been studied with care by Miss Emily A. Smith, an illustrated account appearing in the *American Naturalist*.

A case of mimetic coloring in tadpoles is recorded by Sarah P. Monks in the *American Naturalist* for October. She finds that the tails of the tadpoles resemble the submerged lower leaves of a plant, *Ludovidgia palustris*, in color, width, and shape. The resemblance in color was so striking that a friend, who was not on the lookout for analogies, mistook a leaf for a tadpole.

In a communication to the British Association for the Advancement of Science on the saurians of the Dakota cretaceous rocks of Colorado, Professor Cope drew attention to the habits of those dinosaurians, so remarkable for their thin-walled dorsal and cervical vertebræ. He was of the opinion that the caverns were not filled with cartilage, but with diverticula from the lungs or other air cavities. He advanced the theory that the species of *Camarasaurus* and *Amphicœlias* were dwellers in water, sometimes of considerable depth, where they walked on the bottom and browsed on the algæ, and sometimes land plants growing on the shore. The long fore-limbs and long neck of *Camarasaurus* were further evidence that the animal reached upward for food, as the giraffe, or for air when submerged.

Engineering and Mechanics.—As supplementary to our late reference to the government survey for the Delaware and Maryland Ship-Canal, we may report the following suggestions as to available routes therefor, which it is affirmed will receive the attention of the engineers in charge of the work. One route proposes to make use of the Choptank River (which enters the Chesapeake Bay below Cambridge, about fifty miles from Baltimore) as a part of the canal as far as Indian Creek, thence running directly across to the northwest fork of the Nanticoke, and thence in a direct line to Broadkiln Creek, about three miles above the Delaware Breakwater. The length of this route is estimated at about forty miles. Another route starts from the St. Michael River, at Royal Oak, forty miles from Baltimore, thence to the Choptank at a point above Lord's Landing,

thence to Cabin Creek, and thence to the Broadkiln on the Delaware Bay. Another route is from the Sassafras River, thirty-five miles from Baltimore, across to Deep-water Point, making use of Blackbird Creek, the distance across which is about thirty miles. The route which appears to meet with most favor, however, is that using the Chester River from Baltimore to Queenstown (twenty-eight miles), and thence directly to the Broadkiln—a distance of fifty-five miles. The advantages of a canal connecting the two bays for the commerce of the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York have already been pointed out, and we need only add to what has already been said the statement that at the last session of the Maryland Legislature the city of Baltimore was authorized to aid the canal to the extent of $500,000.

Referring to the natural gas wells of East Liverpool, Ohio, which appear to be largely utilized, a correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* states that they supply the light and heat for the town almost exclusively. The city is lighted with it, and the street lamps are left burning continually, day and night, as the gas costs nothing, and it is therefore not worth the trouble to extinguish it. It is conducted into the grates and stoves of private houses for heating and cooking purposes, and furnishes steam-power for many of the largest pottery and iron-stone china establishments there located. As to the duration of the supply, it is affirmed that "the first well discovered now burns as brightly as when first opened, and for the last twenty years has never flagged in brilliancy, while none of those now in operation have ever shown any signs of giving out."

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of October.—State elections were held October 8 in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and West Virginia. In Ohio the plurality for Milton Barnes, the Republican candidate for Secretary of State, was 3498. As compared with the vote in 1877, both the Republican and the National vote showed large gains—the former of 25,000 and the latter of 9000, while the Democratic vote showed a loss of 659. In Iowa the Republican majority for Secretary of State was about 15,000. In Indiana and West Virginia the Democrats had majorities; in the former State 10,000, and in the latter 5000.

The New Hampshire Prohibitionist Convention, at Nashua, October 15, nominated Asa S. Kendall for Governor. The Delaware Greenback Convention, at Wilmington, October 17, nominated Dr. K. J. Stewart for Governor.

The new Canadian ministry is thus constituted: Premier and Minister of the Interior, Sir John A. Macdonald; Minister of Public Works, Hon. Charles Tupper; Minister of Finance, Hon. S. L. Tilley; Minister of Agriculture, Hon. J. H. Pope; President of the Council, Hon. John O'Connor; Minister of Justice, Hon. James Macdonald; Minister of Militia, Hon. L. F. R. Masson; Postmaster-General, Hon. H. L. Langevin; Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Hon. J. C. Pope; Minister of Customs, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; Secretary of State, Hon. J. C. Aikens; Receiver-General, Hon. Alexander Campbell; Minister of Inland Revenue, Hon. L. F. G. Baby.

The Eastern question again offers threatening aspects. The Czar of Russia has sent a letter to the powers asking them to unite in compelling Turkey to execute her share of the Treaty of Berlin, setting forth in detail the points in which the Porte has failed to fulfill its engagements as specified in that treaty. It intimates, also, that the Treaty of Berlin was only explanatory of and a supplement to the Treaty of San Stefano, and that both must be read together. This letter, taken in connection with the recent threatening attitude of Russia toward Turkey, and her unpleasant relations with England in Asia, is deemed to be a step toward re-opening the questions that were considered as settled at Berlin.

A dispatch from Simla to Reuter's Telegraph Company confirms the report that the Ameer's reply to the Viceroy of India is unconciliatory and unsatisfactory. The *Daily News's* dispatch from Simla gives the following as the substance of the Ameer's message: "You may do your worst, and the issue is in God's hands."

The German Reichstag, October 19, adopted the entire Socialist Bill, as amended, by a vote of 221 to 149. The operation of the bill is limited to a period of two and one-half years.

The City of Glasgow Bank, Scotland, closed its doors October 2, with liabilities stated to amount to $50,000,000. Frauds have been discovered in its management, for which its officers have been arraigned.

DISASTERS.

October 8.—An excursion train on the Old Colony Railway, returning to Boston from a boat-race, was wrecked by an open switch, in the town of Quincy, near Boston. Of the 1500 passengers twenty-one were killed outright and over 150 were injured.

October 16.—During a panic in the Baptist church at Lynchburg, Virginia, nine colored people were killed and thirty wounded.

October 11.—Panic in the Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, England. Thirty-seven persons killed.

October 20.—Railway collision in Wales. Twelve persons killed and over twenty seriously wounded.

OBITUARY.

October 6.—In Boston, Massachusetts, the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., author of *A South Side View of Slavery*, in his seventy-third year.

October 19.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Benjamin H. Latrobe, the eminent civil engineer, aged seventy-one years.

October 20.—At Huntington, Long Island, Rear-Admiral Hiram Paulding, of the United States navy, aged eighty-one years.

September 27.—At Gotha, in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Dr. August Heinrich Petermann, the eminent geographer, aged fifty-six years.

October 12.—In France, Felix-Antoine-Philibert Dupanloup, the celebrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Orleans, aged seventy-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

FROM the recently published biography of Alexander H. Stephens we cull the following anecdote:

"While on the subject of old Georgia schoolmasters, our readers will perhaps forgive us if we mention another, though he has no immediate connection with our narrative. His name was Duffie, and he swayed the rod in an adjoining county. He was a preacher as well as teacher, and in the latter character he wielded the hickory and took his dram in all respects like the rest of his brethren. He was a great politician, and took a lively interest in all the local affairs of the county. One Friday afternoon, when there was to be next day a horse-race at the county town, one of the competitors in which was one of his political leaders, he admonished his boys in the following fashion:

"'Boys, I suppose you know that there's going to be a horse-race in town to-morrow. Now, boys, don't you go to it. But, boys, if you do go, don't you bet; whatever you do, don't you bet. But, boys, if you *do* bet—mind what I tell you: if you *do* bet, be sure to bet on Abercrombie's mare!'"

"WHEN I travel by rail," said an eminent divine at an English station, the other day, "I select a first-class carriage in the middle of the train, I enter the middle compartment of that carriage, and I take the middle seat in that compartment—*in medio tutissimus ibis*—and I leave the rest to Providence."

"It strikes me he leaves precious little to Providence," said an eminent descendant of Mr. Toodles, *sotto voce*, who was standing by.

DURING the early part of the rebellion the majority of the Committee on Army Supplies of the House of Representatives reported in favor of granting supplies, while a strong minority report opposing the grant was presented by Mr. Vallandigham. After the reading of the minority report, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens inquired of Mr. V. whether his report was *signed* by all the opposing members of the committee. Mr. V. replied, testily, "Yes, Sir, and not one of them has made his mark."

"And never will," retorted Stevens.

WHEN Kentucky had among its Congressional delegation a Marshall, somewhat distinguished for his pomposity if not for his ability, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in the course of debate, referred to the "distinguished gentleman from Kentucky;" whereupon Marshall, rising in his place, interrupted Mr. Stevens with the question, "Does the gentleman refer to me?"

"No, Sir," replied Stevens; "whenever I speak of the distinguished gentleman from Kentucky I always mean Mr. Crittenden."

Galloway Gossip is the title of a modest volume containing a series of articles illustrative of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the aboriginal Picts of Galloway, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the editor. Our clerical readers, we are sure, will enjoy the following:

"Young Cuddie Lauchison, or M'Lauchlan at the Isle, was a New Licht elder down about Whithern, and a powerful hand at a prayer, and he could give no bad a discoorse by a time, when there was occasion. The minister took a notion of a new-fangled kind o' religion they ca't a Sunday-school; and Cuthbert, as a forbye righteous man, took a great hand in't, and imagined it would make all the lads and lasses into saints, and banish every kind of wickedness out o' the parish. One Sunday they were giving out prizes for the best attendance, and Cuddie, as the minister was absent, improved the occasion by giving a discoorse on Sunday-schools. 'Ay!' says he, 'this parish is joost like the city o' Jericho; it's hotchin' wi' sinners; an' oor minister's like Joshua the prophet mairchin' roon aboot it wi' the ram's horns, an' blawin' like the verra deevil. Ay, an' we'll blaw an' we'll rair an' we'll shoot till the wa's o' wickedness come rattlin' aboot their lugs like a thousan' cairtfu's o' stanes. An' whut ir ram's horns, think ye? just the horns o' a muirlan' tip; but the tip horns that Joshua tootit on had nae siller rims on them an' nae siller mooth-piece, like the trumpets nooadays, an' nae gran' polishin' on them; na, na; they were joost coorse ruhh horns wi' a hole bored in the sma' en' o' them wi' a red-het airn. An' whaur is the tip horns o' Joshua noo, tae blaw the wa's o' oor Gallawa Jericho? Ay, whaur, think ye? they're the elders an' Sunday-school teachers that's stannin' afore ye; an' wi' the help o' the Lord we'll toot an' we'll blaw an' we'll rair frae yae en' o' the parish tae the ither, till the wa's o' wickedness is fleein' in a thousan' flinners. *Come up, lasses, an' yet yer picter-books!*'"

CONCERNING the long-bow, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland:

"It was told that Colonel Andrew M'Dowall, when he returned from the war, was one day walking along by The Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greetin' on a muckle stane at the road-side. When he came up, the old man rose and took off his bonnet, and said,

"'Ye're welcome hame again, laird.'

"'Thank you,' said the colonel; adding, after a pause, 'I should surely know your face. Aren't you Nathan M'Culloch?'

"'Ye're richt, 'deed,' says Nathan; 'it's just me, laird.'

"'You must be a good age, now, Nathan,' says the colonel.

"'I'm no verra aul' yet, laird,' was the reply; 'I'm just turnt a hunner.'

"'A hundred!' says the colonel, musing; 'well, you must be all that. But the idea of a man of a hundred sitting blubbering that way! What ever could *you* get to cry about?'

"'It was my father lashed me, Sir,' said Nathan, blubbering again; 'an' he put me oot, so he did.'

"'Your father!' said the colonel; 'is your father alive yet?'

"'Leevin! ay,' replied Nathan; 'I ken that the day tae my sorrow.'

"'Where is he?' says the colonel. 'What an age he must be! I would like to see him.'

"'Oh, he's up in the barn there,' says Nathan; 'an' no in a horrid gude humor the noo, aither.'

"They went up to the barn together, and found

the father busy threshing the barley with the big flail and tearing on fearful. Seeing Nathan and the laird coming in, he stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after inquiring how he was, asked him what he had struck Nathan for.

"'The young rascal!' says the father, 'there's nae dooin' wi' him; he's never oot o' a mischief. *I had tae lick him this mornin' for throwin' stanes at his grandfather!*'"

Galloway folk are not given to change, as per herewith sample:

"Gie us a story or two! Verra weel, then, here's yin. George Dalrymple was a drainer, and he lived in a wee thatch house at Pilwherry road-end in The Inch, and he came out of Ayrshire, and so he was a kind of ignorant buddy; and as he belonged to the Unitarians, he was not very well acquainted with the inside of the kirk; for about Ayrshire Unitarian does not mean very much in the way of religion, but rather the other way. However, he had a wean that took the mezzles and died, and the minister gaed his wa's up to try and comfort them. It was the minister of New Luce, for the wife had been at that kirk a time or two.

"'Ay,' says the minister, with a sympathizing sigh, 'we must take comfort in the knowledge that the Lord has taken it to a better place.'

"'Of coorse, Sir,' says Geordy, showing off his godliness; "we ken a' that; the Lord hae him safe in Beelzebub's bosom by this time. It's certainly very kind of Him.'

"'Abraham's bosom, my good man,' says the minister; 'it's Abraham's bosom you mean.'

"'I mean naething o' the kin', Sir,' says Geordy; 'I mean what I say. Yer Awbraham's bosom may do weel eneuch for a wheen Gallawa folk, but oor wean's gaun nae siccan gate; a' oor freens haes gane tae Beelzebub's bosom this lang eneuch, and we're no gaun to change.'"

From an old friend in the Genesee country we have the following, copied from a tombstone in the grave-yard at Bethany Centre, New York:

EDWARD HODGKINS,
A Soldier of the Revolution,
Died May 10, 1835, aged 83.
And SUSAN, his Wife,
Died April 17, 1847, aged 93.
We honor those who got us free,
And thank them for our Liberty.

This epitaph on a young lady who was accidentally shot by a school-mate is copied from a stone in the grave-yard at New Boston, New Hampshire:

Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter
By the malicious hand of a revengeful Henry.
On the way to school he met her,
And with a six self-cocked pistol shot her.

In the same grave-yard a woman is eulogized as having been "a good mother and a loving concert."

Three or four years ago the Methodists of El Dorado, Kansas, completed their church building, and, in anticipation of a good time, sent for Brother D. P. Mitchell, the recent Greenback candidate for Governor, to come over to El Dorado and dedicate the new church. On the appointed day Brother Mitchell made his appearance. Being known as a "big gun" of the Methodist Church, a great crowd turned out to hear the dedicatory sermon. After preaching, it was proposed to take up a collection to pay off the church debt. An appeal was made, and the brothers came down lively with their subscriptions; but it was found on counting it up that a few dollars were lacking. Brother John Teter, an old Virginian, and a second cousin of Brother Mitchell, was a member of the church, and had already subscribed one hundred dollars. During the second appeal the preacher noticed Brother Teter putting his hand in his pocket.

"Well," said Brother Mitchell, "are you going down in your pocket for more money, Brother Teter?"

"No," said Brother Teter; "I am hunting for my tobacker."

Looking him straight in the eyes, Brother Mitchell said, "There is but one place in the Bible that justifies the use of tobacco."

"What's that?" said Brother Teter.

"'He that is filthy, let him be filthy still,'" remarked Brother Mitchell.

This brought down the house, and also brought out the balance of the money necessary to pay off the indebtedness of the church.

As every body in that portion of Kansas knows John Teter, of course they can fully appreciate the joke.



"Dear Tom, let's live so quiet."

TOM'S LITTLE STAR; OR, THE ART AND THE WOMAN.

Sweet Mary, pledged to Tom, was fair
And graceful, young and slim.
Tom loved her truly, and one dare
Be sworn that she loved him;
For, twisting bashfully the ring
That sealed the happy fiat,
She cooed: "When married in the spring,
Dear Tom, let's live *so* quiet!

"Let's have our pleasant little place,
Our books, a friend or two;
No noise, no crowd, but just your face
For me, and mine for you.
Won't that be nice?" "It is my own
Idea," said Tom, "so chary,
So deep and true, my love has grown.
I worship you, my Mary."

She was a tender, nestling thing,
A girl that loved her home,
A sort of dove with folded wing,
A bird not made to roam,
But gently rest her little claw
(The simile to carry)
Within a husband's stronger paw—
The very girl to marry.

Their courtship was a summer sea,
So smooth, so bright, so calm,
Till one day Mary restlessly
Endured Tom's circling arm,
And looked as if she thought or planned.
Her satin forehead wrinkled,
She beat a tattoo on his hand,
Her eyes were strange and twinkled.

She never heard Tom's fond remarks,
His "sweety-tweety dear,"
Or noticed once the little larks
He played to make her hear.
"What ails," he begged, "my petsy pet?
What ails my love, I wonder?"
"Do not be trifling, Tom. I've met
Professor Shakspeare Thunder."



"PROFESSOR SHAKSPEARE THUNDER."

"Thunder!" said Tom; "and who is he?"
"You goose! why, don't you know?"
"I don't. She never frowned at me,
Or called me 'goose.' And though,"
Thought Tom, "it may be playfulness,
It racks my constitution."
"Why, Thunder teaches with success
Dramatic elocution."

"Oh! Ah! Indeed! and what is that?
My notion is but faint."
"It's art," said Mary, brisk and pat.
Tom thought that "art" meant *paint*.
"You blundering boy! why, art is just
What makes one stare and wonder.
To understand *high* art you must
Hear Shakspeare read by Thunder."

Tom started at the turn of phrase;
It sounded like a swear.
Then Mary said, to his amaze,
With nasal groan and glare,
"'To be or-r—not to be?'" And fain
To act discreet yet gallant,
He asked, "Dear, have you any—pain?"
"Oh no, Tom, I have *talent*.

"Professor Thunder told me so;
He sees it in my eye;
He says my tones and gestures show
My destiny is high."
Said Tom, for Mary's health afraid,
His ignorance revealing,
"Is talent, dear, that noise you made?"
"Why, no; that's Hamlet's feeling."

"He must have felt most dreadful bad."
"The character is mystic,"
Mary explained, "and very sad,
And very high artistic.
And you are not; you're commonplace;
These things are far above you."
"I'm only," spoke Tom's honest face,
"Artist enough—to love you."

From that time forth was Mary changed;
Her eyes stretched open wide;
Her smooth fair hair in *friz* arranged,
And parted on the side.
More and more strange she grew, and quite
Incapable of taking
The slighest notice how each night
She set Tom's poor heart aching.

As once he left her at the door,
"A thousand times good-night,"
Sighed Mary, sweet as ne'er before.
Poor Tom revived, looked bright.
"Mary," he said, "you love me so?
We have not grown asunder?"
"Do not be silly, Tom; you know
I'm studying with Thunder.

"That's from the famous Juliet scene.
I'll do another bit."
Quoth Tom: "I don't know what you mean."
"Then listen; this is it:



"DEAR LOVE, ADIEU."

'Dear love, adieu.
Anon, good nurse. Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.'
Now, Tom, say 'Blessèd, blessèd night!'"
Said Tom, with hesitation,
"B-blessèd night." "Pshaw! that's not right;
You've no appreciation."

At Tom's next call he heard up stairs
A laugh most loud and coarse;
Then Mary, knocking down the chairs,
Came prancing like a horse.
"'Ha! ha! ha! Well, Governor, how are
ye? I've been down five times, climbing up
your stairs in my long clothes.'
That's comedy," she said. "You're mad,"
Said Tom. "'Mad?' Ha! Ophelia!
'They bore him barefaced on his bier,
And on his grave rained many a tear,'"

She chanted, very wild and sad;
  Then whisked off on Emilia:
    "'You told a lie—an odious, damnèd lie.
  Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie.'"

She glared and howled two murder scenes,
  And mouthed a new French *rôle*,
Where luckily the graceful miens
  Hid the disgraceful soul.
She wept, she danced, she sang, she swore—
  From Shakspeare—classic swearing;
A wild, abstracted look she wore,
  And round the room went tearing.



"AND ROUND THE ROOM WENT TEARING."

And every word and every pause
  Made Mary "quote a speech."
If Tom was sad (and he had cause),
  She'd say, in sobbing screech,
"'Clifford, why don't you speak to me?'"
  At flowers for a present
She leered, and sang, coquettishly,
    "'When daisies pied and violets blue.'"
  Tom blurted, "That's not pleasant."

But Mary took offense at this.
  "You have no soul," said she,
"For art, and do not know the bliss
  Of notoriety.
The 'sacred fire' they talk about
  Lights all the way before me;
It's quite my duty to 'come out,'
  And all my friends implore me.

"Three months of Thunder I have found
  A thorough course," she said;
"I'll clear Parnassus with a bound."
  (Tom softly shook his head.)
"I can not fail to be the rage."
  (Tom looked a thousand pities.)
"And so I'm going on the stage
  To star in Western cities."

And Mary went; but Mary came
  To grief within a week;
And in a month she came to Tom,
  Quite gentle, sweet, and meek.
Tom was rejoiced: his heart was none
  The hardest or the sternest.
"Oh, Tom," she sobbed, "it looked like fun,
  But art is dreadful earnest.

"Why, art means work and slave, and bear
  All sorts of scandal too;
To dread the critics so you dare
  Not look a paper through;



"I'LL CLEAR PARNASSUS WITH A BOUND."

Oh, 'art is long' and hard." "And you
  Are short and—soft, my darling."
"My money, Tom, is gone—it *flew*."
  "That's natural, with a starling."

"I love you more than words can say,
  Dear Tom." He gave a start.
"Mary, is that from any play?"
  "No, Tom, it's from my heart."
He took the tired, sunny head,
  With all its spent ambitions,
So gently to his breast, she said
  No word but sweet permissions.

"Can you forgive me, Tom, for—" "Life."
  He finished out the phrase.
"My love, you're patterned for a wife.
  The crowded public ways
Are hard for even the strongest heart;
  Yours beats too softly human.
However woman choose her art,
  Yet art must choose its woman."



"CAN YOU FORGIVE ME, TOM?"

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXLIV.—JANUARY, 1879.—Vol. LVIII.



ST. GEORGE'S DOCK, LIVERPOOL.

ENGLAND'S GREAT SEA-PORT.

THERE were over 170 cabin passengers on board our steamer as she sailed up the Mersey, most of them being pleasure-seekers, and some having much time at their disposal, with elaborate itineraries that embraced pretty nearly every place on the Continent from Dieppe to Constantinople; but only two of the voyagers staid in Liverpool: the others omitted the vast sea-port, and hurried away to Chester or London by the first trains, content with the superficial reconnoissance possible in the brief drive from the landing to the railway. It is nearly always so with Americans. Fully three-fifths of the whole number who go abroad embark and disembark at Liverpool, and few devote more time to it than that of the unavoidable delay between the arrival of the steamer and the departure of the train. Many travellers have unfavorable reminiscences of it. The approaches are difficult; the shoals are variable, and the currents are strong; the bar is only passable to large vessels for a short time at each tide; and the ease and safety of the pilot's task in New York Harbor are not found by the navigator at the estuary of the Mersey, for the hydrographical embarrassments are supplemented by others of a meteorological nature.

The late Mr. Greeley's distinction between the statement charged against him, that every Democrat was a horse thief, and his real utterance, that he had never known one who was not, serves us here, for though we are quite unwilling to say that the weather is persistently inclement at the Liverpool bar, our experience includes very few instances to the contrary; and of all abomi-

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nably dismal things in the world, embarkation at Liverpool in a fog is superlative. The great steamer lying at anchor in the stream, drenched with slippery moisture, and the noisy little tender under her gangway; the alarming discord of the fog whistles and bells; the brown, clammy, breathless weight that gives exaggerated size to the nearer objects and obliterates those that are far; the dull, twilight, woolly sphere in which we seem to be suspended; and the penetrating, ague-like cold that is quite independent of season—these are some of the circumstances and environments; and who, unhappily, that has often come to Liverpool or left it, by sea, does not shudderingly remember them? Then, if it has been a departure, the little tender has rung her farewell bell, and the great steamer has moved cautiously down stream, the faithful captain spending a sleepless night on the bridge, his beard glistening with moisture, and his eyes strained to the utmost, while the passengers have nervously gathered in the cabins, unable to endure the chilling, despondent mystery on deck. At Queenstown next morning the weather has been fair enough, no doubt, and Liverpool has taken her place in the memory as the dull and undesirable city of fogs.

As we steamed northward up the St. George's Channel in the *Chester*, the day was mellow and tranquil, and the bold front of the Irish coast looked sleepy under the vaporous gold of the atmosphere; and as we altered our course to the eastward and turned round by the light-house on the rocky and lonesome Skerries Island, bringing the Welsh coast into view, the evening became full of impassioned color; but at daylight we were lying in the Mersey opposite the landing-stage, and, alas! as usual, a monotonous veil of leaden gray hung over all visible objects, and the English June, the month of months, that had been so poetically extolled by the natives on board, appeared forbiddingly sunless and austere. For more than a week there was no change in this dispiriting weather. The rain fell in torrents, and was swept up into fountains by a bleak northwesterly gale. At odd times far between, a great coppery sphere came out of the gray overhead, and that was the sun despoiled of all its fiery radiance, or rather it was said to be the sun by the inhabitants, who observed its emergence with fatuous expectations of the clearing that was so long in coming. But even while the inclemency continued there were some charms to be discovered in the neighboring peaks, where the foliage was thick, succulent, and fresh, and the interspaces of the trees were filled with wonderful depths of almost ultramarine blue, which imparted a queer sense of mystery and sequestration to us. English birds were full-throated and blithesome too, despite the saddening rain, and the cuckoo's echo-like note could be heard ringing over the fields beyond Eastham. These charms were not enough to compensate for the sloppy streets, and the unseasonable bleakness that made winter garments indispensable, however; and the climate must go without extenuation, for though as we write the weather evokes congratulations among the inhabitants, out of our window we can see no change in the leaden hue above, except a streak of obscure blue here and there, and down the hill upon which the town clusters is a brown stratum of smoke that is constantly being renewed by thousands of obtrusive chimneys, some not more than a foot, and others 200 feet, high.

The chimneys are a feature of Liverpool. Every eminence reveals them bristling along the gable roofs of the cottages, and each pours out a heavy wreath of bituminous vapor, which drapes the handsomest buildings with intangible crape, and gives the streets an appearance of funereal mourning.

Having acknowledged these unpleasantnesses, it remains for us to look at some of the better things about the town, which is interesting, and in some particulars unique. It is modern as places go in England, and the topographical changes that are constantly being made have left it with scarcely a building more than a hundred years old. The ancient and picturesque are sacrificed to the convenience of commerce and the demands of a population which increases with American rapidity; and in the spring the streets remind one of New York or Chicago by the dusty gaps in them, where the trowel is tinkling, and imposing structures of granite or sandstone are rising upon the old foundations of modest shops, whose two or three stories were formerly considered magnificent. But the town is modern only in the English sense, and mention is made of it in a deed of the Saxon King Æthelude, dated sixty years before the Norman Conquest. At this period, and for several hundred years later, it was small and unimportant, consisting of a castle built by Roger of Poitou (a knight who played fast and loose with the confidences of William the Norman), and a few fishermen's huts under the walls, for even in those days the sea yielded what trifling revenues it had. When the ports of the kingdom were levied upon for contributions to the navy, Liverpool's share was the smallest, and its progress was slow for many years, one historian describing it in the sixteenth century as "a paved town that hath but a chapel. Walton, a IIII miles off, not far from the Se, is the paroche churche. The King hath a castelet ther, and the Erle of Darbe hath a stone house ther. Irish merchaunts come much thither as to a good haven." In 1565 the



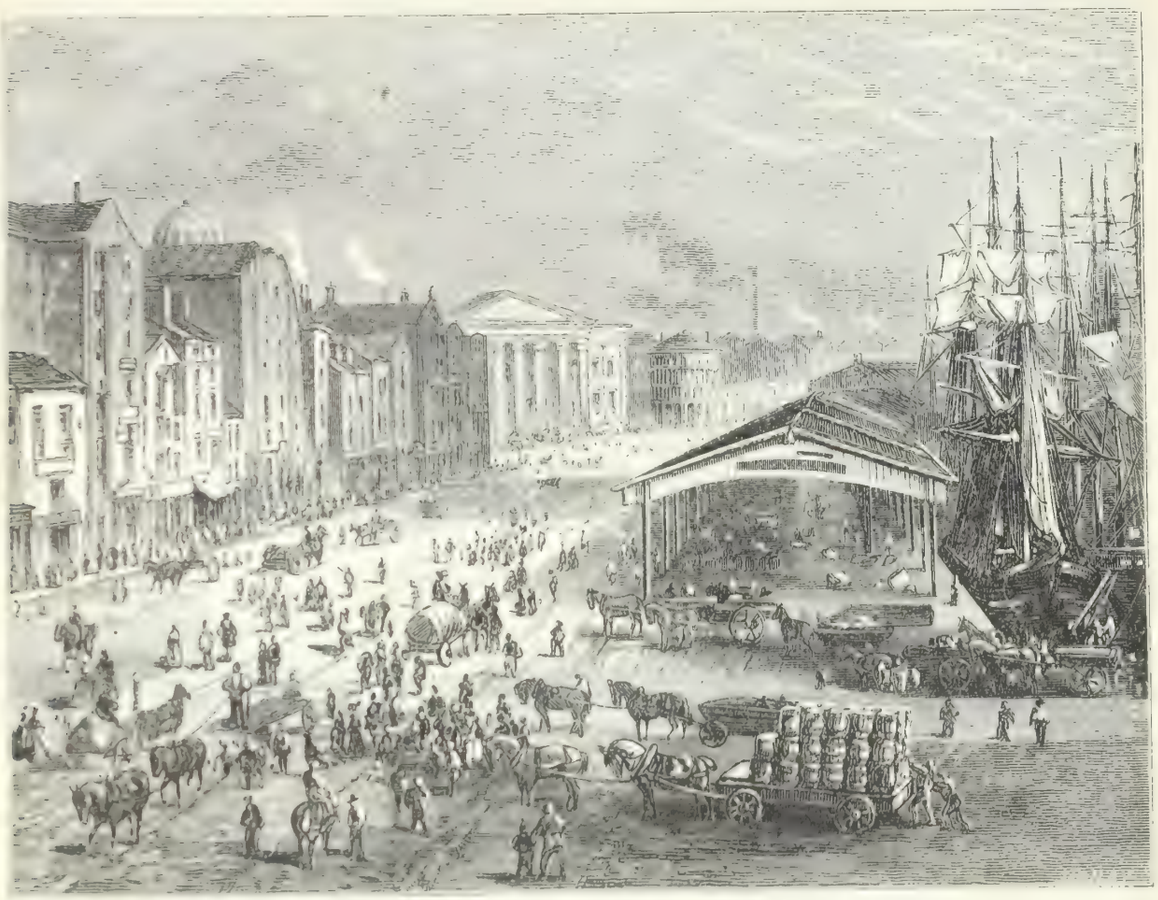
THE PORT OF LIVERPOOL.

number of householders was only 138; the whole shipping consisted of twelve "barkes," with a total of 223 tons; and when the inhabitants had occasion to petition Queen Elizabeth, they described themselves as "her Majesty's poor decayed town." It became the scene of some notable events in the civil war, and in the summer of 1644 Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles the First, besieged it and took possession of it. In the following year it fell into the hands of the Parliamentary troops, whose party conferred upon it the privileges of a free and independent port, in no wise subject to Chester, which had overshadowed it; and as the Dee became choked by millions of tons of detritus, the Mersey superseded it, Chester now being a sea-port in name only. In the eighteenth century the navigable length of the Mersey was much extended, and the initial dock was built.

Heretofore the trade had been limited to coasting vessels, those bound to distant seas resorting to Chester; but in 1709 a sloop of thirty tons left Liverpool for the west coast of Africa, and in 1753 the traffic with Africa employed eighty-eight vessels belonging to the port. One hundred other vessels were used in trade with North America and the West Indies, 125 in the coasting trade, and eighty on the river.

The African trade was staple in slaves, and many a princely fortune was scandalously acquired in it. "Men of Liverpool, I despise you!" burst out an actor who had been hissed in the theatre one night; "there is not a brick in your town that is not cemented with the blood of a suffering African." But it was good William Roscoe, a native of Liverpool, who was most zealous in support of the measure passed by Parliament in 1807 by which the traffic was declared illegal; and it is to the credit of the town that, while much of its prosperity was derived from the inhuman business, Roscoe, whose principles were avowed and understood, was elected at the head of the poll in 1806.

The first dock constructed proved to be a most difficult and costly work. After an elapse of eight years it was found that instead of £6000, which sum had been granted by Parliament, £11,000 had been expended, and £4000 more were required. The work was completed in 1720, and the facilities of the port being thus advanced, attention was directed to the inadequacy of the landward means of communication. No stage-coach came to Liverpool. Ladies travelled in private carriages, and gentlemen on horseback, always at the risk of an encounter with the polite highwaymen of those days, whose affable manner of larceny is embalmed in the romances of William Harrison Ainsworth. Heavy wagons with merchandise arrived from London twice a week, taking ten days to perform the journey—a speed that would be discreditable to the leisurely bull teams of the Western plains; and in 1757, when a coach line to London was established, the time was four days. Then the canal system was developed, and with its opening, as with that of the first passenger railway, Liverpool was intimately associated. In 1771 the dock accommodations were increased to thirteen acres, the number of seamen belonging to the port was fully 6000, and the entire population was about 34,000. Pleading with Queen Bess in 1571 as "a poor decayed



STRAND STREET.

town," and having grown in 200 years to the proportions above mentioned, Liverpool's subsequent progress is beyond comparison in England for energy, brilliancy, and continuity. Fields that were far away from the gloom and taint of the town not more than fifteen years ago—where the haymakers toiled under the filmy sky, and pastoral life was uninvaded by the strident influences of commerce—are quite effaced, and in their space is the heart of a compact region of finished streets, paved, flagged, lighted, and drained.

It is worth while to note the annual development indicated by the statistics supplied by a local board. In 1771, 2087 vessels paid harbor dues; in 1781, 2512 vessels; in 1791, 4045 vessels; in 1801, 5050 vessels; in 1811, 5616 vessels; in 1821, 7810 vessels; in 1831, 12,537 vessels; in 1841, 16,108 vessels; in 1851, 21,071 vessels; in 1861, 21,095 vessels; and in 1871, 20,124 vessels. Though there was little increase in the number of vessels during the last decade mentioned, the tonnage had grown from 4,641,791 tons in 1861 to 5,602,187 tons in 1871. The number of vessels now entering the port annually is much less than that of London, but the tonnage is about the same as that of the metropolis.

Any one desiring to study the statistics of trade in New York finds a convenient digest of them in the valuable annual of the Chamber of Commerce; but the institutions of Liverpool do not often indulge in publications, and though the town has a Chamber of Commerce, it is to some extent a secret chamber, issuing no general report, and the searcher after facts must tackle those literary mausoleums, the Parliamentary blue-books. These blue-books are wonders of accuracy, comprehensiveness, and scientific arrangement, and from them we learn that the total importation of raw cotton into the United Kingdom in 1876 was 13,284,454 hundred-weight, 616,345 hundred-weight of which went to London, and 12,503,018 hundred-weight to Liverpool. The other principal imports into Liverpool were 5,880,818 gallons of petroleum; 2,228,606 hundred-weight of bacon and hams; 3,452,520 hundred-weight of rice; 1,520,279 proof gallons of brandy; 2,740,675 proof gallons of rum; 39,410,513 pounds of unmanufactured tobacco; 1,097,610 pounds of snuff and cigars; 2,345,337 gallons of wine; 40,621,042 pounds of sheep's and lambs' wool; 3,425,996 pounds of alpaca, vicuña, and llama wool; 3,886,783 hundred-weight of unrefined sugar; 145,673 hundred-weight of refined sugar; 233,875 loads of hewn wood; 525,719 loads of split or sawn wood; 12,098 loads of staves; 12,856 loads of mahogany; 177,408 hundred-weight of salt and fresh pork; and 781,394 hundred-weight of cheese.

The exports from Liverpool of articles produced in the United Kingdom during 1876 were principally clothing to the value of

$1,921,840, 97,545 barrels of beer and ale, hosiery and small wares to the value of $8,276,155, earthenware to the value of $5,096,145, haberdashery and millinery to the value of $7,295,045, cutlery to the value of $8,107,350, 88,288,447 yards of linen piece goods, 27,238,600 yards of jute manufactures, machinery to the value of $10,091,715, 12,434,900 yards of woolen cloths, 86,255,000 yards of mixed and worsted stuffs, and 7,083,100 yards of flannels and carpets.



THE PERCH ROCK LIGHT.

Here, dear reader, whose soul is above mathematics, and whose patience chafes under details, let us urge you to give some consideration to these items, which show how extensive an entrepôt the "poor decayed town" has become, and how varied and vast a traffic the cotton mills of Lancashire, the potteries of Staffordshire, and the woolen mills and steel-works of Yorkshire have developed on the turbulent current of the Mersey.

Four-fifths of the whole trade between Great Britain and the United States passes through Liverpool, as the American consul of former days realized through the handsome total of his fees, and the custom duties paid into her Majesty's Treasury amount to about $20,000,000 annually. In 1871 the population had increased to 493,346, and it is now not less than 500,000, which does not include Birkenhead on the opposite side of the river, nor Bootle, which has recently been detached from Liverpool, and incorporated as a separate borough. The floating population of seamen is also excluded, and that itself is not less than 25,000.

Some native of Liverpool, far away from the old town, into whose sun-burned hands this Magazine may fall, perchance, will be glad to share the writer's recollections of a novel, by Albert Smith, in which a small boy named Christopher Tadpole is hero. Christopher, who has been stolen from a Cheshire salt mine, arrives, with his kidnappers, at night, on the summit of Bidston Hill, and seeing the long, twinkling line of yellow lights below, exclaims, with childish amazement, "That's a bigger mine than ours!" "That, boy, is Liverpool," one of the men responds, with melodramatic sententiousness.

Bidston Hill is there still, of course, with the venerable light-house that points the sandy coast, and the observatory that takes telegraphic account of all the shipping gliding to and from the harbor, although the "Ring o' Bells," where the ham-and-eggs and chops and steaks used to be so famous, is not in existence; but the lamps have been multiplied many times since little Christopher widely opened his eyes at them; and if the man in the light-house tower is not soulless, he must feel some awe in thinking, during his watchings, of the throbbing, complex, shifting life below him.

From Bidston we get a wide view of the river as well as the town. An old pun is current in local burlesques that "the quality of Mersey is not strained," and one would need more than a cat's attachment to locality and an abnormal development of approbativeness to say contrarily. The source is in the confluence of some small rivulets on the Cheshire and Derbyshire frontier, and the general course of the stream is north and south. At the northern extremity it empties into the Irish Sea, a narrow arm of sand, backed by hills of gorse and heather, separating it from the mouth of the Dee, whose former commerce it has diverted to itself. The estuaries of both streams are of great breadth, and are walled in to the westward by the stern cliffs of the Welsh coast, which have echoed the last wild cry of many a perishing mariner; but the navigable channels are not numerous, and at low tide long, desolate, melancholy reaches of mud and sand appear in place of the ripples and white combers. Only the combers are white; the smooth water is turbid, and that is a word which applies to the stream

from its outlet to Warrington, some thirty miles, beyond which we do not know what its quality is.

Passing Hilbre Island, which is insular at high tide only, and the Bell Buoy, which peals out sadly at the rocking of the waves, the inward-bound ships enter the populous part of the river as they go by the Perch Rock Light—a circular tower of Anglesey granite in the same style as the celebrated Eddystone. On the western or Cheshire side there are the watering-place suburbs, New Brighton, Egremont, and Seacombe, the former two having ornamental iron promenades extending into the river, with landing-stages for steamboats at the ends. Near Seacombe a river wall of masonry begins, and continues as far south as Tranmere, passing along the borders of Woodside (the Brooklyn of Liverpool), Monk's Ferry, and the ship-building yards of the Lairds, who have launched scores of vessels that are celebrated, including the piratical *Alabama*. As far as the eye can reach on the Lancashire side there is a granite wall, like a splendid fortification, and behind this are the docks, with myriad masts rising from them, and a black net-work of rigging. The tide runs strong and fast, and the difference between high tide and low tide is never less than fourteen feet; sometimes it is six feet more. When it is high, not more than eight or nine feet of the wall are seen; and when it is low, the whole height is visible, the lower part being green and brown with sea-weed and barnacles. Whatever its condition is, the shipping in the docks rides securely at an approximation to high-water mark, the water in them being kept at a uniform height by means of enormous flood-gates. The town is built upon a hill, but in ordinary weather the elevations are hidden in the smoke, and only the enormous rectangular warehouses, six or seven stories high—commercial fortresses, built of iron, brick, and granite—can be discovered.

The scene on the river is active and exhilarating, and is particularly notable for the number of ocean-going steamers which it includes. Ten of the transatlantic lines, which have regular sailings, and employ the largest and best class of vessels, are established in Liverpool, some dispatching one and others two or three a week for New York, Quebec, Boston, Philadelphia, or New Orleans; and it is common to see a group formed of a representative vessel of each—one with the chaste white and black funnel of the Inman line, another with the startling red of the Cunard, another with the tasteful pink and white of the Allan line, another with the fashionable stocking-like cardinal red and black of the Guion line, another with the key-stone red and white design of the American line, another with the pure white of the National, and another with the creamy yellow of the White Star. There are other lines sailing to American ports at uncertain intervals, and a very extensive fleet of steamers is employed in the Mediterranean, Baltic, and coasting trades, most of them being of recent build, iron in material, and graceful in outlines. One is distinguished from the other by the color of the funnel, and the same badge is used by the various tow-boats on the river. The tow-boats are broad-beamed side-wheelers, much larger and stancher-looking than those in American harbors, the opposite being the case with the ferry-boats, which, excepting a few instances, are smaller and less commodious than those of New York, Boston, or San Francisco. The brilliancy of the funnels often relieves the dullness of the smoky pall upon the river, to which each one of the steamers, large and small, bound seawise or coastwise, contributes voluminously. Much have the Americans to be thankful for in the plenitude of anthracite, whose blue, spirit-like emanations do not cast upon their buildings a homogeneous gloom, nor seal the precious beauty of the sky. Soft bituminous coal is used in Liverpool, and the fairest days are choked by its contaminating, soot-distributing vapors.

Besides the steamers, a flotilla of sailing craft is constantly beating to and fro upon the river—handsome clippers which unite Occident and Orient, the pleasure yachts of the merchants, spry schooners, and bulky "flats." The latter are consummately ugly, lacking all the airiness that makes other vessels life-like and inspired. They are of great breadth, depth, and carrying capacity, but when they are loaded, only a few feet of their black and unornamental hulls are visible. A short thick mast gives them some resemblance to a sloop; their sails, like those of the fishing boats in the harbor and channel, are dyed to a copper bronze, and they drift inertly and ungracefully in the way of finer and larger vessels.

In a northwesterly gale the Mersey is unsheltered, and the wind whips it into big and crested waves, which dash high over the sea-wall of granite. Then the scene becomes as exciting to the spectator as it is perilous to the mariners. The sailing vessels seesaw on the billows and bury their prows in the foam as they tack against the current; even the bulky ocean steamers show symptoms of the oscillatory possibilities of their vastness that are not usually seen except in mid-ocean; the tow-boats reap a harvest of salvage; sails are torn into strips by treacherous gusts; and the life-boats hurry over the bar in answer to the signals of distress. In the fierce storms of March the open sea is almost preferable to the river, where the height and force of



A FLEET OF MERSEY RIVER FLATS.

the waves compel most of the ferries to suspend traffic.

The steamer trade of Liverpool having the proportions we have described, it is not to be wondered at that many colossal fortunes have been made in it, and that its history includes many chapters of Aladdin-like lives. The acquisition of fame and splendid fortunes, the development of the thrifty clerk into a prosperous merchant, and the undreamed-of embryos that many grand enterprises have had, are familiar in nearly all mercantile communities; but it is not often that the beginning is so inauspicious, the progress so swift, and the attainment so magnificent as they were in the case of the principal owner of the Leyland line.

Some years ago a respectable widow kept a small chop-house in one of the Liverpool by-ways, and through the excellence of her mutton and her discretion in cooking it to a delicious turn, attracted many well-to-do old merchants and brokers, whose sober and conservative habits led them to choose her drowsy little parlors rather than the gaudier modern restaurants. Grateful with the gratitude that a satisfied appetite evokes, her patrons found an occasion when they proposed to make the culinary widow a handsome present, which she, being independent and no doubt easy in circumstances, declined to accept. She had a son, however, and as they who were so well content with her chops would not be thwarted in their benefactions, they took him in charge, educated him, and obtained a situation for him with the owners of the Bibby line of steamers. The boy was not by any means unworthy. He identified himself with his employers' interests, and, partly by merit, partly by good luck, sprung from one position to a higher one, until he stood on the highest. The line is now called after the boy's name—the Leyland line—and its pink-funnelled steamers are to be seen in every port on the Mediterranean, from Gibraltar to Alexandria; some of them are 4000 tons burden, and all are built of iron. The founders of another line of steamers began in a less humble way. They possessed some wealth, and opened steam traffic with a few ports on the coast; then they sent five steamers across the Atlantic—an undertaking regarded at the time with more concern than an expedition to the pole is looked upon to-day; and now they possess a fleet of steamers numbering about forty, the largest being about 5000 tons burden, and the smallest 1000 tons. Prodigious success has attended these old ship-owners. Carrying over 2,000,000 passengers, they have not lost the life of one through any fault of their own or their officers, and in forty years they have only lost four vessels.

Let us now glance at the arrangements for the landing and embarkation of passengers. The difference between high water and low water is so great that entrance to or from the docks can only be had when the tide is full, and for the same reason passengers can not be landed or taken on board vessels at the sea-wall except at certain hours. The passenger traffic, both on the numerous ferries and from ocean and coastwise steamers, is too large and important for restrictions, and the difficulty was met and removed by the construction of a floating landing-stage, placed at a central part of the river-front, and connected with the masonry sea-wall by hinged bridges. The stage rose and fell with the tide; when the tide was high, the bridges were level with the sea-wall, and when it was low, they formed an inclined plane, affording at all times a safe and commodious way to or from the vessels moored alongside the stage. The earliest structure being reserved for the ferry-boats, a second one was built a little to the south of the first for ocean and coastwise traffic, and after many years the two were united—an improvement which, with others in the approaches and docks, cost $20,000,000. The completion of the alterations was to have



GRAVING-DOCKS.

been celebrated in the autumn of 1874, and the Duke of Edinburgh had accepted an invitation to officiate, but an explosion of gas occurred, and the work was destroyed. As the disheartening news spread through the town, it was taken with ridicule and incredulity. "Tell us that the deep and broad Mersey is ablaze!" said the confident citizen, with a pleasant touch of the Lancashire dialect in his voice, and he would not believe until the flames were reflected in the sky and still more positive ocular proof was given. The famous Brasseys were employed to renew the structure, which was again completed in March, 1878, and it is the finest of the kind in the world. The new stage is 2052 feet in length, and from 80 to over 100 feet in width. The floating power is supplied by iron pontoons, upon which are placed five longitudinal iron kelsons twenty feet apart, and across the kelsons is a series of iron beams forming the support of the greenheart planking constituting the deck. The entire structure is kept in position by several heavy moving chains attached to the masonry of the sea-wall, and by four iron booms. It is approached by seven iron bridges for pedestrians, and a floating-bridge 300 feet long and 40 feet wide for vehicles. Nearly all the passenger traffic of the port is conducted by it, and not less than 50,000 persons use it daily, one ferry alone carrying 28,000 in every twenty-four hours, or 10,500,000 in a year. The passengers from the American and other foreign steamers are landed upon it by steam-tenders, which illustrate by their defective form the amazing conservatism and eyelessness to comfort of the English in their travelling arrangements. The only cabin is in the hold of the boat, and the seats on deck are insufficient and uncomfortable. When the passengers are disembarked upon the stage, however, the other provisions are found to be admirable. The baggage is carried by broad-backed licensed porters from the tender into a large well lighted and ventilated hall, the packages of each passenger are put together, an unusually courteous species of a customs officer examines them, and when they are passed, the porters shoulder them and carry them to the cabs, which are waiting at the head of the bridges, charging twenty-four cents for each trunk and twelve cents for each smaller package. These porters are under police supervision, and are uniformed, wearing a numbered brass badge on the right arm, and a peaked cap with a broad red band; they dress in white mole-skin, and though most of them are under-sized, the ease with which they seize a monstrous Saratoga, swing it upon their shoulders, and trot up hill with it is surprising.

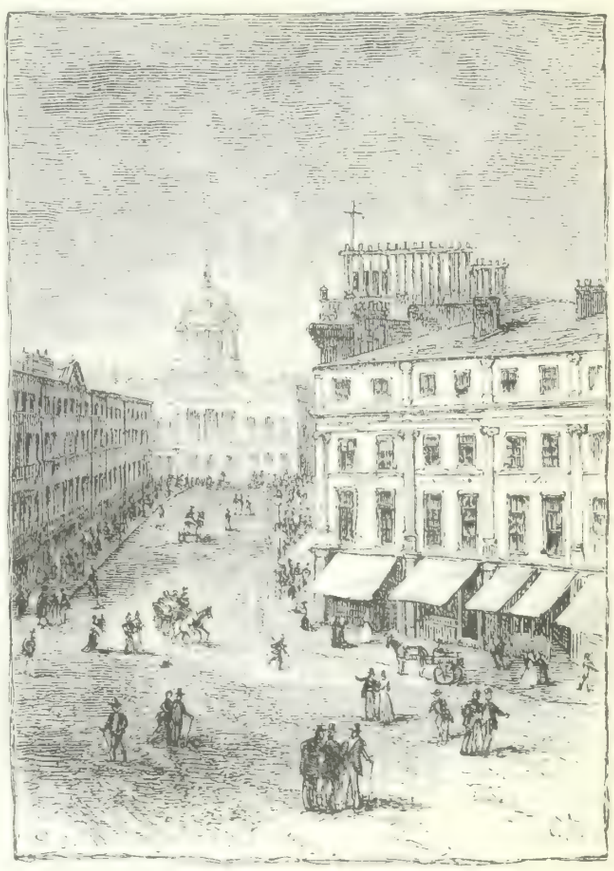
In addition to the Customs Boarding Station the stage is provided with spacious sheds for the shelter of passengers, refresh-

ment-rooms, a telegraph-office, post-office letter-boxes, and offices in which parcels may be left until called for or forwarded. It has the appearance of a great barge, and its ponderous bulk is unshaken in the heaviest gale. There is animation at all times, and life in many varieties is discovered upon it. A large proportion of the eager crowd is in a nervous hurry to catch a boat or train, and the anxiety about tickets or baggage removes the mask of self-consciousness from the throng — the man who struts when he feels that he is being looked at resumes his natural shambling and ungraceful gait; the fastidious young lady forgets her deportment, and gathers her skirts in her hands to dash for a departing steamer, her bland smile changing all unawares to an ominous and pink vexation — conceit, affectation, and all insincerities fall off like scales, to be renewed when the actors and actresses recover and find that they are observed. Should our gentle reader stand and watch near Simpson's Bowl, he could not wish for a more stirring sight than that which surrounds him. Parenthetically Simpson is a local oddity, mine host of the landing-stage refreshment-rooms, whose vagaries are mostly philanthropic, and the bowl is a wooden vessel for the reception of contributions to any charity that may be pressing in its necessities. Last June the bowl was put out in behalf of the sufferers from the Haydock colliery explosion; day after day the passers-by filled it with coins varying in denominations from farthings to sovereigns, and an amount equivalent to $5000 was collected in this simple way in one month. Previously it had done service for the sufferers of the Indian famine; and because it is placed at a busy part of the stage, and is inclosed by the beneficent atmosphere of charity, it is a good point of view.

The sailor is omnipresent in Liverpool, and the landing-stage is a favorite haunt of his, where he may be seen coming ashore with the tan on his face and hands of the climes which Jean Ingelow prettily speaks of as

> "that red land
> Where lovely mirage works a broidered hem
> To fringe with phantom palms a robe of sand."

—coming home with his canvas bag thrown over his shoulder, his heart light, and the pent-up deviltry of a long voyage craving an escape. Ah! and Jack embarks again. It is the same old canvas bag that he carries with him, but the dissipations of the shore have altered him; his big blue eyes are not quite clear, and his complexion is not so honestly brown. On a calm evening one can hear him and his mates singing as they chase one another around the capstan and drag the anchor up; and the same wind that floats this music brings to the ears the discord of the engine on the modern steamer, which with hissing and coughing puts up sails, works the cables, and does most of the things that belong to the crew on the older-fashioned ships. Now a grizzled veteran saunters past us with a clay pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets; he



TOWN-HALL, FROM ST. GEORGE'S CRESCENT.

critically examines the various craft in the river, and turns a weather-wise eye up to the sky, shaking his head dubiously at the cumuli which are scudding in from the west. The sea and its messengers have still a charm for him, though they have twisted him with rheumatism and left his frame like a shattered hulk. But what a difference there is between the nautical life known to him, who now looks back upon the bitterest experiences with the tender regret into which memory betrays us, and the nautical life dreamed of and longed for by the school-boys who frequent the landing-stage and watch with ambitious desire the coming and going of the ships! What a difference indeed! and yet only that of the world untried and the aching disappointment of the world grown familiar. As if to broaden the shadow, two baneful touters of a sailors' boarding-house slouch by, uneasy under the gaze of a policeman, and their coarse faces make us think pityingly of the hapless prey that falls to them. Here is a string of emigrants bound for the Inman steamer that lies off the stage— Norsemen with knee-breeches, red or green vests, rows of buttons, and fresh, windy-

looking faces framed in yellow hair; chubby baby emigrants and withered old dames too frail for the severity of the passage; beetle-browed, iron-featured, bearded Muscovites, whose fur-trimmed, voluminous garments intimate how wild the climate of the steppes is; stolid peasants from Northern Germany; and overdressed Irish girls, who have been visiting the old country, and are returning to break the hearts of the unhappy housekeepers into whose service they enter. Mingling with these alien and yet familiar characters is the homogeneous Liverpool crowd of brisk commercial gentlemen, whose dress is the perfection of the tailor's art, their Albert coats fitting them like a glove, and the trousers idealizing their nether extremities; no matter what the weather is, these "swells" wear the glossiest of "top" hats, and a rose or a bunch of geranium adorns the silk lapels of their coats. Other constituents of the crowd are the clerks in suits of rough tweed, with low-crowned felt hats, and short brier pipes in their mouths; substantial girls and matrons with rosy cheeks and blue eyes, and dresses of quiet-colored fabrics; tremendous market-women, with wicker baskets balanced upon their heads, and short petticoats expanded by the anachronistic crinoline; the dreadful little "cad," with loud-patterned clothing and murderous carelessness of the Queen's English; shoe-blacks in the red uniform of the brigade; river pilots with purple faces, and voices that seem to come from the abdomen; pitiably ragged urchins, who offer fusees at two boxes for a penny; and yet more dilapidated mud-larks, who willingly scramble in the oozy mud along the river-wall for any copper thrown to them.

Considering how large the traffic is, the commotion is nothing to what it would be in America. The whistle of the steamers is not used as a signal, except during fogs, and only while the gangway is in position are passengers allowed to embark or disembark, any violation of the rule being attended by the arrest of the offender and his punishment with all the certainty that gives English law its reality and efficacy. The ferry to Woodside, a district of Birkenhead, is perfect in its equipment and management. The boats are similar to the American model; they are all built of iron, and have twin engines, which enable one paddle-wheel to be worked independently of the other; a telegraph communicates the captain's orders to the engineer; the steering is done by steam; smokers are strictly confined to the extreme ends of the deck; ladies have a separate cabin, and a spacious deck house and promenade is provided for both sexes. But the Woodside ferry is alone, and the others are very far behind it.

At the head of the bridges leading to and from the stage there is a carriage concourse, well paved and well lighted, and surrounded by an ornamental wall of brick with stone facings. This is the terminus of several omnibus lines; and at one side of it is a small building used for salt-water bathing, under the management of the corporation. The landing-stage and all the dock estate on both sides of the river are owned and administered by a body known as the Mersey Dock and Harbor Board, which also controls the pilots, and assesses and receives all dues of the port. It consists of twenty-four members, all of whom are honorary in their capacity; four are nominated by the Conservancy Commissioners of the Mersey, and the other twenty are elected by the dock rate-payers. Despite the variety of interests involved and the immensity of the trust, no scandalous charge has ever been brought against the administration, which is solely for the benefit of the port and the country. The value of the estate is about one hundred million dollars, and the income is about five million dollars annually. The docks extend for more than six miles in a continuous line, and comprise about four hundred and twenty acres—two hundred and fifty-five acres, with eighteen miles of quay margin, being on the Liverpool side, and one hundred and sixty-five acres, with nine miles of quay margin, on the Birkenhead side of the river. The total quay margin alongside of which ships



WAPPING DOCK AND WAREHOUSES.

can be moored is twenty-seven miles, and every quay is built of solid masonry, granite being the commonest material. The dry or "graving" docks also are formed of masonry, and a large iron steamer inclosed in one, with her Titanic proportions fully revealed, is a sight to remember. The quays are all covered by substantial sheds or warehouses, those of the new corn dock being ten stories high, with a cellar below the water-level.



A WOODSIDE FERRY-BOAT.

The corn is conveyed from the vessel by hydraulic machinery into the cellar, which is rat-proof and water-tight, and thence it is raised by an elevator, at the rate of ten tons a minute, to the parts of the building prepared for its storage, the capacity of the warehouses being about one hundred and sixty-five thousand quarters.

The Jack Tars are so numerous an element of the population, and so inestimably valuable in contributing to the prosperity of the port, that they are recognized in several institutions established for their comfort and protection, one of the best being the Sailors' Home, in Canning Place, a building which covers the whole of a block. As soon as a ship enters port she is boarded by an official, who transfers the men's baggage to the Home, and makes a small advance on account of their wages, if they need it. At the Home each man has a room or cabin to himself, supplied with cots, chairs, and dressing-tables. The dining hall is on the third of the five stories, and long tables are ranged across it, with a separate one at the head for the use of masters and mates. The fare is wholesome in quality and unlimited in quantity. Breakfast is at a quarter past eight, dinner at noon, tea at five, and supper at half past nine o'clock, and the dishes consist of soups, fish, poultry, joints, and puddings. Intoxicating liquors are not sold or allowed, except on Christmas-day, when Jack is gratuitously supplied with both grog and tobacco. In the way of amusements, there are musical and dramatic entertainments, a reading-room, a library, and a smoking-room. In the way of didactics, lectures are given in connection with private lessons on marine engines, nautical astronomy, navigation, and all that may become a good sailor, the fees being compatible with the pupils' means. The charges for board are four dollars a week to seamen, and three dollars to apprentices—a tariff which makes the Home almost self-supporting. In 1877, 9323 "A. B.'s," or able-bodied men, availed themselves of the advantages offered, and 301 "O. S.'s," or ordinary seamen; $259,760 were deposited in the savings-bank, which, with a money-order office in the building, is of incalculable benefit; cash deposited can be drawn at any sea-port in the kingdom, and three per cent. interest is allowed. After having been paid off, the sailor is obliged to pass through the savings-bank, and seeing his mates depositing a part of their wages, he is tempted to follow their example. Money-orders on other ports are issued free of charge, and the inmates are thus enabled to transmit them to their families and friends without running the risk of leaving the Home in search of a post-office and being waylaid by thieves. Queen Victoria is



SAILORS' HOME.

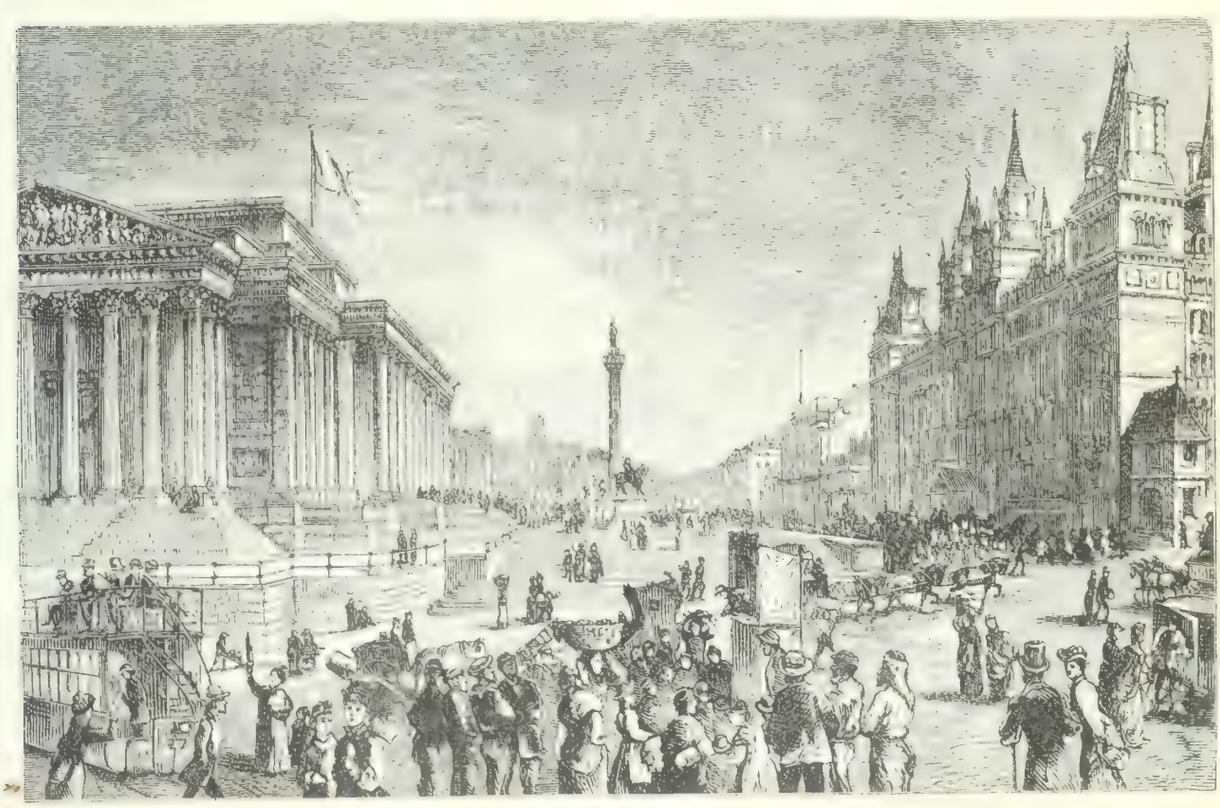
the chief patroness of the Home, and its management is in the hands of Mr. Thomas Hammer, under the supervision of the leading merchants and ship-owners of the town, including Charles M'Iver, one of the founders and owners of the Cunard line, William Inman, founder and owner of the Inman line, and J. H. Ismay, one of the founders and owners of the White Star line. These gentlemen are especially qualified by a life-long experience to deal with sailors, and the plans they have carried out in Liverpool for ameliorating the condition of the sea-farer are beyond criticism. Most of the transatlantic steamers dock at the north end of the town, and the present Home being at the south end, a branch has been built in Luton Street, which is within ten or fifteen minutes' walk of the Cunard, Inman, National, Leyland, and American lines of steamers. The branch is five stories high, and the material is brick of different colors—a style growing in English popularity. It has accommodations for one hundred and forty seamen and four mates, with offices for the Board of Trade, reading-rooms, coffee-rooms, a library, and smoking-rooms.

In the river there are four ships devoted to the education of boys for the sea. The *Conway* trains the sons of gentlemen for the position of officers, the *Indefatigable* is intended for poorer boys, and the *Akbar* and *Clarence* are reformatories for Protestant and Roman Catholic juvenile offenders respectively. On the borders of Newsham Park, in a very pretty situation, is the Seamen's Orphanage — a praiseworthy and extensive charity, which is familiar by name, at least, to all who have travelled on the Atlantic. Every ocean steamer collects contributions from the passengers for it, and it is the beneficiary of those mid-ocean entertainments

which are a delightful feature of the voyage "across." Sothern has played Lord Dundreary in a bleak northwester for it, Albani has sung for it amid the bluster and uneasiness of the "roaring forties," and itinerant talent of all kinds, from the low level of negro minstrelsy to the poetic and lyric heights of Ristori, Nilsson, and Salvini, has been volunteered aboard ship in its behalf. Here, again, the management is intrusted to shipowners, captains, and others connected with the interests whose servants the institution is intended to benefit.

Though Liverpool has no cathedral of mediæval splendor, and few structures antedating the present century, it is a handsome and substantially built town, with many irregular and precipitous streets. The later erections indicate the art ambition which prevails among English architects, and combine the utilitarian element with the beauty of a correct and sincere style. The commonest material is a soft yellow or gray sandstone, relieved by pilasters of blue or red granite; the forms oftenest adopted are the Norman Gothic and the Renaissance, with now and then an example of that anthem in stone, the superb Corinthian. There are not many buildings in the world so chaste, harmonious, massive, and forcibly beautiful as St. George's Hall, in Lime Street. It is 500 feet long, and the eastern façade forms a prostylar colonnade, with sixteen fluted columns raised upon a wide sweep of steps from a broad space in front, upon which are equestrian statues of the Queen and her late consort. The southern portico surmounts another pedestal of steps 150 feet wide, ending in a pediment, the entablature of which is enriched by large sculptures executed under the direction of Sir Charles Eastlake, the subjects being allegorical of Britannia's reach and power. Within there is a great hall 190 feet long and 80 feet wide. The ceiling is a continuous arch 82 feet from the floor, elaborately decorated, and supported by two rows of polished granite columns, with statuary in marble panels between them; among others one figure, by Noble, of Sir Robert Peel, another of Stephenson, by Gibson, and another of the late Lord Derby. At the north end of the hall is the great organ, which cost $50,000, and includes a pedal organ, solo organ, swell organ, and choir organ. It has four rows of keys, from GG to A in altissimo, sixty-three notes, and two octaves and a half in pedals, from CCC to F, thirty notes. There are 8000 pipes, from thirty-two feet to three-eighths of an inch in length, and 108 stops, wind being supplied by a steam-engine of six horse-power. The grand hall is used for banqueting and other festivals. The concert hall in another part of the building is an elliptical apartment of very beautiful proportions, with about 1400 seats, and elsewhere under the magnificent roof are the crown court, the civil court, the sheriff's court, the library, the grand jury-room, and the court of the Duchy of Lancaster. The eastern façade is on a spacious square, at the farther side of which is the new dépôt and hotel of the London and Northwestern Railway—a building after the French Renaissance, with a frontage of 317 feet and a height of 81 feet.

To the north of this, upon a column 118 feet high, is a statue of the Duke of Wel-



LIME STREET.



THE EXCHANGE.

lington, cast from cannon captured at Waterloo—a material poetically meet for the perpetuation of the outward form of such a man—and behind the column are three light stone, large, graceful structures, in which are consolidated the popular agencies for the encouragement of art, science, and literature, that have never lacked the most generous patronage in Liverpool. The Free Library and Museum is the farthest west, and was given to the town by the Anglo-American banker Sir William Brown, to whom it cost $200,000. The library department has a reading-room with 50,000 volumes and accommodations for 600 readers, most of whom belong to the industrial classes. It has a free school of science connected with it, and the demands upon it have been so far in excess of its capacity that a new reading-room, doubling the accommodations, has been built in the form of a rotunda upon adjoining ground. The books are not allowed to be taken away, but there are branch lending libraries at the north and south ends of the town, where, upon the recommendation of two householders, volumes are gratuitously loaned for home reading. The museum is furnished with an aquarium, the extensive natural history collection made by the late Earl of Derby, and the famous and priceless Mayer collection of Egyptian, Roman, and British antiquities. Next to the New Reading-room, which is a memorial to a useful member of the library committee, is the Art Gallery, the gift of Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, a local brewer and ex-mayor, which contains a permanent exhibition, including works by all the old Italian masters, Benjamin West, Armitage, David Roberts, Ansdell, Poynter, and Birket Foster.

About a mile away is the noble brownstone building of the Liverpool College, on Shaw Street, which embodies in its design the hair-splitting but all-potent subdivisions of English society, and consists of three separate schools. The Upper School has two divisions, in which, according to the catalogue, "the pupils are on terms of perfect social equality," one division preparing pupils for the universities, and the other for commercial pursuits; the Middle School gives "a complete commercial education;" and the Lower School "provides a practical education for the trading classes," the distinction between a complete commercial education and a practical education not being very clear to us. Different charges are made for each grade, and allowances are made in favor of the sons of clergymen and younger sons. Thus the full fees for a boy in the Upper School are twenty-two guineas per annum, but a third son is admitted for eighteen guineas, or a fourth son for fourteen guineas.

The grandeur of the town is more apparent, however, in the commercial quarter—in the sumptuous offices and on the new Exchange—than in other directions, for Trade is enthroned, with Cotton for prime minister, in Liverpool, and art is pursued for diversion. The Exchange and the Town-hall form a hollow square, with a fine monument to Nelson in the centre, and the open space is called, from the character of its pavement, the Flags, whereon gather the spruce emissaries of the great mercantile houses to transact their business, with a quiet and



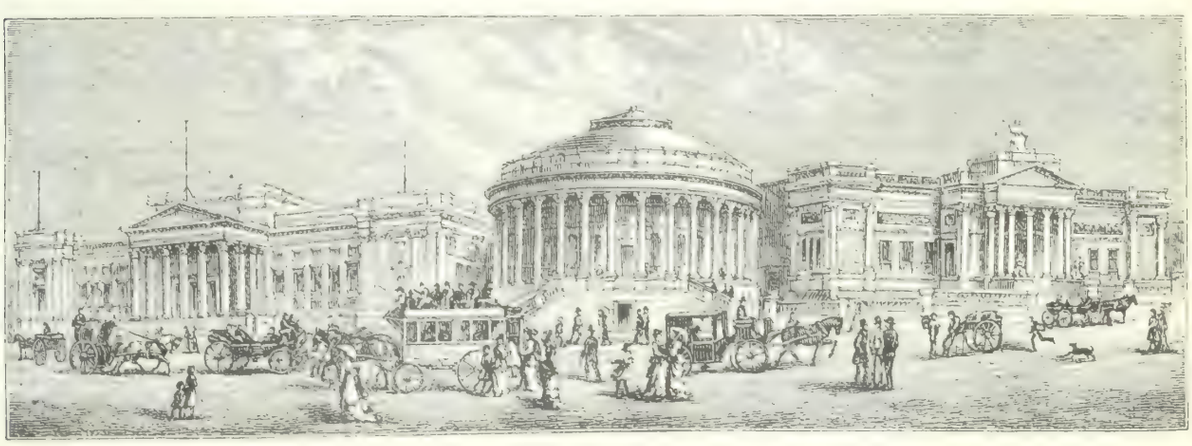
COLLEGE, SHOW STREET.

earnest activity from which the stock-brokers of Wall Street might take a lesson. Between ten and three o'clock the scene is brilliant, and there is always behind it the satisfaction and dismay of those struggles with changing fortune which are hidden in the philosophic and well-bred placidity of the participants.

After the new public offices in Dale Street and St. George's Hall, the Exchange Buildings are the handsomest in town. They cover two acres of land; their style is the recurrent French Renaissance, and the material a pale soft stone. The news-room is unusually splendid. It is seventy-five feet high, contains 1500 square yards, and is lighted by a central dome of stained glass, which sheds warm hues on the profuse decorations.

A prosperous multitude fills this neighborhood. Castle Street, Lord Street, and Bold Street, in the vicinity, are bordered by tempting shops, and the sidewalks swarm with well-dressed pedestrians; but while no English crowd has the color, vivacity, or dramatic impressiveness of the impatient stream on Broadway, that of Liverpool has less provincialism and more energy than any other north of the Strand. The town has lovely suburbs, among others, West Derby, Hoylake, Garston, Hale, Childwall, and Woolton, where the merchant princes live in houses set amid the umbrageous privacy of magnificent parks.

But Liverpool is iniquitous, and the phase of life revealed in Scotland Road is peculiarly revolting, not so much from its poverty and squalor, the sad attendants of all large cities, as from its utter and irremediable brutality. A journalistic friend of mine assures me that the leering, pallid, hollow-cheeked rough of New York is more offensive than his congener in Liverpool; that the former assumes the dress of a gentleman, and speaks of himself as one, while the latter has some sort of a frank recognition of his nature and position. If one is at all worse than the other, it appears to us to be the Liverpool species, however; and an amusement in which he develops himself and has the advantage of the American is wife-beating. A walk down Scotland Road on Monday mornings shows an extraordinary number of women bearing in bandaged heads and black eyes the testimony of the rough's Sunday recreation; and the women fight fiercely and frequently among themselves, no less than four combats of Amazons coming under our observation within half an hour one evening. At every street corner there is a flaring public-house or saloon, and strong drink is consumed in larger quantities than elsewhere in Great Britain. As a natural consequence of this drunkenness, the workhouse, or paupers' retreat, is the most extensive in the kingdom; and Liverpool, despite her prosperity and grandeur, is afflicted with incomparable poverty.

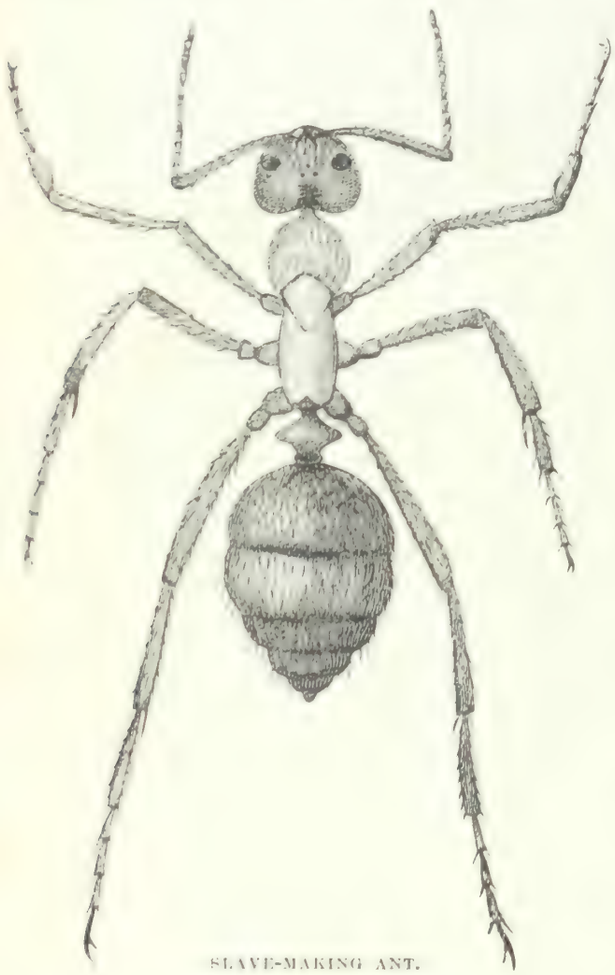


BROWN FREE LIBRARY; NEW READING-ROOM; ART GALLERY.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ANTS.

THE family of ants is ranked the highest among insects. The geologist tells us that this family does not date very far back in the world's history. The lowest forms of the hymenoptera appear in the Jurassic period, but the ants do not make their appearance until the tertiary period, while other orders of insects have been found in the carboniferous era, and some even in the Devonian formation.

The anatomist shows us that the nervous system of the ant is highly organized, that



SLAVE-MAKING ANT.

the cerebral ganglia are well developed, evincing an intellectual superiority over the rest of the insect world.

Eminent naturalists, especially in Europe, have devoted almost their entire lives to the study of these interesting creatures, but in our own country observers have not had the time or patience for such exclusive attention to this family; hence there is much conflicting testimony, especially with regard to the habits of the slave-making species —*Formica sanguinea*.

In the following pages I shall give a brief account of the wonderful wars and conquests over other tribes made by a powerful colony of this slave-making species. It is the result of several weeks' close observation, to the exclusion of all other work, commencing the 1st of July and extending into August.

The nest was in a grove that surrounds the house, and must have contained several thousand working inhabitants. About fifty feet from the nest of red slave-makers was a nest of black ants (*Formica nigra*), and I should judge this colony to be fully as large and strong as that of the red ants.

Externally the two nests did not differ very much. The red ants raised a slight mound, while the blacks had simple excavations about the roots of an oak-tree. These two nests had been under my observation for at least three years, and yet I more than half doubted that these reds were really slave-makers. The blacks were my favorites, being so much more quiet and steady in their habits. A black scarcely ever attempted to bite my hand, even if I used him quite roughly, but the reds would resent a slight provocation. I have had my gloved hand almost covered with the angry fellows, biting and holding on to my glove, simply because I uncovered one of the closed entrances to their dwelling. I have sometimes allowed one to bite my hand, and found it could hurt considerably, and that it left a small purple spot where its mandibles had pierced.

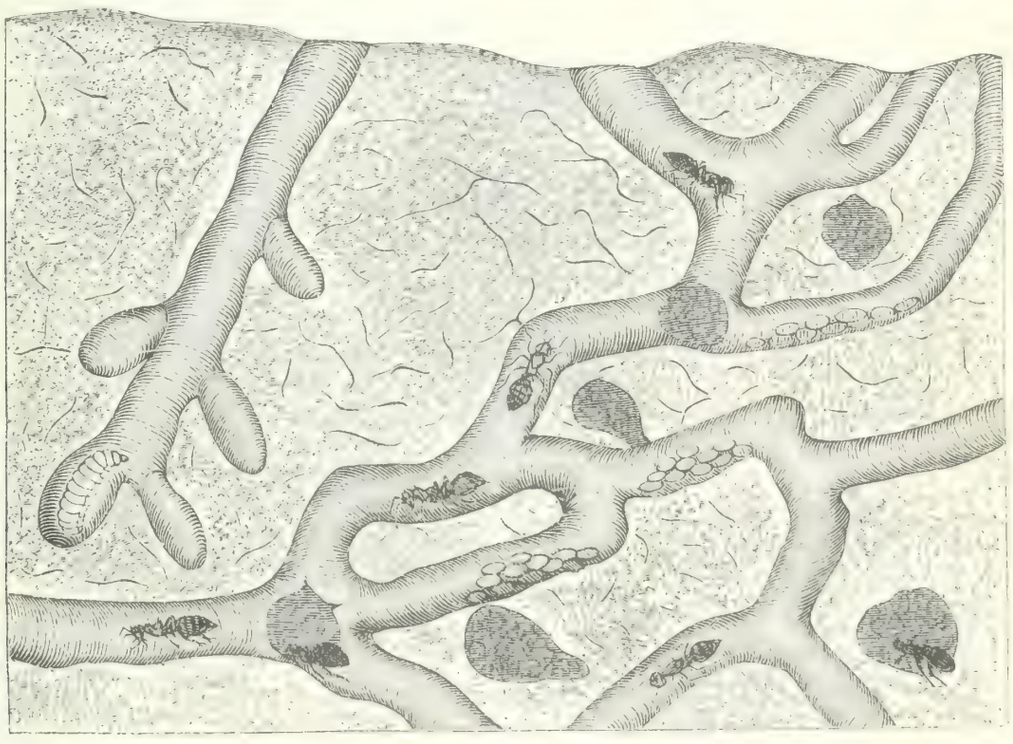
It is stated in scientific works that colonies of the red ant often move, and carry their larvæ and pupæ to other nests. Up to this summer I should have concurred in the above statement, as I had several times encountered a trail of red ants carrying larvæ and pupæ, and had traced the trail from its starting-point, and found only red ants emerging from excavations among rubbish, and so concluded that these ants were simply moving; but a closer and more careful study of their habits has convinced me that this opinion was founded on superficial observation.

On a sultry afternoon, the first day of July, I was lazily sauntering in the grove, when, on looking down, I found, to my surprise, that I was in the midst of a battle-field. A powerful army of red ants had invaded the dominions of the black colony which for three years past I had had a kind of supervision over. I had often brought plants covered with aphides—the immortal Linnæus called these aphides the ants' cows —and stuck the plants into the earth around their dwelling, and had given them sugar, and had driven and carried toads from their nest which were devouring them. In short, I had become very much interested in and quite attached to this colony, but I was powerless to aid them now. I could only look on in wonder and astonishment.

A yard or more around the foot of the tree the battle was raging, and no place for the sole of my foot without crushing the combatants. I found in every instance a red ant pitted against a black; sometimes two red ones against one black, in which case the black was soon dispatched. For three hours I watched the conflict; all around me the combatants locked in a close embrace, rolling and tumbling about, never separating until one was killed, and often the dead victim had fastened with so firm a hold on his adversary that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could free himself from his death-grip.

The sun went down, and the gathering darkness compelled me to leave my post of observation, but as long as I could see, the conflict was as fierce as when I first beheld it. I now picked up several of the warriors, but so intent were they in their terrible struggle that my handling did not divert them in the least. I carried several pairs into the house, placed them under a large oval glass (the cover of a fernery) on a marble-topped table, and watched the conflict.

I found I had ten black and ten red warriors, not engaged in a general mêlée, but each intent upon killing his own adversary. It was fully an hour before the first warrior was killed—a red has at last dispatched his black antagonist, and not satisfied with killing him, he tears his legs from his body and severs his antennæ. After convincing himself that he is really dead, he looks around at the other warriors which are still closely locked in their dreadful embrace, and now he hurries from one couple to another, as if to see where his services are most needed. He finds a couple whose struggles are nearly over—a black is fastened with a death-grip to his adversary's fore-leg. The red hero soon severs the head from the black soldier, and leaves it hanging to the leg of his dying comrade. He now goes to another couple who are still fiercely contending; he seizes the black, and now all three roll and tumble about together; but the black is soon killed, and, as in the other case, his mandibles are locked on his adversary's leg. But this time our hero does not sever the head from the black soldier, but leaves his comrade to free himself as best he can, while he goes to the assistance of a third less fortunate brother, where the black seems to have the better of his antagonist. Here a long struggle ensues, and now another red soldier has dispatched his opponent, and he comes to the struggling three, moves about them in an excited manner, with his mandibles stretched wide apart, waiting his opportunity to fasten them on the black: he finds his chance, seizes him between the thorax and abdomen, and severs the body in two; but the dying black does not relax his hold of the first antagonist, and they die together.

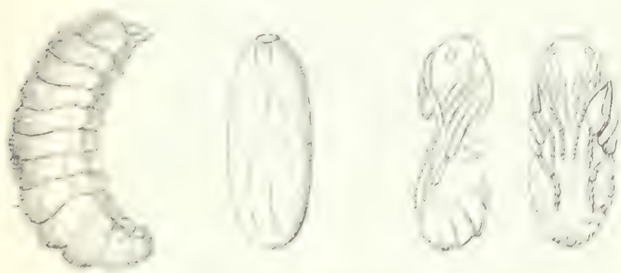


ANT-NEST WITH UNDER-GROUND PASSAGES.

I now leave the fierce combatants for the night. In the morning I find that every black is killed, and four red soldiers are dead, and two others can not long survive. The legs and antennæ and mutilated bodies of the dead warriors are strewn about, every fragment showing conspicuously on the white marble. Out of the twenty, fourteen are dead and two nearly lifeless—only four have survived. I put some drops of water and moistened sugar under the glass for the surviving heroes: two find the wa-

ter and drink. I now repair to the battle-field. The struggle is over—not a black to be seen, but a column of the red invaders is emerging from a large cavity that leads to the numerous galleries and under-ground chambers of these industrious blacks, and each invader is carrying a larva or pupa. I follow the column, which is from four to five inches in width, to the nest of red ants before mentioned. There is a wide opening in the side of this nest, down which they all disappear and leave their burdens, and again start for more plunder. All day long these powerful marauders are engaged in this work. They carry a larva or pupa carefully, and drop it on being disturbed. But what does this mean? Every little while a red warrior comes out with a black bundle, which he carries as carefully as he does the pupa or larva. I stop him to inquire into the matter; he drops his bundle, which immediately unrolls, and lo! it is a lively black ant, apparently unhurt, and, to my eye, no way different from the warrior with whom he was so fiercely fighting.

The books which I have read on the subject inform me that "the red ants carry the pupæ and larvæ of the blacks to their nest, where they rear them for slaves, but they never capture the adult ant, for it would not stay in the new home if they did." But these ants certainly carried a great number of adult blacks to their nest, and I am quite sure they did not run away, but staid and helped to nurse and feed the larvæ. I capture several of the red marauders with their victims, and place them under the glass. The reds now pay no attention to the blacks, but simply try to make their escape. I take larvæ and lay them on a leaf, and put them under the glass also, and place moistened sugar in their reach. Very soon the blacks are feeding the helpless larvæ. I remove the glass cover; the reds immediately run away, but the blacks stay and continue to sip the moistened sugar and feed the young. I hold a magnifying-glass over them, and find the little larvæ raise up their heads and open their mouths to be fed, very much like young birds. I now take the larvæ, together with the nurses, and place them near the nest of red ants. I soon lose sight of the nurses, but the larvæ are quickly taken into the nest by the red soldiers.



LARVA, COCOON, AND PUPA OF RED ANT.

By this time I have become so much interested in the red warriors, which I had heretofore rather avoided, that I resolved to devote my time to them, so I keep a daily record of their behavior. This record would be much too long for a magazine article, so I will make extracts from it.

On the 3d and 4th of July the soldiers were very quiet, scarcely one to be seen, as if they were resting after their great raid of the 1st and 2d.

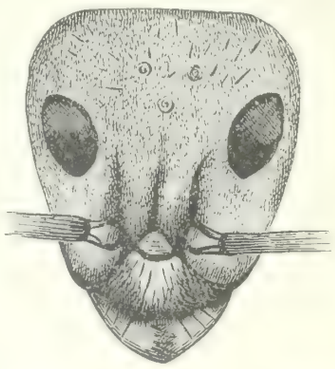
On the evening of the 4th the blacks close the large main entrance through which the larvæ and pupæ had been carried, and compel all the inhabitants to go in and out through another smaller door. While this entrance is being closed, two or three of the red soldiers stand just within the doorway and help to arrange the sticks which the blacks bring. Occasionally a red soldier which has been meandering about the premises comes to the nearly closed entrance as if he would like to pass in; immediately the antenna of one of the guard within is thrust through a small opening, and the one outside touches the antenna with his own, and then walks away and passes through the side door.

After the entrance is closed I remove the covering; this makes a great commotion among the soldiers; a large number rush out and run about in an excited manner. Finding nothing on which to vent their rage, they soon become quiet; some return within, but a good number stay out and assist the blacks in reclosing the entrance. First they bring sticks from an inch to three inches in length and lay them across the opening, not in any regular order; often the end of one of the sticks is pulled in by those within, and the other end left sticking out. All sorts of material is brought and piled on to the sticks—pieces of dried leaves, and a butterfly's wing nearly two inches across, small pebbles and clumps of earth, and one brings a cherry stone; now a red soldier has found a piece of anthracite coal an inch in length and half an inch in thickness; it lies nearly two feet away from the entrance; he walks over and around it, and tries it with his mandibles as if taking its dimensions; he leaves it, and I lose sight of him among the busy toilers; but very soon a large force of workers, both black and red, have surrounded this piece of coal; it is jagged and irregular in outline, thus affording places for the workers to fasten their mandibles. They move it a few inches, and now a tuft of stiff grass is in the way; they drop the coal, and some pass over and others around the tuft; back they come and again seize it, but evidently the workers are of two minds, a part of them are determined to lift it over, and the others are equally determined to take it round

the grass on a comparatively smooth road. After several ineffectual attempts to lift it over, they finally give up and join the others in taking it round. At last the feat is accomplished; this great weight is placed over the entrance, as if to hold the other material in place, and to prevent another such catastrophe—the sudden sweeping away of their work. And I respect their industry and courage sufficiently to leave them for this evening in their imaginary safety.

Toward noon of the next day the blacks open the large entrance, dragging the material with which it is closed to one side; and now the soldiers come out in full force, and march in a straight line to a spot about thirty feet distant; here they diverge, and seem to be hunting over the ground; soon they find a small colony of blacks. The greatest excitement now prevails among the invaders; some are passing down the main entrance, while others are rushing about with extended mandibles prepared for conflict; but the blacks are escaping from another opening a few inches distant, not trying to defend their young in the least. Very soon the marauders emerge, each with a larva or pupa. Those outside, seeming satisfied that there will be no battle, quiet down and join the ranks in ravaging the nest. In less than an hour the spoils are all taken; and the marauders, not satisfied in sacking so small a settlement, again form in line and march directly to another colony a few feet beyond the one they have so recently plundered. They go so directly to this spot that it looks as if it must have been a preconcerted plan. This colony also proves to be a small one, and the inhabitants all flee, leaving the young to be captured. In less than two hours the spoilers have transferred the young to their own nest; and now, apparently satisfied with their day's work, they make preparation to close the entrance—the blacks are clearing the passages which their masters have littered while carrying in their booty. As soon as the passages are cleared, a large force is engaged in closing the entrance, and this proves to be a permanent closing. About the same hour, for several days in succession, the blacks continue to pile material on and around this closed door; but only a few inches distant from this a small opening is being greatly enlarged, which leads to several different galleries.

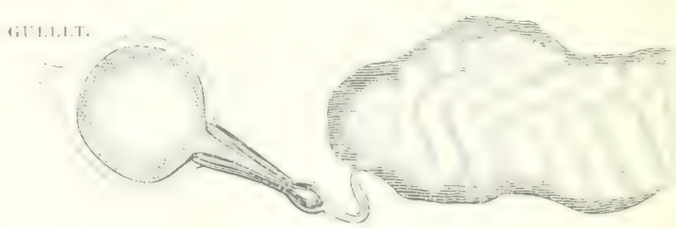
I supply the ants with coarse granulated sugar; they immediately commence to carry grain by grain to their store-house. Occasionally I notice that an ant carries a grain opposite to the nest and drops it, and then returns to the sugar and takes the next to the nest. I moisten the end of my pencil and pick up the discarded grain, and find it is sand. I now mix sand and sugar together; the sand is left or thrown away, the sugar only is taken to the nest. Some observers are inclined to think that ants do not store up food, and every thing that is taken



FRONT VIEW OF RED ANT'S HEAD, SHOWING ANTENNÆ AND MANDIBLES.

to the nest is for building purposes. If this were true, the sand would not be discarded.

I dissolve sugar with a few drops of water, and place it on an oak leaf; a large number of black ants, and a yellow species about the same size as the blacks, surround the edge of the sirup, jostling and crowding one another, and some that can not find a place on the leaf mount the backs of the others and reach down to obtain a share. These are the nurses that feed the larvæ. Their honey-sacs soon round out almost to bursting, and now they go thus heavily laden to the nest. I notice at the entrance through which they pass a number of red soldiers stationed like a guard, with their heads thrust out, acting as if they would like to stop this line of honey-bearers; they touch them with their antennæ, and sometimes one puts his fore-feet against the shoulders of a nurse, but uses no real violence to detain her. Most of the nurses pass in regardless of these demonstrations, but occasionally one stops and puts her mouth to the soldier's, and feeds him in the same way she does a larva. These may be young soldiers which the nurses are about weaning, but they are so old that I can see no difference in their looks or general behavior from the rest. Huber and other observers state that the nurse assists the young ant to escape from its pupa case, and feeds it for several days thereafter. But it is quite remarkable that a red soldier sel-



HONEY-SAC AND STOMACH OF RED ANT.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB

dom partakes of the sirup or honey from the leaf, yet he often takes grains of sugar to store away, and will assist in taking a large lump to the nest.

The sluggish oak moth (*Dryocampa senatoria*) afforded the ants a rare harvest. This moth deposits her eggs on the under side of the oak leaf, and she is so sleepy during the day that she will not stir when the leaf is picked from the tree, and she will even submit to being drowned without a struggle rather than make the effort to rouse up and fly. So, on throwing one of these moths near the nest, it is soon surrounded with ants, and before it fairly wakens several pairs of mandibles are fastened so firmly on its body and head that its feeble struggles are of no avail. These moths are always taken into the nest head-first; several times I have turned a moth round just as the ants reached the entrance with it, but they would immediately turn it head-first, seeming to know as well as I did that this was the only way that it could be carried through the narrow passage.

But they do not seem to manifest so much reason in taking an earth-worm to the nest. Several red ants are coming on a gravel-walk with a worm about three inches in length; they move along the walk very well indeed, all working in concert; but soon they reach the border of dwarf iris, and are brought to a stand-still by making a loop of the worm round a stem of iris, about the same number of ants pulling at each end, neither party knowing enough to let one end drop. They try to raise it over the plant, which is about six inches high; when they get nearly to the top, something always happens to bring it down to the ground. This is repeated full twenty times; at last the strongest party are at one end, and now they soon pull it round the iris, and quickly disappear with it in the nest.

But the most remarkable feat of this kind was performed by another colony of ants—a species that I do not know—a trifle longer but more slender than *F. sanguinea*. It has a black head and abdomen and a russet-brown thorax, and seems to be the most intelligent species which I have observed. This species also has its nest in a border of dwarf iris, about fifty yards from the slave-owners. Some five feet from the nest I notice a number of these ants congregated in the grass pulling away at an earth-worm. About two inches is unearthed, the remaining part is in the ground. Several ants are removing the earth from around the worm, while many others are holding on to it to prevent its crawling back. It is nine o'clock in the morning when I first observe them. At three in the afternoon a little more than four inches is unearthed, and two inches or more of this is dead. There is considerable excitement around the nest; they are evidently making preparations for storing this huge monster. A company are carrying a stick into the nest as thick as my little finger, and over an inch in length; they soon return and take several smaller sticks, as if they were building a new apartment.

It is now four o'clock, and their progress is so slow with the worm that I fear I shall not see the termination of the unearthing, so I take a small pair of forceps and assist the workers in pulling the worm out. There were about two inches remaining in the earth, and I found I had to exert a little strength in extracting it. This end is still alive and squirming. The worm is very large, full six inches in length. Much excitement now prevails among the workers, they act very much like the slave-makers when they are capturing another tribe. In less than two minutes from the time I extract the worm a large force of workers has come from the nest; not half the number can assist in carrying the worm at the same time, but they act as relays. About an equal number are at each end, fewer toward the middle. They all pull in the same direction; this makes a loop of the worm, and they must carry it through grass all the way. A large number are just in front trying to clear the road; grass is pulled down, small sticks taken out of the way. I lay a small stick three inches in length in their path; it is immediately removed by the force in front. But now they have become hopelessly entangled in the grass; they can neither raise the worm nor pull it through; at last they cut it in two; about two inches of the dead part is taken off and speedily carried to the nest by a part of the workers. The remaining portion of the worm contracts, so that it is not much more than three inches in length; and now they move along rapidly and soon have it housed. In less than five minutes after it is taken into the nest not an ant is to be seen; the door is closed from the inside. This is the only species which I have observed that closes the entrance in this way.

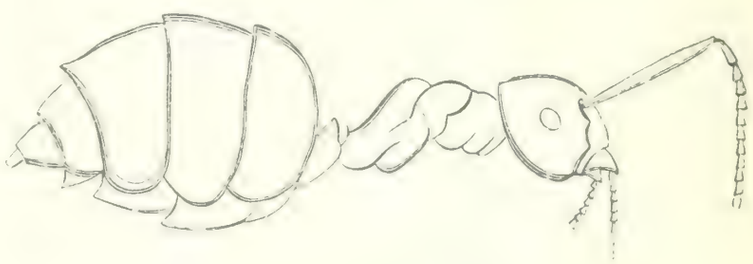
One other exploit of this colony, and I



ANTS ATTACKING LARVA.

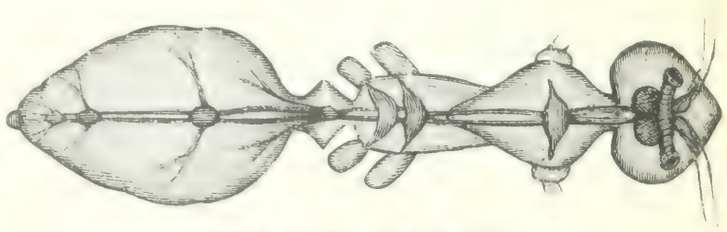
will return to the slave-makers. I find a full-grown larva of *Thyreus abbotii*; it is nearly three inches in length, strong and robust, and, like nearly all of the sphinges, has a thick, tough skin, and when it is disturbed is the worst-acting member of the family. I place it on the nest of this colony of ants, and they attack it in large numbers; they mount on its back and hang to its sides. The larva thrashes about and throws the ants right and left, but the plucky fellows are back again in an instant. The larva now tries flight on the smooth carriage drive. This gives the ants the advantage; they fasten their mandibles in every available spot. Again the larva stops and thrashes violently from side to side, and dislodges a good many, but not all. Again it starts at a rapid rate, most of the ants following, but some turn back and go to the nest as if discouraged. The larva now comes to a little heap of débris washed here by the rain, and takes refuge under it. This sweeps all the ants off, and they seem puzzled for a moment; but very soon they find where it is, and commence taking the light material from over it and throwing it to one side. Soon they reach it, and the larva, again feeling their mandibles, rushes out, and goes a few inches to another pile, where it again seeks refuge. By this time many of the ants have returned home, only about a dozen remaining; but these soon unearth it, and now it goes very fast a little way, and brings up against a wall of brick set edgewise in the earth to prevent the grass from encroaching on the drive. Instead of going over this wall—only an inch or so above the ground—it is trying to get its head under something. Only seven ants now remain, but they are getting the advantage of the larva, and slowly worrying its life out. Every little while an ant comes across the drive from the nest, as if to see how his comrades are getting on, and usually stays and assists in trying to kill the game. By the time that it is nearly dead a large force are on hand, and they drag it to the nest—some fifteen feet distant—more quickly than they did the earth-worm.

On the morning of the 9th the red soldiers start in full force, and keep in line until they have gone about twenty yards. Here they disperse, and seem to be hunting over the ground; but this proves a fruitless adventure, and they return home in line empty-handed. In an hour or so they again form a line and start in another direction, this time halting about thirty feet from the nest among some dry oak leaves. Here they attack a colony of yellow ants apparently as large and strong as themselves; but they prove to be great cowards, and skulk among the leaves, and flee in all directions. Probably not more than a dozen are killed. The nest does not prove to be very rich in larvæ and pupæ, for in about an hour it is plundered. Here, too, as in the case of the black ants, several adults are carried to the nest unhurt. The next day after the raid the yellow ants return to their ravaged home, and occasionally one comes near the nest of the red warriors, attracted by the sugar and honey with which I keep them supplied. It approaches very timidly even when its own species and the blacks are feeding alone, and runs away each time that an ant turns from the honey to go to the nest, as if afraid of pursuit. And I find that even the yellow ants will drive it away if they come in contact with it. But on two occasions I saw this yellow ant capture one of its own species that was feeding and domesticated with the reds, and carry it to its own nest. I think these two ants were nurses that had been so recently captured by the reds, and they were recognized by this yellow worker.



EXTERNAL ANATOMY OF RED ANT.

The black and yellow ants never accompany their masters in their raids on other tribes, but stay at home and clear the passages, open and close the entrances, and



NERVOUS SYSTEM OF RED ANT.

nurse the young. I tried many experiments to test the intelligence of the ants, which I must omit, as I wish to dwell more especially on the feature of their invasions.

On the morning of the 18th the soldiers make a long march; they go directly to a line fence, some thirty yards distant, which separates the grounds from a neighbor's garden. A board about six inches wide runs along the ground, to which pickets are attached. When the ants reach the fence, they all go through a small opening on the

ground, about three inches in width. The line has to converge here in order to go through, and sometimes considerable confusion seems to prevail, for more congregate than can pass through readily. It seems strange that they do not go between the pickets, for they are thickly scattered on the board just beneath. They soon pass out of my sight after going under the fence. In about three hours they begin to return with larvæ and pupæ. Evidently they are having a battle with the blacks (*F. nigra*), in which many are still engaged. Every little while a red warrior comes bringing a black and red soldier locked together. The black is dead, and the red crippled and unable to free himself from his foe, and so they are taken together to the nest. This looks as if these red marauders were trying to take care of their wounded soldiers, for I have never seen them take a dead black ant to the nest except when it was locked to one of their own soldiers. This battle is simply a repetition of the one on the 1st of July.

On the 23d of the month the red warriors attack a different species of black ant, larger and more robust than *F. nigra*. This proves to be a very large colony. The nest is among the grass in the grove, about sixty feet from the nest of the invaders. I was not aware of its existence, although I must have passed over it frequently.

It is toward evening when the marauders come down upon this large peaceful colony, and the inhabitants flee in every direction, not making the least exertion to defend themselves; the grass is fairly black with the fugitives. There are some ten or a dozen openings in the space of a yard, through which they are pouring out. The red ants simply dance around the openings with extended mandibles, scarcely even attacking the fugitives, yet seeming excited and impatient to get to the nest, which is impossible for them to do while so many are coming out. Finally they get possession of the nest, and commence transporting the pupæ to their own dominions. I see no larvæ, and most of the pupæ are naked; seldom is one inclosed in a cocoon.

It is growing quite dusk, and still they work on, but the line is evidently thinning. At nine o'clock I take a light and find a very few engaged in work. At six in the morning I still find a few carrying pupæ, but by eight o'clock the force is all out; the line is from four to five inches in width, and extends from one nest to the other, about an equal number moving in each direction—the empty-handed coming toward the invaded nest, and those laden with plunder going to their own dominions. As soon as they deposit their spoils they resume the line of march. All day long this line is unbroken, at dusk it is considerably thinner, and by ten o'clock in the evening all have disappeared.

During the entire day I saw no black ants around the nest, but every little while a marauder would emerge with an adult black, which it carried to the nest; and they captured a large number of young ants that were still soft, and of a grayish color—not yet turned black. When I disturbed a captor with one of these, it dropped it, and the young ant would try to hide under something, and remain quiet until picked up by another warrior, when it would crouch and roll itself up in a ball, so that it could be carried just as easily as a larva or pupa. It reminded me of a cat carrying a kitten; the young ant behaved very much like a kitten when carried.

On the morning of the 25th a few of the marauders are around the invaded nest, going in and out of the various openings as if to make sure that nothing is left; but they soon return to their own dominions empty-handed, and visit the ravaged nest no more.

During the day I keep watch of the plundered nest, and occasionally a black ant comes timidly up and cautiously moves around; finally it ventures into one of the openings and disappears, but it soon comes out and walks away. Toward night of the same day a large number of the black fugitives return to their home, not in any regular order, but from various points, and each is carrying a comrade which he takes into the nest. I can offer no solution of this: there was no battle, and these are not wounded soldiers.

In most nests which I have observed there seem to be two sets of workers, one larger than the other, the smaller seem to be the true nurses; it was these that were carried back to the nest. But why they did not return in the same way they left is one of the mysteries of ant life.

The returning fugitives all disappeared through the same opening, and in the morning this was closed, mostly with sticks and clumps of earth. I remove the covering, but not an ant appears; it is fully an hour before they venture out, and now a dozen or more come out, and quickly reclose the entrance. A small place is left open, so that one at a time can squeeze in and out. I place sugar and various things about the nest, but they store nothing away, and eat sparingly.

On the 3d of August I notice a very curious proceeding on the part of these red warriors. Their nest extends into the edge of a tulip bed, which is bordered with the iris before mentioned. The bed is about three feet wide, and in the border just opposite is a nest of tiny yellow ants, with which I am unfamiliar, so small that they are scarcely distinguishable to the naked eye. They are scarcely longer than the little red ant

which is often such a pest to housekeepers, but they are broader and more robust than this species, and of a light yellow color. From fifty to a hundred red marauders assail the nest of this tiny species; but the openings are so small that they can not get to the nest, except as they go to work and enlarge them, and this proceeding is fiercely resented by the little ants; sometimes three or four will attack one of the invaders, fastening themselves to him in such positions that he can not reach them with his mandibles, and they hold on with such pertinacity that he finally becomes fairly frantic; he doubles himself up and rolls about over the ground, trying to reach his tiny tormentors; and now one of his comrades, attracted by his strange behavior, stops and looks on, and walks around him, as if to learn what all this tumbling means. Seeming satisfied, he picks him up and carries him toward home; while he is being carried he is quiet. I take him away from his comrade and put him on the ground, when he again resumes his tumbling, until picked up by another and carried into the nest, as if the public highway was no place for such contortions.

I put several of the red warriors, with this tiny species hanging to them, in alcohol; the little things do not relax their hold, but die holding on to the big marauders.

Sometimes an ant will continue work with one of the little things hanging to his antennæ, but more often they stop work and start for home when one is fastened where it can not be reached; they are not carried home except when they roll about.

The invaders work for several hours, greatly enlarging the openings, and at night return home with no spoils. On the following day a few resume work, and keep steadily at it all day, and enlarge several openings, through which they can pass in and out readily.

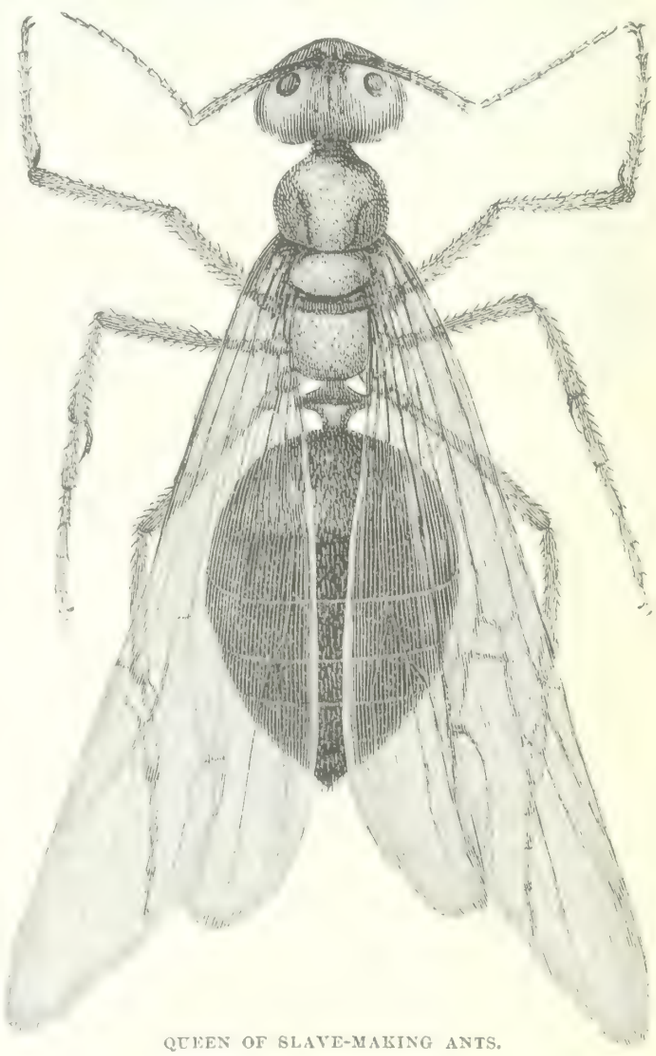
A rain-storm now comes on, lasting three days. During the storm the ants remain closely housed. On the morning of the 8th a dozen or more resume the work of excavation. By this time they have killed so many of the little ants that they can work without much interruption.

What they are after is to me shrouded in mystery; they certainly can not want the larvæ and pupæ of such a tiny species as this! On the 9th they still continue work, and on the morning of the 10th the treasure is unearthed, and proves to be a great number of large winged females, longer than the red marauders, and with large full abdomens, so heavy that it takes two of the captors to drag them to the nest. Many of the tiny workers have congregated about them, trying to defend them with their lives. But the great helpless females allow themselves to be taken captive and dragged away without offering the least resistance.

There must have been several hundred of these large females, and of course they had never seen the light. Probably the little workers would have released them before this if their home had not been assailed.

I soon filled a small vial with the females which I took from the captors, and this was only a small proportion in comparison with what they carried to the nest.

At the same time that these females are being taken captive a portion of the army are attacking another species of ant, about as long as themselves, but much more slender and of a dark brown color. The nest is beneath a gravel-walk not more than ten feet from the nest of the assailants. As soon as they are aware of the danger which threatens them they come out in great numbers, and the nurses have pupæ in their mouths. This seems to puzzle the marauders, and they allow most of them to escape, but occasionally one tries to take a pupa from its nurse, but she will not give it up, so the cruel invader tries to take both nurse and pupa to his own dominions. But this proves a difficult proceeding, for she will



QUEEN OF SLAVE-MAKING ANTS.

not roll up and be carried peaceably, but struggles and holds on with her legs to various things with which they come in contact. I turn monster, and pick up one of these devoted little creatures, and handle her quite roughly, but she will not drop the pupa unless I pinch her quite smartly; then she drops it in my hand, and bites fiercely, to which I patiently submit. When she has chastised me sufficiently, she picks up the pupa quietly, and tries to make her escape.

These ants move very gently, do not seem at all excited or hurried, and as soon as they reach the grass and clover they mount a blade of grass or stem of clover, and there they remain perfectly still, holding the pupa. The assailants pass beneath them, hunting over the ground, but not one, so far as I saw, was captured from a stem of clover or from a blade of grass, and sometimes a blade of grass would bend quite low with its burden.

The assailants, satisfied that the game is gone, return to their own dominions. In about an hour from the time these ants were driven from home they begin to return, coming slowly down from the grass, where they have so patiently waited until the invaders were gone, and carry the pupæ directly back to the same opening from which they came out.

A REPORTER'S ROMANCE.

I.

WALTER CONDON and I—reporters for two morning newspapers in the city of New York—were nearing the end of our long round of visiting police stations in search of news, as the clocks were making ready to strike twelve. Turning out of Pearl Street, where the bitter wind of this January midnight was driving fine icy snow into our chilled faces, the green signal lanterns before the door of our last station showed us a hospital ambulance standing there. Hastening to enter, we found, lying on the floor of the back office, with an ugly wound in his head, a man whose face we had often seen in the cells for thieving, and whose business was to peddle sweetmeats among the concert saloons and sailors' resorts existing in such terrible abundance between Chatham Street and the East River. The surgeon thought the man would not live, but ordered him removed to a hospital. At that moment the front-door was opened timidly, and a small voice asked, "Please, Sir, is he dead?"

"No, he 'ain't croaked yet, but he will 'fore long," answered the glum door-man. Then, seeing the scared, pitiful little face, he added, more kindly, "What do you want with old Baldwin, anyhow?"

"I dun know, Sir. He was my uncle, and Big-nosed Jim told me he was killed." And she began to cry.

Now there was something so uncommonly friendless in the appearance of this ragged, bare-headed little girl crying silently by the door, not offering to come near the unconscious man, nor wailing loudly, as is the custom of street children in trouble, and something so pathetic in her soft voice, that we were all interested, and began to question her, but had got no farther than to find out that her name was Elsie, and that she had lived with Baldwin for a long time, but she thought not always, for she remembered playing with a beautiful young lady in a fine house, "where it uz allers warm, you bet!" she exclaimed, spreading her blue hands out before the great coal stove, when the door opened again, and a policeman pushed in before him an old hag, blear-eyed, half dressed, and furious with anger. At the sight of her the little waif broke her story short off, and crept tremblingly over to the farthest corner, begging us piteously not to let the woman take her.

"Arrah!" shrieked the beldam. "Jist let me get a hold of yez wunst, and I'll—"

But her threat was lost as she was hurried back to her stone bedroom. Then the dying old sinner was carried to the ambulance, and it rattled off to the relief hospital, where Baldwin's name was placed upon the death-roll before another sunset.

Meanwhile Condon was trying to comfort the girl. Elsie told him about a long journey, and that afterward Baldwin had made her go about with him at night and sing in the saloons, had forced her to beg for nearly all her food and for the rags she called clothes, and to pick over the ashes in street barrels for gleanings of coal to burn in the broken stove that warmed his garret. Elsie explained her terror in the presence of the woman by saying that Baldwin had sometimes left her in the beldam's charge, when she had been beaten shamefully. Condon always thought this woman could have told him more about Elsie, but not feeling it strongly at the time, he never afterward was able to discover her.

The story Walter won from the little stranger touched him deeply, used as he was—and as we all come to be—to the woes of the poor in the metropolis; and most of all when, her confidence fully won, she said, simply, "I'll sing for you," and began a pretty melody, while we all listened to the sweet tones so strange in a police office; then, I think, his mind must have been decided, for when the bluff sergeant called out, "Well, what shall be done with the kid?" Condon's answer was quick, "I'll take care of her."

"To-night, Tom," he explained to me, "I think she had better go to a hotel, and to-morrow I'll take her home."

"And a fine time you'll have of it!" was my thought; but I said, "Oh, certainly." So off we went to a small German hotel we knew of, and put the little waif to bed.



"PLEASE, SIR, IS HE DEAD?"

Walter lived up in the Eighth Ward, with an aunt, who was a good old soul, but had rather more acerbity mixed with her affection than any of us liked. It was a snug little home, though, and the young man had good reason to suppose he should succeed to its ownership.

I did not see Condon until the following evening at the Press Club, and I was very anxious to know how he felt about his generous act, after sleeping on it, and, moreover, how he had introduced his ward to his aunt. I rather expected the complete disappointment of my enthusiastic friend's plans. He told me all about it at once. Elsie had been rather distrustful of him in the morning, but took a childish delight in the new clothes he had bought for her.

"She only needed some color in her cheeks," he averred, warmly, "to make her a positively pretty girl. But her comfortless look was an advantage in one respect, for it softened a little the muscular heart of that excellent old aunt of mine, and I believe Elsie will really win her. By Jove! I hope so."

Elsie did win her, and although at first her ignorance and street manners annoyed the old lady a great deal, she was partly coaxed and partly forced to be patient with the girl, and Elsie rapidly refined.

II.

Not long after this I left New York and went to California for five years. I could tell you some stories about that too, if I had time; but no matter. I kept up a sort of connection with the newspapers through correspondence, and therefore, when my property in San Francisco was burned, and I came back as poverty-stricken as ever, I had little difficulty in finding a position on the press, and was fortunate enough to get into the same office with my old-time chum.

Condon had hardly changed his status. He was the regular Wall Street reporter now, and on a salary, but spent most of his energy in writing critical essays and in the study of political economy. For politics, in the abstract, he had a profound admiration; for ward caucuses, party machinery, and Congressional wranglings an intense

disgust. He therefore might have occupied a far more prominent place in metropolitan journalism if he had not persistently chosen to keep this position, which suited him and favored his pet study. He seemed indifferent and indolent, and was so in many respects, for he loved quiet and his mood; yet, when an emergency rose, he could summon tremendous activity. He carried about with him always much latent power.

Changes in his affairs contributed to this gentlemanly and studious neglect of stirring work. The death of his aunt left him with the little house in which they had lived and a comfortable income, and a staid old lady became his housekeeper.

As for Elsie, she had become the pet of the household, and Walter always spoke of her as his little sister. His aunt had left a special bequest providing for her education, and she was happy at a boarding-school up the Hudson.

So affairs went on. The purity of our September climate faded into sere October, and chilling airs bore premonition of winter. One day we were all in the office, awaiting assignments for the afternoon, when the hall boy brought in a visitor's card. The editor glanced at it, grumbled at the interruption, and tossed it toward Walter, calling out roughly, "Go see what she wants, Condon."

Walter growled some anathema on the head of the whole female sex—I think we were all in bad humor that morning—and took the card. I saw it:

Miss Viola Brand,

written in a firm, upright, feminine hand, with no waste of ink in flourishes. Rising indolently, he sauntered out to the anteroom, leaving the door ajar, and thus permitting a glimpse of the lady—a rather young and slender woman, with a sweet and serious face, no dimples nor long eyelashes, but a clear complexion, gray eyes full of purity and earnestness, and thin lips expressing self-reliance and strength. She was very plainly attired in dark clothing, and her simple hat was concealed in the folds of a veil.

Condon bowed in the attitude of sincere respect he held for all women—an attention to their every word that had captivated many a one by its subtle flattery—and asked how he could serve her in place of Mr. Brennell, whose excuses he presented.

"Thank you," she replied; "I am seeking employment as a stenographer. I have had experience in taking the proceedings of Congressional committees at Washington, and hope to be able to avail myself of it in newspaper work here. I can refer—"

"It's not at all necessary," Walter interrupted. "Reporting for us is a question of present ability rather than of antecedents." He was looking at her sharply, and I thought I saw her lip tremble at his austere and business-like manner. Perhaps he saw it too, for he added, more kindly, "We have never made use of any feminine skill, but if you will wait a moment, I will consult with Mr. Brennell."

It was soon understood among us that the fair stenographer was to be a member of the staff. She came, and did her work well. We readily got acquainted with her, but could never be familiar at all, and I believe that men generally disliked her. She was rather too mysterious to please us. Condon seemed to pay less attention to her than any one else; but one dark night when she had been kept until ten o'clock, and it had come on to rain, Condon remarked: "I will give you the shelter of my umbrella to the car, Miss Brand," and went in spite of her protest—a piece of solid audacity three reporters I knew of had ignominiously failed in within a fortnight.

Condon had a way of quietly taking possession of every lady he chose to speak to, as though he knew precisely what they wanted to do and ought to do far better than they did themselves; and this firm, quiet, polite persistence they generally found irresistible, knowing he would not be irritated by a rebuff.

One day there was to be an important inquest at Newark upon the causes of a fatal boiler explosion some days previous, and Miss Brand was sent down to take a shorthand report of the proceedings. She was expected to return between nine and ten o'clock in the evening. It was the 17th of March, and a cold, snowy day—the ugliest end of winter. After our early evening dinner Condon went over to Jersey City on an errand, and returning about nine o'clock, heard at Cortlandt Street that a railway train had fallen through a bridge on the Meadows. He glanced at his watch. "It's her train," he said to himself, with a chill feeling about the heart, and, hastened by impulse rather than controlled by purpose, he ran across to the next wharf and leaped upon a boat just leaving the slip.

Now he had time to think. The night was cold, and the icy wind from down the bay swept before it snow and sleet, which rattled on the roof of the cabin, and slammed the doors with changing gusts. The storm was dense as a fog, and Condon found himself chafing with a nervous haste quite unusual to him, as the ferry-boat stopped again and again in the ice, whistling her hoarse warning. He went out on deck and peered into the murky night, but got little consolation. Vexed with himself for feeling so much concern, it never occurred to him that ordinary humanity would require him to go on such an errand as this; that the fraternal interest of journalistic association would demand that he do what service he could to

a sister reporter. He only saw possible harm to her individually. He called her "Hilda" in his thought, and not "Miss Brand," as always hitherto.

An engine and some cars were waiting to take the surgeons down to the wreck, and upon representing himself to be a reporter, Walter received a grudging permission to stumbled on with all speed, and presently thought he saw some one ahead. He hallooed, but the wind drowned his voice, and he seemed to gain nothing upon the figure, until suddenly it disappeared, and the next instant, so deceiving was distance in the snow, a woman rose up from almost under his feet.



"HIS OVERCOAT WAS OFF IN AN INSTANT, AND WRAPPED AROUND HER."

go also. The short ride ended, Condon was the first to alight and hurry toward a fire built by the ruined bridge, for there was no shelter near except a single overcrowded coach. He scanned the group of figures around the blaze. Miss Brand was not among them. Trembling with excitement, he caught a brakeman's arm, and hurriedly described her.

"She's all O K, Sir!—not a scratch—I know her—just started to the city down the track—couldn't hold her—"

Condon waited to hear no more, but started to follow her. The track was rough and slippery, the sleet was changing into steady snow, and the darkness was intense, but he

"Hilda!" he exclaimed.

"Who is it? Mr. Condon? Oh, I am *so* glad!"

"Are you hurt?" was his anxious question.

"No," she said, "but very tired;" and she clung to his arm, her form shaking with fatigue and excitement and cold. His overcoat was off in an instant, and wrapped around her. Then he supported her firmly, and started on, for she would not go back.

"There are no roads on these meadows," he said. "We must walk back all the way to the ferry, for it will not do to stand still in this storm. Can you endure four miles of this?"

"With your help, I think so," she replied;

and they struggled on. Suddenly she stopped. "Your report, Mr. Condon! What will you write? You must go back."

He stopped also, but to fold his unwieldy Ulster more closely about her slight, thinly clad form.

"I did not come for news. I came for you."

She only held more tightly to his arm, murmuring, "I was pretty badly frightened," and walked on. Not far, however, for that moment they descried the relief train returning to the city with the wounded, and, managing to make the engineer hear their cries, were taken on board.

III.

The rest in the cars and on the ferry-boat restored the girl so much that she insisted upon walking up to Printing-house Square, where she made haste to hand in her report of the inquest at the counting-room. Then she turned to go, holding out her hand at the door to Walter in an embarrassed way, and saying, "I can not thank you properly for your kindness, Mr. Condon; and now I must bid you good-night."

"Not in the least," objected Walter, stoutly. "I shall not be so thoughtless as to let you go home alone at this hour of the night. Why, it's twenty minutes past eleven, and St. Patrick's night too, when even I used to feel squeamish at going about alone."

"But you *can not* go with me, and I don't wish you to," she said, trying ineffectually to escape.

"I shall not consent to leave you unattended this black night," he answered, earnestly; "and if you persist in your refusal, you may be sure I shall not lose sight of you until I know you are safely at home. And now we must have a cup of coffee."

The commanding way of the man conquered. She allowed him to put her arm through his, and went with him. But she was silent all the way; and when the café was reached, and he had again refused to let her go away into the great city by herself, she dropped her face into her hands and sat the image of misery. Condon, utterly unable to comprehend, regarded her without a word. Suddenly she lifted her face and spoke to him: "Mr. Condon, once more, will you not leave me to go alone?"

The noise of a fierce scuffle in the street penetrated the room at the moment. The pleading look in the sad face, which had caused him almost to waver in what he was sure was a right resolve, changed to one of terror, and Walter had only to point to the door to enforce significantly his final refusal: "To-night? —no."

"Then I must tell you something which I never should have confided to you if I could have helped it. Yet I do want your—somebody's aid—oh, so much! You know we used to live in Washington, and that my father was an editor there. He lost his money and place through bad men, and fell sick; and then— Oh, listen! it's striking twelve o'clock. Come, we must hurry," and she sprang from the table. "You must not ask me where I am going," she went on, excitedly, "but only go with me. And will not you be afraid? I should hate to have any harm come to you."

He was puzzled, and glanced at her face as he assured her of his composure. The wavy brown hair was blown back from the broad forehead, where some delicate wrinkles were drawn in anxiety over the gray eyes, and the shapely lips were set with intense purpose and courage. It was such a face as seems to lead a forlorn hope.

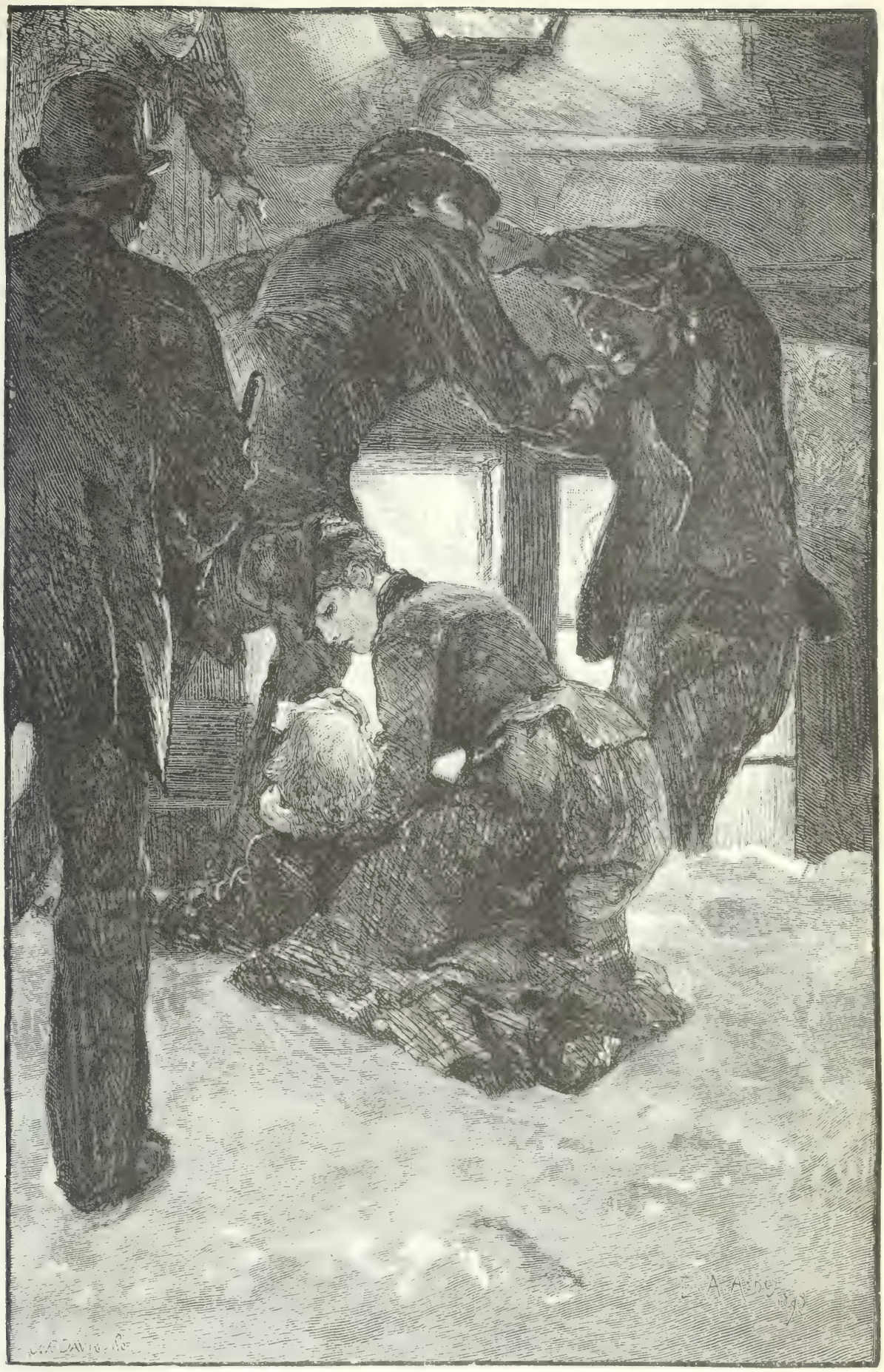
The snow and sleet had ceased, but heavy clouds still scudded overhead, and a biting wind raced through the streets and spun giddily round the corners, shaking with angry hand the endlessly creaking signs, rattling the locks of the heavy doors, drifting the snow into banks, pounding and battering at every obstacle.

Hilda was poorly clad for such a night, shivering in spite of herself; and when Walter laid his arm around her slender shoulders and almost carried her along, she did not resist. He was going straight down to Fulton Ferry, supposing she was on her way to Brooklyn; but she made him turn up empty Nassau Street, which rang with their quick tread above the roar and rattle of the gale, and then guided him eastward block after block.

"Do you know where you are going?" he interrogated at last, in surprise.

"Hush! you will see," she answered, in a low voice. "Please don't speak to me now —and you may never want to again."

After that he asked no more questions, but applied himself wholly to taking care of her, keeping all his senses on the alert, while she hurried him farther and farther from the brilliant thoroughfares, deeper and deeper into a wilderness of tortuous narrow streets, where the sun can scarcely penetrate to the pavements even at high noon, and the most brilliant moonbeams fail to sound the fathoms of darkness that lie damp and cold between the tall warehouses. Above, perchance, the moonlight silvers the edge of the cornices; below, the heavy doorways are dimly outlined at intervals by the flickering street lamps that paint a long line of bright dots upon the darkness. Here and there glows a red eye out of the gloom, and behind it shines the entrance of a drinking resort for the desperate and squalid inhabitants of this nether side of the city. Into two or three such places Hilda led the young man for a moment, while she eagerly searched for some one—whom Walter could only surmise. Once or twice he was glow-



"SHE WAS HOLDING THE HEAD OF THE INSENSIBLE OLD MAN ON HER KNEE."

ered at by faces which he remembered very well from his old night-reporting days as those of cut-throats. He knew they were approaching the river, and this meant a constant increase of peril. So when Hilda turned swiftly down Oak Street, and, in response to his "Where now?" said, faintly, "To Water Street. Will you go there also with me?" (go with her!—he would have gone to the end of the world if she had asked him then),

he bethought him of a ruse, and answered, gayly, as they were passing a police station, "I shall certainly do nothing else; but I would like to run in here and light my cigar, if I may."

He lighted his cigar, to be sure, but his real object was to ask for a detective to follow them closely. Then the two pursued their zigzag way, buffeting the wind.

Few people were in the streets—it was too blustering for that—but from all the many drinking shops came sounds of rude music and riotous revelry. Even Hilda could not help remarking how frequently they met policemen.

"Do you see that half-shut door over there?" and Hilda pointed it out. "I must look there. If I do not find him, then—I don't know what I *shall* do."

They crossed the street, and were just under the large red lantern, when a great commotion was heard within, the door burst open, and an old man was cast headlong to the pavement by a blow from a young ruffian, who, following to complete his work, was met by so stunning a counter-blow from Condon as stopped his interest in that quarrel at once. His companion, seeing him fall, leaped at Walter, but met instead the detective's club.

It was all over in half a minute, and Walter turned to Hilda. She was holding the head of the insensible old man on her knee, and with her handkerchief stanching a cruel wound in his forehead. With a face as white as his, but calm, with tender industrious hands, and a solicitude regardless of public gaze, she bathed the old man's bleeding face, and tried to restore animation to the wasted hands, while others put drops of brandy between his lips. Walter knelt beside him, and told her the heart still beat. But Hilda only moaned, "Oh, father, father, come back to me! come back to me!"

By this time a stretcher was brought, and laying the old man upon it, two officers carried him to the police station, setting him down in the back-room—the self-same station and the self-same spot where old Baldwin had lain five years before.

A surgeon had been telegraphed for by the police, and, with the hospital ambulance, was waiting at the station when the little procession entered the double doors. The surgeon pronounced the wound not necessarily dangerous, and very soon brought back consciousness, the old man opening his eyes first on Hilda, to his evident astonishment.

"Father," she said to him, softly, "you have been hurt; you must lie quite still until we can take you home."

Meanwhile Walter was saying to the police surgeon and the grave-minded officer behind the desk, "That is as much of the story as I know. Doubtless I shall find out all the rest from the young lady very soon. I will have the old gentleman taken to my house: there, surgeon, is the address for your driver. Meanwhile I will be accountable for the appearance of Miss Brand and myself as witnesses against the prisoners if the old gentleman cares to prosecute them." Then turning to Hilda: "This gentleman"—for he would not betray what might be her confidence—"this gentleman must go to the hospital, and we must go with him. He will be taken in the ambulance, and I shall get a carriage for us." Where the "hospital" was he forbore to explain.

Whereupon he went out, and returning presently, helped tenderly—in spite of a slight revulsion of feeling—to lay Mr. Brand into the springy couch of the hospital van, after which he handed Hilda into the carriage he had brought, and, directing the driver to follow the ambulance, seated himself beside her.

"Miss Brand," Walter asked, gently, in a moment, seeing that she was composed—"Miss Brand, you began to tell me something about yourself when we were in the restaurant. Will you continue? I am better prepared to hear it now."

"Yes," she answered, wearily. "It is better you should know all now."

Then she related to him rapidly the chief points of her history. How her father, an educated man, had been editor of an influential newspaper in Washington, but becoming involved in unsuccessful political schemes, had lost his position; how misfortunes rapidly followed, and how her father had resorted to wine and the gaming table to drown his sorrows, until he had impoverished his family, which then consisted of Hilda and another daughter much younger than she, whose birth Mrs. Brand had not survived. They had to give up their home, and were very unhappy. It was a sad story, and Walter protested against hearing any more, seeing the pain it gave her to tell it. But she would not cease.

"It was only a little while after that that my sister and I went out to do some errands one pleasant afternoon in October. She was four years old then, and I took her everywhere with me. It was nearly dark when we got through, and hurrying home, I left sister a moment with a playmate, telling her to come quickly. Our house was only two squares away, and I had no fear of her not knowing the way. They told us she really did start after me almost immediately, but I never saw her again. Where she went, or whether she is even alive, none of us know."

Hilda spoke the last sentences in so low and sad a voice that Walter could hardly hear her.

"Papa clings to the hope that we shall find her some day; but I think she is dead."

Paralyzed at first by the blow, precious time was lost before active search was begun, and then no trace could be found, the only thing discovered being that an Irishwoman, whom Hilda had once discharged from her employ for stealing, had disappeared from Washington about the same time as the child. But search for her had proved equally fruitless. Walter's breath came fast as there rushed upon his recollection the memory of Elsie, and of the beldam who wanted to take her away from the police station.

"Finally," Hilda went on, in her weary voice, "our money all gave out, so that we could not pay any more detectives; people became tired of sympathizing with us, and we had to bear our sorrow in decorous silence. Then papa— Oh! I can't tell you all about it. You *must* know how terrible it was, and I *can't* explain. I shall cry if I do."

Again Walter bade her not to try. Nevertheless she did, telling him, with passionate earnestness, how her father had changed from the proud, handsome man into the decrepit old drunkard; how she had resorted to stenography—her amusement in earlier years—for a livelihood; and what a wretched weight of sorrow she had borne in loneliness and degradation.

"One day last September," Hilda continued, gently withdrawing her forgotten hand from Walter's—for he had taken it in an assuring clasp when once she had been sobbing with the misery of her recollections—"papa came home more like himself, and startled me by telling me that he believed our lost darling was in New York, and that he was resolved to go himself to seek for her. I pleaded with him, but it was of no use, and I could only persuade him to wait a few days until I could go with him. He had obtained some money by selling his last little piece of property. Well, we came to New York without any plans, but by a fortunate accident found a good boarding-place. Papa was hopeful, and said he was on the track of my sister, but I always doubted him. He would stay at home all day, but go out in the evening; and one night he did not come home till morning, and then I could see that he had been drinking again, and had lost all his money. I begged him not to go away the next evening, but he did, so I followed him, and persuaded him to come home. In that way I learned his haunts, where he went to gamble, and often I have been in those dreadful places at midnight when I could not induce him to leave earlier. I am afraid he will never give it up. Oh, father, father, how could you sink so!"

Hilda's brave voice was lost in this despairing cry, and she had no more than time to recover her self-possession before the cab stopped.

IV.

It is the next afternoon.

On Walter's bed, in the neat little room off the "library," lies old Mr. Brand, quietly sleeping. The rattle of the carts on the avenue, the heavy grinding rumble of the horse-cars, the screams of the hucksters, the thousand hoarse noises of the city streets, mingle in a subdued roar that is tempered by distance and brick walls into a soothing sound.

When Walter entered this quiet room he found Hilda sitting in a low rocking-chair by the bedside.

"Has he become clearly conscious?" he asked her, for Mr. Brand had been somewhat delirious during the night.

"Yes," she answered, in a whisper; "he knew me, and asked where we were and what had happened, yet seemed to care very little for these things, only begging Elsie to come to him."

Walter started. Was *his* Elsie the lost daughter and sister, the darling of the old man's heart, for lack of whom his weak moral nature had broken down? Elsie was not an uncommon name. It might be only a coincidence.

"Hilda," he said, quietly, "what causes your father to think so strongly that your sister—Elsie did you say her name was?—is here in New York? Perhaps he had some clew which would help me to look for her. I am a famous detective."

"I never could find out. Father once said that the Irishwoman I told you of came here, but afterward he denied that he knew any thing about it. So I have always thought it was only a hallucination of his, but one I could never dissipate;" and she sighed wearily.

"Tell me what Elsie looked like," he asked, again, and was startled by the resemblance she drew of her to the picture of the little girl he had won from barbarism five years before. When she spoke of her sweet silvery voice as a marked characteristic, and dwelt with loving earnestness on the pretty way in which she sang, he was almost sure of the identity, and came near blurting out the whole story.

"If Elsie had only lived" (Hilda persisted in thinking her dead), "papa never would have been led away so, I am sure. It is his despair."

"Oh, keep up your courage! It's not too late to renew the search. I tell you again I am famous as a detective."

The surgeon dropped in before long, and announced Mr. Brand to be feverish and weak, but that his constitution seemed to be good, and all the physician's anxiety was concerning the patient's habit of moaning and muttering in his sleep, as though he had some settled grief or perplexity, which might induce congestion of the brain.

Walter thought it all over. He recalled every incident connected with Elsie's history, and recited to himself all that she had told him of her vague recollections. He questioned Hilda once more as to her sister, and the more he studied the resemblance in face, form, and manner, the more firmly he became convinced that his "little sister" was the lost darling of his guests. It was with mingled sensations that he admitted this, and with conflicting hopes that he resolved to put it to the test. If *his* Elsie was *their* Elsie, there could be no question as to his duty. But he had been indulging almost paternal anticipations of her future, and had been allowing his love for the little waif to grow beyond his record, until now the prospect of losing her had a bitterness in it akin to the sorrow a father's heart would feel in like circumstances. So his honest hope that he might be able to reunite this broken family was in conflict with his selfish yet irrepressible wish that she might prove, after all, not to be their Elsie, but only his.

Doing and thinking thus occupied several days, during which (after the first) Condon went about his work as usual. Mr. Brand's wounds healed, and he seemed to grow better, yet his mind remained dreadfully morbid, and he chafed because his illness prevented him from searching for his daughter. All knew what *his* searching would amount to; yet perhaps he did have an idea of her true fate, or he never would have mired body and soul in the slums of the Fourth Ward. At last the surgeon positively declared to Condon that unless the patient ceased fretting he would speedily die.

That same evening Walter called Hilda cheerily to come into the library, and when she had presented herself, with a puzzled air, he said, "You are looking well to-night, Miss Brand; I think you are bearing your burden heroically."

"I am surrounded by so much kindness," she answered, with the brightest smile he had seen for many a day, "that I should be very ungrateful to let my troubles annoy any one. I really *do* feel more courageous than I did. But why do you ask?"

"Because," he said, "I wanted you to be sure of your nerves before I told you something."

"Oh, is it bad news?—or—or—have you found out any thing about Elsie?"

"Yes," he answered, so composedly that she became calm also, "I have found a clew—some one who thinks she can tell you about your sister; and if this person is right, Elsie is alive and happy."

Hilda did not speak. She sat before him, her delicate hands clasped upon her lap, listening with rapt attention to his words, her face rippling with a new light, full of a tender beauty and sweetness.

"You have heard what Dr. Gaines fears. Time, then, is precious. Now to-morrow morning I shall want you to go up the Hudson a little way with me and see this person. We will be back in the afternoon, and can leave your father quite safely. You can decide better than I whether this young lady really knows Elsie, or whether it is some one else she has in mind."

"Of course I will go," she said, eagerly, "if you think I can be spared. But tell me, how did you find this person?"

"You shall know to-morrow."

The next morning was warm and balmy—one of those earliest spring days that sometimes follow the fiercest storms, suggesting to every heart into which the sap of nature can creep that the light and joy and fullness of summer approach. The city streets were alive to this gentle influence as well as the country lanes. Children crept out of tall dingy tenements and played in the sun; grandfathers marched out to the bit of garden behind the brown-stone houses and examined the swelling buds of the single grape that struggled for existence in the scant soil; middle-aged men in dark counting-rooms turned the pages of their huge ledgers with an indolent and weary air, while younger clerks examined fondly their fishing-rods before going down to business, and talked all the way of trout brooks and snipe-shooting.

This strength of hope, this vivifying influence of the growing sun, penetrated even to the sick-room of that quiet house in C—— Street, and the wounded man was quite as generously happy in the prospect of his daughter's having a holiday as she was glad of a little relief from her vigil. She was happy and buoyant, but Walter found it hard to disguise his seriousness.

Their destination reached, they drove at once to the school on the edge of the pretty town. Some one of the pupils was playing upon a piano and singing in the next room to the reception parlor as they sat down, and the sweet girlish voice at once attracted Hilda's attention in a marked manner. Condon was regarding her closely, for he had arranged with the principal of the school that Elsie should sing at that time as she was doing, but he did not guess to what arts the music teacher had been compelled to resort to carry out the plan. Now Walter was watching to see whether Hilda would recognize the voice. He had not long to wait. Hilda turned to him with an eager gesture and swimming eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Condon, if I thought it possible, I should say that was Elsie's own voice!"

Then a light seemed to break in upon her—a light that irradiated her countenance, and she cried out, "Who is it who is going to tell me about her? Is it—oh, is it she herself?"

There was no time for Walter to reply, for Elsie, little thinking who was awaiting her, and little caring, so delighted was she with the thought that her "brother" had come to visit her—Elsie, bright and winning, sparkling with the zest of study and keen enjoyment of existence—came running into the room.

She was thinking solely of Walter, but she saw some one else—a lady she could not find a place for in her recollection, yet whom she was intuitively certain belonged there, through whose face swiftly opened a vista into her forgotten childhood, where the landscape of memory was yet dim, truly, but now reached farther than a moment ago. All this was instantaneous, an impression rather than a ratiocination, for before she had half checked her impetuous entry she saw this lady leap up, saw her reach out her arms, heard her cry, "Elsie!"

Then she knew her, and only saying, "Hilda!" was folded in her embrace.

V.

Time swept on. Mr. Brand was won back to life through the inspiration of Elsie's return, as he had been sent astray by the culmination of his misfortunes in her disappearance. And not this only, but won back to sobriety. He seemed to remember only vaguely, as a disturbed chaotic dream, the life that he had led in the gutters of Washington and New York, shedding bitter tears over the ingratitude he had shown to his noble daughter, the disgrace he had brought upon the good old family name, the brutishness and evil he had done. He himself never sought excuse in the plea of insanity, but the more he learned of Mr. Brand, the more Walter became convinced that the unaccountable degradation of the old man —aged in tribulation rather than in years —proceeded from aberration of a brilliant mind unstayed by strong principles and impotent to endure sorrow.

His strength restored, Mr. Brand was glad to accept a position as proof-reader on one of the daily newspapers, obtained with Walter's help, while Hilda returned to her reporting. They installed themselves in a cozy little home near Condon's, and Elsie continued her studies. So when the spring had fully passed, and Elsie came home for her summer vacation, affairs were moving quietly and happily every where.

September came again, and a year to a day from the time when Hilda Brand came to our office to get some work to do, and Walter had first met and frightened her, those two went up with Elsie to her school, and left her beginning another year of study. They returned to New York by a steamboat in the evening, and sat long on the deck, watching the romantic shores sweeping by them. It was Hilda's first voyage on the noble river, and Walter interested her greatly by his graphic accounts of the villages and cultured homesteads that line the banks. But the deepening night and the passengers leaving the deck made her suddenly rise and say, "Shall we not go in?"

"Is it not too pleasant?" he replied. "Besides, I have not finished my cigar."

"Very well, then;" and quietly resuming her seat, she watched composedly the dancing path of the moon on the river—more composedly, perhaps, than if she had seen the intense, passionate look in the face of the man at her side, his cigar hanging idly from his fingers, his eyes on her countenance.

At last, with a half-trembling dread of the silence that had fallen between them, she turns, with downcast eyes, and says, "You have been very, very noble and true to me and mine. How can I ever pay you?"

She does not anticipate the answer that comes with startling quickness:

"I ask a great price—even the gift of yourself; and having trusted me before, will you not trust me now?"

The burning blushes and the sweet eyes raised timidly to his do not say him nay.

RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

I.

PARIS, although one of the most historical of cities, is, however, in our age, a city of the present in the impression it leaves upon the mind. The past, with all its glories and horrors, does not obtrude itself upon the thoughts of the fascinated visitor; and as for the future, who ever thinks of it in Paris? But one scarcely needs to proceed beyond the outskirts of the city to realize at once the inexhaustible wealth of historical associations and antiquities of France, and the endless variety, picturesqueness, and attractiveness of her scenery.

Never did I realize the truth of these reflections more vividly than when I took the evening express train at Paris for the south of France. Hour after hour through the night we sped toward the sunny south, flying the mists and blasts of the north. The golden flush of dawn revealed a change of climate, scenery, and time. The Lugdunensis of the Romans carried the mind back twenty centuries, and the blue Rhone, shooting with arrowy current by vineyard and chalet, by abrupt cliffs and crumbling castles, all mellowed by the magical touch of southern sunshine, suggested another scenery and a more genial climate than those I had left only a few hours before. I did not stop at Lyons, having been there already, but there are few cities that can vie with it in nobleness of situation, lying as it does



LYONS.

partly on a hill at the junction of the Saône and the Rhone.

There is scarcely a town or hamlet after leaving Lyons that does not invite the traveller to stop and investigate its objects of antiquarian interest, mediæval towers, like the crumbling castle of Crousol, Romanesque and Gothic chapels, but more especially the remains of the former dominion of Rome. Vienne and Valence are especially opulent in such antiquities. But unless the traveller can include the whole of France in his plans, he will not tarry on his southward route until he arrives at Orange, formerly called Aurasio. Orange was the seat of the duchy of that name, and gave the title to the celebrated William of Orange and his successors, and it was not annexed to France until the seventeenth century. Orange is now a quiet little town on the Rhone, at the foot of a hill which is crested by a colossal statue of the Virgin. It has for ages modestly had in its possession some very interesting Roman antiquities, and made very little noise about them, for their existence seems to be generally ignored by all but a few antiquarians. The theatre is in a commanding position, the stage, proscenium, and lower tier of seats cut into the rock; the wall sustaining the upper rows soars nearly 100 feet, with a length of 320 feet. The upper tiers are nearly obliterated, but there was room originally for about 7000 spectators. The decorative work of the façade is of a stately simplicity, but the immensity of such an isolated wall is very impressive. The triumphal arch is still in nearly perfect preservation, and with the rich golden hue of its masonry offers one of the most effective antiquities of France. It is probably the



ARCH OF TRIUMPH AT ORANGE.

finest Roman triumphal arch now existing out of Italy. It is seventy feet in height by sixty-eight in breadth, and is composed of a central arch, whose cornice is supported by Corinthian columns, and a smaller arch on each side. The sculptures, representing battle scenes, are very rich in design, and in excellent preservation. The circus was an enormous structure, although less in size than those of Nimes and Arles, but it is now represented only by a few fragments, a bit of wall, a gate, and an archway.



MAP OF SOUTHERN FRANCE.

But the mellow musical carillon of the many bells of Avignon seems to float on the soft southern air on this dreamy summer morning, and to bid us no longer linger at Orange, but hasten to the queen city of Provence, seated royally by the Rhone, cinctured with her zone of turrets, chanting the story of Petrarch and Laura, and repeating the legends and pageants of other days, whose memory she holds an inalienable possession while the ages and the generations pass on to the shadowy land.

Avignon was probably founded by the Phocæans, who were also the settlers of Marseilles. It was a city of importance in the time of Cæsar, to whom it gave its support in his war against Pompey, and he proudly declared that he gloried in his city of Avenio, and prized it next to Rome. After various vicissitudes Avignon sided with the Albigenses, and in 1226 was stormed by Louis VIII. after a three months' siege, and many of the inhabitants were put to the sword. Reverting after this to the Counts



CASTLE OF CRUSOL, ON THE RHONE, NEAR VALENCE.



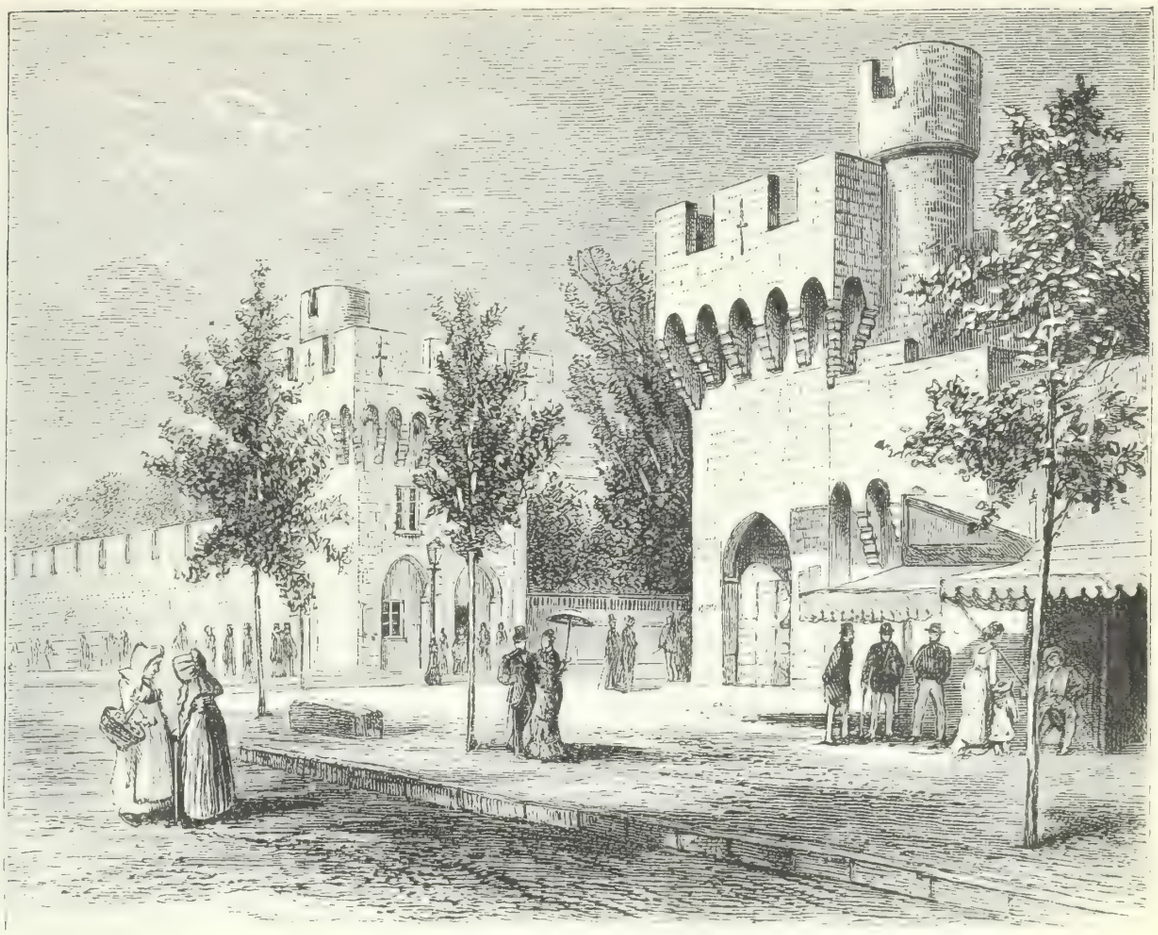
AVIGNON.

of Provence, the city, in the year 1348, was sold to Pope Clement VI., although the Holy See was transferred from the banks of the Tiber to the banks of the Rhone in 1308 under Clement V. It is stated on good authority that the purchase-money never was paid; the right of possession, however, seems amply to have sufficed to enable the papacy to retain a firm hold of the city, and maintain their authority over it for nearly five centuries; during that period twenty-one Church Councils were held within its walls. In 1791 the people of Avignon arose, fired by the influence of the French Revolution, and weary apparently of the easy government they had enjoyed, threw off the papal yoke, and became Frenchmen again in name as well as in blood.

The abode of the popes at Avignon forms the most brilliant episode in its history, and one of the most brilliant and romantic of the Middle Ages. Seven popes reigned there, during a period of seventy years. An old chronicler notes the significant repetition of the number seven at Avignon: seven popes, seventy years, seven metropolitan churches, seven colleges, seven city gates, seven hospitals. He also states that there was a clock in the Palace of the Popes which sounded automatically at the death and election of a pope. The clever jugglery which has been at the bottom of so many modern miracles was probably responsible for the singularly intelligent action of this wonderful clock.

In those jovial days Avignon numbered over a hundred thousand inhabitants. Why should they not be jovial? There is nothing in history to indicate that the popes were more solemn-faced than other men, and never were courts more festive than those of Avignon. Thither flocked the young, the powerful, the beautiful, and the gay of every rank. Even the churches were gay; there were three hundred steeples within its walls in those days, and from the vociferous throats of hundreds of bells rang jubilant peals of silvery jangling day and night, insomuch that Avignon was called the "ville sonnante." There are fewer bells in Avignon to-day, but their merry chime still floats long and often over river and valley. Religion and love here went hand in hand; while the city swarmed with monks and priests, voluptuous strains of music mingled with the sacred uproar of bells, troubadours held their courts of love, and celibate eyes looked with not unrequited ardor on the seductive attractions of the dames of Provence; courtesans by thousands contributed to the not always sanctified pleasures of Avignon in those memorable days; and, in a word, like most large capitals, Avignon was unconscionably gay, and sufficiently naughty to be very attractive. In those days the proverb became current, "Abandon Avignon, abandon common-sense."

Like the foreboding voice of Jonah, a terrible earthquake in 1348 awoke the festive throngs of Avignon out of their dreams of pleasure, and then the destroying angel waved his sword over the city. The black death, as it is called, which was doubtless the plague, carried off fourteen hundred victims in three days, and within a few months upward of eighty thousand died in Avignon; some historians place the number higher. Then it was that Laura de Sade, immortalized by Petrarch, while still in the flower



RUE PETRARQUE, AVIGNON.

of her beauty, passed to the land of shades. But the city soon recovered from the blow, although the population was never again as large as it had been.

And now what remains of all this pomp and revelry? Nothing; but the city still stands by the Rhone, possessing many witnesses of its former glory. The machicolated walls and towers, of a tawny yellow color, are still well preserved, and offer one of the best examples of the fortification of the Middle Ages now in existence. Time has dealt gently with them; the mildness of the climate has tended to polish rather than to destroy the masonry, and the slight damages of five centuries have been recently restored. The filling up of the fosse has, however, taken away something from the original grandeur of these walls. The promenade without the walls by the Rhone is very charming, and when one crosses the suspension-bridge toward evening, and gazes on the old town rising high above the river, he feels an inward sense of quiet, complete satisfaction.

There was another bridge once spanning the Rhone, constructed in 1171. It originally contained nineteen arches, and must have been a very picturesque structure. Repeatedly broken by hostile armies or the rushing torrent of the Rhone, only three venerable arches now remain. Numerous legends cluster around this bridge. It was designed by St. Benezet: so much is certain. He was a shepherd lad, who while pasturing his flocks received a Divine commission to construct a bridge over the Rhone, and with the permission of the Church he set about a task which was greatly demanded by the wants of the citizens, and had been hitherto prevented by great natural difficulties. I wish I could tell this story well; in the Church narrative it is a touching tale, rich in sacred details and profitable in moral instruction. But to repeat such a story well, one should thoroughly believe it. Doubtless Benezet was a good boy, and if he did all that is alleged of him, it may be readily granted that he was a miracle of precocious genius and piety, and richly deserved to be sainted. As it is, I am constrained to fall back on the bare facts that a great public work was needed, and the man to accomplish it appeared, as often occurs in the world's history. Most of the marvellous stories of mythology and hagiology have originated in this way.

On passing the Gate of Petrarch and entering within the walls of Avignon, the ravages of time are evident in the destruction of many quaint and interesting edifices, and the obliteration of numerous historic lanes and streets. Modern houses have elbowed their way into what was once a dense mass of buildings closely packed and huddled, with little order but wonderful picturesqueness, and airy squares have let in the sky and breezes of sunny Provence. Cheerful groups

chat before the cafés under cool awnings, and dames as fair as those of other days grace the promenades, and tend to lessen one's regret for by-gone times. But some dark narrow streets remain, however, and antiquities enough to suggest vividly the days when the tinkle of the troubadour's guitar and the tramp of gayly caparisoned steeds and the ring of mail-clad knights sounded in this romantic town, summoning the fair Provençal dames to their casements.



NICOLAS GABRINI DE RIENZI.

The Palace of the Popes, an enormous, austere, castellated structure, somewhat in the form of a hollow square, whose tremendous walls rise like precipices, is the most interesting antiquity of Avignon, by its size and position dominating the whole city, and dwarfing every other structure by comparison. Originally built by Pope John XXII., it was subsequently enlarged by his successors, and the ceilings were elaborately frescoed and gilded, while hanging gardens on the roof of the stupendous pile somewhat relieved the severity of its external aspect.

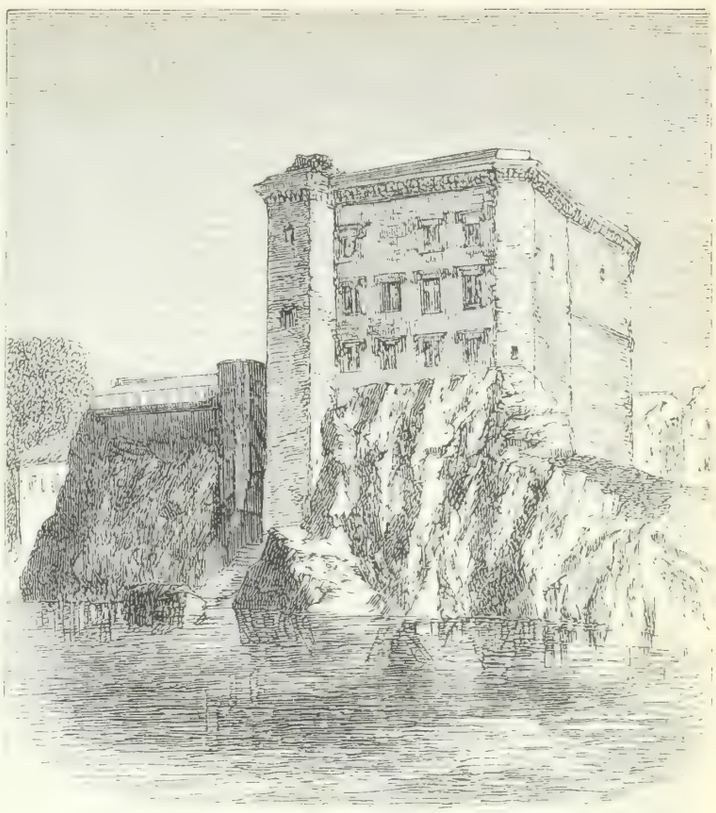
Before time had impaired its pristine glory it was enthusiastically pronounced by Froissart to be the strongest and the most beautiful building in the world. Many banquets and pomps have occurred in its lordly halls, when its groined arches rang with the cling-clang of golden goblets and the minstrel's song; many dark tragedies have also been enacted there; in its oublliettes how many poor wretches have been tortured and smothered out of existence! from its machicolations hot lead and boiling pitch have been poured on besieging hosts with most destructive fervor; and with bated breath one learns of horrors almost incredible for their wickedness that have been enacted there. By a long and narrow winding passage one reaches the dungeon two stories underground, if we may use the term, in whose floor is a square aperture through which one looks into the gloom of the still deeper dungeon hewn out of the rock, in which Rienzi was immured. He was let down by a cord, there being no other entrance to this infernal prison-house, this living tomb of one of the greatest men of the Middle Ages.

Many of the passages are pierced within the thickness of the walls, such is their massiveness, and formerly there were several subterranean avenues of escape, including one that led under the Rhone itself. The popes evidently led an uneasy life amidst all their pomp and power. God does not intend that the Christian shall go through this life without bearing the cross.

But the loftiest towers have been shorn of some of their height, most of the frescoes have been whitewashed into oblivion, and the noble dimensions of the reception hall, the armory, the banqueting hall, and other spacious apartments have been reduced by partitions put up without regard or veneration for antiquity. It is little consolation to know that this was done in order to turn this venerable palace into barracks—a piece of vandalism altogether too common in this age. The halls and courts now swarm with soldiers.

Adjoining the Palace of the Popes is the cathedral. It is not an edifice of unusual architectural beauty, and the changes and restorations have not added to its merits. But its venerable age, its commanding position, its associations, and a certain noble stateliness in its mien render it a very interesting church. One can not forget that Petrarch and Laura once trod its marble floor. Here also Charles VI. witnessed officially the crowning of Louis of Anjou. The

chronicler of the period recounts this event in the quaint French of the time: "In the year one thousand three hundred and eighty, the twenty-fifth day of October, came Monsieur Charles King of France to Avignon to crown the King Loïs of Jerusalem and Sicily. Item, the Pope Clement VII. chanted the mass, and after mass he crowned him in the Church of Our Lady of Doms. Item, the King of France repeated the creed, and the King of Armenia, Monsieur Philip, brother of the King of France, and the Duke of Orleans, and many other great lords and grand masters and barons, were presented to him." In a later age that noble sinner Marie de Medicis stopped at Avignon, and the dean of the cathedral addressed these extraordinary words to her: "Madame, if it is true that Nature once permitted the very rocks to be susceptible of emotion, this church, happily founded on the stability of a rock by Saint Martha, recognizing the beneficence of your royal presence, would prostrate itself at the feet of your most Christian Majesty." In our day this sounds like sarcasm; one can almost imagine the speaker looking over his shoulder and throwing a Mephistophelean wink to one of his attendants. The tomb of John XXII., which was formerly in one of the chapels of the nave, but for some absurd reason removed afterward to the sacristy, is a highly elaborate construction; the canopy is in best Gothic style, abounding in sumptuous ornamentation, and yet extremely graceful and elegant.



KING RENÉ'S CHATEAU, TARASCON.

After dreaming in the dusky storied aisles of the cathedral, one does not feel like descending at once to the city and the nineteenth century, but prefers to keep on to the Rocher des Doms—a lofty acclivity which falls precipitously to the Rhone, while the city clusters around its foot. The summit has been reclaimed from nature, and transformed into a beautiful public garden, with seats, statuary, a fountain, and well-arranged shrubbery. There is no spot I have seen in the south of France where I have more enjoyed my coffee and cigarette, listening to the bells of Avignon, and gazing on the towers of the old city and the glorious landscape which surrounds it. One of the most conspicuous objects in this enchanting prospect is Mont Ventaux—a cone rising alone above the vine-clad plains in the northern horizon to the height of 6000 feet. Its isolated position makes it seem much higher, while the ethereal roseate tint that invests it, and its regular but elusive form, make it seem less like a real mountain than like the shadow of an enormous pyramid projected against the sky.



ARCADES AT TARASCON.

Before leaving Avignon one naturally inquires about the tomb of Laura. It was in the Church of Santa Clara that Petrarch first saw her and was smitten with the fatal passion; but she was buried in the Church



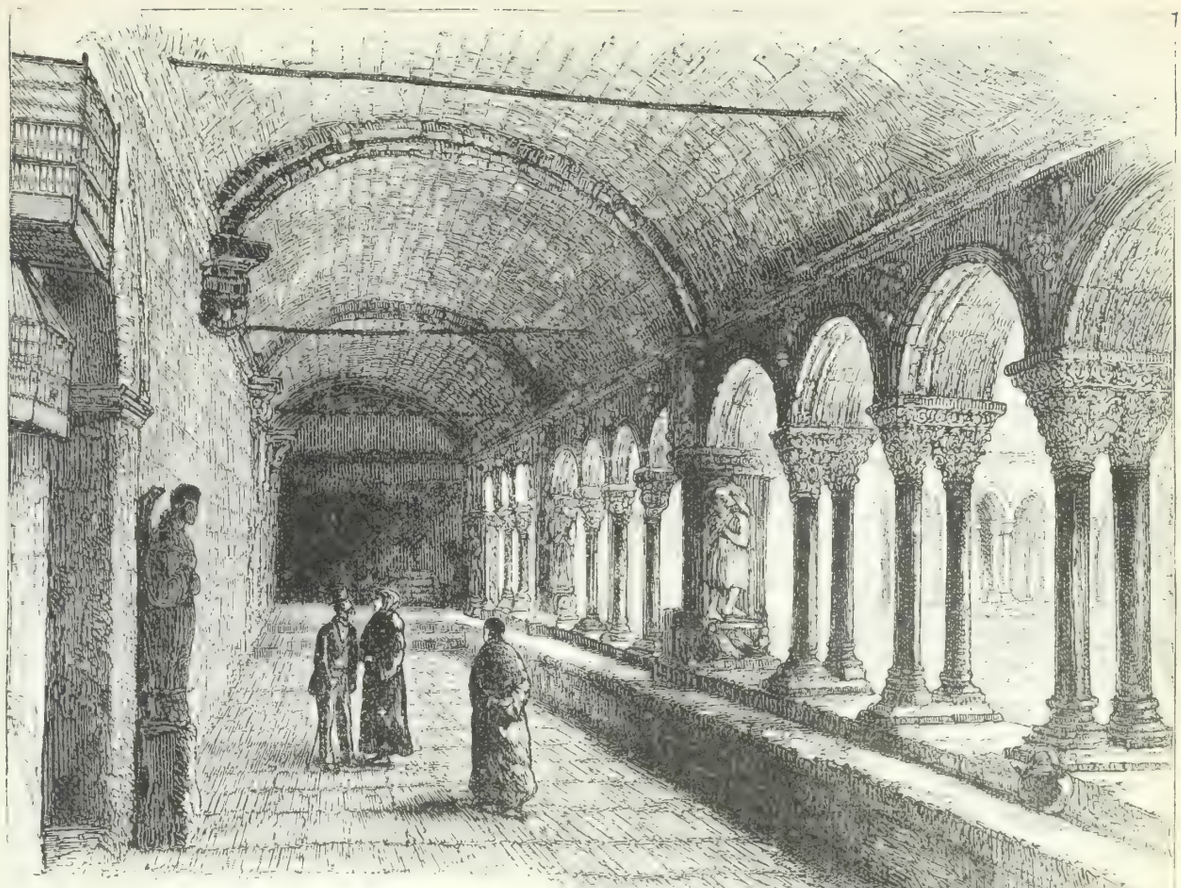
VILLA NEUVE DES AVIGNON.

of the Cordeliers. Her effigy seems to have been graven on the tombstone. In 1533 Francis I., passing through Avignon, caused the tomb to be opened. In the coffin was found a sonnet and a quatrain by Petrarch. The king traced some verses composed by Marot on a parchment, and inclosing them with those of Petrarch, caused the tomb to be closed once more. But the ruffians of the French Revolution obliterated every trace of the burial-place of Laura de Sade, and scattered her remains to the winds. The verses of Petrarch have outlasted the mortality which they immortalized.

There is still at Avignon a street called Rue de la Tarasque. Thus is perpetuated one of the wildest legends of the south of France. That was the name applied to a horrible monster that devastated that region, devouring all who came within his grasp, and driving the rest of the population to the verge of insanity by the terror of his ravages. His back was armed like that of a tortoise, and a lion-like mane fringed his head; he belched forth flames from jaws ridged with spikes like the mouth of a crocodile. His tail, threshing like a flail, would completely demolish every thing within reach of its tremendous blows. In a word, this seems to have been a truly formidable demon, and there was therefore nothing unreasonable in the terror he inspired. He finally fell a victim to the seductive power of female influence; he was reduced to subjection by a lady, and under the spell of her charms followed her about like a lamb. This is not the only instance on record when monsters of rigor and cruelty have been tamed in this way. The origin of the legend is of very slight consequence, but the moral has a universal application. The Church, however, has appropriated the story, and canonized this typical representative of her sex under the name of Santa Martha.



CASTLE OF BEAUCAIRE.



CLOÎTRE ST. TROPHISME, ARLES.

The railway train soon carried me from the Rue de la Tarasque, at Avignon, to the town of Tarascon, which also, by its name, perpetuates the legend, and indicates how strong was the impression it left in Provence. It is a quaint little city on the Rhone, with a variety of monumental antiquities, although none are sufficiently striking to detain one long in the place, with the exception of the castle, standing on a slight elevation near the river. It was built by King René, and is a large quadrangular pile, buttressed by round towers, and is still tolerably preserved. It is now occupied as a prison, but the superb carven ceilings of its once festive halls are in excellent condition. The covered market-places, or halles, remind one of the covered ways of Chester. Opposite to Tarascon is Beaucaire, which at one time was famous for its great international fairs, established by Count Raymond of Toulouse in 1217, to which merchants from all parts of Europe flocked every year in July. But the changing system of modern commerce gradually reduced the gatherings at these fairs, and the war of 1870 left them a merely local importance. The castle of Beaucaire is a very picturesque object.

To go from Tarascon to Arles is not only to get nearer to modern Rome in space, but also nearer to the Rome of antiquity—to the race whose mailed legions tramped as conquerors from Calpe to the Euphrates. At Arles we see their places of sport and holiday pleasures and their graves; the very people are of almost unmixed Roman type. The beauty of the women is perhaps softer than that of the Italian women: the expression has perhaps less fire, but more sensibility and refinement; the complexion is a shade lighter. But the dark piercing eye, the clusters of massy black tresses, the proud and erect figure, are the same in each. Even the old women are handsome at Arles. One might fancy that Ninon de l'Enclos was born there, so long did she retain the charms which fade so early with most of her sex. It is said that the beauty of the Arlesiennes, once so famed, is on the wane: if this be true, what must it have been when in its prime, if it is still so fascinating?

The distinctive costumes of Arles have been almost thrown aside by the importation of Parisian fashions. The workingman wears the ordinary blue blouse almost universal in French cities, while the feminine garb shows little that is peculiar except in the head-dress. Two styles seem most in vogue. This uniformity of costume now exists all over the south of France, except at some distance from the railways and among the Pyrenean districts.

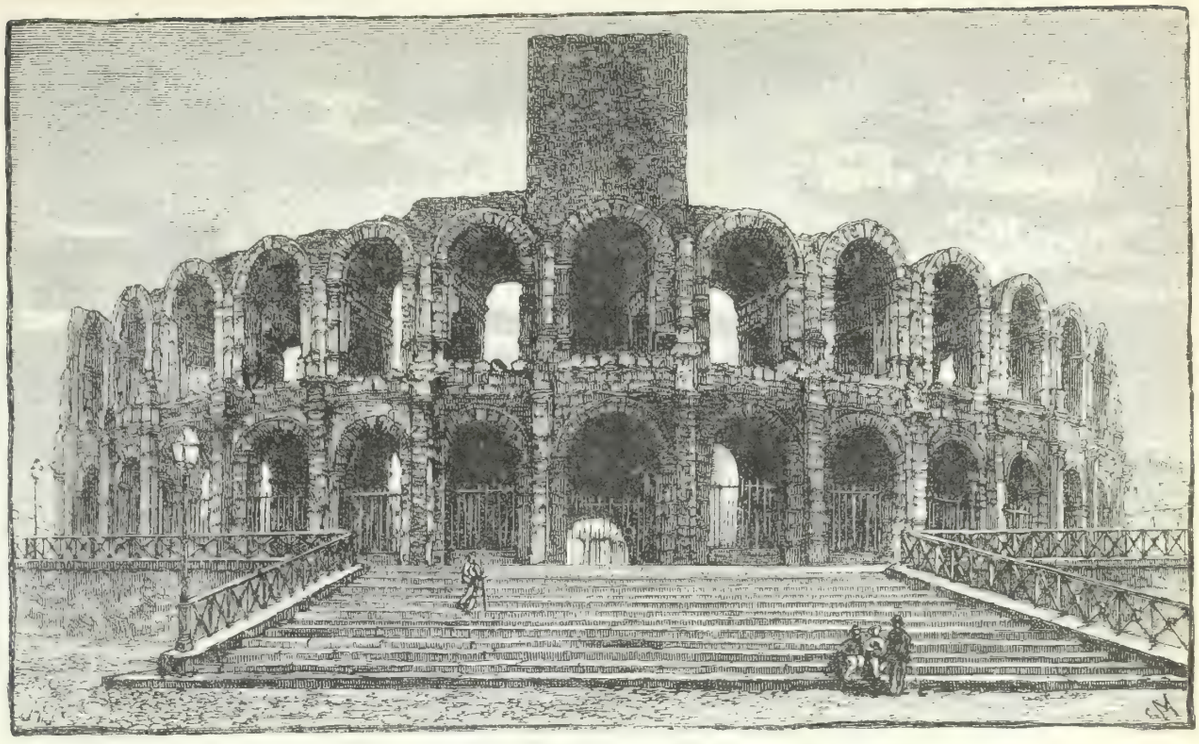


WOMEN OF ARLES.

Arles lies on a hill-side near the head of the delta of the Rhone. The streets are excessively narrow, winding, and steep; there is little vegetation about it, and it is not opulent in attractions as a place of residence; but it offers a very picturesque appearance from the opposite bank of the Rhone, and its antiquities scarcely yield in importance to those of any other city in Provence. At every turn one discovers an antique fragment by the road-side, or incorporated into the walls of a dwelling; here a bit of a column, there a slab from a sarcophagus, or a Roman or mediæval carving recalling its former splendor. Near the banks of the Rhone are the remains of the magnificent palace of Constantine, forming portions of modern buildings; there still remains a line of crumbling ramparts with a ruined gateway, and traces of a Roman bridge and aqueduct are yet apparent. In the Place Royale stands a monolith nearly fifty feet high, the only obelisk of such size ever executed in Europe, it is said, although I am inclined to doubt the statement. In the ancient forum are two granite columns and remains of the façade of the public baths. Here was doubtless the busiest and most attractive spot at Arles in olden time, especially if it was shaded then as now by magnificent plane-trees bestowing their benison of grateful shade in summer, while the cicada buzzed its droning tune in their branches at noontime, and the swallows twittered an almost deafening yet not unmelodious chatter at dawn and sunset. I was awaked by these birds when I was staying at the Hôtel du Nord, and carried back to boyhood days in the East by a sound familiar to one who has ever lived near the plane and cypress groves of Smyrna. Under this hotel are portions of the ancient catacombs of Arles, which ramify largely under the city. The garçon of the hotel led me down to a considerable depth into vaults and winding passages where the light of day has never penetrated, and saturated with dampness that chills one to the marrow. Although the dead who were once laid there have been disturbed in their slumbers, and their skeletons removed from the shelves whereon they once reposed, yet the bones still remain thrown together in ghastly heaps. Some people would shrink from sleeping directly over a grave-yard. I confess that an awesome feeling just shivered through me as I stepped into bed, but I slept undisturbed by ghosts or ghouls until the matins of the birds and the rays of



PLACE ROYALE, CHURCH OF ST. TROPHISMUS, AND OBELISK, AT ARLES.



COLISEUM AT ARLES.

the rising sun floated in through the casement.

The people of Arles seemed so little disturbed by such near proximity with the dead that the chief promenade of the city is the Aliscamps, a vast historic cemetery, which of late years has been adorned with avenues of poplars. There the Romans of old were buried for ages. When Arles came under the sway of Christianity the Aliscamps was consecrated, and after that, according to popular belief, the inhabitants of that vast necropolis had no further power to wander at midnight or disturb the rest of the faithful. Nay, more, the Archbishop Michael de Morières, in a circular epistle addressed to Christendom in 1203, affirmed that Christ himself had come down and bestowed His benison on the cemetery, and that ever afterward, on serene nights, angels sang mystic strains over the dead of the Aliscamps. The fame of this spread abroad, and for long the dead along the Rhone were floated down the river to be buried in this sacred city of oblivion.

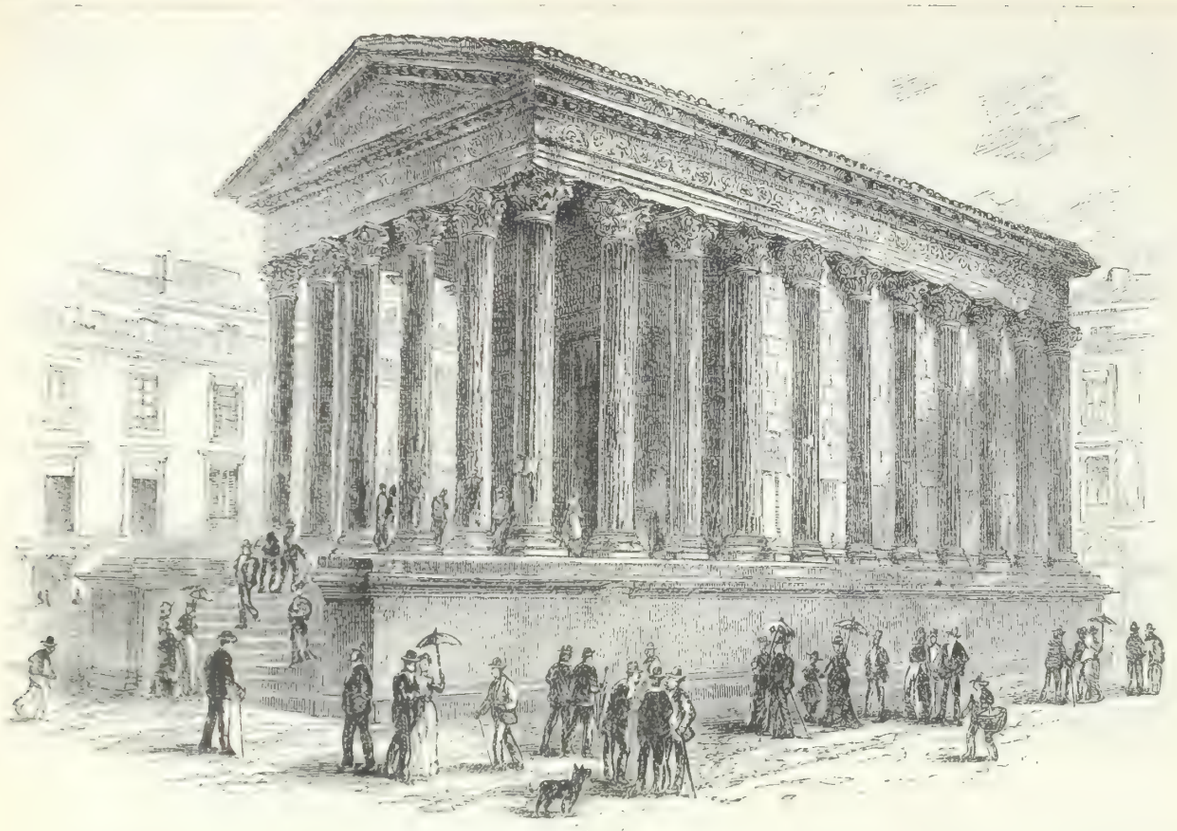
The theatre of Arles, a Roman antiquity, constructed of marble, is now in a very dilapidated condition, but much that is very interesting and instructive still remains to recall before us an audience of 16,000, clad in blue, white, scarlet, and orange-hued togas, under an awning woven with many tints, while the actors, masked and buskined, played a comedy of Plautus. Fronting the semicircle of marble seats two Corinthian columns still mount guard like sentinels over this scene of former festivity and splendor. The Venus of Arles, which is now in the Louvre, and is one of the master-pieces of antiquity, was discovered in this theatre.

A few rods from this spot is the magnificent amphitheatre, the largest in existence outside of Italy. It has a diameter of nearly 450 feet, and it is estimated that it could seat 30,000 spectators. During the Dark Ages it was in possession of the Saracens when they ruled in Provence, and turning it into a fortress, they added four massive towers, of which three remain. During the Middle Ages the demolition of the vast edi-



ROMAN THEATRE AT ARLES.

BURLINGAME
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LA MAISON CARRÉE, NÎMES.

fice was continued, and the massive blocks of which the upper tiers were constructed were broken for dwellings, which now arose within its circumference; no less than 212 houses and a church were crowded together in the amphitheatre. In 1825 the interior was cleared of these obstructions, and more recently the venerable edifice has been sufficiently restored to prevent its further decay. Nothing could be more massive than the construction of this stupendous building; standing on the brow of a hill, its foundations and part of the lower two corridors, which run entirely around the edifice, are actually hewn out of the solid rock, and are firm as the everlasting hills. The dens of the wild beasts are dark as night, and one does not feel cheerful as he thinks of the lions and the bulls which rushed forth from those abodes of gloom, infuriated by confinement and hunger, and instantly crunching the bones of gladiator and martyr, or tossing them toward the pitiless sky in the sight of multitudes applauding and yelling with blood-thirsty excitement.

On the whole, it is a relief to turn to the quiet seclusion of the beautiful cloisters of St. Trophismus. The church was founded in 603, but has been at different epochs so altered and restored as to leave little of the original plan. But the deep canopy over the entrance is a construction of the eleventh or twelfth century, and is very interesting. In the different groups of sculptured figures, which are still in excellent preservation, an entire sacred drama seems to be represented, alternately grotesque, horrible, or pathetic. The cloisters adjoining the church are among the most beautiful in the south of Europe. They are of gray marble, still in good condition, and display an extraordinary fertility of imagination in the variety and elegance of the designs executed upon the pillars and capitals. It is curious that two sides of the quadrangle are in Romanesque style, while the other two are pure Gothic. As the whole seems to have been wrought at the same period it is difficult to account for this diversity, except as a simple mode adopted for comparing the waning and rising schools of architecture; or two architects of equal abilities may have been employed in designing the plan, and thus engaged in a friendly artistic rivalry, each exerting his happiest efforts in behalf of his favorite style.

Passing out of Arles between two of the towers of the old Roman walls, I now turned my face westward. The famed mistral, or northwest wind, was blowing fiercely that day, filling the summer air with a piercing wintry chill; clouds of fine dust dimmed the landscape with a coppery haze, rolling over the Rhone like smoke from a furnace. The river was lashed to foam. The mistral, sweeping down from the Cevennes over the plains of Provence and Languedoc, is to that region as great a scourge as the simoom to the lands bordering on the great desert. "The mistral, the Parliament, and the Durance are the three great scourges of Provence," was an old saying. The last two have ceased their terrors, but the mistral still blows. The Romans built temples to

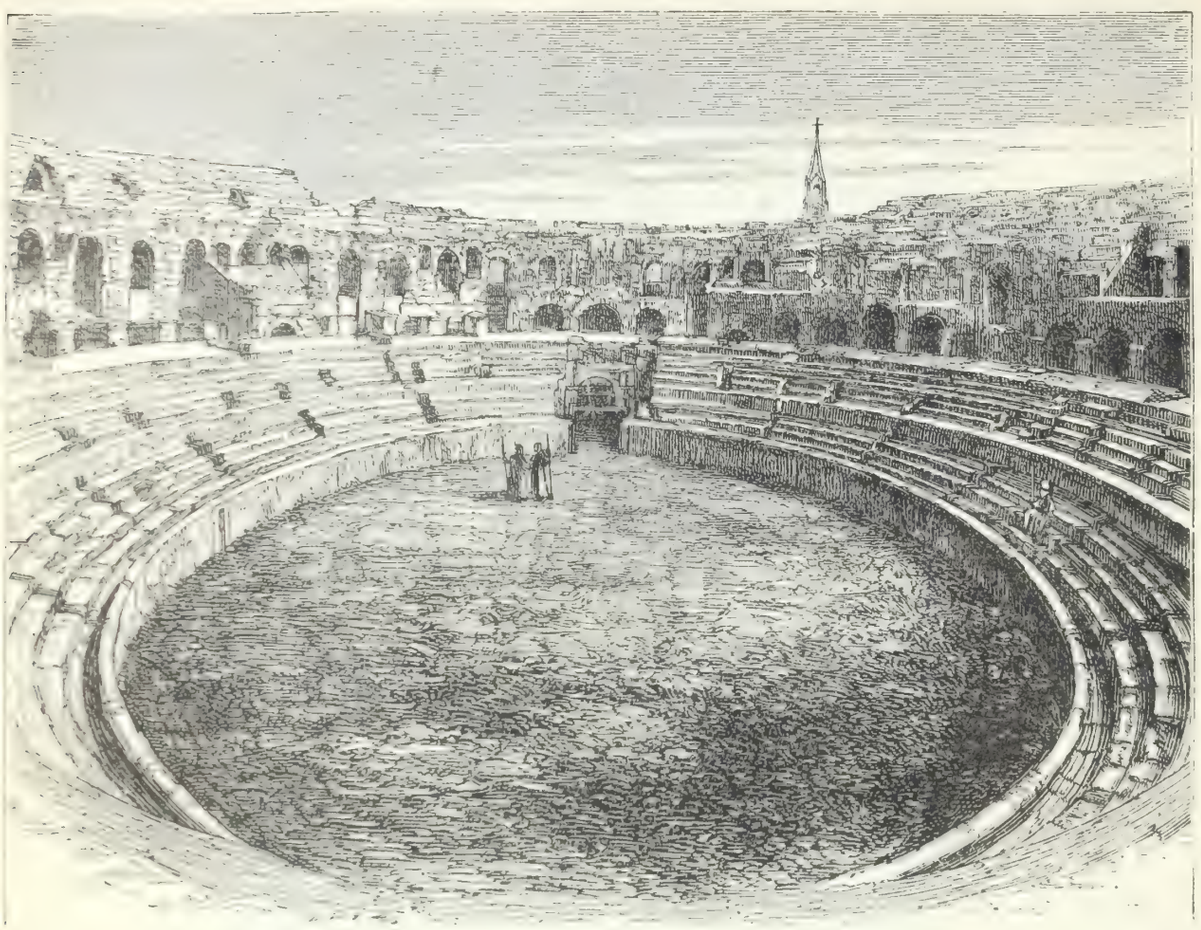


FOUNTAIN OF NÎMES.

propitiate the deity of the mistral. A kindly old priest who sat opposite to me said, "This is nothing; I've seen it blow much harder. I remember when I was a boy at school it blew in the windows on one side of the house: there was a wind!"

There was a simple pathos in this reference to his earlier days. His life, now nearly spent, blighted by the miasma of enforced celibacy, sunless, cheerless, hopeless, offered little that could be satisfactory in the retrospect. But he still clung to the memory of his youth, when hope beckoned him to a dream-land which he had never reached. A pleasant conversation followed, and with genuine courtesy he held out his snuff-box to me. He seemed by this simple act to say, "Our lives, our aims, our beliefs, are far apart, but are we not all brothers, with one father, God?"

I crossed the head of the vast alluvial plain called the Camargue, deposited during long ages by the delta of the Rhone. Its fen-lands are pastured by droves of half-wild cattle, but skillful engineering is gradually reclaiming it for agriculture. Partial-



AMPHITHEATRE AT NÎMES.

ly retracing my steps, at Lunel, I at last arrived at Nîmes—an old Roman city, and now one of the most cheerful and flourishing places in the south of France, with a growing population of sixty thousand. Antiquity and modern times are here strangely contrasted. The city of the Middle Ages forms the kernel around which circle the broad verdurous boulevards of the modern city. The streets of the old town form a most intricate labyrinth, filled with booths and market stalls, and closed in with grim old-time dwellings. In the centre stands the cathedral. Here in former ages the Huguenots had one of their greatest strongholds; and in spite of the awful persecutions that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the bloody riots that assailed them as late as 1793 and 1848, they still form a fourth of the population, and pay half of the city taxes, which speaks well for their social position. Claude Brousson, one of the most noted martyrs of the persecutions of that eminent saint in the Lord, Louis XIV., was a native of Nîmes, and an influential lawyer of that city, until he was forced to fly to Geneva, where he took orders, and, at hourly risk of his life, preached the Gospel among the mountains of Dauphiny. Twice returning to Nîmes, he was once saved by hiding in a well; but the Guion old man who concealed him was broken on the wheel. Brousson was finally betrayed at Oberon, and broken on the wheel at Montpellier. It is not much over a century and a half since such things were done in the foremost country of Europe, and there are still some who approve of those deeds. A quarry in the environs of Nîmes was in those days the place where the Huguenots met secretly.

Among the modern objects of interest at Nîmes is the beautiful esplanade, where crowds assemble on summer evenings, and make one almost fancy he is again in Paris. It is graced by a superb fountain, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Pradier. The colossal central statue represents Nîmes, supported by symbolical statues of the genii of the four neighboring rivers—the Rhone, the Gardon, the Eures, and the river of Nîmes. But the great interest of this fascinating city is in its Roman antiquities, which, outside of Italy, are rivalled only by those of Arles, while they appear to more advantage than those of that city, because better situated. The Maison Carrée is a temple conjectured by some to be the annex of a forum. It is in excellent preservation, after the Corinthian order, and very pure in its style; indeed, few buildings more elegant than this are in existence. It has in turn been used as a coach-house, a stable, a church, and a storehouse, and is now a museum. It is an oblong square, seventy-five feet long and thirty-seven feet wide. On the floor of the interior are preserved three very beautiful mosaic designs, found in Roman villas at Nîmes which are now demolished. Of the

paintings and sculptures there is not much to be said, with a few exceptions. Paul Delaroche is represented by one of his masterpieces — the well-known painting of Cromwell opening the coffin of Charles I. There is also a powerful work by Sigallon.



NÎMES.

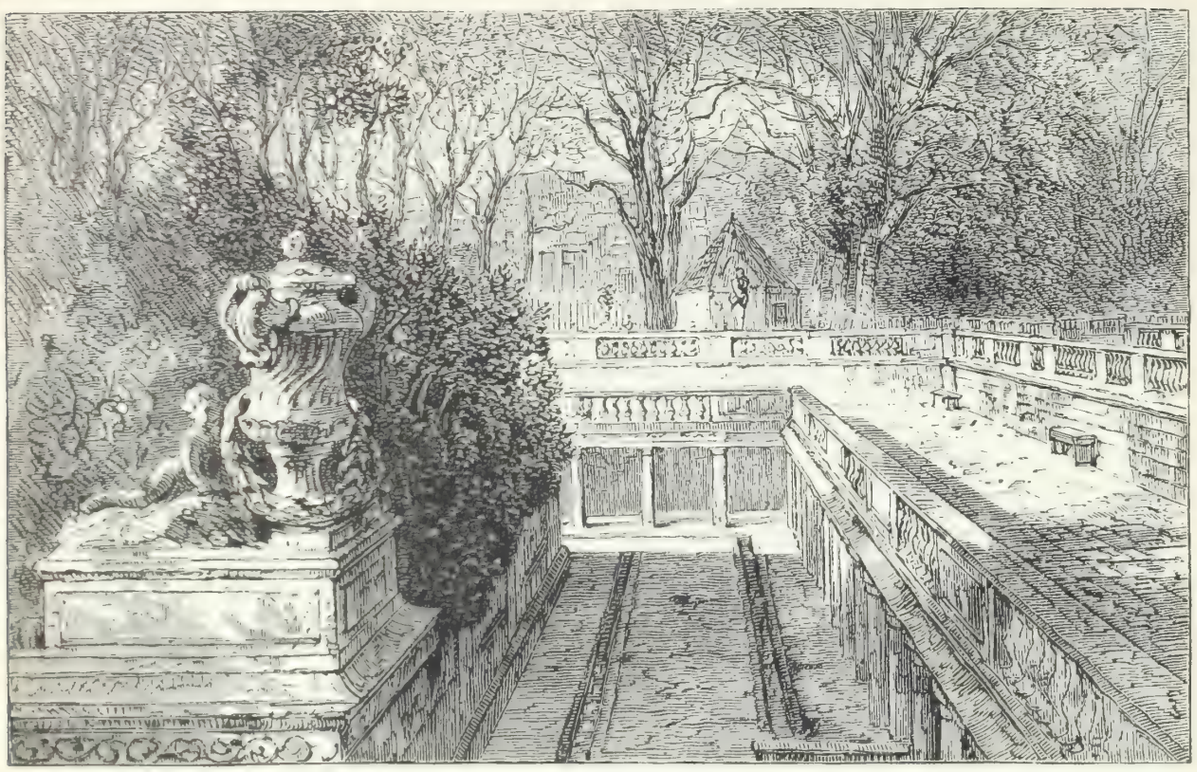
The Jardin de la Fontaine is, on the whole, the most attractive spot in Nîmes. A spring bursts forth on the edge of the city, which feeds a river that courses through the principal streets between massive quays and under elegant bridges. The ancient Romans and the French have both availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by this stream to utilize it for sanitary and æsthetic purposes. The former established thermæ near its source; of these a nymphæum (now misnamed the Fountain of Diana) remains—a very graceful structure in rather dilapidated condition; there is also traceable the plan of an atrium and colonnaded baths. The latter were restored in the last century, and now worthily form the central object of one of the most beautiful promenades in France, sumptuously adorned with statuary and foliage, including a fine statue of Jean Reboul, the Provençal bard.



FOUNTAIN OF DIANA, NIMES.

Behind this spot rises a lofty hill, shaded by pine and chestnut groves, where the drone of the cicada imparts an indescribable dreaminess to the aspect of things. At the summit of this hill is the Tour Magne, an octagonal structure, somewhat resembling a tower, over sixty feet high.

Two of the gates of the old city still exist at Nîmes, offering some fine marble sculptures; but when one has been here and there about the old city, and seen all its antiquities, he returns again and again with growing interest to a contemplation of its magnificent amphitheatre. It is slightly elliptical in form, and smaller than the amphitheatre of Arles, and perhaps inferior to that in purity of style; but its situation makes it, on the whole, more attractive and cheerful, and it could once seat twenty-five thousand spectators, which is quite an army. Each division of seats—one for the patricians, another for the equitarii, or knights, and two upper tiers for the plebeians—had its own vomitorium, or exit, with distinct corridors, and these are all yet in good preservation. So enormous is the strength and so massive is the construction of this edifice that when Charles Martel expelled the Saracens from it, and filled the corridors with wood and tried to burn it down, he was unable to make any perceptible impression. The arena is still used for bull-fights on fête days. I witnessed a spectacle of this sort in that place which in a remote way served to give me an idea of the grandeur of a gladiatorial day, or a fight with wild beasts, in those by-gone times when those vast tiers of marble were thronged with myriads robed in purple and gold. There were about six thousand present on this occasion. More probably would have attended if it had been a regular bull-fight instead of a cow-fight which was offered on the bills. But



ROMAN BATHS, NÎMES.

if less exciting, there was nearly as much fun in the spectacle I saw there. It was advertised as a "course libre," which meant that all who chose could enter the arena and join in the sport. The cows, if not as dangerous as bulls, were of Spanish breed, and by no means to be despised; if their horns had not been bound in felt, more than one champion would have lost his life in the arena that afternoon. Between the horns a rosette was firmly bound, and the lucky fellow who could tear it off won a gold piece and lots of applause. Many a daring youth licked the dust that day. Several had their shirts torn off, and received very severe blows in the back, which doubtless earned for them plenty of cheap and wholesome advice when they got home. One was pinned against the wall between the cow's horns, and had a very narrow escape. Sometimes there were nearly a hundred men in the arena at once, and this was one reason why none were killed outright, for as soon as one sportsman was knocked over, all the others rushed in and diverted the attention of the poor infuriated brute, which would finally get completely worried out and baffled from the constant rush of one and another. Thus the large number of men in the arena served as a protection rather than an increase of the danger. The prize was won three times in succession by one man—young, lithe, handsome, and apparently made of steel and India rubber. He had a genius for that sort of thing evidently; but I could not help thinking how like that was to the game of life—how many try, how few win!

The view in the galleries was scarcely less animated. On the shady side of the arena the throng was gathered from every class, from English noblemen to the lowest canaille who could muster a few sous to pay for a back seat. Brilliant costumes and elegant toilets were not wanting to remind one of the scarlet togas and magnificent women of olden times. The voluptuous and almost imperial beauty of some of the fair dames of Nîmes collected there in that hour was never surpassed in the brightest days of ancient Rome; and indeed it was Roman blood that gave to them a fiery and almost fierce splendor, such as may be rivalled but can not be transcended out of the south of France. There were also present some fine specimens of masculine beauty. The people of Languedoc and Provence, if less intellectual-looking than those of other parts of France, certainly present one of the noblest types of physical beauty the world has seen. Throughout this multitude the most vivid interest in the game became more and more evident, stimulated somewhat, perhaps, by the absinthe, eau-de-vie, and coffee which were industriously circulated by lithe, bare-headed Ganymedes, who attracted my attention by the way in which, waiter and glasses in hand, they walked and balanced themselves on the bevelled edge of the wall in front of the lower tier.

But the interest and excitement culminated during the recess between the acts, if one may so express it. The gate was unbarred, and a mob of boys and youths rushed in to participate in a scene which was evidently a customary part of the programme. For a few moments they scattered about the arena in search of coins which might have been missed by those to whom they

had been thrown. Suddenly one of the spectators hurled a circular cake into the air, and it fell spinning into the arena. This was the signal for one of the most extraordinary repetitions of the Kilkenny cats' fight that ever was seen. Men and boys rushed together in a perfect bedlam of confusion, each trying to seize the cake. It was torn into a hundred fragments in a moment; and now there rained a hail-storm of copper and silver coins, bonbons, cakes, loaves of bread, and fruit, thrown by the spectators, who were aroused to the last pitch of excitement and mirth as the multitude of men and boys scrambled together in an inextricably tangled mass of electrified humanity, every atom yelling, howling, struggling, pulling, tearing, kicking, leaping, pounding, and lurching with the energy of fighting demons, faces flushed, noses scratched and bloody, hair pulled, and clothes torn, and yet through it all entire good humor. Never in the roughest foot-ball match that I have witnessed did I see any thing to approach the raciness and roughness of this remarkable and blood-stirring spectacle in the arena at Nîmes.

Then the trumpet blew a long blast, and all the younger combatants were turned out again, and the cattle were let in for the second act. After this was over, a noble Spanish bull, black as night, was led around the arena. He was the prize that was now to be drawn by lottery; each ticket of entrance had a number in the raffle, and a pretty little girl was selected to draw the lot. And thus ended a very entertaining afternoon's sport.

About two hours' ride from Nîmes is the famous Roman aqueduct called the Pont du Gard, probably the finest structure of the sort in existence, and one of the most majestic monuments bequeathed to our age by antiquity. It strides across the river Gardon, which rushes with a wild music over a rocky bed between hills savage and lonely. The aqueduct is broken at each end, but what remains of it is 800 feet long at the top, and nearly 150 feet above the river. It is composed of three tiers of arches, whose form is sufficiently explained by the accompanying cut. The blocks of which it is constructed are of enormous size, left somewhat in the rough, in a semi-rustic or ashlar style, and laid without cement, but fitting with the utmost nicety. The channel for the passage of the water is covered with cement that is overlaid with stucco as hard and polished as marble. The corbels for the staging, by a singular long-sightedness, were left by the builders, as if to facilitate the repairs that might become necessary in the course of ages. A century ago a bridge was attached to the eastern side of the structure, which is not an improvement. The general effect of this stupendous pile, standing there alone, and colored a warm orange-yellow by time, is very impressive.



LE PONT DU GARD, NÎMES.



CATHEDRAL OF MONTPELLIER.

From Nîmes it is not far to Montpellier—a city celebrated for its medical university, but quite tame after one has sworn allegiance to the antiquities and cheerful streets and attractive people of Nîmes. The university is still entitled to a high rank, but by no means holds the same relative importance now that it did in the days when Rabelais was one of its shining lights. There is no doubt that the Moors, who once held the place, were the founders of this medical school. Notwithstanding its somewhat eventful history, Montpellier offers no monuments of much artistic or historic interest, excepting the porch of the cathedral. Its groined roof rests on one side against the wall of the façade, and is supported on the other by two enormous pointed towers or hollow pillars, which are more striking than beautiful. The architectural effect is unique.

The Peyrou is a terraced promenade of which the citizens are justly proud. It is laid out with much taste and elegance, and commands an extensive and beautiful prospect. Its origin is due to Louis XIV., whose statue adorns it. But one can not wholly enjoy the enchanting attractions of that lovely spot if he stops to reflect that for ages the Peyrou was the most noted place of execution in the south of France, and that there Claude Brousson and hundreds of other noble souls suffered martyrdom with the most excruciating torments the imagination could devise, for the sole reason that they claimed the God-given right to think for themselves.

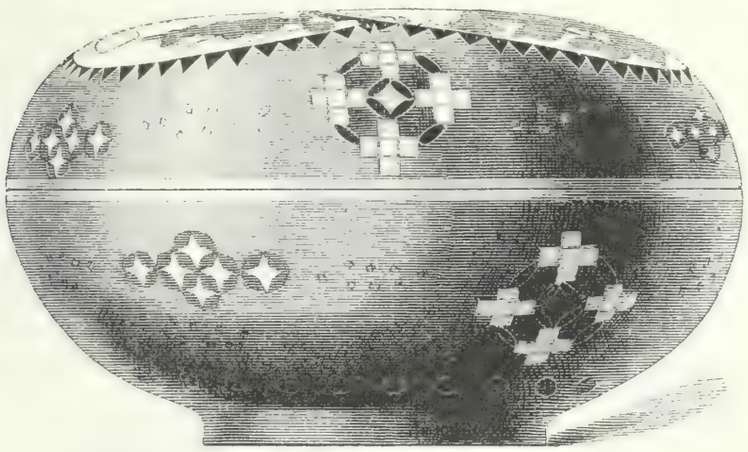
The absence of Roman antiquities at Montpellier shows that one there passes into another class of associations—the mediæval—and also prepares one for the extraordinary contrast between Nîmes and Cette. On the way, as one crosses the salt-marshes and lagoons along the Mediterranean, lies Frontignan, with its choice little church, whose picturesque castellated tower well deserves the attention of the artist and the antiquary. The lagoons and canals, lighted here and there by a gleaming lateen-sail, and fringed by pyramids of glistening salt, are in striking contrast to the mountainous regions palely visible along the southern coast.



CHURCH AT FRONTIGNAN.

CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL.

THE legends which the Japanese have woven round the origin of art in Niphon, the "Land of the Rising Sun," are, if fanciful, both attractive and suggestive. According to one of these traditions, art was born about the beginning of the Christian era, when Nomino-Soukune abolished the cruel rite of burying living persons with the noble dead, and substituted clay images for human victims. According to a second tradition, art reached Japan about B.C. 200, through a band of emigrants from China. They had left their native land under the pretense of seeking and taking back to the Celestial Empire a vegetable specific against death, and having landed in Niphon, settled there permanently, and became teachers of science, art, and literature.



MODERN JAPANESE BOWL—CLOISONNÉ ON PORCELAIN.

These legends are recalled by a small specimen of the artistic work of the modern Japanese, an example of the developed skill of which the foundations were laid in times so remote and under circumstances so peculiar. It is a round covered bowl of porcelain, curiously decorated with enamels in bright colors by the method now known as *cloisonné*.

In a ground of azure-blue appear fine threads of brass, describing circles, diamonds, and other geometrical designs, and outlining the leaves, calyxes, and petals of flowers, and the fruit and tendrils of the vine. The fine brass ribbon or flattened wire forms a series of partitions which follow the details of the design. Within these bright and tiny borders are enamels of the colors approaching most nearly the tint of the leaf or flower imitated. Different shades of blue are thus mingled with brown, purple shading off into pale bluish-gray, white, pink, green, black, or pale yellow, and these again are heightened by contrast with arbitrary ground colors. The questions then naturally occur, what is enamel? how is brass wire fastened to porcelain? how are the cells filled with the enamel?—what, in short, is the *modus operandi* of the artist whose work we have been examining?

From first to last, the processes by which this bowl was artistically clothed with color are ingenious. In the first place, the porcelain is ground, for the purpose of removing the glaze from the exterior surface. This is necessary in order that the enamel may adhere firmly. In the next place, the artist, having sketched his design on paper, covers the drawing with a plate of glass, on the surface of which he bends a fine narrow brass ribbon or flat wire in such a way as to follow the outlines of the sketch. Every leaf is thus outlined, and becomes a cell —*cloison*—whence is derived the distinctive name *cloisonné*. Many of the cells entering into the geometrical part of the design are of the same shape, and are made upon one pattern. The same thing may be said of all the uniform cells which are scattered over Japanese *cloisonné*. They are not always used strictly as cells for the reception of a certain color, but very frequently are merely imbedded in the ground for the



COVER OF JAPANESE BOWL.



OLD CHINESE CLOISONNÉ ON METAL.

purpose of lighting it up and giving it the variety effected by threads of burnished gold. The edge of the wire is then applied to the surface of the bowl, and fixed by means of a fusible glass.

Enamel is simply powdered glass. The word is found in many languages, *émail* in French, *haschmal* in Hebrew, and is the equivalent of the German *schmelzen*, the Latin *smaltum*, and the Italian *smalto*. Its etymology and synonyms are chiefly interesting at present as indicating an almost universal use. Pure enamel is a colorless compound of silex and oxide of lead, or of silica, litharge, and nitre, with white lead or silex powder added to give the mass fusibility. These ingredients are fused together. The colors are derived from a variety of oxides. That of tin makes an opaque white enamel, and the addition of manganese gives the white clearness and brilliancy. The chief colors are thus produced: blue from the oxide of cobalt, green from the oxide of copper, violet from black calx of manganese, yellow from silver, purple from gold, and red from the sulphates of iron and alumina. Practically the artist's palette is unlimited.

We will now suppose that the brass wire is fastened to the porcelain, and that the enamels are in the form of a paste ready for use. The next step is to fill the cells with the enamel. In doing so, the artist uses pastes of the colors indicated in his design. The piece is then baked, and the enamels, having melted, settle down in the cells, which are filled as often as required to bring the coat of enamel to the proper thickness, the firing being renewed between each addition of the enamel paste. After the final firing the surface is rough, and is treated like that of plate-glass. It is first ground with coarse stone, then with finer stones, and finally with charcoal. The melting of the enamel has, of course, had the effect of fixing the brass wire more firmly to the porcelain than could be effected by the first application of glass solder. The piece is now ready for the market, its surface glossy and smooth, and the fine lines of wire every where distinctly traceable.

Cloisonné enamel was not invented in Japan, and that country may be left in the mean time in order that its history, so far as known, may be traced elsewhere. The origin of the art of enamelling has not been ascertained, but all the evidence points toward Asia —Assyria, Chaldea, Persia, and India— that mysterious East whose contributions to the science and art of the world can never be fully computed.

If this be so, the process spread from these central regions toward China on the one hand and Egypt on the other at a very early date. The little now known about Central Asia has reference chiefly to Persia and India, and comes within the domain of comparatively modern history. The Indian process is that known as *champlevé*, by which the design is hollowed out of a plate of metal prepared for the reception of the enamel in such a way as to leave cells separated from each other by narrow strips of the metal body. The Persians were acquainted with the *cloisonné* method, but the only historical evidences of their having practiced it in ancient times are two vessels—a cup and a ewer—belonging to the sixth and eighth centuries respectively. They brought the art to great excellence under Shah Abbas the Great at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and continue down to the present time to enamel on gold and copper.

Long before these dates, enamel was known to the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, and the Etruscans, but not in the form now under consideration. We must come down to the first centuries of our era before any thing definite can be learned about *cloisonné*. It probably reached Byzantium from the East, and radiating from that city as a new centre, spread in course of time all over Eu-

rope. As Rome declined, the fine arts died away. But a revolution was at hand, and took place when the prospect seemed darkest. The two events mainly instrumental in effecting it were the conversion of Constantine, the first Christian who wore the imperial purple, and his removal, about A.D. 330, of the seat of government to Byzantium. He took with him the processes of Rome, which, being brought into contact with traditions reaching Constantinople from the East and from Greece, resulted in the art known as Byzantine. It was inevitable that enamelling should attract attention. Both Greeks and Romans had a decided fondness for mosaics, acquired from their Southern teachers; and it is probable that, inspired by Eastern models, they applied the Roman processes to a new kind of mosaic—*cloisonné* enamel. They had reached this point in the sixth century, and possibly earlier. Few examples of this branch of art belonging to the early Byzantine period now remain. The Byzantines used chiefly a base of pure gold, and the value—other than artistic—thus given their work reduced to a minimum the chances of its being preserved throughout the troublous times of the Dark Ages.



MODERN JAPANESE CLOISONNÉ ON METAL.

Their process is described by Theophilus, a monk who lived between the tenth and twelfth centuries, and whose work, *Diversarum Artium Schedula*, is a compendium of the industrial arts of his day. Very little is known with certainty either of his country or of the time in which he lived. His directions are well worth studying, as, while indicating a method very slightly different from that of the Japanese, already detailed, they are more minute, and explain what is essentially the practice of the present day. He gives full details regarding the cutting of the gold bands, soldering them to the surface of the metal excipient, pulverizing the colored glasses, placing them in the cavities formed by the filigree, firing the piece, and polishing the surface. One feature of his description is that the enamels were laid upon a plate of gold, which was subsequently fastened to the vase or other object to be decorated.

The art was practiced down to the fourteenth century; but events had transpired in the mean time which, while threatening the artistic supremacy of Byzantium, really extended its influence. Constantine exerted himself to embellish the city to which he had removed his throne, and under his suc-

cessors the Christian Church became the most munificent and enlightened patron of the arts. The religious strife which followed the death of Justinian is matter of history. The Iconoclasts builded better than they knew when they drove out the artists against whose works their zeal was directed. The latter dispersed themselves over Europe, and found in every land a welcome and an asylum. The Iconoclastic persecution thus became the indirect cause of the dissemination of the styles and processes of ornamentation it was meant to destroy. After the storm exhausted itself, the arts of Constantinople revived, and in the ninth and tenth centuries, under Basil the Macedonian (868–886) and Constantine Porphyrogenitus (911–959), were in a highly flourishing condition. The emigration begun under compulsion was continued by preference. The Greek artists travelled every where. The Saracens borrowed from the fountain-head, and initiated a style of almost unparalleled splendor. Venice sought Byzantine aid and propagated Byzantine styles. The "Scuola Græca" at Rome was founded for the reception of the fugitives, who again found themselves taken under the protecting wing of the Church. The Venetians carried their arts to Perigueux and Limoges, and thus established new centres. In the beginning of the eleventh century the Greek artists had penetrated Germany, and left upon that country a deeper impress than upon any other. Their arts conquered the Sclaves, and spread eastward through Asia Minor, Armenia, and the country lying near the Caucasus. From Armenia they reached Persia, which even down to the eighteenth century was indebted to Armenian enamellers. No line, in fact, can be drawn as the limit of Byzantine influence either in the East or the West.



OLD CHINESE CLOISONNÉ ON METAL.

Before the methods of Byzantium were transmitted by Venice to Central Europe, other enamelling processes than the *cloisonné* had been spread by the Phœnicians, and were known to the Gauls before the Roman occupation. It appears, further, that in certain sections new processes originated and passed away with their inventors, and for that reason historical inquiry is for several centuries attended with doubt. The great western emporium was Limoges. It may be said to be the only city in Gaul which relieved the gloom following upon the withdrawal of the Romans. During their occupancy it was a centre of trade and industrial art. In the tenth century (979) the Venetians had a dépôt at Limoges for the sale of articles brought from the East, which were thus distributed throughout Western France. The intimate relations existing between these two cities must undoubtedly have propagated both a taste for *cloisonné* enamel and a knowledge of the manner of its preparation. From the eleventh to the fourteenth century all the Limoges work shows Byzantine influence both in design and treatment. It did not assert independence until the art was revolutionized by the innovations which ended in the entirely new use of enamel found in the works of Penicaud, Courtois, and, greatest of all, Leonard Limousin.

A very rare kind of *cloisonné*—originally Persian, and subsequently Chinese—was made at an early date in Europe, and is called "de plique à jour." The enamels were melted in cells without any background, and were then set in compartments made for their reception in the object to be decorated. They may be described, from what they really resemble, as windows of translucent enamel. Reference to this variety will again be made in treating of China. Meantime this style is not to be confounded with that designated as "esmaulx de plique," or "émaux de plite." These terms were applied during the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries to that which is now called simply *cloisonné*.

In England the one name of Elkington will sufficiently represent the European *cloi-*



MODERN JAPANESE CLOISONNÉ ON METAL.

sonné enamellers of our time. Their process differs very slightly from the Byzantine and Japanese.

Turning next to China, the inquirer is usually confronted by dates which impose a heavy tax upon credulity. In handling their chronological assumptions, the best rule, therefore, is to exercise a wise discretion, and to lean a little in favor of modern dates whenever such a course is practicable. It is related that in the fifth century of our era a traveller reached China from the West. He is said to have come from Scythia, which M. Labarte interprets Persia. Arriving at the court of the Emperor, he proposed to teach the Chinese the manufacture of enamel. Following his instructions, search was made in the mountains for the requisite materials, and when they were found, the merchant succeeded in introducing the art of enamelling. No specimens are now in existence which can be assigned to so remote a period, modest as the assumption of such a date is when compared with the hoary antiquity claimed for other Chinese arts. We must step over the next thousand years, and reach the Ming dynasty (1368–1649), before any examples of a well-authenticated age can be found. So far as our knowledge extends, it is to this period and the next hundred years that the best enamels belong. Mr. J. Thomson states that the Ming enamelled vases are the oldest, and that the best belong to the Kien-long period of the Tai-thsing dynasty (1736–1796). He adds that the art was revived about twenty-five years ago.

The Chinese were acquainted with all the methods known to Europeans. Their old *cloisonné* enamels are in every sense admirable in workmanship, color, and very often in form. The broken shades are blended with a harmony so subtle that the eye is never displeased, even by the monstrous figures which Chinese religion and imagination call into being. Dragons with visages as terrible as the Oriental well-practiced artist can make them, with long horns that actually appear to quiver in the gloss of the enamel, with jagged fangs and eyes blazing with ferocity, roll over the vases and plaques in contortions suggestive alike of agony and power. Alternating with creatures so monstrous are flowers and landscapes colored in soft and satisfying hues of rose, pale blue, yellow, or pale green. If some of the vases are clumsy in shape, there are others which for symmetry and gracefulness of proportion will compare with the best works of the potters of Greece.

The *cloisonné* "de plique à jour" of China

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MODERN JAPANESE CLOISONNÉ ON METAL.

includes some of the finest illustrations of workmanship and color. The process appears to consist of bending the metal wire into the requisite designs in the inside of a mould. The cells thus formed having been filled with the enamel powder or paste, the piece is fired, and then removed from the mould. Vases are thus made in sections without background, and these portions are soldered together. In colors and in processes there is often shown a remarkable affinity between the Chinese and European—notably the Byzantine—*cloisonné* enamels.



MODERN CHINESE CLOISONNÉ ON PORCELAIN.

From China we return to our starting-point in Japan. Putting aside fanciful legends, the Japanese acquired the art of enamelling from China about the same time that they learned how to make porcelain, *i. e.*, in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

The Japanese methods are almost identical with those of China. When copper, and not porcelain, is used as a base, the brass wire is first fixed by means of a kind of gum, to keep it in its place until the application of the wire is finished. A mixture of borax and brass solder is then applied, and the piece is fired so that the wire may be securely fastened before the cells are filled with the enamel pastes.

The old enamels are characterized by all the best qualities of the Chinese. The designs are partly of the conventional order and partly realistic. On a porcelain jar or vase a huge dragon appears, of the usual formidable type, and around it are rolling dark clouds like heavy smoke. On another is a landscape painted with all the sympathy which the Japanese artist expresses in his work. The subdued tone is not the result of a lack of brilliancy, but of skillful handling of colors and unerring taste in assortment. It is only upon inferior specimens that any thing like harshness or crudity is visible. The finer examples are rich and quiet in tone. The colors are mingled with a harmony so subtle that analysis can hardly discover whence it arises. A river is indicated by a few wavy threads of gold in white tinged with blue, and the empurpled hills fade away into the blue of the sky which forms the ground-color. There is nothing discordant even when the most brilliant effects are sought. In some pieces the artist concentrates his eye and hand upon the realistic: storks wade in a stream, and every feather, every scale on the long bony legs, is a cell filled with shaded enamel. The introduction of two colors into one cell is effected with a nicety at times marvellous, more particularly in flower pieces, where fine shading is essential to the perfect reproduction of the bloom of nature.

THE MEETING OF THE "ROYAL" ON DURDHAM DOWN.

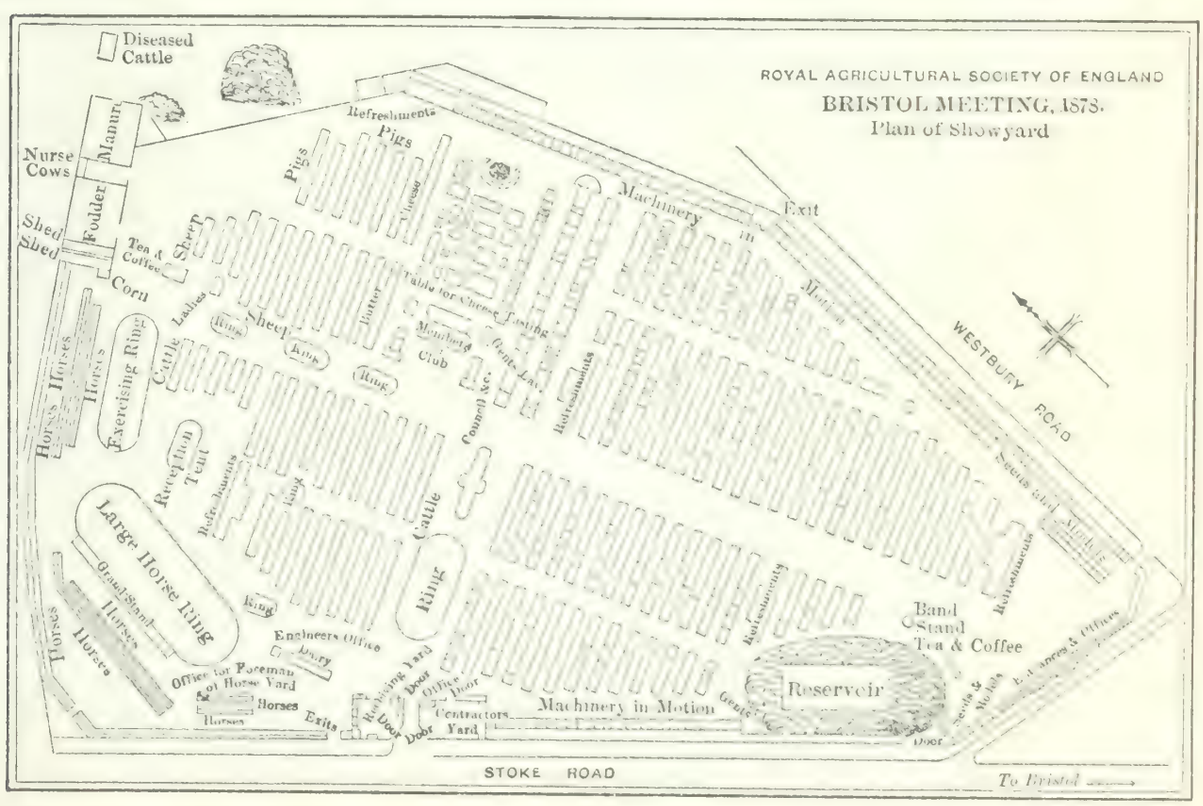
HAVING long been familiar with agricultural exhibitions at home, both large and small, and having often read with interest the reports of "the country meeting," or annual show, of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, it was with much interest that I visited Bristol during the second week of July to see the contrast between their exhibition and ours, and to verify my preconceived idea of what the "Royal" show must be like.

Like all large towns in England, Bristol, in spite of much that is modern and busy, is full of antiquarian interest. The Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, of very ancient foundation, and completed in 1280, was said by Queen Elizabeth to be the most beautiful in her kingdom. It is a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. The old houses of the "Horse Fair" are equal to the Rows of Chester in picturesque effect. The suspension-bridge over the river which borders Durdham Down, as well as the view from the down itself, suggests in a smaller way the bridge and river at Niagara.

The inclosure, about seventy acres in extent, covered a level stretch of the great common of Bristol—Durdham Down—near the beautiful suburb of Clifton. The temporary offices of the society and the wooden ring-fence had the same slight character with which we are familiar at home. The various sheds for implements, stock, etc., stretched out in parallel rows from each side of a broad central avenue, and ran along nearly the whole of the outer inclosure. They were generally frames of light timber, covered with canvas. Interspersed among them were tents and cheap wooden buildings for judges and officers, for members of the society, for restaurants, for drinking booths, etc. Here and there were rings for the examination of cattle, a larger one for agricultural horses, and a still larger one, with a grand stand adjoining, for the examination of pleasure-horses and for the general exhibition of live stock. The immediate impression was that of a most orderly and imposing gathering of the means and results of a gigantic industry.

We have in America no agricultural show quite comparable with this one. The St. Louis Fair comes nearest to it, but it lacks some of its more impressive elements, and it adds very much which has to do rather with mechanics than with agriculture, and a conspicuous element of art and domestic industry, which here is absent. The St. Louis Fair would very fairly represent the English show if, without losing size, it gave up all collateral branches, and were occupied entirely with what relates to agricultural and purely country life. Indeed, the English show departs from the agricultural line only by the exhibition of carriages and a few articles of domestic economy which are not specially confined to farmers' households.

The administration of the show is most perfect. The space is large, the sheds and show rings are admirably arranged, and in every department it is evident from the outset that the management is working with the light of long experience. The catalogue is printed almost at the very last moment;



its numbers are all consecutive, and there are astonishingly few exhibits recorded which are not present on the ground. The prize lists in the various classes are conspicuously posted the moment the judges' awards are announced.

The managers of the grounds and the groups of judges were assisted on this occasion by a swarm of boys from the training ship *Formidable*—neat and active fellows, in their sailor dresses, distributing badges, carrying messages, and giving efficient help in all matters of detail. The exhibition was quite ready at the time announced; every exhibit was in its place and ready for inspection. In no single department during the whole week of the show was there the least suggestion or sign of confusion or hurry; and so far as the crowd permitted, even on the cheap admission days, it was easy to inform one's self concerning every object.

To an American the most interesting feature of the show was, of course, the people—the people from whom we have sprung, whose cousins we are, and who, while having undergone some modification by the civilizing influences of modern times, remain far more nearly like our ancestors of two hundred years ago than is any class which we have to show. Costume has fled in England, as elsewhere, before the advance of the railway and the tourist, so that there was not much that was noticeable in this regard. Farmers' wives and daughters, and even dairy-maids and house-servants, have little in their dress to distinguish them from their betters: here and there a carter's frock, and quite generally the breeches and leggings of the grooms, constitute about all that is left in the way of class dress. If peculiarities of speech yielded as readily as peculiarities of dress, one might easily fancy one's self in America; but peculiarities of speech are far more stubborn, and whether in the lower and richer intonation of educated persons, in the absolute absence of h's among the multitude, or in the strong local dialects of twenty distinct peoples from different counties, one felt a very foreign influence.

Another peculiarity was the enormous amount of drinking, men and women—of many classes, too—crowding about the numerous large booths where beer and spirits were sold. I can recall no instance where, at an American agricultural exhibition, any sort of intoxicating drink has been sold within the inclosure. Here it was sold universally and consumed enormously. Such an amount of such beverages would drive an American crowd beyond the limits of decency, and quite beyond the control of the police; here it had no more effect than so much water; and no crowd in America, under the most favorable circumstances, could be more orderly or more self-respecting than were the thousands who were gathered together on Durdham Down during the week of the "Royal" show. Whether or not it is an evidence of civilization for a nation to be able to drink so hard and to carry its drink so stoutly it is not worth while to discuss; it may be due to a peculiarity of climate, to the constant out-of-door exercise possible to this whole people, or to the long habit of many generations; but whatever the reason, one might, so far as this show ground was concerned, have gathered the impression that there is less drunkenness here than in our State of Maine, where the sale of even the lightest beer is a penal offense.

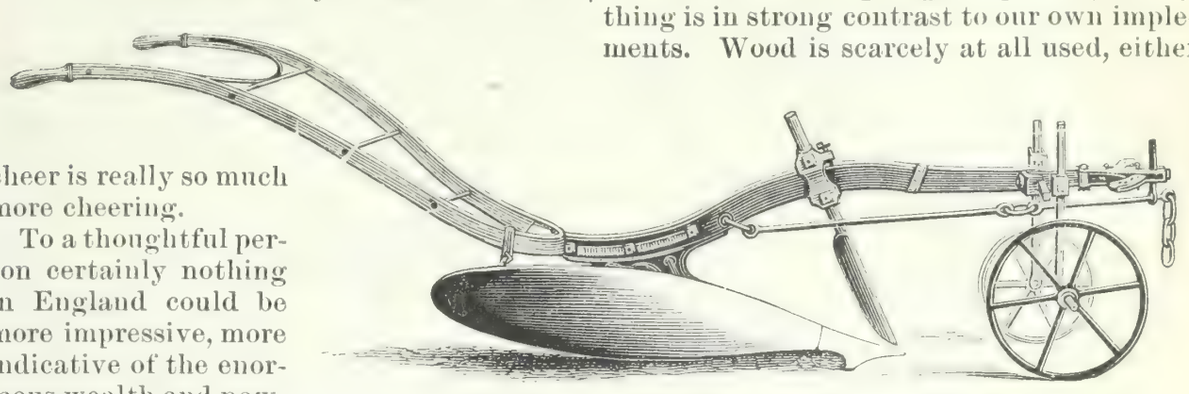
It is another striking peculiarity of Englishmen, and, to a stranger, one of the curious exhibits of the show, that vigorous, healthy, and wholesome appetite should make men—and women too—so indifferent to the modern art of good cookery. That a nation should have reached the state of prosperity of Great Britain, and still content itself with such bread as is universal here, is astonishing to those who have known civilization in other parts of the world. That, with a climate admirably suited to the growth of nearly all vegetables, a people numbering forty millions should subsist mainly upon potatoes and the various families of the cabbage as their chief vegetable diet, is indeed odd. Now and again one may get on very well with a costly mid-day luncheon of cold meat, cheese, and iced claret, and for a show ground such mid-day diet is well enough; but that a people by no means deficient in æsthetic cultivation should go from the cradle to the grave ignorant of what their neighbors across the Channel regard as the necessaries of a pleasant life, is little less than amazing.

I think we have an impression in America that an English crowd is rough, surly, and brutal, and in no way comparable to an American crowd. It seems to me that this idea is as mistaken as is our belief in what is known as the "rousing British cheer." We were well placed in an enormous crowd lining the main street of Bristol during the procession of the Prince of Wales from the railway station to the show yard—a crowd which had stood its ground for hours under circumstances which might well develop any tendency to roughness or rudeness. There was a certain amount of chaff and wit and boisterousness, but all was good-humored, cheerful, and pleasant, very much what one would see in Broadway on a similar occasion—what, indeed, we did see when the Prince paid us his visit in 1860. But when he finally appeared, and the obvious enthusiasm of the people attempted to find expression in a cheer, it seemed to us that he must still remember

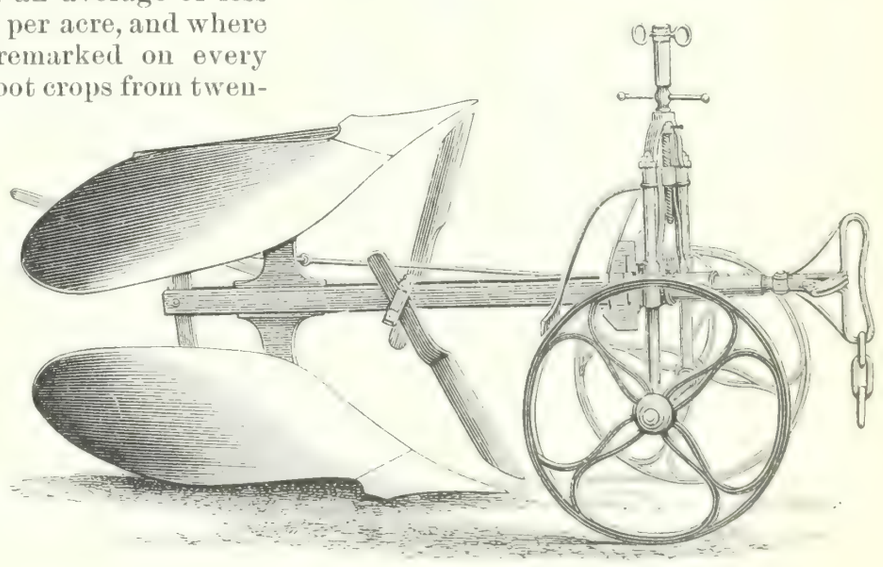
with regret the ringing salute which followed him in New York through a similarly packed street. It almost excuses our harsher voice and shriller key to know that our cheer is really so much more cheering.

To a thoughtful person certainly nothing in England could be more impressive, more indicative of the enormous wealth and power of the people, than the collection of animals and implements gathered together at this annual show. Travelling through the country in this harvest season, surrounded on every side by an agriculture with which we have nothing to compare; passing hundreds and hundreds of large fields of wheat which can hardly yield an average of less than thirty-five bushels per acre, and where uniform excellence is remarked on every hand; among fields of root crops from twenty to one hundred acres in extent, absolutely clean, and absolutely unbroken in their uniformity of growth; where the grass during the hay harvest suggests the Irishman's pig, which was "tallest when he was lying down," so heavy a swath does the apparently slight growth make — one hardly wonders that an area not larger than the States of New York and Pennsylvania should hold a population equal to that of the whole United States; but one needs to see gathered together within the reach of an hour's walk specimens of the men and the tools and the animals by which this cultivation is carried on, to realize how very far beyond our best standard is the almost universal cultivation of this remarkable land.

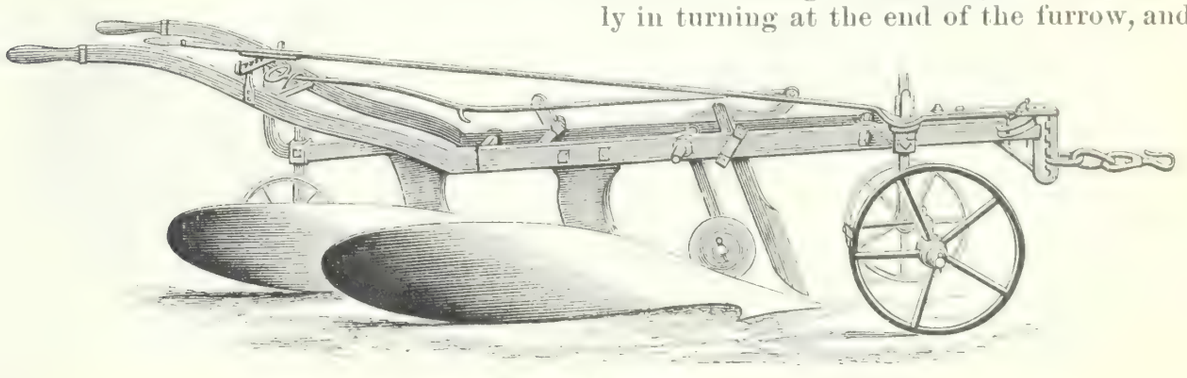
In the matter of ploughs especially, every thing is in strong contrast to our own implements. Wood is scarcely at all used, either for beams or for stilts, the whole implement being of iron. There are a number of makers who exhibit very largely; prominent among them are J. and F. Howard, of Bedford, who exhibit twenty-six hand-ploughs of all sorts. I give an illustration of their regular form of plough (A) for ordinary use, of a swivel or side-hill (or one way) plough (B) of peculiar construction, and of their great specialty, the double plough (C), sometimes also made treble. This double plough is drawn by four heavy horses, is so arranged that its working is extremely easy, especially in turning at the end of the furrow, and



A.—PLOUGH FOR ORDINARY USE.

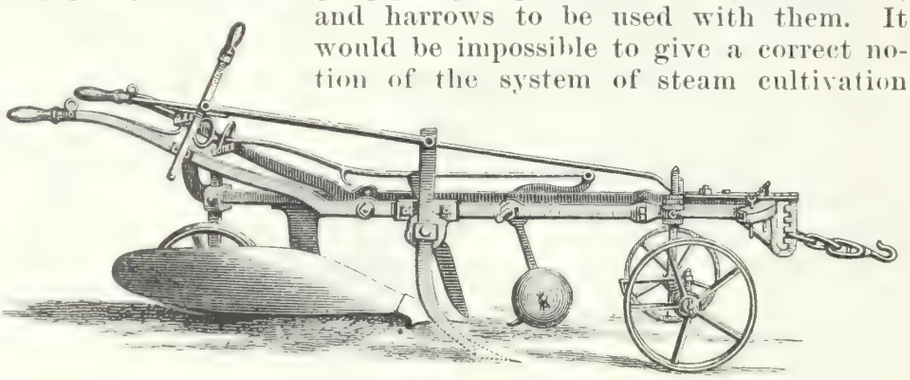


B.—SWIVEL PLOUGH.



C.—DOUBLE PLOUGH.

it is considered, so far as I can learn, a very perfect implement for use on land which is in good order. Where it is desired to break up the sole of the furrow or to do deeper subsoiling work, the right-hand plough is removed, and a subsoiling prong, as shown in another illustration (D), is substituted for it. This loosens up the bottom of the furrow, and the left-hand plough throws the furrow slice upon it. It is one peculiarity of these ploughs that the wheel—the top of which appears above the left-hand mould-board, and which takes the place of the land side—is set at an angle, and takes the side thrust of the implement. These ploughs are all very much heavier than ours, and appear to be much more cumbersome. As seen in operation in the field they appear to be entirely satisfactory and to do excellent work. I have found them in use in Canada, where our own lighter ploughs had been given up as inferior to them. One comes to believe, however, on proceeding further, that all these hand-ploughs are destined to be relegated to a very secondary position, for use in small fields and odd corners.



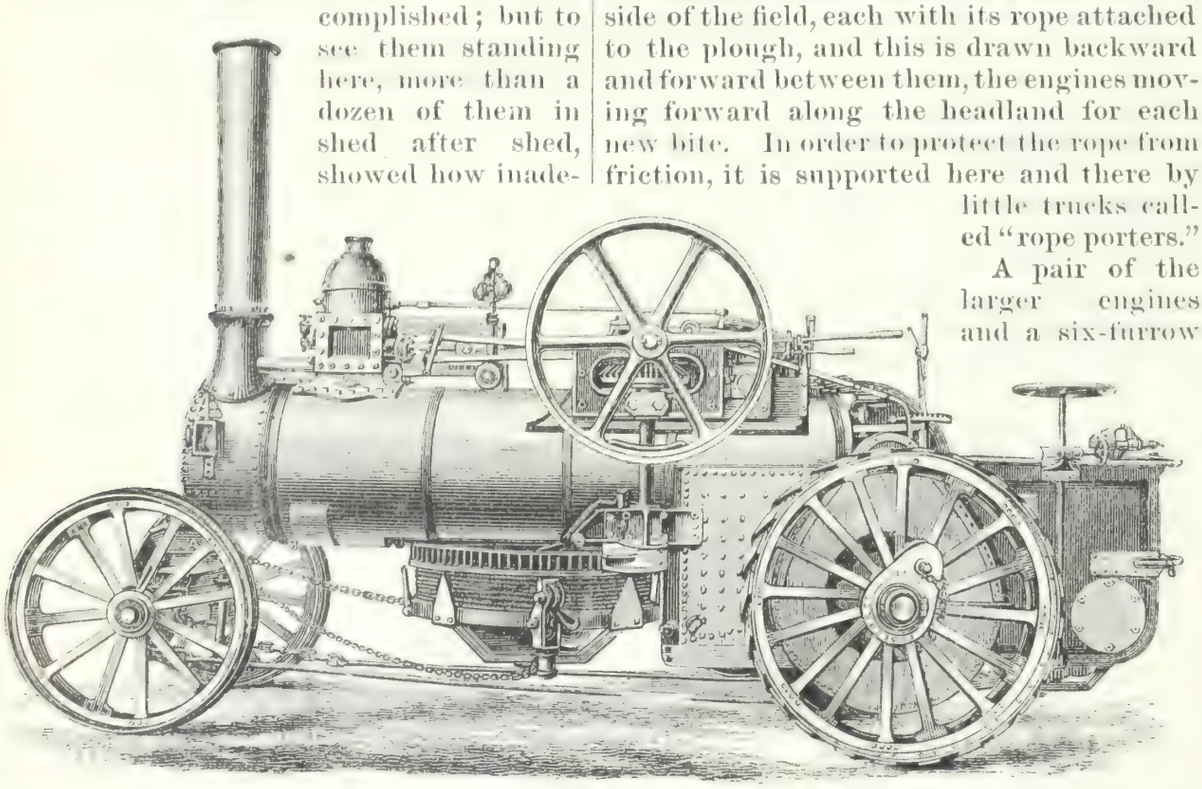
D.—DOUBLE PLOUGH WITH SUBSOILER.

Whatever may be the objections to the use of the steam-ploughs—and they are fast being overcome—they impress the unaccustomed visitor with great force. I had read of them and had seen pictures of them, and knew of the amount of work that they accomplished; but to see them standing here, more than a dozen of them in shed after shed, showed how inadequate had been my preconceived idea concerning them.

John Fowler and Co., of Leeds, show several sets of apparatus with engines of from six to twenty nominal horse-power, with the gang-ploughs, grubbers, rollers, cultivators, and harrows to be used with them. It would be impossible to give a correct notion of the system of steam cultivation without quite full illustrations. In Fowler's system two engines are used—engines which are capable of travelling on the road, moving about the fields, and carrying their apparatus with them. Under the boiler a horizontal drum carries a steel-wire rope, by which the plough is drawn. The plough, which turns from four to eight furrows, according to the power of its engine, is a gang of ploughs attached to an iron frame, and so balanced that as it proceeds in either direction the gang which is to make the reverse cut is cocked up in the air. The ploughman sits over the centre of the gang, and has in front of him a steering windlass, by which the direction of the plough is regulated. The grubbers, cultivators, harrows, subsoilers, etc., are all arranged in a similar way.

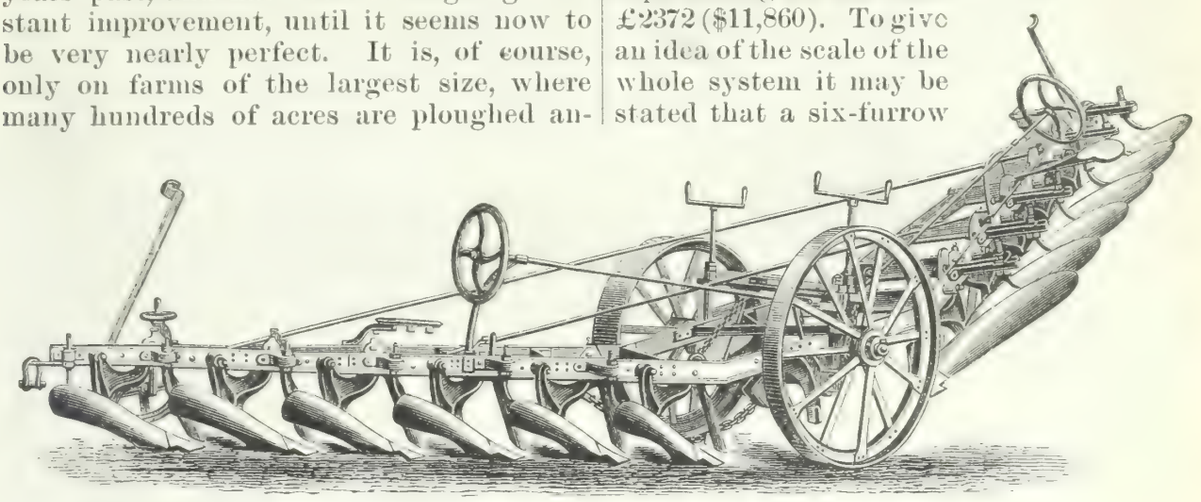
When at work, one engine stands at each side of the field, each with its rope attached to the plough, and this is drawn backward and forward between them, the engines moving forward along the headland for each new bite. In order to protect the rope from friction, it is supported here and there by little trucks called "rope porters."

A pair of the larger engines and a six-furrow



E.—SINGLE-CYLINDER STEAM PLOUGHING ENGINE.

plough will turn up from fifteen to twenty acres per day, almost irrespective of depth, within any usual agricultural limit. The system has been in practical use for twenty years past, and has been undergoing constant improvement, until it seems now to be very nearly perfect. It is, of course, only on farms of the largest size, where many hundreds of acres are ploughed annually, that these large double-engine sets of apparatus are used, but there are companies and associations of farmers in all parts of England which own one or more sets to be let out for hire, so that even a small farmer may have his ploughing done by steam at a cost much less than that of doing it by horse labor, when it is considered that he is relieved from the cost of maintaining his horses throughout the year. The mere matter of economy, however, is a secondary consideration as compared with the quality of the work done. The greater speed of the steam-plough gives a much more thorough pulverization and aeration to the soil, the treading of horses' feet is entirely done away with, and the condition of the land generally is greatly improved, especially as the subsequent operations may, where fields are sufficiently large, all be done by steam — harrowing, rolling, and seed drilling. Indeed, the only drawback to this system seems to be the very large amount of capital that it is necessary to invest—a pair of twenty-horse-power traction engines, an eight-furrow plough, and 800 yards of steel rope costing no less than £2372 ($11,860). To give an idea of the scale of the whole system it may be stated that a six-furrow balance-plough is about thirty feet long, and weighs over two tons. Messrs. Howard's prices are relatively about the same.

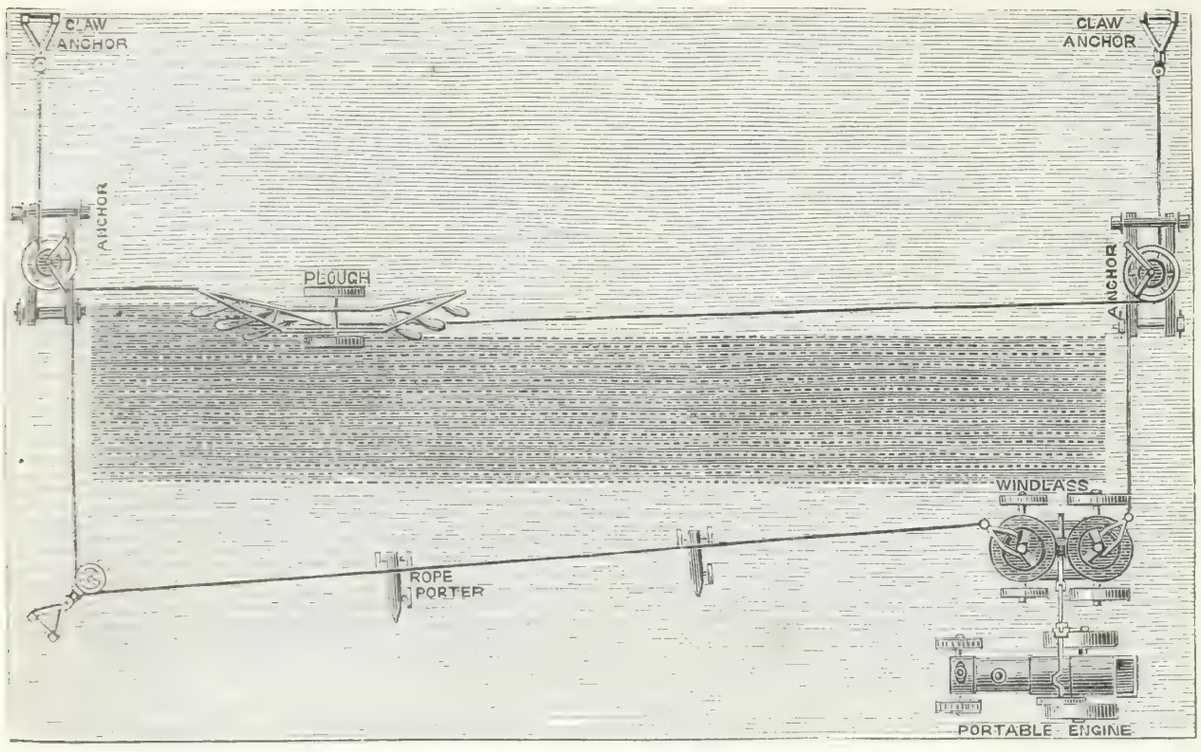


F.—BALANCE-PLOUGH.

Both Fowler and Howard manufacture apparatus for working with a single engine. The arrangement of this is shown in G. The engine and windlass are placed upon one of the headlands. On each headland there is an anchor carriage, the construction of which is shown in H (sharp disk wheels cutting deeply into the ground). The plough is drawn between the anchors, and as the work progresses the anchors move forward for each new bite. After the main body of the field is ploughed, the tackle is put in position to plough the headlands, and after the work is completed, the anchors and the plough are hauled back to the windlass by the ploughing ropes, and the field is cleared of the whole tackle without the aid of horses. This system can be well worked with the aid of two men and one



STEAM-PLOUGHING.



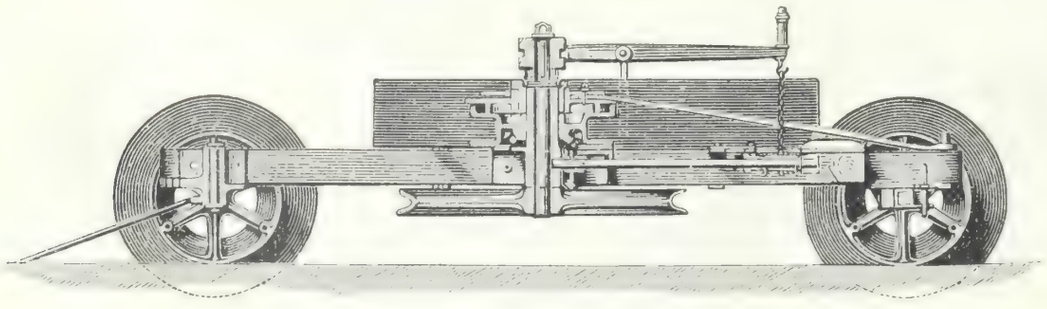
G.—APPARATUS FOR WORKING PLOUGHING ENGINE.

boy (to look after the ropes), and the cost of the apparatus complete hardly exceeds £1000 ($5000).

How long it will be before steam-ploughing becomes at all general in the United States it would be rash to guess. The few trials that have been made were undertaken before the system had reached any thing like its present completeness, and in one instance at least the local conditions were not favorable for it. The only absolute requirements here seem to be the absence of large stones, a general smoothness of surface, and large inclosures—not less than ten acres, and, preferably, more. It seems to work as well on rolling lands as on plains, and its use is rapidly increasing from year to year, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in the colonies as well. One would suppose that on the large farms of the West and Northwest steam-ploughing should find its most favorable field. During our war, when American cotton was shut out from the market, Egypt was enabled, by the use of imported English steam-ploughs—making their steam by imported English coal—to produce a large supply with great profit.

The economical question is not that with which we now have to do so much as the mere question of interest to the visitor: undoubtedly any American farmer visiting Bristol would have had his attention more attracted by these majestic implements, standing in the exhibition sheds and working on the trial ground close by, than by any other feature of the show.

Among the minor features of the show of implements there was a great deal which, in a more extended description, would be well worthy of notice. The tools generally have, to an American, an unfamiliar look. They are heavier, and as a rule less gracefully formed. Some novelties seemed to me important. Among them Decauvilee's portable tram-way, manufactured by Fowler. This is a railway of sixteen-inch gauge, made in lengths of from four to sixteen feet, and weighing, with the iron cross-ties and fish-plates, about four pounds per foot. The rails are fastened together by flat iron cross pieces four feet apart. Through these cross pieces there are holes by which the iron may be fastened to a timber bed to make a permanent road. But this is found not to be necessary, save on very soft ground. The



H.—ANCHOR.



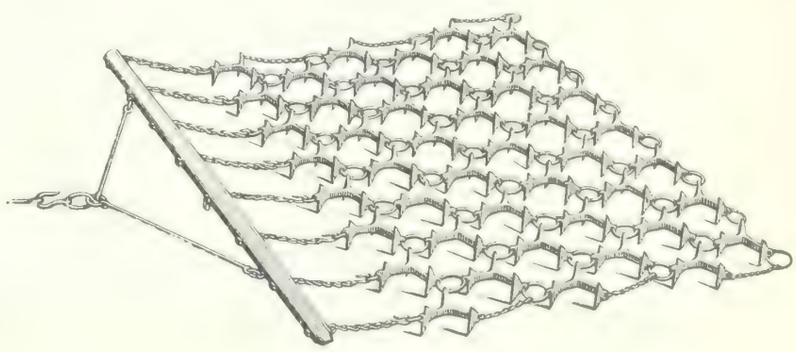
PORTABLE TRAM-WAY.

fish-plates are so arranged that the line can be laid by simply slipping them together, making a perfectly rigid joint. The portability of the apparatus is so great that, in harvesting turnips, for example, four men can take up, move, and relay a quarter of a mile of railway in an hour. Curves and turn-tables and switches are furnished for various requirements, adapting the apparatus to all circumstances. The portable turn-table weighs only 170 pounds. The wagons are light, running on four wheels, and calculated to carry from 300 to 2000 pounds. The railway, when temporarily laid on uneven ground, will carry from 800 to 1000 pounds. Special purposes served by it are the carrying out of manure and drawing home of crops, etc., and it is particularly advantageous for use on land so wet or heavy as to be injured by horses' feet. The cost of the straight double rail is about thirty cents per foot. Wagons to carry 1200 pounds cost about thirteen dollars.

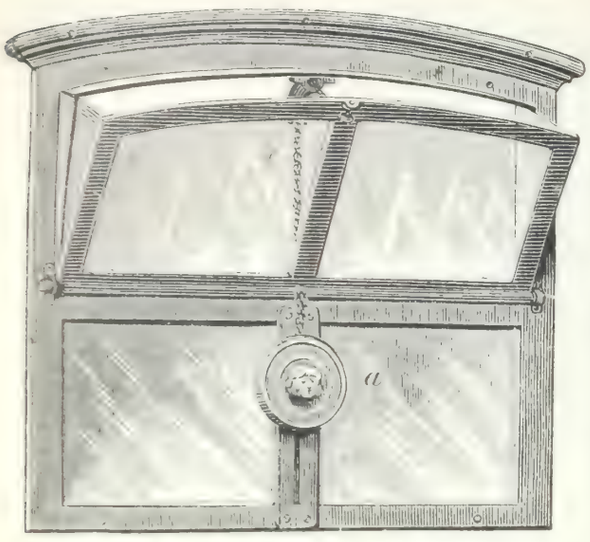
Conspicuous among Howard's exhibits was his flexible harrow (I), which is to be obtained in New York, and which I have found by long experience to be not only a good harrow for grass, as the inventor claims, but the best general harrow that I have tried, especially for use upon uneven surfaces and among stones. It is particularly good for distributing manure in grass land and for scratching the surface of old pastures.

Musgrave's stable fittings seem to have reached the very acme of perfection in all details of the horse or cow stable. Vitrified, channelled brick paving, perfect drainage, accessibility for cleaning, excellent systems of ventilation, balanced and noiseless tying apparatus, hay racks easily cleansed, mangers in which an iron rack lying on the hay prevents the horse from tossing it about and wasting it, water troughs which are easily emptied and cleansed, and grain boxes from which the grain can not be thrown out by the horse's nose, are some of the items of their improvements. Many of these improvements are only modifications of appliances with which we are already familiar; but the ventilating window (J), opening inward at the top, and held at any desired position by a counterpoise, shown at *a*, seemed to me as original as it is good.

A great variety of dairy apparatus was tried by the judges in a very thorough manner. That exhibited by Edward Ahlborn, of Hildesheim, Germany, was, as a whole, the most successful; and the best item of his exhibit was a rotary butter-worker which was used in America before the date



I.—FLEXIBLE HARROW.



J.—VENTILATING WINDOW.

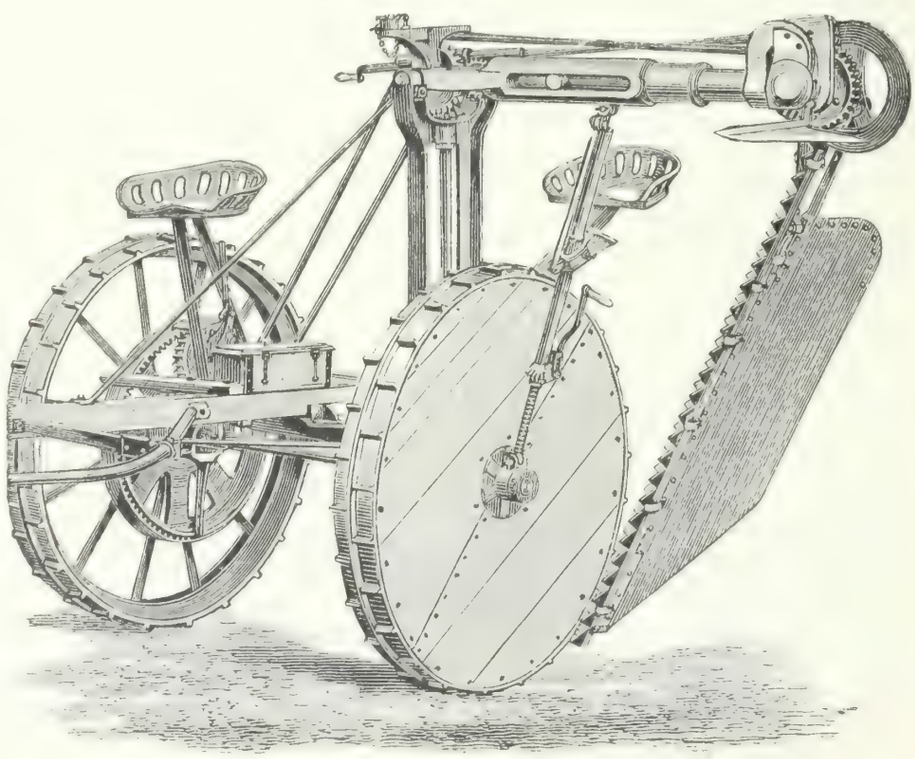
of his original patent—a regular case of "adaptation."

Throughout a large part of England the use of live fences, or hedges, is almost universal, and an enormous amount of labor is annually expended in trimming them. In some parts of our Western country they are coming into such general use that any successful implement for hedge-trimming has almost as great an interest for us as for English farmers. Hornsby's hedge-trimmer, working on the principle of the mowing-machine, but with its cutter power so arranged as to cut at any angle, is said to be entirely successful. It was on trial near the show yard, and did very good work at a rapid rate, cutting the top or either side of the fence as well. In the illustration the knife is placed to cut the near side of the hedge. The arm is easily raised and extended, and the angle of the cutter bar changed to cut the other side as well.

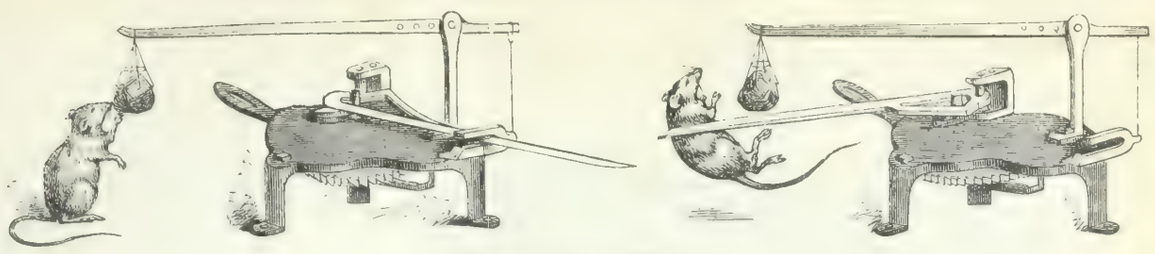
Of gimcracks there were not nearly so many as one is accustomed to see at our exhibitions; but I was particularly struck with Ransome's rat-trap, which was exhibited with blocks of wood substituted for live rats. It is an innocent-looking affair as set, but at the first nibble a knife flies forward, decapitates the rat, and throws him some distance away, and immediately sets itself again, so that its capacity for destruction is measured only by the supply of rats.

Lewis's sack-lifter truck has the ingenuity of a gimcrack and the usefulness of an implement. By turning a crank at the side of the handle the load is raised to the height of a wagon body or of a man's shoulder.

Sutton and Carter and the other great seedsmen were present in force, and with a display of prodigious mangels, enormous Swedes, and mammoth products of all varieties, making a very attractive exhibition. Perhaps it is because our Indian corn is so easily grown and produced so largely, or because our land is generally too foul, or our labor too scarce and costly for us to grow roots successfully, but, whatever the reason, any American farmer visiting England must be impressed with the great extent to which roots are there produced, and with the large crops grown. They seem to be the sheet-anchor of English agriculture. Another instructive element of the seed show was in the matter of grass seeds. All of the seedsmen have a great number of "mixtures" for different purposes and for different kinds of land. As an example, I extract the following from Sutton's catalogue: "We specially prepare mixtures for the following surface soils, which are to be found on almost all the geological formations: good medium loams, stiff clay soils, clay marls, black peaty soils, heavy loams, medium clays, chalk marls, brashy soils, light loams, light sands, light gravel, chalky soils." Their mixtures of permanent grasses and clovers for any of these soils include from fifteen to twenty-two varieties, the amount per acre being two bushels of grass seeds and twelve pounds of clovers, and the cost for the best quality



K.—HEDGE-TRIMMER.



RANSOME'S RAT-TRAP.

between eight and nine dollars an acre. Doubtless the superiority of English hay and the great permanence of English meadows are largely due to this combination of varieties, as well as the adaptation of varieties to soil. It is in strong contrast with our quite general custom of using timothy, redtop, and clover on all lands.

In the live-stock classes this show was engaging far beyond my expectation. These classes include the following: agricultural horses, thorough-bred horses, ponies, hunters, hackneys (ordinary riding-horses), and, oddly to us, not one pleasure driving horse.

Short horns: Herefords, Devons, Sussex cattle. Long horns: Jerseys, Guernseys, and Welsh black cattle.

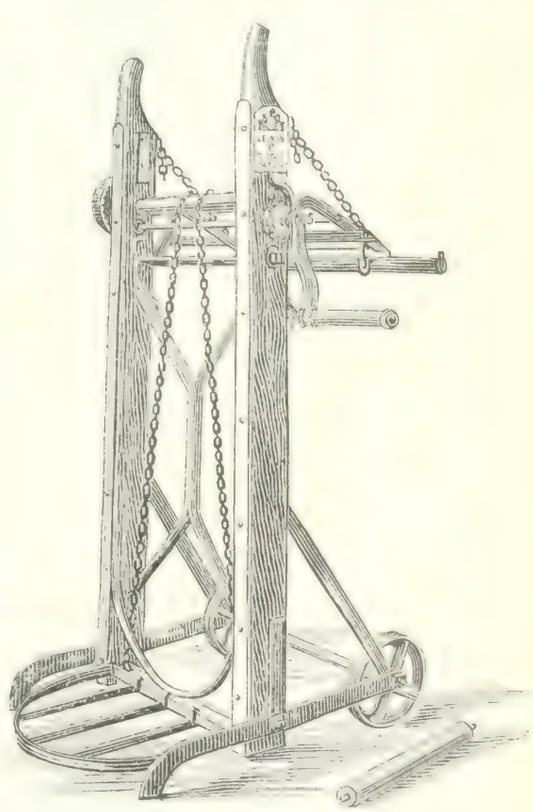
Of sheep: Leicesters, Cotswolds, Lincolns, Oxfordshire Downs, Southdowns, Shropshire, Hampshire Downs (long wool), Somerset and Dorset (horned), Dartmoor, and Exmoor.

Among swine the classification known in America is not followed, Berkshires being the only named breed. Aside from these there were "small black breed" (our Essex), "small white breed," and "large white breed."

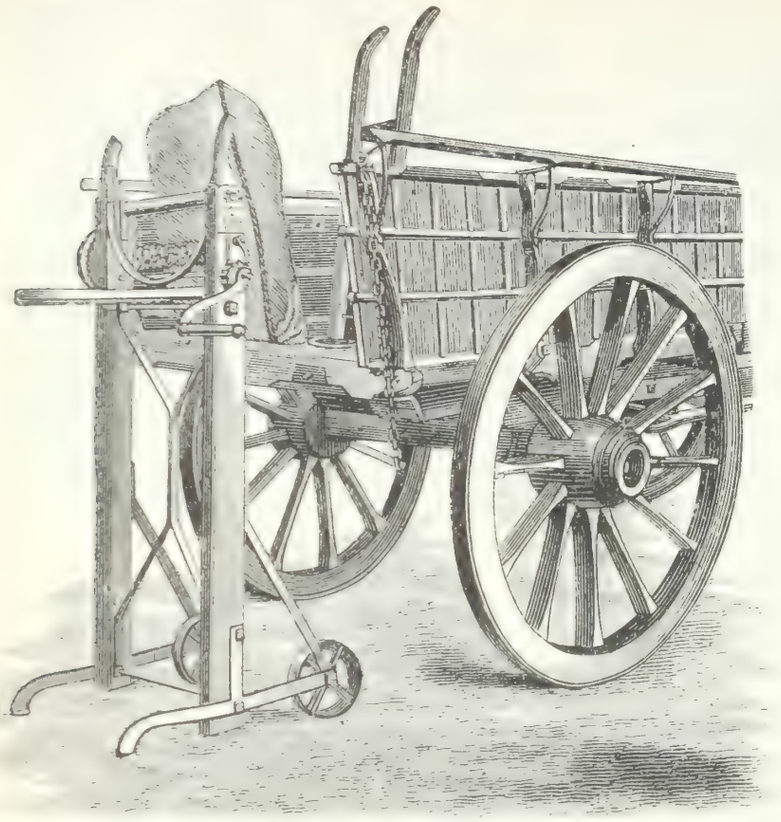
The show of horses was very large and very fine, no fewer than three hundred and fifty entries appearing in the catalogue, and hardly one absent from the stalls. In the hunter class alone there were over eighty, and eighty such horses, it is quite safe to say, as were never seen together out of England—high-bred, mettlesome, clean-limbed, strong-boned, glorious-looking animals, in the finest condition and the finest spirit. There were twenty-six four-year-olds in the ring at one time, and their examination occupied nearly four hours; first nine were thrown out, and then ten, and then came a contest of nearly two hours between the remaining ones, at all paces, under different riders, and with the most careful and critical examination, and evidently very far from an agreement in the minds of the judges. When at last the colors were assigned, and the winners rode out of the ring, it was plain to see that the successful animals were quite worthy of their honors, but by no means clear that injustice had not been done to their equals.

To one having a real fondness for fine saddle-horses the temptation is strong to go on and fill column after column with descriptions of individual animals where there were so many of astonishing excellence, but my purpose being rather to give the impression of the agricultural show at Bristol upon an American farmer, as a farmer, I must leave this branch of the subject with the simple remark that the breeding of fine hunters is, with many farmers, a regular branch of their business, success in this breeding producing a capital profit. Even an ordinarily good hunter is quite sure to be worth from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars, and two or three thousand dollars for perfect, strong, weight-carrying horses, well trained and with good temper, is by no means unusual. Incidentally the farmer gets out of the breaking and training of his young horses a great deal of good riding which he otherwise could not afford, for to succeed well in this business one must be a good cross-country rider, and show his animals in the front flight of the field.

The agricultural horses were, as animals —as examples of success in an effort to produce an enormous growth, and to lay on mountains of flesh—simply amazing. Whether they are especially good as horses may well be questioned. The Clydesdales, Suf-



L.—SACK-LIFTER.



M.—LOADER AND UNLOADER.

folk Punches, and other heavy cart-horse breeds, seemed to me to be far too ponderous, too costly to keep, too slow in their movements, and too dull to be economical. That an English farmer should be very proud of a fine team of large Suffolks or Clydesdales one can very well understand, but it may fairly be questioned whether two-thirds of their weight of well-bred, quick-stepping, wiry American horses would not be more cheaply kept, and whether they would not more than make up for their lack of strength in the rapidity with which they would perform their work. The same idea has more than once occurred to me, as I have seen these teams drawing heavily loaded carts over country roads, or turning at a slow pace a furrow no deeper than we at home are accustomed to turn with the same number of animals. Certainly, for our hot climate, such horses are by no means to be recommended, and they would be quite useless for the ordinary market-work, church-going, and visiting, which with us the plough-horses are quite capable of performing. Nevertheless, whatever criticism one may make as to the economical value of the agricultural horses shown on Durdham Down, they certainly must elicit the warmest admiration of all who regard them simply as fine animals.

The nine-year-old Clydesdale stallion Topsman, shown by Mr. James Firth Crowther, of Knowle Grove, Mirfield, Yorkshire, which took the first prize in his class, is by far the finest bay horse that I ever had the satisfaction of examining. After spending some hours in the ring and sheds where these superb-looking horses were shown, I was quite surprised to hear two well-dressed and evidently prosperous farmers bewailing the fact that "it is all hup with 'orses—there is not one left in Hengland fit to look at."

Of thorough-bred stallions suitable for getting hunters, twelve were shown, and a fine lot they certainly were. It was with no little satisfaction that I saw the red rosette (first prize) assigned to Preakness, bred by Mr. Alexander, of Kentucky, and long owned and successfully run in America and here by Mr. Sanford.

At the other end of the line came the ponies—ponies from Wales, from Exmoor, from Scotland, and from all England, north and south, to the number of over fifty. They were of all sizes, from fourteen hands down to the smallest Shelties, and they constituted much the prettiest element of the whole show, with the single exception, perhaps, of the first prize aged hunter, Gentleman, a dark bay gelding exhibited by Mr. John Goodwin, of Cheltenham, the most taking horse, to my taste, that I have ever seen—prettier, better, and handsomer.

The great show—that which elicited the greatest attention and notice of the agricultural visitors from the beginning to the end of the week—was of course the short horns. The short horn is clearly the typical animal of Great Britain, in that he succeeds in cramming more solid flesh inside of one hide than any of his competitors. To my notion he is a limpy, loggy, misshapen, disproportioned, awkward, stupid brute, stuffed with fat and red meat like a sausage, and attractive only when in his show condition; his really beautiful skin and silky coat are then in perfect glistening order. Still, this is an individual and, I confess, a prejudiced opinion, which is entitled to no weight, and which is offered purely for my personal gratification. In England especially, and to a very great degree the rest of the world over, the short horn in his fattest condition is regarded as the finest of the animal world. Holding him myself in slight personal regard, I am quite disqualified from offering any comments concerning the individual animals in question. The English papers speak of them as disappointing; in what respect I do not quite understand, for certainly, as compared with animals in Ameri-

ca for which English breeders pay fabulous prices, I saw no such inferiority as should lead to this criticism, and to my eye—judged as short horns—the whole show was really superb. Among other breeds the Devons were very disappointing, the type having changed entirely since the importations into America of twenty or thirty years ago, the blood-like, active, spirited look being entirely lost, and the whole conformation and manner of all the animals exhibited indicating, as it seemed to me, a very unsuccessful effort to approach the short-horn standard. The long horns and Sussex animals were curious and apparently good, but the most interesting of all the unfamiliar breeds were the Welsh blacks, which have recently been brought into notice and improved by careful breeding, and raised to a very high degree of excellence. They are said to be fine milkers, they reach maturity at a satisfactorily early age, feed well, and carry their flesh at the right points. Their friends claim for them that they have made an advance, during the short time since their improvement was undertaken, quite equal to the early progress of the short horns.

Of Guernseys there were shown seventeen head, nearly all imported, and all very fine —finer than the best seventeen that I saw a few years ago in a careful examination of the herds of the island. Beautiful they are not, even when polished and overfed for exhibition, and it is very doubtful whether their misshapen heads will ever take a blood-like form. Good as farmers' cows they certainly are, and evidently very good feeders when their fattening time comes.

I had looked forward with great interest to the exhibition of Jerseys, having been struck by the high prices paid at several of the recent public sales, and knowing the great care which Jersey breeders in England have long bestowed upon the development of the race. I had also long known that the question of *color* was made a leading object in all of the celebrated English herds, and I had always cherished the theory that the adoption of the color standard must necessarily lead to a deterioration of quality; yet with my mind fully prepared for this result, I was quite surprised to see the degree to which the fear had been realized. For color effect, especially at a distance of a quarter or half a mile, only a herd of deer could compete with the solid-colored Jerseys which constituted almost the entire exhibit at Bristol, but on closer examination it seemed to me that they had lost even their native deer-like look—had lost, indeed, very much of the characteristic Jersey type. The short-horn standard seems to have fixed itself so firmly in the mind of this nation that the least departure from it is to be avoided so far as possible. The Jersey, as we know her in our best American herds, and under her best development in the island, is a delicate, thin-skinned, thin-shouldered, straight-backed, rather lean beast, carrying her beautiful head lightly and gracefully, with a neck almost like a deer's. She stands generally among horned cattle as the thorough-bred stands among horses. Many of the Jerseys to which the judges awarded prizes at Bristol were heavy-horned, thick-shouldered, tough-hided, coarse-haired, fat creatures, looking like a small short horn bred to the highest standard of fatness, and colored uniformly gray, with black tail and feet. They may be very fine animals for the purpose for which they are kept, but they certainly can not be particularly good for any agricultural use. They deserve to be regarded, so far as the money-making farmer is concerned, very much as the "hunter" horses are regarded, that is, as a source of profit because of the high prices for which they may be sold to those who want them for a purely fancy use. That they will ever assume any thing like such importance among the butter-making farmers of England as their better-developed sisters have done among the butter-making farmers of America, is hardly to be hoped. One almost questions whether it would not be a good business undertaking to establish a herd of the best *dairy* class of Jerseys in England, and seek a market for their increase among those who make fine butter for the London market. This has been done in America with the result of securing prices far beyond any thing ever paid in England—prices which neither in America nor in England could in the present state of affairs be approached by animals bred only for a fancy demand.

These remarks apply to the exhibit of Jerseys as a *whole*. It would take very much more than the fifteen or twenty years during which this color fashion has prevailed in England to spoil such a race as the Jerseys. A very large number of the fifty-five animals shown carried the excellence of their race so strongly that overfeeding had failed to cloud it, while there cropped out here and there enough white to recall the richness of the older Jersey breed; indeed, there were several animals at the show which would have been well worth the cost of bringing to America; but, so far as I can recall, in only one or two cases did cattle of this type receive either prize or commendation at the hands of the judges.

The Royal Agricultural Society has been such an efficient instrument in the elevation of English farming to its present high condition that its history is worth considering. Its work has coincided with the general progress due to the railroad and the printing-press, which have, of course, been most important factors in the problem; but it is beyond dispute that the present result

could not have been attained without the intelligent and well-organized guidance of a society which has commanded from the outset the active co-operation of the first men of the land.

England has no Department of Agriculture, nor any form of governmental organization having the encouragement of agriculture for its object. Certain statistical work is done, and more or less of sanitary and judicial control is exercised, by the Board of Trade, the Privy Council, and the Enclosure Commission; all else is left to private and associated undertaking. There are many local societies throughout the country, but the "Royal" holds a high pre-eminence. The local societies are quite independent of it, and they hold their own annual exhibitions, save when the peripatetic national society comes into their neighborhoods, when they suspend their own shows and contribute in prize-money and otherwise to its success. The "Royal" receives no subsidy of any sort from the government, but depends entirely upon the contributions of its own members. The show is sometimes profitable, and sometimes otherwise. Practically the dues received from its members and the interest on its invested funds are its only income. It was first organized in 1838. In 1840 it received a royal charter, which specifies the following national objects to be prosecuted by it:

1. To embody information from agricultural publications and scientific works useful to the cultivation of the soil.

2. To gather information from other societies at home and abroad which may lead to practical benefit to the farmer.

3. To pay the cost of experiments which may lead to useful results.

4. To encourage men of science in the investigation of various branches having relation to agriculture.

5. To promote the discovery of new varieties of plants useful in agriculture.

6. To collect information in regard to forestry, fences, and rural affairs generally.

7. To take measures for the improvement of the education of those who depend upon the cultivation of the soil for their support.

8. To improve the application of the veterinary art to cattle, sheep, and pigs.

9. By the distribution of prizes, etc., to encourage the best farming and the improvement of live stock.

10. To promote the comfort and welfare of laborers, and to encourage the improved management of their cottages and gardens.

All matters relating to politics are by the charter rigidly excluded.

The government of the society is extremely simple and conservative, the members having no other authority than the election of the council, which has the sole management of the funds, income, and affairs of the society. Members may criticise the action of the council at the general meetings, but they have no ability to interfere with the details of the management.

The total membership in December, 1877, was 6634, and the annual dues of this number of members, at one pound each, constitute the chief income, amounting to something over $30,000. Of this about thirty-three per cent. is consumed by current expenses; twenty-two per cent. by the society's Journal; twenty-five per cent. by the chemical, botanical, veterinary, and educational departments, and by certain special grants; and about twenty per cent. by the average loss on the annual show, which is profitable or otherwise according to its location. The society is not a money-making organization, and it frequently holds its exhibition where a loss is quite inevitable, for the sake of the benefit to be conferred on the adjacent farming community.

The steady advancement in the extent of the exhibition is a very good index of the growing importance of the organization. At the Oxford exhibition, 1839, there were twenty exhibitors of implements. At Oxford, in 1870, the number of these was 359. At the first show there were about one hundred exhibits of live stock; these now number about two thousand. At Liverpool, in 1841, the show ground covered about seven acres; at Liverpool last year, and at Bristol this year, about seventy acres were occupied. In 1853 (earlier years not reported) the visitors numbered 36,245; in 1877 they numbered 138,354.

The most noteworthy achievements of the society have been in connection with the improvement of cattle, sheep, and swine, and with steam cultivation, in both of which fields it has obviously been a most effective instrument in accomplishing results of immeasurable value to the agriculture of the world. Hardly less important, even though less conspicuous, has been the work of its chemical, natural history, and veterinary departments—work the record of which has done very much to give to the society's Journal its pre-eminent position in agricultural literature. In all of these departments the influence of the society on the popular mind, and consequently the wide extension of its benefits, have been greatly furthered by the degree to which men of the highest rank and standing have lent their names and their efforts to its success. Its "Royal" element has always been conspicuous and always useful.

That part of Greater Britain which is too remote for personal contact has still very much for which to thank this society in its really admirable publication—the Journal—which has from the first been the most valuable agricultural literature in the language. Originally it performed more near-

ly the functions of a periodical magazine. When agricultural weeklies and monthlies became general, the Journal was made conspicuous for its prize articles on a great variety of subjects, written by men of experience, knowledge, and skill. Later the society has undertaken the employment of scientific and other experts to make exhaustive and costly investigations concerning special branches of the art, and to study agricultural processes at home and abroad. The character of the Journal has thus materially changed, but the change has been in accordance with the requirements of the changing times. It is not too much to say —and it has been my best text-book for many years—that this Journal has no equal, whether as a history of agricultural progress, as a store-house of practical information, or as a record of scientific investigation and discovery in all branches in which the farmer is interested. Its prize essays on stock-raising, draining, dairy-farming (Horsfall), and general farm management are all of the greatest value. Dr. Voelker's papers on farm-yard manure led to a complete change of scientific opinion and practice concerning the best use of this universal fertilizer, and this is only one of many most important contributions to agricultural knowledge made by this distinguished chemist, all of which have first been published by the society. The field experiments of Laws and Gilbert at Rothampstead have always been detailed here, and they are in their way quite unparalleled both in accuracy and in scientific and practical value. There are, of course, many books in the language treating well of all branches of the farmer's art; but the scientific student of agriculture and the practical farmer, supposing him to seek the fullest information, could better dispense with all of them than with the complete set of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

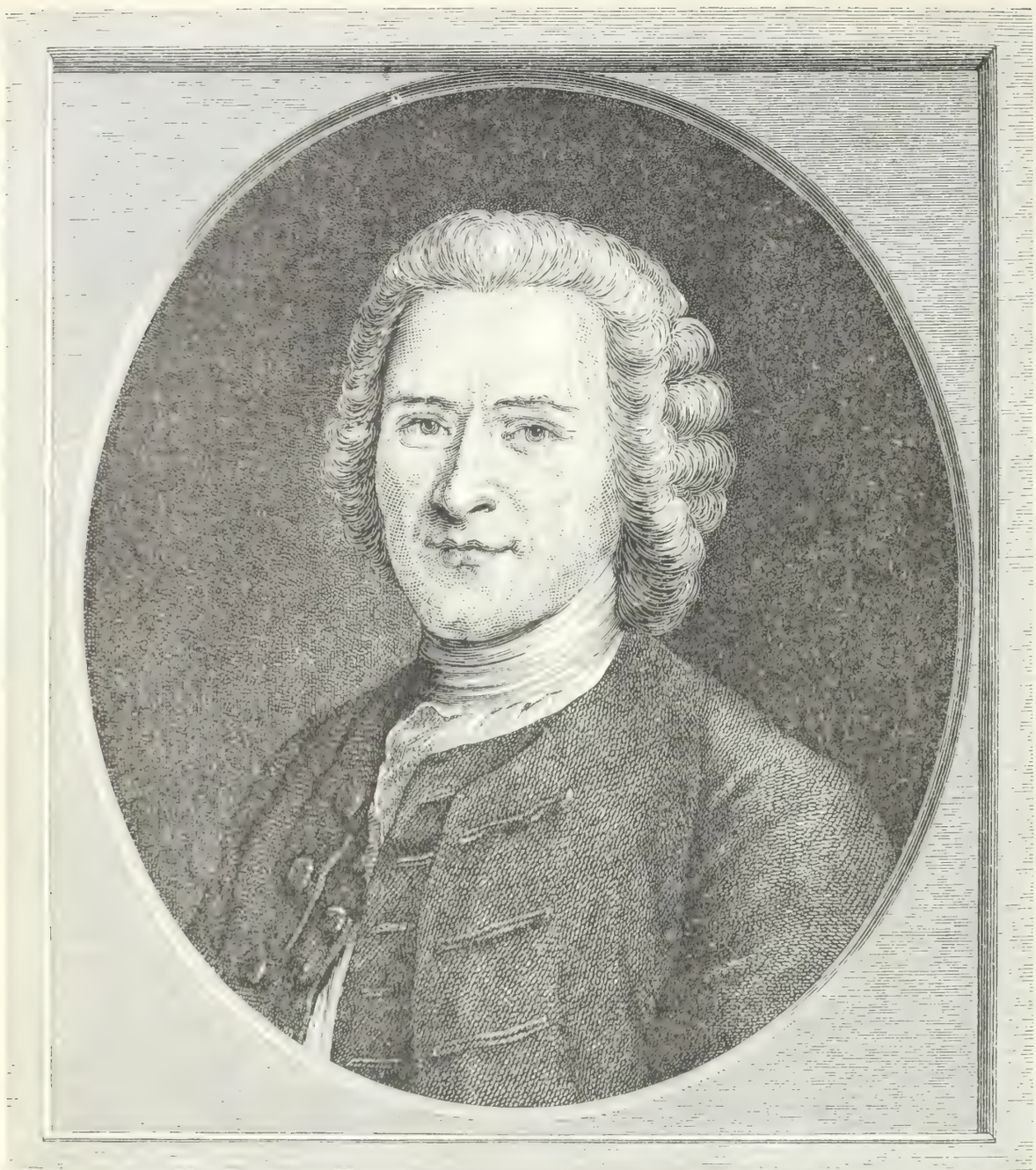
In this connection it is simple justice to refer to the valuable services of Mr. H. M. Jenkins, the secretary of the society and the editor of its Journal. For many years secretary of the Geological Society, he showed such thorough training and such good executive capacity that, although in no sense an agriculturist, he was chosen to his present position by a council with none of whose members he had personal acquaintance. I remember very well the general outcry in the agricultural press over the selection of a mere "office man" and geologist to be the representative "farmer" of Great Britain. He soon showed that special training in any given field may easily be made valuable in another field, and there can now hardly be a member of the society or a reader of the Journal who does not congratulate himself upon the securing of such effective service as Mr. Jenkins has always rendered.

The latest extension of the society's usefulness has been the offering of handsome prizes for the best farms in the county in which the annual show is held, with a report published in the Journal upon the conditions and detailed management of the successful competitors. This has been such an excellent means for disseminating a knowledge of the best agricultural practice of different districts that its adoption by our own societies is greatly to be desired.

ROUSSEAU.

MUSICIANS alone have contributed nothing to the literary monuments of the centenary of the death of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The men of letters, politicians, and philanthropists, even the medical profession (on the side of botany), have paid homage to the genius that produced not only the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, the *Contrat social*, and *Émile*, but the *Devin du Village*, the first opera of which both the words and the music were composed by the same hand. Some one might have reminded the world that Rousseau emerged from obscurity in the *rôle* of a musical reformer, that his first published work was the *Dissertation on Modern Music*, that he never lost his passion for music, and that he depended to the day of his death for his provision against want, not on the proceeds of his literary masterpieces, but on what he could earn by copying music.

The grandson and great-grandson of booksellers might be thought to have come honestly by his literary tastes, in spite of their having been filtered through sixteen children in the generation to which his father, Isaac Rousseau, the watch-maker, belonged. Yet when Jean Jacques says that music was his first and only constant love, and that he "must have been born for the art," he does not need to go so far back to trace the line of heredity. There was his gentle mother, Susanne Bernard, a clergyman's daughter, well educated and accomplished. She could draw, she poetized on occasion, she sang, and accompanied herself upon the lute. What more spiritual endowment from a dying mother to her new-born babe than a sensibility to sounds which we call angelic and celestial, and which truly seem to us at once the intimations and the proof of a higher existence? That which was born in him his good aunt Suson Rousseau, whose life ended in a discord worthy of Zola's dismal transcribing, unconsciously fostered. She sang to him, with a sweet voice, an endless number of airs, which he never forgot, and never recalled without emotion even when the words had wholly escaped him. On this repertory he drew when, having cut adrift



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

from Geneva, he set out for Annecy and Madame De Warens, "singing admirably" under the windows of châteaux where he feared to knock, but never catching sight of the damsel who ought, by all the records of romance, to have responded to him. Later still, a vagabond in the streets of Turin, he frequented the royal mass for the sake of the music, which was of the best, for the King of Sardinia's performers had no rivals in Europe. Then he returned to Madame De Warens, to his "mamma," as she allowed him to call her, and with her began his training in music.

This amiable but immoral protector herself sang tolerably, and played the harpsichord a little, and she amused herself by giving lessons to Jean Jacques. She had to begin far back, and he made little progress. He could do nothing under a master. So, practicing by himself out of one of her books the cantatas of Clérambault, he mastered the first recitative and the first air of the *Alphée et Aréthuse*. He was nominally engaged at this time in learning Latin of a seminarist, and as he appeared to every body "not even good for a priest," it was concluded to make a musician of him. For six months, therefore, he lodged with the musical director of the cathedral, and bore his part in the orchestra with a little flageolet; but still he did not get on. Circumstances compelled his master to flee from Annecy with all his musical baggage, and at Madame De Warens's request Jean Jacques accompanied him. In the streets of Lyons the unhappy man falls in an epileptic fit, and Rousseau basely deserts him. "Thank God!" he writes, in his *Confessions*, "I have made this third painful avowal; if there were many more of the same sort to make, I should abandon the task I have begun."

Rousseau was twenty-one years old when, finding himself at Lausanne and out of pocket, he set up as a "singing teacher from Paris;" and feeling a pretender's shame (for he could not so much as read an air at sight), he made an anagram of his name, and called himself Vaussore, so that, having previously changed his religion and his country, there was very little left of his identity. This disguise seemed to increase his audacity, for he not only gave himself out as a composer, but actually composed a concerted piece, which he offered for performance to an amateur, a law professor, M. De Treytorens, who was in the habit of giving private musical entertainments. To the result of a fortnight's original if not honest labor on this piece Rousseau appended, as a minuet, a street air, minus the words, of which he remembered the arrangement, made by a former musical acquaintance. On the eventful evening—but there can be no excuse for not quoting his own description:

"The performers having assembled, I bustle about, explaining to each the nature of the movement, the manner in which the piece should be executed, the parts to be repeated. They tune their instruments for five or six minutes, which seem to me so many ages. At length, all being ready, with a grand paper roll I give my conductor's stand the two or three taps of *Attention!* Their noise ceases; I gravely begin to beat the measure, and they commence....No, never since the existence of French operas was there ever heard such a charivari; whatever may have been thought of my pretended talent, the effect was worse than any body seemed to expect. The musicians were choking with laughter; the audience stared and would fain have stopped their ears, but there was no help for them. My rascally orchestra, intent on fun-making, rasped away to split the ears of a deaf man. I had the endurance to keep straight on, sweating great drops, it is true, but restrained by shame from giving up and taking to my heels. By way of consolation, I heard those present whisper in each other's ears, or rather in mine: 'This is altogether insufferable!' another, 'What Bedlamite music!' a third, 'What a fiends' Sabbath!' Poor Jean Jacques! little didst thou in that cruel moment anticipate the day when, before the King of France and all his court, thy sounds would excite murmurs of surprise and applause, and when in all the boxes around thee the most lovely women would say to each other, with suppressed voices, 'What charming sounds!' 'What enchanting music!' 'Every one of those songs goes to the heart!'"

But his cup of retribution was not full till the stolen minuet began to be heard, which put the audience in a good humor, and drew forth the most flattering remarks on the great promise shown in it. The mortified conductor, had he declared all, must have confessed himself unable to follow the execution at any point, to judge whether the parts he had himself composed were well or ill played.

Many experiences and not a few years were to intervene before his court triumph could be realized. At Neufchâtel he had young girls for pupils, and insensibly learned music while teaching it. At Lyons, again, without a roof to shelter him, a cantata of Batistin's, which he sang on the way to his last breakfast, saved him from want by procuring him the job of copying it for an amateur. But this was so ill done that the music could not be executed; and that copying should eventually become Rousseau's chosen means of subsistence was only another of the contradictions in which his life abounded. Resuming his relations with "mamma" at Chambéry, he gave himself up passionately to music, devoured his contemporary Rameau's *Treatise on Harmony*, learned the cantatas of Bernier and Clérambault, led the monthly concerts at Madame De Warens's, and at last, abandoning the engineer service in which a place had been made for him by patronage, and disregarding the proverb with which "mamma" admonished him that

"Qui bien chante et bien danse,
Fait un métier qui peu avance,"

resumed the teaching of music. The change was prudent as regards the pecuniary result, and delightful for the society into which it brought him—the charming daughters of the nobility of the neighborhood: he names them over at sixty with lively appreciation and a tender regret. He composed pieces which were capable of giving pleasure to connoisseurs when performed. Another mark of progress was his ability to note down music as sung to him; and from this to the invention, in the true Yankee spirit, of an improved method of notation was but a step. It was with such a system in his pocket that, leaving Charmettes and his unworthy "mamma," he set out trustfully for Paris to make his fortune, in the fall of 1741.

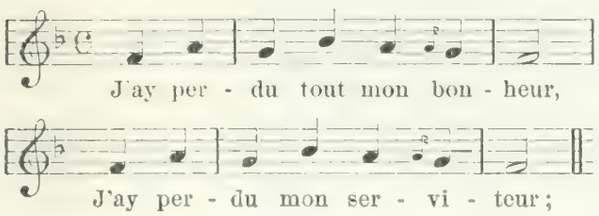
He began by giving lessons in composition, and it was not till August 22, 1742, that, through the friendly intervention of Réaumur, he was presented to the Academy of Sciences, and permitted to read his essay on notation. Referred in due course to a committee, it was reported to be neither new nor useful, and Rousseau admits at least one objection to it (of Rameau's), pertaining to instrumental execution, to have been well founded. Nevertheless, he recast his essay, expanding it and giving it a more popular treatment, and in 1743 appeared with it in print for the first time. The *Dissertation sur la Musique moderne* is a remarkable proof of the mental development which less than ten years had wrought since the Lausanne fiasco. More proofs were in store. Stimulated by hearing a feeble opera of Royer's, he began one for himself while ill of a fever, but it slipped from him, and on his recovery he devised the words and music of the *Muses galantes*, showing in three characteristic acts the strong love of Tasso, the tender passion of Ovid, and the jolly amours of Anacreon. Tasso he had worked a whole night over when he was suddenly called away to join the Comte de

Montaigu, French ambassador to Venice, as his secretary of legation.

At this critical period of his musical growth a residence in Italy was decisive of his choice between the French and Italian schools of music. Happily cut short in his diplomatic career, he left the land of the barcarole for Paris, resumed the *Muses galantes*, and finished it in three months, and, under Rameau's somewhat jealous direction, it was performed in part at M. De la Poplinière's, and finally at M. De Bonneval's, in grand style, at the king's expense, M. De Bonneval being the *intendant des menus*, or director of the court's festivities. Before it was presented to the king, Rousseau was advised by the Duc de Richelieu to compose a substitute for Tasso, which he did, taking Hesiod for his theme—"Hesiod inspired by a Muse." Meantime, for the fêtes at Versailles which followed the battle of Fontenoy (May 11, 1745), the same duke imposed upon Jean Jacques a task which implied a double compliment of the highest order. Rameau had set to music a drama of Voltaire's called *The Princess of Navarre*, which seemed available for the new occasion, with some alteration as well in the libretto as in the score. Both the eminent authors were passed over in favor of the young aspirant, and Voltaire very graciously acceded to Rousseau's very modest request for permission to change his verses. This was the first intercourse between the two geniuses who divide the honor of being precursors of the French Revolution, and who were afterward to detest each other so heartily. It was marked by the homage for Voltaire's intellect which Rousseau never ceased to express, in spite of all the detraction and abuse which the philosopher of Ferney subsequently heaped upon him. Two months were sufficient for the necessary reconstruction of the piece, to which were added an overture in the Italian style and a recitative. They were received approvingly by the public; but Rameau avenged himself by attaching only Voltaire's name to the opera, content to be eclipsed himself if Rousseau were thus kept in the background. Lack of mention the latter might have forgiven, but he could ill afford to receive no pay for his labor. Such treatment from nobles and princes was, however, not surprising. From his friend Diderot something better was to have been expected. He begged Rousseau to prepare the article on music for the Encyclopedia, and the work was punctually executed; but the promised remuneration never came, and Rousseau was even at the cost of copying off the article.

Extraordinary as seems the advance which Rousseau had made toward fame and the patronage of the great, he was still undiscovered, if we may say so, when in 1750 he was impelled to compete for the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for the best essay on the question, "Whether the progress of the arts and sciences has helped to corrupt or purify manners." His success while advocating the pessimistic view at once gave him a notoriety far transcending the limits of Paris or of France. From that moment nothing that he did or wrote could be hid from the gaze of mankind. Yet it was just at this time that he forsook his dependence upon the rich and powerful, and began to copy music for a livelihood, and that he marked the change by reforming his dress, which had before been elegant, for when his mistress's precious brother made away with his Venice wardrobe he had to put up with the loss of forty-two fine shirts. To avoid the impertinent approaches of the curious, he used to visit at Passy a well-to-do relative named Mussard, a retired jeweller, who united the ardent pursuit of conchology to an equally ardent passion for Italian music, which found vent in performances on the 'cello. One night (the year is 1752) before retiring they talked of the opéra bouffe they had enjoyed in Italy, and with his brain full of the subject Rousseau went to bed and began to imagine how he might give the French a new idea. In the morning he was still absorbed by the same thought, and while out walking (his mind being ever fresh when he was on his legs) he composed the words and the music of parts of the *Devin du Village*, as the opera was presently to be known. Mussard was so emphatic in his approval that Rousseau persevered in his undertaking. In six days the libretto was finished; in three weeks the music was complete, except the *divertissement*, which was subsequently added. Through his friend M. Duclos it was submitted anonymously to the Opéra, and the rehearsal so recommended it that the court intendant, M. De Cury, demanded it for first representation at Fontainebleau. There was a struggle to keep it for Paris; but the court won, and Rousseau was admitted to the rehearsal and to the first performance. He made a virtue of attending the latter in his every-day garb, slovenly but not unclean, his face unshaven, his peruke frowzy. He was placed in a box where he was surrounded by ladies, and confronted by the king and Madame De Pompadour, the royal family, and all the extravagant attire of the court. An uncomfortable sense of being out of place gave way to self-justification even as regarded his beard. The curtain lifted, and the play began. The poor acting was atoned for by the excellence of the vocal and instrumental parts. At once murmurs of surprise and applause arose, and the fair ladies about him indulged in those exclamations which by their very contrast recalled, and for a moment painfully, the concert at M. De Treytorens's. At the first duet the house—the most *blasé* in

Europe—was in tears; and Rousseau, whose flood-gates were easily opened, joined in the general emotion. The effect on the king was such that, as one of his courtiers reported, he went about the next day singing, with the falsest voice in his kingdom:



and he desired that the composer should be presented to him, with a hint of a pension. This avenue to the royal favor was closed by Rousseau's absenting himself from the appointment.

The *Devin* was played at Paris during the Carnival of 1753, with the newly composed overture and *divertissement*, and it finally became the property of the Opéra, where it was represented nearly four hundred times, until 1829, the date of its last performance. On the 10th of November, 1765, the author, then on his way to England (so little was he a soothsayer in his own case), heard it at Strasbourg, when the crowd was so great that more were admitted than could be seated, and the applause enthusiastic. Jean Jacques occupied a box with a grating, which he had paid for, refusing the freedom of the theatre. While he was in England, in 1766, the *Devin* was brought out at Drury Lane, and on his final return to Paris it was still a favorite attraction to opera-goers. Pecuniarily it was the most profitable of all his productions, netting him 5300 francs, of which the king contributed 2400 and Madame De Pompadour 1200. With it his fame as a composer reached its climax; but his musical career was far from being ended. In the very flush of his triumph, and still in 1753, an incident occurred which at once raised against him an outcry as vehement as if applause had been unknown to him. Some Italian bouffe artists were playing at the French Opéra in conjunction with French performances. The contrast was extreme, and only the *Devin* stood the test. Thereupon arose two parties in Paris—pro and anti-Italian—the grandees opposing, the connoisseurs defending, the school. From their rallying-places at the Opéra, they were called respectively *Coin du Roi* (the king's corner) and *Coin de la Reine* (the queen's corner). Rousseau of course enlisted among the Italians, and his contribution to the mêlée was the famous "Letter on French Music." The effect produced by it may be judged from its motto, "Sunt verba et voces, prætereaque nihil." The opening sentence was audacious enough:

"Do you remember, monsieur, the story of the child of whom M. De Fontenelle tells, who was born in Silesia with a gold tooth? All the doctors in Germany first exhausted themselves in learned dissertations to explain how one could be born with a gold tooth; the last thing they thought of was to verify the fact, when they found that the tooth was not gold. To avoid a like awkwardness, before discussing the excellence of our music it might be well to make sure of its existence, and to inquire first, not if it is golden, but if we have such a thing."

The conclusion of the letter was crushing:

"I think I have made it clear that there is in French music neither measure nor melody, because the language is not susceptible of these; that French singing is nothing but a continual barking, intolerable to any unprejudiced ear; that its harmony is crude and expressionless, suggestive only of a tyro's embellishments (*remplissage d'écolier*); that the French recitative is no recitative. Whence I conclude that the French have no music, and can have none, or that, if they ever do, it will be so much the worse for them."
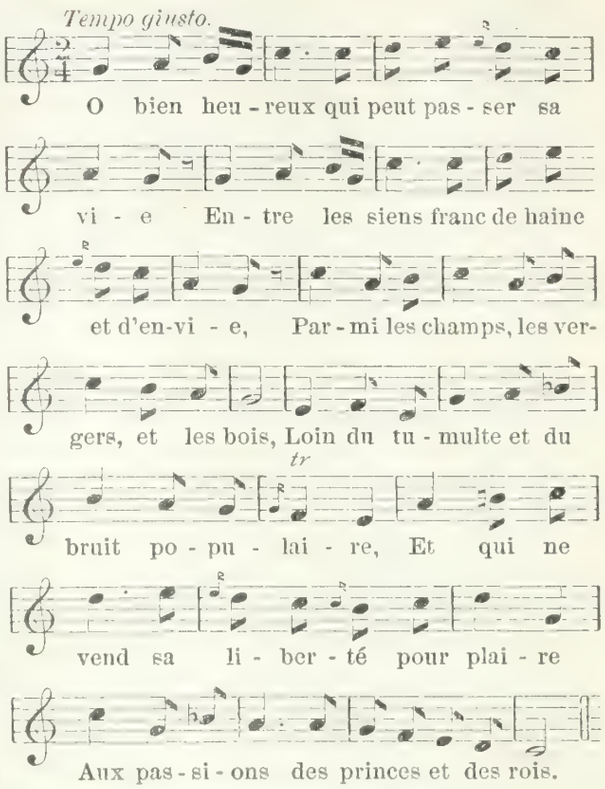
The fermentation caused by this affront to the national vanity was tremendous. In the hubbub a violent contest between the clergy and the parliament of Paris, which had just ended in the customary banishment of the latter, and threatened to lead to a speedy outbreak, was allayed by being fairly drowned out. For Rousseau there was talk of the Bastille, of a *lettre de cachet*, of exile. His free pass at the Opéra, the original price of his *Devin*, was taken away. His most intimate friends fell off, some from passion, some from jealousy, and the graver misfortunes of his life had here their beginning. His greatest successes, also; for he was in self-defense drawn back from music to literature, and in his retreat at the Hermitage the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, the *Émile*, the *Contrat social*, all had their origin. At the same place, too, was begun his *Dictionary of Music*, an outgrowth of his articles in the Encyclopedia, which held its own as an authority down to the second quarter of the present century, and may still be consulted with profit by the student of music.

The countless refutations of Rousseau's "Letter on French Music" left his arguments unanswered, and time has, on the whole, approved the justice of them. There have been French composers, as there have been French poets, since his day, but it can not be said that there is a French school of music, or that the language is fit for singing any more than it is for poetry. The defect is fundamental. Rousseau's own attempt in the *Devin* to overcome the difficulty was meritorious, but the popular sanction of it did not hinder him from laying himself open to the charge of inconsistency by writing the "Letter on French Music." His unfriendly judgment of German music would doubtless have been modified had he survived the development under Mozart and Beethoven. He enjoyed the friendship of Gluck, and admired his compositions in spite of the French libretto; and Gluck, in his turn, had so much respect for Rousseau's criticism that he importuned him for it in the case of his *Alceste* when he was on the point of adapt-

ing it from an Italian to a French text. The request was complied with very reluctantly, and the result never went beyond some fragmentary observations on a part of the opera, but they sufficiently confirm Gluck's confidence in him as a friend and as a critic. Gluck first had dared to break away from the established models of Italian opera, and to assert for the dramatic element of composition a place beside the lyrical. To his revolutionary experiments we owe in a large degree the musical attainment of the present century. But if he was the forerunner of the Music of the Future, some honor as a pioneer belongs also to Jean Jacques, who with not less courage attacked French traditions, and with more versatility combined the functions of poet-dramatist and composer. In this latter respect he is more nearly than Gluck the prototype of Wagner, and perhaps also as a polemic.

Some attempt to measure the breadth and depth of Rousseau's musical gift and his permanent influence on the art is what might have been expected in the centennial year just passed. His sensibility to melodious sound is attested in a thousand ways. The man who could walk two leagues daily during a whole spring-time to hear a nightingale was justified in adopting a lyre for his seal, and in proclaiming himself "born for music." His creative powers were repressed by the unhappy circumstances of his life, and perhaps can not be rightly judged by a generation unmindful of the *Devin du Village* or the *Muses galantes*. His *Dictionary* and all his utterances on music are worthy of the intellect which produced *Émile* and the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and perhaps posterity's verdict will be substantially that of a recent Italian critic, who styled him *intelligentissimo di musica*.

Rousseau's minor compositions were numerous enough, for when not spontaneously engaged upon a theme he was always liable to have one offered him by a friend, and he was seldom disobliging. The fullest and finest collection ever published was the posthumous one made in 1781 by M. Benoist, which bears the title, *Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie; ou, Recueil d'Airs, Romances, et Duos par J. J. Rousseau*. It contains ninety-five pieces, beautifully engraved, and is adorned with a pictorial title-page in aqua fortis, among the accessory ornaments of which one remarks the "Letter on French Music" honored equally with the *Dictionary* and the *Devin*. The list of subscribers, representing the pink of the nobility, is headed by the new queen, Marie Antoinette. Of these old-fashioned airs a single specimen must suffice (No. 34, p. 62). It is the third arrangement made upon the noble stanzas of Desportes, "O bien heureux," etc., of which the sentiment was so perfectly in accord with Rousseau's spirit, and so little complimentary to the noble patrons of the *Recueil:*



THE NECKLACE.

She made for me a string of cockle-shells,
Yellow and white and red and dusky brown,
As beautiful as any garden bells,
With lustre all their own.

She gathered them upon an island coast,
In mist and cold, upon the lonely shore,
And those selected from the shining host
That loveliest colors wore.

Then with a golden cord she made a chain,
Whereon she slipped the shells, and laid them here
About my throat, and watched the rippling stain
Circle and reappear.

I heard the jewelled ladies, gazing, say,
"They are but common cockle-shells we find
Down by the sands whereon young lovers play,
And weedy garlands bind."

While little sunburnt children, seeing them
Around my throat, clasp me with tender hands,
As butterflies cling to a thistle-stem
Upon the arid lands.

They know how often from the slimy weed
These shells have glistened to their eager eyes,
And our love grows, as from mould-planted seed
The blue-eyed flowers arise.

And happy in this joy of common things,
Trustful they watch the building of the birds,
And peaceful learn to hear their flitting wings,
And folding of the herds.

And when, by night, I hold my chain, I muse
What wonder this my friend hath wrought for me:
Here dawns and sunsets keep their mingled hues,
And visions of the sea;

With gleams of common love that strangely come,
Lighting our souls along this darksome earth,
Making whatever else may seem life's sum
A thing of little worth.



ye HAG

Ye Hag is Astride
This Night for to Ride
Ye Deuil & shee together
Through Thick & Through Thin
Now Ovts then In
Through ne're so Fowle be ye Weather

A Thorne a Burr
Shee takes for a Spurre
With a Lash of a Bramble She Rides now
Through Brakes & through Bryars
Ore Ditches & Mires
She follows & Spirit that Guides

No Beast for his food
Dare now Range & Wood Sing
But Hush in his Laire he Lies Lurk
While Mischiefs by there
On Land or Seas Sing
At Noone or Night are a Worke

Ye Storme will arise
And Trouble ye Skies Fier
This Night's More for ye Witch
Ye Ghost from ye Tomb
Affrighted shall come Howle
Cal'd Vp by ye Clap of ye Thvnder

Robert Herrick.



CRIBBAGE.

HOME.

"Home is home, be it ever so homely."

IT was in the spring of 1866, while I was still in the public service, and stationed in a Southern city. Society was extinct, official duties merely nominal, and wife and I tried to while away the weary evenings with the old-fashioned game of cribbage. But it is a dull business for husband and wife to play antagonistically at cards (or at any other game), for when by shrewd calculation one makes a long sequence at play, or by good luck is enabled to show a full hand of sevens and eights, a glance at the vexed countenance of his *vis-à-vis* is always sufficient to quench his exultation, and he feels a sort of guilty humiliation in accepting the advantage accorded by blind fortune over the gentle being whom he has solemnly vowed to love, cherish, and protect. On the other hand, no one who piques himself ever so modestly on his skill and manhood enjoys being beaten continually, to say nothing of the impolicy of allowing his life partner to acquire a habit of supremacy even in matters apparently so innocent and insignificant as parlor games.

So when the clock struck eleven we dropped our cards, hustled the counters into the box without deigning to note the score, and thrust the box into the stand drawer with a listless precipitancy, as if we were glad the evening's amusement was over.

My position afforded at least a pretense of present occupation, and a chance, however vague and uncertain, of a future career. Madame had no direct interest in any thing except myself, a flea-bitten poodle, and a spindling geranium that adorned the window of our lodging-room. With such feeble adjutancy it required more than masculine conceit to imagine that one could absorb the whole existence of a young, large-hearted, well-trained, and capable woman. If I had been weak enough to indulge in any such conceit, a glance at my partner's countenance would have dispelled the illusion. She sat a picture of magnanimous meekness, a statuesque monument of dutiful martyrdom. Her compressed lips indicated a silent damming (this is an unhappy expression; we should say, rather, an uncomplaining suppression) of natural longings and instincts. It was evident there was something lacking in her life which neither official dignity, nor cribbage, nor floral decoration, nor an animated poodle could fully supply.

Now I was by no means wedded to the public service, for "the big wars that made ambition virtue" were ended, and party spite, self-seeking, intrigue, and calumny, which made all virtue seem despicable or impracticable, had resumed their sway, as when a thunder-storm, with its awe-inspiring sublimity, has passed away, the frightened frogs again venture out from their slimy puddles to vex Peace with their windy croakings.

Amid the disgusting din I had already concluded that "le jeu ne vaudrait pas la chandelle," and was rather anxious for an apology to throw up my hand, box my counters, and quit. I thought I could guess what was the matter, and shrewdly surmised that the same unspoken and unacknowledged yearning had troubled both our hearts for months past, but etiquette requires that the lady shall speak first; and she didn't, and she wouldn't. Perhaps she would have died first, and perhaps it may have been the dread of such a catastrophe which finally induced me to waive ceremony and compromise masculine dignity so far as to invite an advance on her part—in military parlance, to make a demonstration so as to draw her fire and develop her position.

"All ancient literature and tradition recognize the dignity of fixedness, while the nomad has ever been an object of contempt, distrust, and pity. Soliman asks, 'Who will trust a man who has no house, and who skippeth from city to city?' If he stops at a tavern, the suspicious landlord demands

his bill in advance; if he asks private hospitality, he is called a tramp, and delivered over to the police. The exiled poet of Etruria has immortalized 'the weariness of other people's stairs, and the bitterness of a stranger's salt.' How much of the demoralization of American life is directly attributable to the restlessness engendered by cheap lands and cheaper honors, aggravated by unlimited facilities of locomotion and perennial elections!"

Up to this point my "white-armed Juno" had hearkened in silence. Now, with flushed cheek and kindling eye, she turned and questioned me: "And where, then, are we to look for all the virtues of our boasted republic—the unselfish patriotism, the pure morality, the cheerful industry, and proud independence—which I have heard you descant upon so often and so eloquently?"

I felt confused and cornered, for now I must either acknowledge that I didn't know, and confess the emptiness of my democratic rhetoric, or I must take the lead on a subject which I had hoped by skillful play to throw into my partner's hands. But pride of consistency and of country prevailed, and I frankly answered: "Where else would you look for it but in our American home life—in those homes where the door-plates are not changed every May-day, and where the children learn to climb the trees which their fathers have planted. A homeless man makes but a sorry citizen at best, yet in turbulent times your adventurous carpet-bagger may attain both wealth and honors. But woman, the nucleus of all social organization, the incentive of all man's noblest thoughts and enterprises, the conservator of all that is most worthy in our civilization—what is she without a home?"

A gleam of triumphant joy lit up the face of my questioner. Then she abruptly turned away and was silent, and I thought I saw a tear upon her cheek.

"Well," I continued, "since you confess you are pining for a home—"

"I confessed nothing of the sort," she replied, briskly. "It was you who introduced the subject."

I answered that I was merely generalizing—talking philosophy, you know.

"You've been talking at and around it for the last three months, trying to induce me to propose it; but I had made up my mind that I wouldn't say a word, and I didn't. But now that you have proposed it yourself, I say, yes, with all my heart. Oh, husband, do let us have a home of our own!"

It was settled, and we were both so happy in the prospect that the little pique involved in the introduction was soon forgotten in the delicious emotions of planning.

"Shall I resign to-morrow, or wait until the end of the month? Let me see, that will be next Saturday a week."

"Oh, do not wait!" exclaimed the lady, eagerly. "Let it be to-morrow, and early, before evil counsellors or selfish second thoughts can come to thwart our plans. I can pack the trunks in an hour."

"Patience, dear wife; there must be some method in our madness. A pair of simple wrens, whose occupancy lasts but for a little season, will reconnoitre and chatter for a week or more ere they venture to locate a nest; the requirements of our more enduring and complicated humanity certainly deserve as much consideration. In abandoning our present position we shall be literally houseless and homeless,

> 'With the world all before us, where to choose
> Our place of rest, and Providence our guide.'

In this faithless age we hold that Providence takes care of those only who help themselves. Let us endeavor, then, to ascertain which way the wind blows before we lift our anchor, and look a while at the chart ere we put to sea. In the first place, would you prefer a home in the city or country?"

My dame replied, considerately: "A city residence has many advantages, but the home of my dreams has always had a garden and a woodland."

"There is one point settled. We will live in the country; it costs less, and one gets more for his money. Next, to what point of the compass shall we direct our reconnoitring glasses? How would you like the North?"

"It is too cold in winter, and the people are too busy to enjoy life."

"And the South?"

"Is too feverish and Southern."

"Then there is the boundless West open to us, with climate to order; no local narrowness; no antiquated opinion; no ancestral dignity to weight one down like the Old Man of the Sea; no rats nor haunted chambers—all fresh and free and hopeful as youth—"

"Neither is there any settled society; no ancestral trees; none of those mingled sweet and sad traditions that make home sacred. Their towns are encampments, their villages picket posts, their cottages sentry-boxes of the Grand Army of Civilization. There can be no homes there until the conquest is complete."

"Then we shall find a suitable resting-place, I am sure, among the ancient settlements of the Eastern sea-board, where long attrition has polished the manners, and time mellowed the crudeness of individual opinion; where the growth of quiet centuries overshadows the old gambrel-roofed, dormer-windowed dwellings; where green and flower-decked slopes and hazy landscapes have not been scarred nor marred by railroad cuts or factory chimneys; where sober-paced habit in business or pleasure remains

unstartled by rumbling trains or steam-whistles: where those venerable bull's-eye watches which our great-grandfathers brought from England still endeavor to keep time on tick, and with uplifted hands protest against the centralizing tyranny of the sun; where the newspaper enters but once a week, the telegraph is unknown, and honor is spelled with a *u*."

"Alas!" sighed my lady, "your sketch is too suggestive of stagnation and decadence; you would care to see it again. I did not suppose your brief sojourn there had inspired any local attachment, and, as I understand, the old place is a wreck and ruin—most likely not inhabitable; and as for society, it is extinct, or worse."

Madame leaned her flushed cheek upon her hand and spoke, thoughtfully: "I would rather make my home there than in any place I have ever seen; and if you are not averse, I should be content to keep house



OLD-TIME CONVENIENCES.—CARRYING IN DINNER.

ancestral pride vainly struggling with poverty; dilapidated, rat-infested tenements, ill built and ill contrived originally, and not adaptable to modern improvements and conveniences."

So eager had she been to move that I was a little surprised and disappointed to find my companion so critical; and having boxed the geographical compass, I waited in silence for a suggestion from her, inly suspecting the while the existence of some concealed magnet which fixed her fancy, and turned its repellent point toward every thing else.

After some hesitation she asked: "Why have you not suggested our going back to the old place?"

"In that war-wasted region every thing is so sadly changed that I hardly imagined in a shed by the ruined walls until we can have every thing repaired and refitted. As for society, the richest grapes are those which spring from volcanic ashes."

"At any rate, we can go and see."

And so we packed, made our formal bow, and departed.

The old place referred to was not an ancestral home endeared by habit and family traditions, nor was it a dapper modern cottage, convenient, sanitary, and picturesque. It was only a plain, old-fashioned, square brick house on the outskirts of a quiet village in the Virginia mountains. Five years before, wife and I had set up housekeeping, and passed our brief honey-moon there. Our planning and planting had been interrupted by the storms of revolution, and now

after five years' exile we were returning, animated with the fond hope of recommencing just where we had left off.

It was a poetic May day when we left the railway station, and with our two weather-beaten trunks mounted the open spring wagon which was to convey us to our destination, six miles distant. Our route was up a narrow valley hemmed in by wooded hills, drained by a brook which meandered through what had formerly been open meadows and cultivated fields, enlivened here and there with the white-washed cottage and log out-buildings of a mountain farm. Now the roadway, overgrown with grass and weeds, was nearly obliterated; all traces of fences and inclosures had disappeared, and the site of the farm-houses was indicated by a ruined chimney standing like a monument amidst charred logs, straggling lilac bushes, and neglected fruit trees. Savage nature had hastened to repossess herself of the undefended fields and meadows, which were thicketed with a growth of young pines and blackberry and sumac bushes. At frequent intervals we marked by the roadside the mouldering wreck of some vehicle, and the whitening skeletons of horses. Except an occasional dreamy buzzard floating high in air, a gray rabbit darting across our track, or the whir of a partridge startled from the thicket, the desolate valley was lifeless and silent. It seemed as if in a few more years all traces of man's conquest would have disappeared, and wild nature would again have reigned supreme. But the labors of our mountain settler are strictly utilitarian; he is instinctively unfriendly to the æsthetic; and I thought I had never seen our valley looking so beautiful. At the village it was quite different. The works of man have no innate powers of reconstruction. Here wasting time, neglect, and violence had left their grimy finger-prints on every thing. The weed-grown streets were silent and deserted. No tidy dames nor merry children thronged the doors as of yore to greet the passing traveller with open-mouthed and cheerful curiosity. When here and there we did catch a glimpse of a care-worn face peering suspiciously through a broken window or dilapidated doorway, it was hastily eclipsed before we could assure ourselves of recognition. This was not an auspicious approach to the goal of our hopes, which stood at the farther end of the village.



THE DRIVER.



AN AMERICAN RUIN.

Suddenly madame grasped my arm with an exclamation of delight. Home at last! We stopped directly in front of the well-remembered dwelling. It was high noon when the driver landed us and our baggage on the green, took his fee, and departed.

We stood alone and in silence until the emotions of the moment had subsided, then proceeded methodically to reconnoitre the prem-

ises. The brick walls were dingy and weather-stained. They had been pierced with loop-holes for musketry, and here and there scarred by bullets, but they stood solidly and substantially uninjured. The shingles had sprung and curled until the roof resembled a frizzled hen. The bare rafters showed through a long rip caused by a glancing cannon-shot, and near one of the chimneys was a large opening whose charred edges indicated the work of fire. The shattered panes and entire absence of sashes in many of the upper windows indicated that the house was tenantless. The wooden portico at the entrance had parted from the wall and fallen prone, lumbering the approach with its wreck. The whole ground was inclosed with a rude hybrid fence, made up of remnants of the old palings, eked out with rough boards, pine logs, and worm-fence rails dragged from the neighboring fields. There was no gate, but we easily climbed the fence, and made our way to the front-door. This was stained, battered, and defaced with rude carvings and scribblings, but there was neither latch nor knob visible, and it was firmly closed. Stepping back, I gave the barrier a heavy blow with my boot-heel, when it fell inward with a loud bang, which reverberated through the house. At the same instant a black cat, with green glaring eyes, fled with a spit and a yowl, escaping through one of the broken windows.

But to us this had never been the abode of fear, so we eagerly entered the stormed fortress. We found no other enemies there than silence, emptiness, and dirt, but enough of the latter to have appalled feebler natures than ours. My companion's courage was of a quality which rose to meet the direst emergencies. As she surveyed the interior she gave vent to her feelings with a vehement whistle—which in a woman I take to be an equivalent for swearing in a man.

"Good gracious, husband, what a pig-sty! Why, it will require a month's hard scrubbing to make it habitable."

And no wonder. It had been alternately a rendezvous for Union Leaguers and rebel raiders, picket post, guard-house, cavalry barrack, and block-house, having changed hands between the contending factions at least fifty times during those four lawless years. From ceiling to wash-board its once white walls were scratched and scribbled over with the records of its diversified occupancy—names which figured on regimental rolls from all the States from Maine to Texas, with scraps of soldier wit in prose, verse, and pictorial illustration, exhibiting all the varieties of opinion engendered by local prejudice and political exasperation, and couched in a phraseology which would have done honor to the "army in Flanders."

However, the ceilings indicated no serious leakage, and the floors were sound, except in front of the hearths in the lower rooms, where the planks had been burned through until the mouldy depths of the cellar appeared between the charred sleepers; but up stairs we found a room which we concluded might be made presently habitable, and next proceeded to inspect the back building—kitchen and accessories.

The back-door had a lock, but the hasp yielded to the first pull. As I stepped out on the porch I suddenly struck a vicious blow with my cane, and with an exclamation of disgust sprung back into the doorway, nearly upsetting my companion, who was just coming out. A large copper-head snake, which had been sunning himself on the planks, wriggled over into the grass with a broken back, where I soon dispatched him.

At this point a voice inquired, somewhat authoritatively, "Who dat da, fussin' round da now?" Looking up, I saw an old negro man standing by the open well with a tin bucket in his hand. I advanced and demanded with equal gruffness who he was and what he was doing there. As I spoke our fellow-citizen of color dropped his bucket, and hastening forward, seized my extended hand in both his.

"Why, master, I's mighty glad to see you back safe and sound, I is dat. Dis country ben mighty lonesome sence soldiers went away. Now things begin to look up agin sence folks comin' back."

I responded cordially and sincerely to my old freedman's greeting, for his opportune appearance solved a difficulty which had been worrying me since our arrival. "Uncle George," said I, "is your family with you now?"

"Yes, Sir; my wife and a grown daughter;" and he pointed to his cottage at the edge of a wood not more than a hundred yards distant.

"Go at once and bring them here, with a tub, a broom, and a floor-cloth."

George soon returned with his re-enforcements, who went to work with such zeal that in an hour the room was fairly swept and washed, the trunks carried up, and a brisk fire sparkling in the chimney to dry off the dampness.

I then dispatched my zealous assistant with a written order to a friendly neighbor, at whose house a part of our furniture had been stored for safe-keeping, and in an hour more our chamber was modestly but habitably furnished.

By this time the sun was declining, so we dismissed our assistants with a gratuity, and orders to return at eight next morning. Then we opened our respective trunks, and wife spread a clean napkin upon our bit of a table, while I displayed my camp equipage

of tin plates, cups, spoons, knives, and forks for two. Then madame rejoined by excavating from her travelling basket a store of crisp biscuits, potted ham, Stilton cheese, and sugar cakes, then a glass jar containing ground coffee, and a small tea-caddy. We decided on tea for the evening beverage, so the little coffee-pot was set aside, and we brewed our drink in a tall porcelain cup. The meal was excellent, and any deficiency in style was more than supplied by the exhilarating consciousness that we were at home—for the first time in five years.

When it got dark madame produced a pair of wax candles, which were lighted, and accommodated in the sockets of a brace of rusty bayonets which we found sticking ready in either end of the wooden mantel-piece. The lighting developed another lack in our establishment, which was speedily supplied by tacking up several superfluous night-gowns and calico dresses to serve as curtains to the windows. Then we sat down, looked around our ménage, repeating the word HOME a dozen times over, and laughing in each other's faces from pure lightness of heart. Our hilarity reverberated through the vacant house with a strange, hollow sound, and we stopped to listen.

"I hear persons whispering there in the passage," said my companion, edging her chair closer to mine. Indeed, it seems as if they were in the room with us. There was no door whatever to our chamber, and the doors below were only fastened by a prop and a stone, while the windows were quite open. So I took my revolver in one hand and a candle in the other to explore the dark passage. Ere I had left the room the candle I carried was extinguished with a sudden puff. Wife gave a little shriek. I started back and presented my cocked pistol. Then a bat flopped in my face and fell to the floor.

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed; "what nonsense! I might have known it. Why, the room is full of them." So I relighted the candle, put up my weapon, and we had another laugh over the adventure.

At length it was bed-time, and the fatigues and excitements of the day had made the hour cordially welcome. I am a good sleeper, and did not tarry long by the way. Some time in the night I was roused by a shake and an anxious inquiry from my partner: "Husband, what dreadful noise was that?" I didn't know, and suggested she had had the nightmare, or perhaps had heard me snoring. She indignantly rejected the explanation. The noise was something frightful, fiendish, unlike any thing she had ever heard before. "There! there! don't you hear it?"



ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

"Oh, that is nothing but a complimentary serenade offered by the natives: a nocturne from *Der Freischütz* vocalized by a pair of screech-owls in the garret;" and before the song was ended I was off again. My coolness was rather insulting, but madame got her revenge, for before morning I was jolted from my dreams by a crash which made the house tremble. Sitting bolt-upright in bed, I stared wildly around.

"But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before:
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar."

Then my placid spouse asked a very simple and obvious question: "Husband, do you think the roof leaks any where over this room?"

I collapsed with a response which was indirect but patriotic: "O my country! how sweet and beneficent is peace!" and the next hour passed in the most blissful consciousness of rest and security under our own roof-tree. Our mountain thunder-storm howled through the forests and reverberated from cloud to cliff, the rain fell in torrents on the roof and splashed by pailfuls through the broken windows; but to me it sounded like the voice of an old and familiar friend—a boisterous but cheery welcome home.

Morning dawned all bright and dripping, and our reveille was the song of Cock Robin, who, with his mate, was building a nest near our window. I rose and kindled a fire, which in a pine-knot country is a pleasure rather than a task. Madame followed, and set about brewing the coffee. Old George, who was on hand betimes, had brought eggs, butter, and milk, besides a bag of white Mercer potatoes. A considerate neighbor had also sent a basket of rolls, light and hot. With these resources we breakfasted triumphantly, and had no fears for dinner.



NEIGHBORLY.

Now rested and refreshed, we went down to view our out-doors estate in the morning sunshine. Madame was delighted to find some of her roses and hardy shrubbery still surviving the years of waste and neglect. For the rest, the yard and garden were a wilderness of weeds and suckers, in the midst of which a dozen or more fruit trees and several shade trees still reared their thrifty heads. As we explored the almost obliterated walks we started several rabbits and a pair of quails, and later in the day I shot a red fox that was trotting leisurely across the upper end of the inclosure. We watched nervously for the mate of the snake I had killed, and finally dispatched three young ones, which indicated that they had a family under the porch floor.

After having thus briefly studied the topography of our own domain, we walked about the village and visited some old acquaintances, from whom we gathered sundry interesting items of local history, and such knowledge of the present resources and condition of our region as was needed to carry out our project of re-establishment. The prospect was not altogether encouraging, as our people had not yet resumed the sober habits and industries of peace.

Those of the victorious party were still too arrogant with unexpended bounty money and expectations of public office to undertake manual labor; while the defeated, meek with poverty and suffering, were glad enough to get any job that offered, but for the most part were so unskilled in the arts of reconstruction as to be of little avail.

There were, however, two works of primary importance, and which admitted of no delay. With a good waterproof roof over us, we could improve our interior at leisure; with a substantial and prohibitory fence around our lot, we could replant the garden in tranquil security. With a little diplomacy and extra expense we accomplished them both.

Now commenced the most engaging and beguiling of all domestic occupations—the planning. As the season was advancing, we worked on house and garden concurrently, spending the pleasant mornings in the open air, surveying, staking, planting, and directing. In the evenings and on rainy days the table was spread with drawing implements and Downing's *Cottage Architecture;* and here we read, discussed, sketched, measured and remeasured, ciphered and estimated. This latter operation was the touch-stone which reduced most of our paper castles to ashes. But this only prolonged and even enhanced the enjoyment of solving a puzzle which requires the exercise of so many different faculties—mathematical, mechanical, domestic, social, sanitary, æsthetic, and, above all, financial. Unfortunately—or fortunately—our house was built before all the modern sciences had concentrated their light on domestic architecture, and thus divers important and per-

plexing questions had been settled beyond discussion. There was no arrangement for ventilation except the ill-fitting doors and windows, and no heating apparatus but the ample open fireplaces. Satisfactory drainage had been insured by the natural slope of the ground, while the sun in his diurnal course warmed all the walls and shone for several hours in all the windows, because the square house sat with its four corners directly toward the four cardinal points of the compass.

We hasten to exonerate our ancestral builders from any suspicion of design in this happy location; it was simply a topographical necessity imposed by the trend of the narrow valley and conformity with the village street, as doubtless the sincere solidity of the walls and awkward strength of the timbers were also attributable to their ignorance of that superior craft which teaches our modern artificer to put up a "shoddy job" at once more showy and more costly.



THE NEW ERA.

But we were rather attached to the old *régime*, and did not propose to disturb the antiquated simplicity of our dwelling further than might be required to adapt it somewhat to the new era in domestic service. To this end there was to be a re-adjustment of spaces, a repartitioning of rooms, and a corresponding change of windows into doors and doors into windows. The public stairway (which is a tradition of palatial and manorial architecture quite out of place in the simple home of a democratic citizen) was to be dislocated and made private.

For the rest, we had seen so many sturdy boys and rosy girls nurtured in houses which violated all the sanitary rules at once, and had enjoyed so much cheerful hospitality and substantial comfort in the most inconvenient habitations ever contrived by ignorance assisted by a perverse ingenuity, that our reformatory zeal was as often checked by sentimental doubts as it was by financial prudence.

My superior technology and facile pencil had thus far secured me an easy advantage in all our discussions. Indeed, madame had continued to yield her positions with such flattering facility that I began to suspect she was drawing me into some ambuscade.

Her masked batteries were developed when the finished plans were at length triumphantly exhibited for her inspection and approval. She viewed them coldly, and with a curl of the lip that was almost scornful. She had no doubt they were very cleverly drawn, and all according to rule. She knew very little about architectural details, but as far as she understood them, she could see no provision for closets and bow-windows.

There it was at last. There was to be a battle. I detested closets, and bow-windows were ruinously expensive. She wanted two closets and at least one bow-window in every room in the house. I hoped these extravagant demands were only intended to elicit favorable offers of compromise, so I erased a rustic porch on the southwest face of the building, overlooking the croquet ground and sundry pictured beds of flowers. "Here," said I, "is one bow-window, a fine roomy one, big enough to take tea in, with a charming outlook."

My prompt compliance was rewarded with an encouraging smile and a coaxing query. "Now couldn't you put one here to the parlor—here, just opposite?"

"I could very readily with my pencil, but our bank account, I fear—"



INCONVENIENT POCKETS.

She interrupted me with an acquiescent, "Very well; we will try and be happy with one, especially as it is to be such a big one."

"And now for the closets. What on earth do you want with all these closets?"

She replied with a curt counter-thrust: "What do you want with so many pockets in your coats and breeches?"

"Pockets," said I, "are useful to the male itinerant to carry various little essentials to his comfort, the chief of which, perhaps, is his pocket-book. The tailors, who don't seem to charge extra for them, are responsible for their multiplicity, which is oftener a cause of confusion, vexation, and loss than a convenience. Now closets are by no means a gratuitous institution. They clip the purse, as they do the fair proportions of the rooms; are cramped, dark, musty harbors for vermin; rummaging holes, where you may find every thing except what you are looking for; receptacles for all the trash that ought to be burned or given away; the tag ends of garrets, with ever-jangling locks and lost keys; contrivances which may be useful in that sad refuge of social vagrancy, a boarding-house, but should never be tolerated in a home."

Madame listened with eyebrows arched in amazement, and when my tirade ended, put in her surrejoinder, as follows: "I never conceived that such sentiments could be entertained by an enlightened being. They might be excused in an ignorant savage who carries all his stores in a dried weasel's skin, or a soldier accustomed to housekeeping *en bivouac,* but where in the wide, wide world is a Christian housewife to bestow her table china, her bed linen, her pickles, preserves, and jellies, her extra dresses, furs, and bandboxes, and all the progressive and accumulative appliances of civilized housekeeping?"

My rebutter was plausible and insinuating, profusely illustrated with the pencil. I hoped I had provided satisfactorily for all that. We had more rooms than we needed or cared to furnish. Here was one, twelve by sixteen, fitted up with shelves, hooks, counters, and drawers, with special lock-ups if desired; light, airy, and rat-proof; large enough to hold all the crockery and grocery stores we would ever be likely to accumulate; another above, of the same size, with shelves, pegs, drawers, and presses for the dry-goods—the whole commissary department under two keys. Was not that better than four-and-twenty cuddies scattered all over the house?

The brilliancy of my rhetoric silenced my adversary for the moment, but when a woman has her head full of closets, they can never be opened by argument. She, however, signified her willingness to give my whimsies a trial, at the same time reiterating her conviction that it was impossible to keep house without closets.

A truce being thus concluded, all the cunning artificers within reach were called to execute the plans, and at the end of about six weeks their work was completed. During the process all the evil spirits which had formerly disputed the occupancy with us had departed. It was now ready for the refurnishing.

Most enterprises begun in enthusiasm end in reflection, and since the beginning of history building has been a very uncertain and ticklish business. The abandonment of that famous contract and the confusion of tongues on the plains of Shinar were doubtless caused by the non-payment of the workmen's bills, or a strike for higher wages; without being able to read hieroglyphics, we can easily believe the financial credit (as well as the mummies) of the dynasty of Cheops lies buried in those Pyramids; it was not disappointment in love that set the wise King Solomon to sighing "All is vanity," so much as the expense and debts incurred in erecting that gorgeous edifice

> "On the mount of Moriah,
> Hard by Jerusalem;"

St. Peter's reduced the papacy to endless beggary, while Versailles brought the old French monarchy to bankruptcy and ruin; even the shrewd Walpole was crushed by an ambitious villa, and George Francis Train went into impecuniosity all for a cheap tavern in Omaha. In short, our artificers exhibited as much of their traditional "cunning" in devising their bills as they had done in their work. But we were too much delighted with the results to grumble, so we squared off with apparent cheerfulness, and still rejoiced in an attenuated balance in bank.

This circumstance, combined with some sound philosophy on my part and madame's

amiable acquiescence, simplified the business of furnishing considerably. (I think the bow-window did the thing, after all.)

Our old furniture, retrieved from its various places of concealment, looked so much better than we expected, and was so substantially comfortable, that we concluded to make it answer our purposes. Invalid chairs and tables were doctored and restored to rank and service, while such new pieces as were needed were modestly chosen, so as not to shame the old by expensive incongruity. The hall was adorned with trophies of the fight and chase, according to the old baronial fashion. We had some family portraits and sombre-toned paintings to dignify our parlor, with pictures of a lighter character to make our dining-room cheerful. On our quaint old spindle-legged brass-bound sideboard shone some bits of silver-ware which had come by inheritance or compliment, while the clocks on the mantels were flanked by tall plated candlesticks and pictured porcelain flower-pots; a piano, a violin, two presses full of books; a what-not displaying a collection of minerals, fossils, shells, and various articles of virtu, among which were an owl's claw, a humming-bird's egg, a wild-turkey's beard, a rattlesnake's tail, and a hornets' nest. And now pray what more could any reasonable person desire, either for comfort or show? And so we walked together from room to room, regarding our arrangements with great complacency, openly challenging the world to suggest any improvement, and carefully abstaining from any allusion to a reserved list which each of us bore in mind for some future day. Not a word was said about pier-glasses, nor mosaic tables, nor chandeliers, nor ceramic mantel-pieces, nor French bronzes, nor *bric-à-brac*, and it was only in reply to my own thoughts that I got off the following remarks:

"Formerly the genius of the arts devoted herself exclusively to the glorious temples of religion and the luxurious palaces of kings. With the progress of democratic opinions she has condescended to smile upon the homes of the people. While the recognition is flattering, refining, and morally elevating, it is like a rich man's civility — financially embarrassing. In return therefor we are expected to turn our houses into gratuitous toy-shops and æsthetic museums, ruinous to collect and onerous to maintain. In this region, for some years to come at least, the loftiest aspirations of domestic art will be to provide three wholesome meals a day, and to entertain our next-door neighbor Poverty with a cheerful grace. But while decorative whimsies and artistic manias may serve to divert the occupants of a city house from *ennui* or mischief, the pride of a country home should ever be in its grounds and garden."

The re-establishment of ours had been commenced and carried on *pari passu* with the refitting of the dwelling. I had had it fenced with seven-foot split oak palings, double nailed—an inclosure which served to elevate the moral sense of all the juve-



A MAN'S IDEA OF A CLOSET.

nile free agents in the village. Here we retreated from the hammering and paint-pots of the workmen in the house, and during the sweet May mornings established our head-quarters under a tree, where we planned and superintended the horticultural improvements.

Neither wife nor myself had any practical knowledge of gardening. We had some vague and childish recollections of having assisted in dropping peas and beans, and of having been permitted to slop water over the newly set cabbage plants. We had also sowed pepper-grass in the borders, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing our initials sprouting in green embroidery. But that had been in "auld lang syne," and now we were relying on one of Bliss's catalogues and Uncle George's pretentious but rather



ELEVATED MORAL SENSE.

confused directions to get in our vegetable crop. In the ornamental department we were better posted. My lady had a speaking acquaintance with the most fashionable flowers and ornamental shrubs, while on the subject of rural art generally I had very decided opinions, and, like Mr. Ruskin, could talk better than I knew.

Now our lot was located among hills and mountains covered with primeval forests. There were in view all varieties of deciduous and evergreen trees and flowering shrubs produced in the Middle States. In due season we might see from any point within our inclosure the rich and varied greenery of the mountain-sides illuminated with the dogwood and redbud, the blooming chestnut, flowering ash, and majestic tulip-tree. The course of the stream was marked by blossoming hedges of hawthorn, wild crab, cherry, and service-berry. In the shaded dells the rhododendron flourished in its pride, while the kalmia, with its gorgeous masses of pink and white bloom, covered the land like a weed. The less-frequented village streets were choked with it, and in setting my fence posts we eradicated clumps which would have been the pride of a city park. In the woods were gnarled fantastic trunks adorned with the Virginia creeper, and sustaining the shadiest bowers of wild grape. There were cliffs and pyramids of lichen-clothed rocks radiant with wild pink, azalea, and clematis. There were crystal springs trickling from mossy grottoes, and nourishing ferneries that were enough to break an enthusiastic amateur's heart with envy. Amid such surroundings I recalled the words of Michael Angelo, when, called to Rome to finish St. Peter's, he turned to take a last admiring look at the Florentine triumph of Brunelleschi:

"Simile non voglio;
Meglio non posso."

So our garden was planned after the formal pattern, in mathematical figures, with clipped hedges, trained trees, and all exotic and civilized plants—a gem of art in the midst of a natural wilderness. Our neighbors thought it a "triumph of genius," and they were right, for that means only "something different" from what people have been accustomed to.

As we sat one morning in our Eden, with the succulent sap of our great ancestors swelling in our veins, and the instinct of their divine mission tingling in our fingers, a gentleman in black approached, and in a very beguiling and serpentine manner asked permission to show his wares. I did not observe whether or not he had a cloven foot, but he had a black oil-cloth haversack from which he drew two well-thumbed folios, and handing one to each of us, complacently announced himself a travelling nursery agent, and then took a seat on the grass to await developments.

The book in my hands was filled with the most gorgeous chromatic pictures of all the popular fruits, while madame's showed flowers under the same kaleidoscopic treatment. What I saw was to me a revelation of wonder and delight; from her exclamations and frequent demands for my attention, my lady was equally infatuated with her share of the show. At length we agreed to go over the books together, commencing with the fruits. This we did, pencil in hand, making a list of such as we most admired. How that subtle peripatetic must have enjoyed the innocent enthusiasm of the two matured denizens of society, entering, as it were, into the blissful babyhood of a new life!

When at length our list was completed and handed to the agent, he considered it with a smile, and asked the size of my farm. I informed him that the lot in which we sat was the only land I proposed to cultivate and plant.

"Your order," said he, "would stock a ten-acre farm, and will cost, let me see—"

"Don't trouble yourself to make the calculation," I replied, hastily; "but take this pencil and make out a list suitable for this ground, and one that will give me fruit three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

He went to work conscientiously, and in half an hour handed me a list containing twelve manner of fruits, with the early and late varieties of strawberries, currants, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, apricots, peaches, plums, grapes, quinces, pears, and apples.

"As amateurs generally plant close, I think," said he, "you can get all these in your garden, and if fairly successful, they will yield you an abundant supply of fruit all the year round."

Madame made her own list of roses and flowering shrubs. The agent complimented her taste, made his smiling bow, and departed. In due time the trees and plants were received and put in the ground. Meanwhile our zeal had been so stimulated by the visit that I at once subscribed for several horticultural periodicals, and sent for the illustrated catalogues of the leading nurseries and floral establishments.



HORTICULTURAL AUTOGRAPHS.

It would be difficult to convey to the uninitiated mind a just idea of the charm of a florist's catalogue, yet we know of no literature at once so instructive and interesting. One may learn therefrom enough of botany to satisfy the ambition of a modest amateur, and Latin enough to puzzle a country school-master, yet all the while the reading steeps the very soul in poetry. Technical drudgery sadly cripples the poetry of art, while the disgusting impertinence of criticism often kills it outright. But flowers are the spontaneous effusions of Nature: her inspired children, "who toil not, neither do they spin," and are never infested with critics; whose infantile sweetness beguiles the lowly into forgetfulness of poverty and suffering, and helps the queen upon her throne to bear the weary burden of her state.

The profound and eloquent Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "Thomson's 'Seasons,' and the best parts of many of the old and many of the new poets, are simply enumerations by a person who felt the beauty of common sights and sounds, without any attempt to draw a moral or affix a meaning."

According to this definition we may feel justified in calling our floral catalogue a poem, as, indeed, it always has appeared to us in the spring season, filling the air we breathe with suggestions of voluptuous perfumes, and our grounds with gorgeous borders and blooming ribbon beds.

But one can not gloat over poetic enumerations and the like for more than five hours at a stretch without being reminded that he is not yet a butterfly to be fed on flowers, but still subjected to the base necessities of a more substantial grub.

Now the house was done and the garden seeded and stocked, and madame had begun to get a little wearied with the romance of our pseudo camp life and baked potatoes three times a day, so she persuaded George and Kitty to take quarters in the kitchen to assist in opening the romance of real housekeeping.

"What!" exclaims a dainty miss, lifting her blue eyes from the pictured magazine; "can there be any romance in so practical and commonplace an occupation as housekeeping?"

Certainly, my fair pupil. The loving

heart, the earnest will, and a spice of novelty withal may cast such glamour over our homeliest pursuits that in certain seasons lamb with mint sauce may appear quite as romantic as lamb in the wool, and the spitting of a plumed rival in the armed lists less admirable than the spitting of a picked goose in the kitchen. Do you doubt it? Then wait until you and —— have set up on your own hook, and we will wait to hear your experience.

So far so good. We were at length actually established in our own home, eating *ris-à-ris* at our own table, and sitting of cool evenings by our own fireside. Our vine and fig-tree had not grown sufficiently to cast a shadow, but our early peas were up, and it was simply delicious.

Then a pretty, civilized cat visited us, and being kindly entreated, took up her abode with us. Her appearance gave a domestic feeling to the premises, and suggested the idea that we wanted more live stock to complete our establishment. So we added a couple of pigs, which were penned to fatten on the surplus of the garden and kitchen, a calf, destined to be a cow some day, to give us milk, a family of top-knot chickens to lay eggs and enliven the lawn, and a terrier pup that was to be our friend and watch-dog.

These accessions did enliven the household considerably, but the introduction of so many varied tastes and clashing interests rather disturbed the peace of our Eden. I dare say it required some time and an amount of sublime self-denial to establish Barnum's Happy Family. Ours was a crude assembly, and didn't try to get along at all. The rooster fought with his neighbors until he lost his comb and got his eye knocked out; the hens scratched up the peas and ate the strawberries; the cat ate the young top-knots; the pup worried the cat and sucked the eggs; the pigs jumped out of the pen and rooted up the cabbages; the calf butted the cook and nibbled the shrubbery; the cook watered the coffee, burned the biscuits, and scalded the pup—and they fought on that line all summer.

But if we are willing to wait patiently, time will heal all griefs. Ere long the twilights began to linger and the evenings grew frosty; the garden products were gathered and stored; the hens were cooped; the calf sent out to winter pasture; the pigs to hibernate in the lard firkin and pickle barrel; the pup was drowned—"Requiescat in pace." And there was peace in all our borders, and we drew our table nearer and nearer to the glowing hearth, wife with her sewing and I with my books, frequently suspending our respective occupations to hear and suggest future plans and improvements, or to discuss various nice questions in domestic economy, all diplomatically tending to the solution of the great question, By what code was our newly established home to be governed, and by whom?

I modestly hinted at the expediency of a dual government, citing the example of the ancient Romans; but madame declared dual governments meant nothing but strife, confusion, and inefficiency. She preferred to have duties divided and authority defined.

Of course I was to be the recognized and undisputed head of the house and family. I was also to exercise absolute authority over my books and private study, subject only to weekly visitations for the necessary enforcement of police regulations. I was also invested with dictatorial powers over the stable at the further end of the lot, but as we had no horse at the time, this was only dignity without responsibility. For the rest of the establishment and every thing in it, madame proposed to run it herself according to the best of her judgment and discretion. The more I studied over this plan, the more simple and comprehensive it appeared. Possibly it might have worked satisfactorily, but ere we had time to test it our home was invaded by a power which upset all our theories so completely that we have never alluded to them since.



FINIS CORONAT OPUS.



MARIA BROOKS.

MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

"My purpose had now become fixed, and despite of the night I had passed, my appearance, though pale, was *calm to those around me;* but if the soul which now warms me be eternal, the remembrance of that day, so calm to those around me, will continue to the latest eternity....I next looked over a small trunk of papers. From time to time they had been saved, when my imagination was under the influence of a *strong but vague hope that I should one day or other be loved and renowned, and live longer than my natural life in the history of the country of my forefathers*, and that where I first beheld the light. Now, I said, no mortal shall smile at the fancies of lonely Idomen."

—*Idomen; or, The Vale of Yumuri.*

IN Cuba, near Limonal, on the San Patricio coffee estate, Cafetal Hermita, stand, now crumbling in picturesque decay, the ruins of a small Grecian temple, where, some thirty years ago, the very passion-flower of womanly genius exhaled itself away. The flight of steps leading to this little temple is overgrown with clambering vines that mingle their dark leaves and gay flowers across the deserted entrance. The path leading to it is an avenue of stately palms, whose matted leafage completely shelters the way from the sun, while the straight shafts of the palms, wound about with ipomœa and convolvulus, have the appearance of themselves putting forth the rich blossoms of these vines.

The little temple is bowered in a labyrinth of orange-trees, cocoas, and palms, the mango and rose-apple, the ruddy pomegranate and shady tamarind, while the coffee fields spread away in alternate tessellation of white flowers and scarlet berries.

A traveller thus alludes to this fair retreat: "I have often passed it in the still night, when the moon was shining brightly, and the leaves of the cocoa and palm threw fringe-like shadows on the walls and floor, and the elfin lamps of the cocullos swept through the windows and the door, casting their lurid and mysterious light on every object, while the air was laden with the mingled perfumes of the coffee wreaths and orange flowers, the tuberose and night-blooming cereus, and have thought no fitter birth-place could be found for the images she created."

Here, in the retirement of the rarely disturbed repose and beauty of Hermita, lived and passed away, almost unheard and unnoticed, "Maria del Occidente," one of earth's great singers, whose numbers, having always grace and sweetness, have often also the majesty and the fervid pathos wrung in a narrower tide from Mrs. Caroline Norton by her passionate sense of her own wrongs, and from Mrs. Browning by her yearning compassion over others' woes.

And to crown these gifts Maria del Occidente had a pure recognition of the Infinite design as manifested through the mysterious passion of love, which in its full, simple, unabashed expression makes her "Zophiël" among the bravest and the most modest of the creations of genius.

Eighty-two years ago, in the town of Medford, Massachusetts, she was little Maria Gowan, a baby girl around whom no special hopes were clustered, and whose baby brows foreshadowed neither the glory nor the sorrows of the poet's purple-fruited laurel.

She was born and bred American; but it is not unlikely that the blood of the Welsh bards, from whom she claimed lineage, may have tinctured the fine current of her veins. Her short life of only fifty years was one of comparatively little outward incident, yet these, mostly of her own shaping, indicate the dignity and strength of her character, and mark her stainless wifehood and her devoted motherhood. But her poems, especially her great work "Zophiël," show that her mental and spiritual life was a passionately vivid con of intense experiences, and beneath the strong music of her verse breathes ever the cry of the conscious isolation of great gifts, the supreme longing for complete human sympathy.

In all the individual utterances of high desire or passionate feeling throughout "Zophiël" it is her own soul imprisoned by fate, yet liberated by genius, that pleads, yet heroically endures. "Zophiël" was first published entire in London by Kennett, under the care and fostering of Robert Southey, who, in *The Doctor*, quotes from the sixth canto of "Zophiël:"

"The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe, to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

"But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart to pine and pant and bleed.

"And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,

"So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

And adds: "So sings Maria del Occidente, the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." The London *Quarterly Review*, with restricted appreciation, admitted Southey's praise, after substituting the word fanciful for imaginative. Charles Lamb, with that peculiar conceit which we may term the obsolete characteristic of great men, enforced by the potent thrall of "Zophiël," rose from the reading of it with these words: "Southey says it is by some Yankee woman: as if there had ever been a woman capable of any thing so great!"

With all that can be gleaned from reviews and the brief contemporaneous sketches which followed the publication of this work, and were revived with some slight additions at her death, her life is involved in great obscurity, which I have found it difficult to penetrate, and have been able to disperse only in faint and narrow lines, even after the continued and earnest effort and research of several years.

Her single prose story, *Idomen*, of which I shall speak later, is undoubtedly to some extent autobiographical, and within the limits of that vivid little sketch are the chief clews to the exceptional experiences of her private history. Her father was a gentleman of literary tastes and cultivation, intimate with the Harvard professors. Nowhere do I find any mention of her mother. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, in the *Encyclopedia of American Literature* (1856), and in the *Female Poets* (1853), and in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (1839), gives the most adequate sketch of our author's life. He knew and corresponded with her in her later years; and says that when only nine years old little Maria Gowan's poetic temperament and power were clearly indicated by her avid committal to memory "of passages from Comus, Cato, and the ancient classics." That she became a student of wide and accurate learning is disclosed in her works, the notes of "Zophiël" alone being a groundwork of erudition as thickly sprinkled with occult bits of thought, research, and profound study as the tunic and tresses of an odalisque with gems.

On the death of her father she was engaged, at the early age of fourteen, to Mr. Brooks, a wealthy Boston merchant, and soon after married to him; and after reverses of fortune resulting in poverty, she turned her attention to the definite expression of her genius, and at twenty had written a poem in seven cantos, which was never published. In 1820 she issued the little volume, "Judith and Esther, and Other Poems, by a Lover of the Fine Arts," whose genuine poetic worth met with some appreciation. In 1823, becoming a widow, she went to Cuba, making her home with a relative, and there wrote the first canto of "Zophiël; or, The Bride of Seven," publishing it in Boston in 1825. After the death of an uncle, a Cuban planter, whose property, left to her, placed her in easy circumstances as the possessor of a fixed income, she returned to the United States, and lived near Dartmouth College, where her son, Captain Horace Brooks, of the United States army, was then studying, and where she made studious use of the Dartmouth College library. In 1830 she went with a brother to Paris, and in London met Washington Irving, who most kindly encouraged her in the production of her poem. But it was with Southey, at Keswick, where she passed the spring of 1831, that she entered into that strong and sympathetic friendship which fed her pure aspiration with the appreciation and hope that kindle and assure.

Fortunately I can swell these slender outlines with some brief testimony from persons still living, to whom I would here express my grateful acknowledgments.

In 1872 her son, then stationed at Fort M'Henry, Baltimore, Maryland, wrote to me as follows:

"I received your note, addressed to the Rev. C. Brooks, Medford, through my cousin Mrs. Ellen Parker, of Boston. I have no papers of my mother's near me, nor can I at present get at them. I have, however, a fine miniature done by a young artist (at the time it was taken), which is probably the best likeness that can now be obtained, and which I will forward to you.... When I was in Cuba in 1846 the little dilapidated temple (built to gratify my mother by her brother) on the San Patricio coffee estate, in which most of 'Zophiël' was written, was still standing, also a monument—a granite base surmounted by a marble cross—at Limonal, not far from Matanzas, erected by me, at mother's request, over my two brothers. There is her resting-place by their side. I cut her name upon the marble with my own hand, to correspond with the inscription which mother placed over her sons."

In July, 1872, I wrote to him begging him to send me the picture of his mother, and requesting fullest particulars of her life and death, her character and peculiarities, and all details and incidents of interest. To this Colonel Brooks replied:

"Fort M'Henry.

"The first peculiarity of my mother was that she wrote a round and remarkably plain hand, which I do not, and which you must excuse, for the reason that I seldom write for publication. I will send the miniature. I have but one copy of 'Judith and Esther,' which I fear to part with, as I know not where to get another. My changeable life has prevented my keep-

ing any thing safely. I can not at present get at any papers of my mother's, and do not know that there are any left such as you might desire.

"The little temple (of which I have no picture, nor of the monument) was built about 1825, and my mother died about 1845. I recollect it when a boy as a pretty little toy at the end of a beautiful avenue, four rows deep, of palms, interspersed with orange-trees and many other tropical plants. It was a charming spot, and illustrates mother's admiration of the picturesque.

"Whatever charm there may be in 'Zophiël,' and whatever talent it may portray, much undoubtedly is due to the surroundings of the miniature temple where the poem was imagined and its verse constructed by a nature as passionate as the name of the flower would indicate which she always wore in her hair, the only simple adornment of naturally thick and beautiful tresses.

"A lady of position recently visited this fort, and spoke to me of recollecting my mother's peculiarity of dressing always in white, even to white silk stockings and slippers: '*La dame blanche*' probably originated in some similar peculiarity. My mother's special characteristic was individuality. She generally succeeded in her endeavors.

"For instance, she applied to have me sent to West Point, and sent me to Washington in 1829 with letters, etc. The appointment was promised, but by some influence was overruled. She then took me to Hanover, New Hampshire, with a view to my entering Dartmouth College. In the mean time she went with her Quebec brother to Europe, where she visited Southey, and by his advice and protection got out a London edition of 'Zophiël.' She was introduced to Lafayette, who was so pleased with her that he urged to know if he could be of any service to her. 'Yes,' said she; 'you can get my son into West Point.' Upon this Lafayette wrote to Bernard, our then Chief Engineer, and the appointment of a cadet came to me.

"Southey was undoubtedly much interested in the American authoress, for when, after his death, I visited his family, they asked for the correspondence as their right, and I subsequently sent several letters to them."

Upon receipt of this letter, with the promised portrait of his mother, I wrote again, thanking him for the use of it, and saying that the completion of this tribute still depended greatly upon him, which I explained as follows:

"Since my last letter to you I have heard from Richard Hengist Horne, of London, who has cordially interested himself to gain information in this matter. He has obtained a hint from Robert Browning, and is in communication with Alfred Tennyson. Mr. Horne is an indefatigable worker, a man of brilliant abilities, with a wide and intimate acquaintance among distinguished men and women. Our own venerable poet Longfellow, during a recent visit at his home in Cambridge, told me that the most important step in my effort to write effectively of your mother was to secure the examination of her private papers. I told him what you had written about their being difficult of access, but he seemed to feel sure you would overcome all difficulties, or put me in the way of doing so. If you can not obtain the papers yourself, will you not tell me where they are, or authorize me to get them myself? I need hardly assure you that I will take the utmost care of them, and use your confidence with the delicacy due to it and to her memory. I entreat this favor of you in your mother's name, since it is for her sake."

Colonel Brooks very kindly sent me his copy of "Judith and Esther," and also of *Idomen*, and continued his account:

"My mother was quite a linguist. She read and wrote fluently in French, Spanish, and Italian; she also sang many songs in these tongues. She was a hard student, and a woman of much research, and very particular to obtain her authority from the original, and often attempted, with the assistance of some friend, the translation of obscure languages. I remember that she kept by her a Persian grammar, and often referred to it. She was also quite an artist, and several pieces painted by her in water-colors were hanging up about her rooms. She had a remarkable memory, and many curious facts she had stored in her mind, in scraps of poetry she had learned in her youth.

"Indeed, her mind took a poetical current from its earliest years. She had a remarkably beautiful form. I have heard her say that when young, before the days of flowing skirts, when dresses were scant, she often felt ashamed of herself on account of what are now considered curves of beauty being then too well defined. She was a constant attendant at church, and always carried with her an English edition of the services of the Church, but she detested all cant and hypocrisy. She was very particular about her own language, disliked all interpolations, and always referred to Johnson and Walker. It was delightful to hear her converse; her knowledge of present and past events and of the prominent characters of history was astonishing. She would tell anecdotes of persons so varied and interesting that her quiet and unassuming conversation was sought and listened to by many distinguished persons.

"I remember of her travelling with her brother several miles in order to see an Indian chief, and get the precise accent and signification of an Indian word."

In 1874 I wrote again to Colonel Brooks, then in Presidio, San Francisco, with reference to his mother's private letters and papers, offering to relieve him from all inconvenience and expense, by sending a responsible person for them, if he would consent and designate their abiding-place. To this he replied substantially as before, that they were scattered about, he hardly knew where himself; that no one but he could "unravel the condition of affairs," and it was impossible for him to come East at present.

In the intervals between this correspondence with the son, I met with the most cordial response in other directions of inquiry. In July, 1872, I received the following kind letter from her niece, Mrs. Ellen Parker, of Boston:

"Your letter to the Rev. Mr. Brooks was sent to me, I being a niece of Maria del Occidente, and I thought it the best way to assist you, in the beautiful work you think of undertaking, to forward your letter to Colonel Horace Brooks, her only remaining son, and he, of course, would have in his possession what you would require. In all my life I never passed more than a few months in the society of my aunt Mrs. Brooks; but to my girlish vision she always appeared a being of the most romantic loveliness and grace. She *always* dressed in white or gray, wearing transparent sleeves, through which her beautiful arms were seen, and her hands were almost always covered in white kid gloves. She seemed to *reverence* her own personal charms, and felt it a duty to preserve her own sweetness. When past the meridian of life her hair and teeth were as beautiful as those of a young girl. I should say that a keen sense of truth and justice, and the most delicate perceptions and actual worship of beauty, were the predominant traits of her character. I regret that I have nothing in my possession which would assist you."

The Rev. Alfred Brooks (brother of the late Rev. Charles Brooks, of New England fame as the "Father of Normal Schools"), to whom I wrote, supposing him to be a

relative of the poetess—in which supposition I was mistaken—interested himself most kindly to open a way for me, and it is to him I owe the foregoing graceful letter from Mrs. Parker, as well as my first letter from Colonel Brooks, and the perusal of one from Miss Lucy Osgood, who, in mentioning a visit of Mrs. Maria Gowan Brooks to Medford, says, "I have a dim recollection of a lady walking out at odd hours, and dressed in white at odd seasons, and of being told that she was Mrs. Brooks, of the Gowan family, a poetess. She and her family soon disappeared, and I afterward found, chiefly through a long, respectful article in one of the English reviews, that we had had a flower of genius among us, and in our stupidity knew it not."

By another Medford lady—Miss Eunice Hall, who frequently saw her—Mrs. Brooks is described as "a very handsome lady, winning manners, purest blonde complexion, blue eyes, abundant pale golden hair, who wrote poetry and sang very sweetly."

As woman, wife, mother, poet, and friend, in every relation of life, and in its details of dress, appearance, and manner, Maria del Occidente seems to have been a being of the most singular and attractive interest.

In 1876 I had some correspondence with the Southey family and the Coleridges. Their letters, without exception, were kind and full of desire to assist me, but they were unable to furnish much new material.

From one of these letters, written by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, I quote: "Maria del Occidente does indeed deserve to be honorably remembered among the first poets of her native land. It is difficult to recover memorials of a life that is sunk beneath the stream of Lethe. A copy of her 'Zophiël' was presented to my dear sister Sara Coleridge by Mr. Bancroft, the American minister, in 1834, and is now in my house." The wife of Rev. Derwent Coleridge pushed inquiry for me among the Southeys, and sent the following from Mrs. Herbert Hill, a daughter of Robert Southey: "I fear I can give no account of Mrs. Brooks that will be of any use to her biographer and friend. I have no personal recollection of her, having been away from home during her stay at Keswick, but I well remember how full of her charms the letters were that I received from home at that time. Herbert has looked through my father's *Life and Correspondence*, and has copied out the only thing worth stating"—which was from the "Selection of Southey's Letters," edited by J. W. Warter.

"KESWICK, *October* 13, 1833.

"MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,—.... Has 'Zophiël' fallen in your way? Probably not, for books which have only their own merit to introduce them make their way slowly, if they make it at all. The authoress, who calls herself Maria del Occidente, is a widow, by name Mrs. Brooks, a New Englander by birth, of Welsh extraction. She married—or, to speak in this case more correctly, *was married*—when almost a child, to a person at least thrice her own age, and as little suited to her in other respects as in years. He left her with two sons, one of whom is now an officer in the American army, the other settled as a planter in Cuba, where most of 'Zophiël' was written. Mrs. Brooks, I doubt not, always has been, and still is, haunted by the feeling that if she had been mated with one capable of esteeming and loving her as she deserved to be esteemed and loved, she should have been one of the happiest of God's creatures. In appearance and manners she is one of the gentlest and most feminine of women. Her poem is, in the foundation, the story of Tobias and Raguel's daughter; yet it is a most original composition, highly fanciful, and passionate in the highest degree. It has the fault of not being always perspicuous; but that any person who has read few, if any, of our elder poets, and certainly never studied any of them, nor looked upon poetry as an art, should be so free from the vices of modern diction, and possess so much of elder simplicity and beauty and strength, is most remarkable. Altogether the poem is the effusion of a heart whose fervor neither time nor untoward fortune has cooled, and of an inspiration so vivid that it almost believes in its own creations. There is a song in the last canto which is more passionate than any I can call to mind in any language, and in my judgment far, very far, superior to Sappho's celebrated ode."

I give also, somewhat abridged, the following interesting letter from Southey's son-in-law and literary editor, the Rev. John Wood Warter, who was over seventy-one years of age at the time this quaint and readable letter was written:

"I have deferred answering your letter till I had tried to find out if any letters of Maria del Occidente were in possession of the Southey family. By this morning's post I have a letter from my brother-in-law, the Rev. Cuthbert Southey, in which he states that there are none, adding that he well remembers her visit to Keswick. My lamented wife, Edith May Southey (Southey's eldest daughter), knew and liked her. At Southey's sale she requested me to buy the MS. of 'Zophiël,' which I did, and it is before me now. We received more than one little parcel from her of guava jelly, and two book-screens, which are now on my mantel-piece. I rather suspect more is known of her than you suspect. Probably she may allude to herself in that stanza quoted in *The Doctor*. It was generally believed that she was married, when a mere child, to an elderly man at least thrice her own age; but I have only picked this up from private letters, and can state nothing on authority. Southey often spoke of her, as did my wife, as of a gentle, pensive person, quite different from what might have been expected from the gifted and impassioned author of 'Zophiël.' She won the regard of all the household during the few weeks of her stay at Keswick. Since I received your letter I have carefully read through 'Zophiël' again, and think it as wonderfully clever as ever; but it was ill adapted to the English taste, which had been surfeited with 'Don Juan' and Moore. The manuscript is perhaps the greatest scrawl you ever saw. I regret I am unable to give you more information, but you may depend upon it, it is to be found either in 'Kuba' (as she pronounced Cuba) or about Matanzas. Most of my American correspondents are past and gone. The late Jared Sparks, his wife and family, visited me here some years ago. He, too has been gathered in. He brought to my daughters autographs from Longfellow."

The following letter was written by Richard Hengist Horne in answer to inquiries about Mrs. Brooks:

"With regard to Maria del Occidente, I perfectly recollect reading a review in one of our Quarterlies of her poem in conjunction with several others, most of

whom seemed to wither beside her burning spirit. I agree with what Southey said of her superiority to all other poetesses, my dear friend and correspondent Miss E. B. Barrett (afterward Mrs. Browning), not having appeared at that time. You are aware that the latter was also a star from the West, and either born in the West Indies or of parents born there. I fear what you want concerning Maria Brooks is scarcely attainable now. Twenty years ago, when I went to Australia, I could probably have helped you. Miss Mitford, Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Landon (L. E. L.) could most likely have told you more or less of Mrs. Brooks. So could Jordan (of the *Gazette*), Leigh Hunt, Robert Bell, and others; but, alas! all these and more young literary friends are gone. By-the-bye, it is possible that in Bell's edition of the *British Poets* you may find her mentioned. In case you have not the work, I will look into it the next time I am in the British Museum Library, and if there be any thing worth copying out, I will send it to you. Tennyson and Browning may have known something of her."

Later he adds:

"I inclose Browning's reply with regard to Mrs. Brooks: 'As to Maria del Occidente, I know the name, but never remember hearing it from my wife. You revive old impressions in me that there is real worth in her poetry, judging from the echoes rather than the veritable voice, which I never heard, and I wonder that I can give you no sort of account of the lady.'"

In this letter Mr. Horne very kindly sent the following charming little sonnet, never before published. Its closing lines are in sympathy with the dark suggestiveness in the abrupt catastrophe of *Idomen*:

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

We gaze into the western skies,
  Where Cuba sleeps beneath the silent stars;
The splendor fills and overbrims our eyes,
  And all earth's coil outbars.
We note amid the host one special light,
  Our thoughts then melt toward the Eternal Giver
Of pure Infinitude to mortal sight;
  We look again—*that* light is gone forever!
Where hath it gone? where hath its glory fled?
  Who saw it as we saw it? what delight or terror
Can picture its bright throne among the dead?
  Alas! for that soul's fire—lost, shot astray,
  Leaving few records in our night or day.

September 12, 1872.

Early in 1876 I made one more appeal to Colonel Brooks, reiterating my desire for the possession of his mother's papers. He replied that no one but himself could possibly find them if any existed; that since her death he had "been through the old Mexican war, the new Mexican war, the Kansas war, and the rebellion, so you can imagine what changes have taken place, and how my effects are scattered. I gave a copy of 'Zophiël' to Adjutant-General Townsend, who will lend it to you, I think. If I go East this summer, I will endeavor to look up her papers, but I still doubt if any thing of importance could be found."

On my application for it, General E. D. Townsend at once placed his copy of "Zophiël" at my disposal.

"Zophiël; or, The Bride of Seven," is an Oriental epic. The foundation is the story of Sara, Raguel's daughter, of the Median city of Ecbatane, as given in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of the book of Tobit, in the Apocrypha. Sara, a beautiful and good maiden, is bitterly reproached because "she had been married to seven husbands, whom Asmodeus, the evil spirit, had killed before they had lien with her." Unhappy in being the cause of so many deaths, and suffering from the reproaches, Sara prays for death, but that if she must continue to live, some mercy and pity may be shown her. In answer to this prayer the angel Raphael was sent to bring Tobias to the house of Raguel, where Sara should be given to him to be his wife. Nothing daunted by the father's confession concerning Sara's seven bridegrooms, Tobias entreats for an immediate marriage, and the evil spirit Asmodeus being overcome by a peculiar spell, the predestined nuptials take place. Upon this foundation the author of "Zophiël" enlarges, mingling the dramatic movement, situations, and passionate climaxes created by her own affluent imagination with the rich imagery and action of ancient myth.

With the threefold quality of the highest order of genius, the intuitive, perceptive, and creative, she detaches whatever she uses from its original source, and so imbues it with her own meaning, so individualizes it with her own inspiration, that it enters into a new crystallization.

The plot of the poem clearly indicates its author's purpose—to show how the passion of love affects individual fate, moulding and swaying both human and angelic nature. The scenery of the drama is painted, the characters are chosen, the circumstances for their development selected, to this end; and no expression of individual opinion, however appreciative, and no review or criticism, however good, can be as just to the poem as to give as much space as possible to the poem itself.

"Zophiël" opens with a strange appeal, in a mood both brave and desolate. As in mournful prescience of the lack of wide recognition she was to experience, the singer, from the solitude of her little temple, salutes the "shade of Columbus," her Cymbrian ancestors, the bards of Mona, and the "spirits who hovered o'er the Euphrates stream" before the first waking of Eve, seeming to entreat an audience of these.

The following extracts from the first canto—"A Grove of Acacias"—contain something of the argument of the whole poem, introduce the "bride of seven," and give the first act in the sixfold tragedy:

"The time has been—this holiest records tell—
  When restless spirits raised a war in heaven;
Great was the crime, and, banished thence, they fell
  To depths unknown; yet kept the potence, given

"For nobler use, to tempt the hapless race
  Of feeble mortals, who but form a grade
'Twixt spirits and the courser of the chase.
  Man! thing of heaven and earth, why thou wert made?

"Ev'n spirits know not! Yet they loved to sport
With thy mysterious mind; and lent their powers,
The good to benefit, the ill to hurt.
Dark fiends assailed thee in thy dangerous hours,

"But better angels thy far perils eyed;
And often, when in heaven they might have staid,
Came down to watch by some just hero's side,
Or meet the aspiring love of some high-gifted maid.

* * * * * * *

"'Twas then there lived a captive Hebrew pair;
In woe the embraces of their youth had past;
And blest their paler years one daughter; fair
She flourished like a lonely rose, the last

"And loveliest of her line. The tear of joy,
The early love of song, the sigh that broke
From her young lip, the best-beloved employ;
What womanhood disclosed, in infancy bespoke

"A child of passion; tenderest and best
Of all that heart has inly loved and felt
Adorned the fair inclosure of her breast:
Where passion is not found, no virtue ever dwelt.

* * * * * * *

"Now oft it happ'd, when morning task was done,
And lotted out for every household maid
Her light and pleasant toil, ere yet the sun
Was high, fair Egla to a woody shade

"Loved to retire. Acacias here inclined*
Their friendly heads, in thick profusion planted,
And with a thousand tendrils clasped and twined;
And when at fervid noon all nature panted,

"Enwoven with their boughs, a fragrant bower
Inviting rest its mossy pillow flung;
And here the full cerulean passion-flower,
Climbing among the leaves, its mystic symbols hung."†

One day, while Egla is reclining in the acacia grove, she is joined by her mother, Sephora, who entreats Egla to choose a husband, or to permit one to be chosen for her. Egla, in reply, tells Sephora of the visit of an old man in the wood, who foretold to her the bridegroom who would one day come to her from the Euphrates, impressing his prophecy by revealing himself as the angel Raphael for an instant before vanishing. Sephora discredits, not Egla, but the vision, dreads the fading of Egla's youth and beauty, and beseeching her not to waste them upon a "thought love," says:

"'Tis as a vine of Galilee should say,
Culterer, I reck not thy support; I sigh
For a young palm-tree of Euphrates; nay,
Or let me him entwine, or in my blossom die.

"'Thy heart is set on joys it ne'er can prove;
And, panting ingrate, scorns the blessings given.
Hope not from dust-formed man a seraph's love,
Or days on earth like to the days of heaven!'"

Egla yields a sorrowful yet gentle obedience to her mother's persuasions, and is left to sleep in her acacian bower.

"Now all the mortal maid lies indolent,
Save one sweet cheek, which the cool velvet turf
Had touched too rude, though all with blooms besprent,
One soft arm pillowed. Whiter than the surf

"That foams against the sea-rock looked her neck
By the dark, glossy, odorous shrubs relieved,
That, close inclining o'er her, seemed to reck
What 'twas they canopied.

* * * * * * *

"It chanced that day, lured by the verdure, came
Zophiël, a spirit sometime ill, but, ere
He fell, a heavenly angel. The faint flame
Of dying embers on an altar, where

"Zorah, fair Egla's sire, in secret bowed
And sacrificed to the great unseen God,
While friendly shades the sacred rites enshroud,
The spirit saw; his inmost soul was awed,

"And he bethought him of the forfeit joys
Once his in heaven. Deep in a darkling grot
He sat him down, the melancholy noise
Of leaf and creeping vine accordant with his thought.

* * * * * * *

"And now he wanders on from glade to glade
To where more precious shrubs diffuse their balms;
And gliding through the thickly woven shade
Where the soft captive lay in all her charms,

"He caught a glimpse. The colors in her face,
Her bare white arms, her lips, her shining hair,
Burst on his view."....

Believing that he sees a "faithful angel" in the beautiful sleeper, Zophiël turns to depart, but is arrested by a sigh from Egla; perceives that she is but a mortal maiden, though so fair; and in the yearning of his naturally loving soul, intensified by banishment, resolves to win her love for himself.

"'She has fall'n asleep in grief; haply been chid,
Or by rude mortal wronged. So let it prove
Meet for my purpose: 'mid these blossoms hid,
I'll gaze; and when she wakes, with all that love

"'And art can lend, come forth. He who would gain
A fond, full heart, in love's soft surgery skilled,
Should seek it when 'tis sore, allay its pain
With balm by pity prest: 'tis all his own so healed.'"

On the night set apart for the marriage of Egla with Meles, the reluctant girl retires to her chamber and prays for a submissive spirit to do her parents' will. From this melancholy devotion she is roused by the coming of Zophiël, which is thus described:

...."Quick as on primeval gloom
Burst the new day-star when the Eternal bid,
Appeared, and glowing filled the dusky room,
As 'twere a brilliant cloud. The form it hid

"Modest emerged, as might a youth beseem;
Save a slight scarf, his beauty bare and white
As cygnet's bosom on some silver stream,
Or young narcissus when to woo the light

"Of its first morn that floweret open springs;
And near the maid he comes with timid gaze,
And gently fans her with his full-spread wings,
Transparent as the cooling gush that plays

"From ivory fount. Each bright prismatic tint,
Still vanishing, returning, blending, changing,
About their tender, mystic texture glint
Like colors o'er the full-blown bubble ranging.

* * * * * * *

"Love-toned he spoke: 'Fair sister, art thou here
With pensive looks, so near thy bridal bed,
Fixed on the pale, cold moon? Nay, do not fear
To do thee weal, o'er mount and stream I've sped.

* "Some of the acacias of the East are endowed with a sensitive power, and are said to bend gently over those who seek their shade."—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

† "Those who have only seen this flower as a curious exotic in severer climates can have little idea of the profusion with which it grows in its native realms. It climbs from shrub to shrub, forming natural bowers, sparkling with morning dew, and looking from its beamy shape like a beautiful planet."—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

"'Say, doth thy soul, in all its sweet excess,
Rush to this bridegroom, smooth and falsehood-taught?
Ah, no! thou yield'st thee to a feared caress,
And strugglest with a heart that owns him not.
* * * * * * *
"'But soothe thee, maiden; be thy soul at peace!
Mine be the care to hasten to thy sire
And null thy vow. Let every terror cease:
Perfect success attends thy least desire.'
* * * * * * *
"Thus spake he on, while still the wondering maid
Gazed, as a youthful artist; rapturously
Each perfect, smooth, harmonious limb surveyed,
Insatiate still, her beauty-loving eye.

"For Zophiël wore a mortal form; and blent
In mortal form, when perfect, Nature shows
Her all that's fair, enhanced: fire, firmament,
Ocean, earth, flowers, and gems—all there disclose

"Their charms epitomized; the heavenly power
To lavish beauty, in this last work, crowned:
And Egla, formed of fibres such as dower
Those who most feel, forgot all else around."

Egla, by pure virginal instinct, detects treachery in Zophiël's appeal, resists his powerful spell, and re-affirms her acceptance of Meles in obedience to her parents. Zophiël vanishes, and Meles enters:

"But ere he yet with haste could throw aside
His broidered belt and sandals—dread to tell—
Eager he sprang—he sought to clasp his bride—
He stopt—a groan was heard—he gasped, and fell

"Low by the couch of her who widowed lay,
Her ivory hands convulsive clasped in prayer,
But lacking power to move; and when 'twas day,
A cold black corse was all of Meles there."

Neither in the "Loves of the Angels" nor in "Lalla Rookh" does Thomas Moore's flowing measure equal the musical cadences of "Zophiël," and there is greater beauty of scene and bloom lavished on the single acacian bower where Zophiël wistfully watches over Egla's sleep than on the whole journey of the beautiful Lalla. In the Choric Song of Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters" the mosaic detail of sensuous description, though as delicate, is not so thoughtful or so warm in feeling.

Sardius, the young King of Media, learning the manner of his favorite Meles's death, detains Egla in his palace in strict but kind restraint, which is jealously observed by Philomars; this character, limned in three verses, is one of the darkest and strongest pictures of the human fiend to be found in literature:

"Dark Philomars, strong in his country's cause,
But harder than his battle helm his heart;
Born while his father fought, and nurst in wars,
Pillage and fire his sports, to kill, his only art.

"And when he sacked a city, he could tear
The screaming infant from its mother's arms,
Dash it to earth, and while 'twas weltering there,
With demon grasp impress her shuddering charms;

"Then, as she faints with shrieks and struggles vain,
Coolly recall her with the ruffian blow;
And look and pause, insatiate of her pain,
Then gash her tender throat, and see the life-blood flow.

"O Nature! can it be? the thought alone
Chills the quick pulse: Belief retires afar;
Reason grows angry; Pity breathes a groan;
And each distrusts the truth: yet such things are."

Egla's dress, when sent for to "evening banquet" with King Sardius, is something more than a superb festal toilet; it is the artistic expression of her nature and situation, modestly yet consciously chosen by her to be such. In every scene, under every test, Egla's charm is one with her goodness, and every soul that is moved by her beauty is moved higher.

EGLA'S TOILET.

"With unassured yet graceful step advancing,
The light vermilion of her cheek more warm
For doubtful* modesty; while all were glancing
Over the strange attire that well became such form.

"To lend her space the admiring band gave way;
The sandals on her silvery feet were blue;
Of saffron tint her robe, as when young day
Spreads softly o'er the heav'ns and tints the trembling dew.

"Light was that robe as mist; and not a gem
Or ornament impedes its wavy fold,
Long and profuse, save that above its hem
'Twas broidered in pomegranate wreath in gold;

"And by a silken cincture, broad and blue,
In shapely guise about the waist confined;
Blent with the curls that, of a lighter hue,
Half floated, waving in their length behind;
The other half, in braided tresses twined,
Was decked with rose of pearls and sapphire's azure too,

"Arranged with curious skill to imitate
The sweet acacia's blossoms, just as live
And droop those tender flowers in natural state;
And so the trembling gems seemed sensitive,

"And, pendent, sometimes touch her neck, and there
Seem shrinking from its softness as alive;
And round her arms, flower-white and round and fair,
Slight bandelets were twined of colors five,

"Like little rainbows, seemly, on those arms.
None of that court had seen the like before—
Soft, fragrant, bright: so much like heaven her charms,
It scarce could seem idolatry to adore."

Byron and Swinburne have a language-magic something like this, but neither so infuses his description of woman's beauty with that intenser loveliness of the spirit which makes the body the breath and picture of the soul.

Altheëtor, a very beautiful youth of Sardius's court, of a nature pure and high as it was ardent, falls ill, pining secretly for Egla, and becomes another victim of Zophiël's jealous wrath.

In the third and fourth cantos, "Palace of the Gnomes," and "The Storm," we have a description of celestial and inframundane scenery and drama, and the spiritual proportions of Zophiël come into full relief.

ZOPHIËL TO THE FLOWER SPIRIT PHRAËRION.

"'Conduct me to those hoards of sweets and dews,
Treasured in haunts to all but thee unknown,

* Doubting.

For favorite sprites; teach me their power and use,
And whate'er thou wilt of Zophiël, be it done!
* * * * * * *

"'My Egla left in her acacia grove
Has learnt to lay aside that piteous fear
That sorrowed thee; and I but live to prove
A love for her as harmless as sincere.
* * * * * * *

"'And oft, when nature pants, and the thick air,
Charged with foul particles, weighs sluggish o'er,
I breathe them all; that deep disgust I bear
To leave a fluid pure and sane for her.
* * * * * * *

"'But the night wanes! while all is bright above,'
He said, and round Phraërion, nearer drawn,
One beauteous arm he flung. 'First to my love;
We'll see her safe; then to our task till dawn.'"

THE DESCENT OF ZOPHIËL AND PHRAËRION.

"The sea was calm, and the reflected moon
Still trembled on its surface; not a breath
Curled the broad mirror. Night had passed her noon.
How soft the air! How cold the depths beneath!

"The spirits hover o'er that surface smooth;
Zophiël's white arm around Phraërion's twined
In fond caress, his tender fears to soothe,
While either's nearer wing the other's crossed behind.

"Well pleased, Phraërion half forgot his dread,
And first, with foot as white as lotos leaf,
The sleepy surface of the waves essayed;
But then his smile of love gave place to drops of grief.

"How could he for that fluid dense and chill
Change the sweet floods of air they floated on?
E'en at a touch his shrinking fibres thrill;
But ardent Zophiël, panting, hurries on,

"And (catching his mild brother's tears with lip
That whispered courage 'twixt each glowing kiss)
Persuades to plunge. Limbs, wings, and locks they dip:
Whate'er the other's pains, the lover felt but bliss."

At the submarine palace of the gnome Tsathyam, Zophiël obtains a crystal spar, in which one drop of the elixir which perpetuates life is inclosed. With this between his lips, and his fragile guide Phraërion clasped to his breast, he sets out to return from the sea-deeps to the earth's surface. The most violent submarine storm engages all his supernatural powers, and the precious spar, for the possession of which so much has been endured, is dashed from his lips and whelmed in an ocean gulf, into whose vortex he may not plunge without remaining an eternity. The two storm-spent sprites emerge "near Lybia's coast," only to encounter a terrific earth storm, in whose relentless fury Zophiël perceives the malignant purpose of an evil spirit more powerful than himself. He lends all his strength and care to shelter the delicate Phraërion, but at last, in the storm's climax, both are dashed "prostrate on the sands."

THE SPIRITS' CONFLICT.

"But Zophiël, stung with shame, and in a mood
Too fierce for fear, uprose; yet ere for flight
Served his torn wings, a form before him stood
In gloomy majesty. Like starless night

"A sable mantle fell in cloudy fold
From its stupendous breast; and as it trod
The pale and lurid light, at distance rolled
Before its princely feet, receding on the sod.

"'Twas still as death, save that the thunder spoke
In mutterings low and far. A look severe
Seemed as preluding speech; but Zophiël broke
The silence first: 'Why, Spirit, art thou here?'

"It waved its hand, and instantaneous came
A hissing bolt with new impetus back;
Darts round a group of verdant palms the flame;
That, being pointed to them, blasted black.

"'O source of all my guilt! at such an hour'
(The mortal lover said) 'thine answer there
I need not read; too well I know thy power
In all I've felt and feel. But has despair,

"'Or grief, or torment, e'er made Zophiël bow?
Declare me that, nor spend thine arts in vain
To torture more. If, like a miscreant, now
I bend to thee, 'tis not for dread of pain;

"'That I can bear: yet, bid thy legions cease
Their strife. Oh, spare me this resistance rude
But for an hour! Let me but on in peace;
So shall I taste the joy of gratitude,

"'Even to thee!' 'The joy?' then first, with scorn,
Replied that sombre Being. 'Dream'st thou still
Of joy—a thing accurst, demeaned, forlorn,
As thou art? Is't for joy thou mock'st my will?

"'Canst thou taste pleasure, banished, crushed, debased?'
'I can, betrayer! Dost thou envy me?
But leave me to my wrongs, and I can taste
Even yet of heaven, spite of my fall and thee.

"'But that affects not thee. Thine insults spare
But for an hour; leave me to go at will
Only till morn, and I will back and bear
Whate'er thou wilt. What! dost obstruct me still?

"'Thine armies, dim and shrouded in the storm,
Then I must meet; and weary thus, and torn,
Essay the force of an immortal arm,
Lone as I am, until another morn.'

"Thus he. The other folded o'er its breast
Its arms, and stood as cold and firm the while
As if no passion stirred save that expressed
Its pale, pale lip—a faint, ferocious smile;

"While, blent with winds, ten thousand agents wage
Anew the strife; and Zophiël, fain to fly,
But foiled, gave up to unavailing rage,
And strove, and toiled, and strove, but could not mount on high."

Though there are glimpses of the "Inferno" in "Zophiël," the story does not lead through its scenes, yet the great likeness in kind and quality between the genius of the "melancholy Florentine" and that revealed in "Zophiël" could not escape the student of both poets. In scope and plot the "Inferno" and "Zophiël" are scarcely to be compared; there is too much unlikeness of attempt; but the soul-current vitalizing each of these poems is the warm and brilliant, passionate and profound, tide of a like inspiration. In the plot of "Zophiël" the stream flows necessarily between nearer banks, but proves its identity of source by the floating flower, the golden sand, the tint and depth and lustre that flow from no lesser springs.

In the tenth canto of the "Inferno" the discourse between Dante and "Farinata degli Uberti" and Cavalcanti, and the accessories of the situation, are in their dark sublimity wonderfully like the scene of recrim-

ination between Zophiël and the fiend in The Storm, though the likeness is in the power and feeling rather than in the situation.

In the fifth canto, entitled "Zameïa," the description of the temple and rites of Mylitta is identical in fact with the same related by Herodotus, Guignant, and others; but in the verse of "Zophiël" it is so refined of the commoner conceptions of such a rite, and is invested with so much seriousness and beauty as having an impersonal and simply sacrificial significance, that merely sensual appreciation must recoil chilled, as from the pure nakedness of a statue. The whole movement of this canto, its glow and form and finish, are as replete with beauty as the richest measures of Byron when Byron's impulse was—as it sometimes was—noble and pure, and it is wholly without the trail of reckless license that creeps through some of his fairest creations. The limpid flowing song of Mrs. Browning's "Swan's Nest among the Reeds" is recalled, not by any analogy of scope or *motif*, but the soft and vivid delicacy of feeling and expression is the same.

The yet unsubsided wave of what has gone before, and the imminence of the last crisis, are immediately felt in the first verses of "The Bridal of Helon" (the sixth and last canto), where occurs the ardent complaint which Southey quotes with such admiring delight in *The Doctor*.

Egla, in the soft twilight solitude of her acacia grove, muses as she tunes her lute, longing for Zophiël's presence:

"Softly heaving
The while her heart, thus from its inmost core
Such feelings gushed, to Lydian numbers weaving,
As never had her lip expressed before."

SONG OF EGLA.

"Day, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress:
I am sick of loneliness.

"Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come ere night around me darken.
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent.

"Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure.
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:
Gifts and gold are naught to me,
I would only look on thee;

"Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture if comprest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

"Absent still? Ah, come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once in caution I could fly thee,
Now I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come! and I will gaze on thee!"

Southey declared this poem to be not only equal, but superior, to Sappho's famous "Ode to Aphrodite." There is in places a strange likeness of emotion and power in the two ardent adjurations. Here is the Sapphic Hymn as a New England poet-philosopher* gracefully translates it:

"Beautiful, throned, immortal Aphrodite!
Daughter of Zeus! beguiler, I implore thee
Weigh me not down with weariness and anguish,
O thou most holy!

"Come to me now! if ever thou in kindness
Hearkenedst my words—and often hast thou hearkened,
Heeding, and coming from the mansions golden
Of thy great Father,

"Yoking thy chariots, borne by thy most lovely
Consecrated birds, with dusky-tinted pinions,
Waving swift wings from utmost heights of heaven,
Through the mid ether:

"Swiftly they vanished, leaving thee, O goddess,
Smiling, with face immortal in its beauty,
Asking what I suffered, and why in utter longing
I had dared call thee;

"Asking what I sought thus hopeless in desiring,
'Wildered in brain, and spreading nets of passion,
Alas! for whom? and saidst thou, 'Who hast harmed thee,
O my poor Sappho?

"'Though now he flies, ere long he shall pursue;
Fearing thy gifts, he too in turn shall bring them;
Loveless to-day, to-morrow he shall woo thee,
Though thou shouldst spurn him.'"

"Thus seek me now, O holy Aphrodite!
Save me from anguish, give me all I wish for—
Gifts at thy hand; and thine shall be the glory,
Sacred protector!"

Thus Sappho, praying to love's source, while Egla entreats only a lover; yet Egla's song is tenderer music. Sappho desires gifts, her own happiness, and to be love-compelling; Egla seeks only permission to completely love and bless. Her passion and its prayer are diviner than Sappho's, and the song which breathes them is a more penetrating strain, reminding of the tender human woe of the foreboding Willow Song of Desdemona, and the lily maid of Astolat's Song of Love and Death.

A guardian spirit, perceiving the dangerous situation of Egla, hovers near her at the same moment that Zophiël, just returning from the fruitless subterranean journey and storm-conflict related in the third and fourth cantos, approaches her, listens in transport to the song, at whose close, with tender sighs, she breathes his name. At this moment, when Zophiël is about to reveal himself, Zameïa darts forward, and in the very attempt to kill Egla, falls dead.

Egla, forced to witness at her very feet Zameïa's passionate death, and weary of the long scene of horrors, of which she is the innocent cause, prepares to take her own life. Helon, her predestined bridegroom, frustrates her design. Their betrothal follows. Zophiël, while this transpires, is withheld

* T. W. Higginson.

in the wood in vain struggle with the "dark Being of the Storm," but escapes, and reaches Egla's bridal chamber only in time to be repelled by the "insufferable perfume fire" of the burning contents of the carneol box, given long ago to Helon, for the protection of this very hour, by Hariph, who hurls the wretched Zophiël away, and discloses himself to the bridal pair as the angel Raphael.

Raphael then seeks Zophiël, with wish and word of heavenly

PITY, CONSOLATION, AND HOPE.

"Hurl'd 'gainst his will, the suffering Zophiël went
To the remotest of Egyptia's bounds;
Demons pursued to view his punishment,
And with his shrieks the desert blast abounds.

"Dark shadowy fiends, invidious that he joy'd
In love and beauty still, less deeply curst
Than they, of late had leagued them, and employed
All arts to crush and foil. Now, as when first

"Expelled from heaven, they saw him writhe; and while
He groans and clasps the earth, sit them beside,
Ask questions of his bliss, and then with smile
Recount his baffled schemes, and linger to deride.

"And when they fled, he hid him in a cave,
Strewn with the bones of some sad wretch, who there,
Apart from man, had sought a desert grave,
And yielded to the demon of despair.

"There beauteous Zophiël shrinking from the ray,
Envying the wretch that so his life had ended,
Wailed his eternity. He fain would pray,
But could not pray to One he had offended.

"The fiercest pains of death had been relief,
And yet his quenchless being might not end.
Hark! Raphael's voice breaks sweetly on his grief:
'Hope, Zophiël! hope! hope! hope! thou hast a friend!'"

The reviews of this poem at the time of its appearance, both in England and America, did what seemed like a reluctant sort of justice. Though the ocean rolled between us and the mother country, and though by every principle of government, national hope, and endeavor, we were sharply divided from her, still our gods in literature had been and were her gods—Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton. A country with a young civilization and a young literature, we did not expect and were not prepared to meet a revelation of American genius ranking with the great poets of the world. Even Mr. Griswold, the personal friend and admirer of Maria del Occidente, waited for the English verdict before speaking half his mind, and then spoke but the half.

The faults found in "Zophiël" were notably of that class which are blemishes or charms according to the mental temperament impressed. It was inevitably subjected to coarse as well as to noble interpretation; yet the least sympathetic appreciation acknowledged its greatness and distinctive originality, while a certain element peculiar to a past era in British criticism was curiously betrayed into an uncomfortable astonishment, a sort of blank and vexed amazement, that so majestic a strain could have risen in skies that did not immediately arch over Shakspeare's isle. "And all this," said the London *Quarterly*, in closing a short but keen tribute of admiration, "out of a coffee plantation in Cuba!"

Yet embarking solely upon its own merits, without herald and without propelling hand, this great poem, receiving but a brief salute, was suffered to pass, as a ship sets sail, into the mists of obscurity, and, fading from sight, to fade even from remembrance. But at last, let us hope, those mists are parted, and the waters of her native shores shall lap with waves of welcome and sweet loudening recognition the long-hidden bark.

From Maria del Occidente's miscellaneous poems we quote entire her

"ODE TO THE DEPARTED.

"'*Con Vistas del Cielo.*'

"The dearth is sore: the orange leaf is curled.
There's dust upon the marble o'er thy tomb,
My Edgar, fair and dear;
Though the fifth sorrowing year
Hath passed since first I knew thine early doom,
I see thee still, though Death thy being hence hath hurled.

"I could not bear my lot, now thou art gone—
With heart o'ersoftened by the many tears
Remorse and grief have drawn—
Save that a gleam, a dawn
(Haply of that which lights thee now), appears
To unveil a few fair scenes of Life's next coming morn.

"What, where, is heaven? earth's sweetest lips exclaim.
In all the holiest seers have writ or said,
Blurred are the pictures given.
We know not what is heaven,
Save by those views mysteriously spread
When the soul looks afar by light of her own flame.

"Yet all our spirits, while on earth so faint,
By glimpses dim discern, conceive, or know,
The Eternal Power can mould
Real as fruits or gold,
Bid the celestial roseate matter glow,
And forms more perfect smile than artists carve or paint.

"To realize every creed conceived
In mortal brain, by love and beauty charmed,
Even like the ivory maid
Who, as Pygmalion prayed,
Oped her white arms, to life and feeling warmed,
Would lightly task the power of life's great Chief believed.

"If Grecian Phidias in stone like this
Thy tomb could do so much, what can not He
Who from the cold, coarse clod
By reckless laborer trod
Can call such tints as meeting seraphs see,
And give them breath and warmth like true love's soul-felt kiss?

"Wild fears of dark annihilation, go!
Be warm, ye veins, now blackening with despair!
Years o'er thee have revolved,
My first-born; thou'rt dissolved—
All—every tint—save a few ringlets fair;
Still, if thou didst not live, how could I love thee so?

"Quick as the warmth which darts from breast to breast
When lovers from afar each other see,
Haply thy spirit went,
Where mine would fain be sent,
To take a heavenly form, designed to be
Meet dwelling for the soul thine azure eye expressed.

"Thy deep blue eye! Say, can heaven's bliss exceed
The joy of some brief moments tasted here?
Ah! could I taste again—
Is there a mode of pain
Which for such guerdon could be deemed severe?
Be ours the forms of heaven, and let me bend and bleed!

"To be in place, even like some spots on earth,
In those sweet moments when no ill comes near;
Where perfumes round us wreathe,
And the pure air we breathe
Nerves and exhilarates; while all we hear
So tells content and love, we sigh and bless our birth.

"To clasp thee, Edgar, in a fragrant shape
Of fair perfection, after death's sad hour,
Known as the same I've prest
Erst to this aching breast—
The same, but finished by a kind, bland Power,
Which only stopped thy heart to let thy soul escape—

"Oh! every pain that vexed thy mortal life,
Nay, even the lives of all who round me lie,
Be this one bliss my share,
The whole condensed I'll bear,
Bless the benign creative hand, and sigh
And kneel to ask again the expiatory strife—

"Strife, for the hope of making others blest,
Who trespassed only that they were not brave
Enough to bear or take
Pains, even for pity's sake—
Strife, for the hope to wake, incite, and save,
Even those who, dull with crime, know not fair Honor's zest.

"If, in the pauses of my agony
(Be it or flame, stab, scourge, or pestilence),
If, fresh and blest, as dear,
Thou'lt come in beauty near,
Speak, and with looks of love charm my keen sense,
I'll deem it heaven enough even thus to feel and see.

"To feel my hand wrenched as with mortal rack,
Then see it healed, and ta'en, and kindly prest,
And fair as blossoms white
Of cerea in the night,
While tears that fall upon thy spotless breast
Are sweet as drops from flowers touched in thy heavenly track!

"In form to bear nor stain nor scar designed—
Yes! let me kneel to agonize again;
Ask every torment o'er
More poignant than before.
Of a whole world the price of a whole pain
Were small, for such blest gifts of matter and of mind!

"Comes a cold doubt— That still thou art alive,
Edgar, my heart tells while these numbers thrill;
Yet of a bliss so dear,
And as Death's portal's near,
I feel me too unworthy: dreary Time,
I fear, must bear his part ere Hope her plight fulfill!

"Time, time was meet (so many a sacred scroll
Has told and tells) ere light was bid to smile;
Ere yet the spheres, revealed,
Gave music as they wheeled;
Warm, rife, eternal love—a time—a while—
Brooded and charmed and ranged till chaos gloomed no more.

"As time was needful ere a world could bloom
With forms of flowers and flesh, haply must wait
Some spirits; and lingering still,
Of deeds both good and ill
Mark the effect in intermediate state,
And think, and pause, and weep, even over their own tomb.

"Be it so: if thin as fragrance, light, or heat,
Thine essence, floating on the ambient air,
Can, with freed intellect,
View every deed's effect,
Read even my heart, in all its pantings bare:
When denser pulses cease, how sweet even thus to meet!

"To roam those deep green aisles, crowned with tall palms,
And weep for all who tire of toil and ill,
While moons of winter bring
Their blossoms fair as spring,
To move, unseen by all we've left, and will
Such influence to their souls as half their pain becalms;

"On deep Mohecan's* mounts to view the spot
Where, as these arms were oped to clasp thee, came
The tidings, dread and cold,
I never more might hold
Thy pulsing form, nor meet the gentle flame
Of thy fair eyes till mine for those of earth were not;

"On precipice where the gray citadel
Hangs over Ladaüanna's† billows clear,
How sweet to pause and view,
As erst, the far canoe;
To glide by friends who know not we are near,
And hear them of ourselves in tender memory tell;

"Or where Niagara with maddening roar
Shakes the worn cliff, haply to flit, and ken
Some angel, as he sighs
With pleasure at the dyes
Of the wild depth, while to the eyes of men
Invisible, we speak by signs unknown before;

"Or, far from this wild Western world, where dwelt
That brow whose laurels bore a leaf for mine,
When, strong in sympathy,
Thy sprite shall roam with me,
Edgar, 'mid Derwent's flowers, one soul benign
May to thy soul impart the joy I there have felt!

"What though 'imprisoned in the viewless winds,'
'Mid storms and rocks, like earthly ship, were dashed,
Unsevered while we're blent,
We'll bear in sweet content
The shock of falling bolt or forest crashed,
While thoughts of hope and love nerve well our mystic minds.

"Wafted or wandering thus, souls may be found
Or ripe for forms of heaven, or for that state
Of which, when angels think,
Or saints, they weep and shrink,
And oft, to draw or save from such dread fate,
Are fain their beauteous heads to dash 'gainst blood-stained ground.

"Freed from their earthly gyves, if spirits laugh
And shriek with horrid joy when victims bleed
Or suffer, as we view
Mortals in vileness do,
The Eternal and His court may keep their meed
Of joy: far other cups fell thirsty Guilt must quaff!

"O Edgar! spirit or on earth or air,
Seen or impalpable to artist's sketch,
In essence or in form,
In bliss, pain, calm, or storm,
Let us, wherever met a suffering wretch,
Task every power to shield and save him from despair!

"Nature hath secrets mortals ne'er suspect:
At some we glance, while some are sealed in night.
The optician, by his skill,
Even now can show, at will,

* "Mohecan," aboriginal name of the Hudson.
† "Ladaüanna," aboriginal name of the St. Lawrence.

Long absent spheres, in shapes of moving light:
If man so much can do, what can not Heaven effect!

"Shade, image, manes, all the ancient priest
Told to his votarists in fraud or zeal,
May be, and might have been
By means and arts we ween
No more of, in this age: for woe or weal
Of man, full much 'fore known, to this late race hath ceased.

"That souls may take ambrosial forms in heaven,
A dawning science half assures the hope:
These forms may sleep and smile
Midst heaven's fresh roses, while
Their spirits, free, roam o'er this world's whole scope
For pleasure and for good, Heaven's full permission given.

"I have not sung of meeting those we've loved,
Or known, and listening to their accents meek,
While pitying all they've pained
On earth, while passion reigned:
To wreak redress upon themselves they seek,
And bless, for each stern deed, the pain they now have proved.

"I have not sung of the first, fairest court;
Of all those mansions; of the heavenly home,
Of which the best hath told
Who e'er trod earthly mould:
To courts of earthly kings the fairest come,
Haply to show faint types of this supreme resort!

"Haply the Sire of sires may take a form
And give an audience to each set unfurled
With bands of sympathy,
Wreathen in mystery,
Round those who've known each other in this world,
Perfecting all the rest, and breathing beauty warm.

"Essence, light, heat, form, throbbing arteries—
To deem each possible, enough I see!
Edgar, thou knowest I wait:
Guard my expectant state;
Console me, as I bend in prayers for thee;
Aid me, even as thou mayest, both Heaven and thee to please!

"This song to thee alone! though he who shares
Thy bed of stone shared well my love with thee;
Yet in his noble heart
Another bore a part,
Whilst thou hadst never other love than me.
Sprites, brothers, manes, shades, present my tears and prayers!"

Mr. Griswold says, in his *Female Poets of America* (1853), that the above peculiar stanza was invented by Maria del Occidente.

In speaking of Zophiël, Mr. Griswold says, "Zophiël seems to us the finest fallen angel that has come to us from the hand of a poet. Milton's outcasts from heaven are utterly depraved and abraded of their glory, but Zophiël has traces of his original virtue and beauty, and a lingering hope of restoration to the presence of the Divinity." He adds: "There were at the time of the publication of 'Zophiël' in Boston (1834) too few readers among us of sufficiently cultivated and independent taste to appreciate a work of art which time or accident had not commended to the popular applause. At the end of a month only about twenty copies had been sold, and in a moment of disappointment Mrs. Brooks caused the remainder of the impression to be withdrawn from the market. The poem has, therefore, been very little read in this country, and even the title of it would have remained unknown to the common reader of elegant literature but for occasional allusions to it by Southey and other foreign critics."

Being desirous of having a full edition of her works, including *Idomen*, published, Mrs. Brooks authorized Mr. Griswold to "offer gratuitously her copyrights to an eminent publishing house for that purpose. In the existing condition of the copyright laws, which should have been entitled Acts for the Discouragement of a Native Literature, she was not surprised that the offer was declined, though indignant that the reason assigned should have been that they were 'of too elevated a character to sell.'"

Writing to Mr. Griswold soon afterward, she observed: "I do not think any thing from my humble imagination can be *too elevated*, or elevated enough, for the public as it really is in these North American States.....In the words of poor Spurzheim (uttered to me a short time before his death in Boston), I solace myself by saying, 'Stupidity! stupidity! the knowledge of that alone has saved me from misanthropy.'"

In 1844, about a year before her death, she wrote to Mr. Griswold: "When I have written out my 'Vistas del Infierno' and one other short poem, I hope to begin the penning of the epic of which I have so often spoken to you ('Beatriz, the Beloved of Columbus'), but when or whether it will be finished, Heaven alone can tell."

In allusion to this letter, Mr. Griswold says, "I have not learned whether this poem was written, but when I heard her repeat passages of it I thought it would be a nobler work than 'Zophiël.'"

The authoress of "Zophiël" wrote one prose tale, *Idomen; or, the Vale of Yumuri.* Its scenery is tropical and Cuban—a glowing bit of tapestry upon which the action is wrought in rich but sombre tints.

It is undoubtedly autobiographical, and in some sense a confession, and in this light can not be read but with the deepest sympathy and reverent interest. The same great capacity for intense, passionate devotion of love which animates her verse is revealed in this little heart history, and there is the same evidence of a grandly endowed nature undergoing almost complete spiritual deprivation in a totally uncongenial companionship. Three times Idomen attempts escape by suicide; there is none of the cowardice or small motive of death-seeking—it is clearly the highest courage of despair, looking undismayed upon possible vague horrors greater than mark its mortal condition, but irresistibly bent on changing at least the situation of its woe.

Idomen's lot is pierced by some gleams of joy, and she enjoys one perfect day:

"Has any one lived a life without tasting

a single day of happiness—happiness in accordance with the pantings of the heart which feels it—happiness, for the time, so large as to leave no room for wishes? One day at least of such happiness has been mine. One day! a single point between two masses of dullness and solicitude, made sufferable by a few pleasures, often uncheered with hope, and sometimes blackened by despair."

The love-deprived Idomen can say of this highest attribute: "The bliss of the Deity is to love. Those who have known what is love in perfection, though on earth and but for a moment, need not ask what reward awaits the just."

And again, with the divine courage that thrills only in the greatest souls: "I would not give the scenes passed with Ethelwald, with all their pain of more than many deaths, for a whole life of calm happiness."

As a psychological study, and as a work of art, *Idomen* has a beauty and separateness such as attach to Allston's *Monaldi*, to Moore's *Epicurean*, to the *Atala* of Châteaubriand; or to *Vathek*, the *Sorrows of Werther*, and *Paul and Virginia*.

Mr. Griswold, who was her personal friend, and probably knew her private history, declares: "*Idomen* contains little that is fictitious except the names of the characters. The account which *Idomen* gives of her own history is *literally true*, except in relation to an excursion to Niagara, which occurred, but in a different period of the author's life. *Idomen* will possess an interest and value as a psychological study independent of that which belongs to it as a *record of the experience* of so eminent a poet."

As an American woman, myself of a humble order of the quill, I feel a serious satisfaction, deep and sweet, in laying this little scroll upon the grave of my great countrywoman.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PRISONER.

THE sudden noise overhead and the hurried trampling of the men on deck were startling enough; but surely there was nothing to alarm her in the calm and serious face of this man who stood before her. He did not advance to her. He regarded her with a sad tenderness, as if he were looking at one far away. When the beloved dead come back to us in the wonder-halls of sleep, there is no wild joy of meeting: there is something strange. And when they disappear again, there is no surprise: only the dull aching returns to the heart.

"Gertrude," said he, "you are as safe here as ever you were in your mother's arms. No one will harm you."

"What is it? What do you mean?" said she, quickly.

She was somewhat bewildered. She had not expected to meet him thus suddenly face to face. And then she became aware that the companionway by which she had descended into the saloon had grown dark: that was the meaning of the harsh noise.

"I want to go ashore, Keith," said she, hurriedly. "Put me on shore. I will speak to you there."

"You can not go ashore," said he, calmly.

"I don't know what you mean," said she; and her heart began to beat hurriedly. "I tell you I want to go ashore, Keith. I will speak to you there."

"You can not go ashore, Gertrude," he repeated. "We have already left Erith. . . . Gerty, Gerty," he continued, for she was struck dumb with a sudden terror, "don't you understand now? I have stolen you away from yourself. There was but the one thing left: the one way of saving you. And you will forgive me, Gerty, when you understand it all—"

She was gradually recovering from her terror. She did understand it now. And he was not ill at all?

"Oh, you coward!—you coward!—you coward!" she exclaimed, with a blaze of fury in her eyes. "And I was to confer a kindness on you—a last kindness! But you dare not do this thing!—I tell you, you dare not do it! I demand to be put on shore at once! Do you hear me?"

She turned wildly round, as if to seek for some way of escape. The door in the ladies' cabin stood open; the daylight was streaming down into that cheerful little place; there were some flowers on the dressing-table. But the way by which she had descended was barred over and dark.

She faced him again, and her eyes were full of fierce indignation and anger; she drew herself up to her full height; she overwhelmed him with taunts and reproaches and scorn. That was a splendid piece of acting, seeing that it had never been rehearsed. He stood unmoved before all this theatrical rage.

"Oh yes, you were proud of your name," she was saying, with bitter emphasis; "and I thought you belonged to a race of gentlemen, to whom lying was unknown. And you were no longer murderous and revengeful; but you can take your revenge on a woman, for all that! And you ask me to come and see you, because you are ill! And you have laid a trap, like a coward!"

"And if I am what you say, Gerty," said he, quite gently, "it is the love of you

that has made me that. Oh, you do not know!"

She saw nothing of the lines that pain had written on this man's face; she recognized nothing of the very majesty of grief in the hopeless eyes. He was only her jailer, her enemy.

"Of course—of course," said she. "It is the woman—it is always the woman who is in fault! That is a manly thing, to put the blame on the woman! And it is a manly thing to take your revenge on a woman! I thought when a man had a rival, that it was his rival whom he sought out. But you—you kept out of the way—"

He strode forward, and caught her by the wrist. There was a look in his face that for a second terrified her into silence.

"Gerty," said he, "I warn you! Do not mention that man to me—now or at any time; or it will be bad for him and for you!"

She twisted her hand from his grasp.

"How dare you come near me!" she cried.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with an instant return to his former grave gentleness of manner. "I wish to let you know how you are situated, if you will let me, Gerty. I don't wish to justify what I have done, for you would not hear me—just yet. But this I must tell you, that I don't wish to force myself on your society. You will do as you please. There is your cabin; you have occupied it before. If you would like to have this saloon, you can have that too: I mean I shall not come into it unless it pleases you. And there is a bell in your cabin; and if you ring it, Christina will answer."

She heard him out patiently; her reply was a scornful—perhaps nervous—laugh.

"Why, this is mere folly!" she exclaimed. "It is simple madness. I begin to believe that you are really ill, after all; and it is your mind that is affected. Surely you don't know what you are doing?"

"You are angry, Gerty," said he.

But the first blaze of her wrath and indignation had passed away; and now fear was coming uppermost.

"Surely, Keith, you can not be dreaming of such a mad thing! Oh, it is impossible! It is a joke: it was to frighten me: it was to punish me, perhaps. Well, I have deserved it; but now—now you have succeeded; and you will let me go ashore, further down the river."

Her tone was altered. She had been watching his face.

"Oh no, Gerty, oh no," he said. "Do you not understand yet? You were every thing in the world to me—you were life itself. Without you I had nothing, and the world might just as well come to an end for me. And when I thought you were going away from me, what could I do? I could not reach you by letters, and letters; and how could I know what the people around you were saying to you? Ah, you do not know what I have suffered, Gerty; and always I was saying to myself that if I could get you away from these people, you would remember the time that you gave me the red rose, and all those beautiful days would come back again, and I would take your hand again, and I would forget altogether about the terrible nights when I saw you beside me and heard you laugh just as in the old times. And I knew there was only the one way left. How could I but try that? I knew you would be angry, but I hoped your anger would go away. And now you are angry, Gerty, and my speaking to you is not of much use—as yet; but I can wait until I see you yourself again, as you used to be, in the garden—don't you remember, Gerty?"

Her face was proud, cold, implacable.

"Do I understand you aright—that you have shut me up in this yacht and mean to take me away?"

"Gerty, I have saved you from yourself!"

"Will you be so kind as to tell me where we are going?"

"Why not away back to the Highlands, Gerty?" said he, eagerly. "And then some day when your heart relents, and you forgive me, you will put your hand in mine, and we will walk up the road to Castle Dare. Do you not think they will be glad to see us that day, Gerty?"

She maintained her proud attitude, but she was trembling from head to foot.

"Do you mean to say that until I consent to be your wife I am not to be allowed to leave this yacht?"

"You will consent, Gerty!"

"Not if I were to be shut up here for a thousand years!" she exclaimed, with another burst of passion. "Oh, you will pay for this dearly! I thought it was madness—mere folly; but if it is true, you will rue this day! Do you think we are savages here?—do you think we have no law?"

"I do not care for any law," said he, simply. "I can only think of the one thing in the world. If I have not your love, Gerty, what else can I care about?"

"My love!" she exclaimed. "And this is the way to earn it, truly! My love! If you were to keep me shut up for a thousand years, you would never have it! You can have my hatred, if you like, and plenty of it, too!"

"You are angry, Gerty!" was all he said.

"Oh, you do not know with whom you have to deal!" she continued, with the same bitter emphasis. "You terrified me with stories of butchery—the butchery of innocent women and children; and no doubt you thought the stories were fine; and now you too would show you are one of the race by taking revenge on a woman. But if she is only a woman, you have not conquered

her yet! Oh, you will find out before long that we have law in this country, and that it is not to be outraged with impunity. You think you can do as you like; because you are a Highland master, and you have a lot of slaves round you!"

"I am going on deck now, Gerty," said he, in the same sad and gentle way. "You are tiring yourself. Shall I send Christina to you?"

For an instant she looked bewildered, as if she had not till now comprehended what was going on; and she said, quite wildly:

"Oh, no, no, no, Keith; you don't mean what you say! You can not mean it! You are only frightening me! You will put me ashore, and not a word shall pass my lips. We can not be far down the river, Keith. There are many places where you could put me ashore; and I could get back to London by rail. They won't know I have ever seen you. Keith, you will put me ashore now!"

"And if I were to put you ashore now, you would go away, Gerty, and I should never see you again—never, and never. And what would that be for you and for me, Gerty? But now you are here, no one can poison your mind; you will be angry for a time; but the brighter days are coming—oh yes, I know that: if I was not sure of that, what would become of me? It is a good thing to have hope; to look forward to the glad days: that stills the pain at the heart. And now we two are together at last, Gerty!—and if you are angry, the anger will pass away; and we will go forward together to the glad days."

She was listening in a sort of vague and stunned amazement. Both her anger and her fear were slowly yielding to the bewilderment of the fact that she was really setting out on a voyage, the end of which neither she nor any one living could know.

"Ah, Gerty," said he, regarding her with a strange wistfulness in the sad eyes, "you do not know what it is to me to see you again. I have seen you many a time—in dreams; but you were always far away; and I could not take your hand. And I said to myself that you were not cruel; that you did not wish any one to suffer pain; and I knew if I could only see you again, and take you away from these people, then your heart would be gentle, and you would think of the time when you gave me the red rose, and we went out in the garden, and all the air round us was so full of gladness that we did not speak at all. Oh yes; and I said to myself that your true friends were in the north; and what would the men at Dubh Artach not do for you, and Captain Macallum too, when they knew you were coming to live at Dare; and I was thinking that would be a grand day when you came to live among us; and there would be dancing, and a good glass of whiskey for every one, and some playing on the pipes that day! And sometimes I did not know whether there would be more of laughing or of crying when Janet came to meet you. But I will not trouble you any more now, Gerty; for you are tired, I think; and I will send Christina to you. And you will soon think that I was not cruel to you when I took you away and saved you from yourself."

She did not answer; she seemed in a sort of trance. But she was aroused by the entrance of Christina, who came in directly after Macleod left. Miss White stared at this tall, thin-featured, white-haired woman, as if uncertain how to address her; when she spoke it was in a friendly and persuasive way.

"You have not forgotten me, then, Christina?"

"No, mem," said the grave Highland-woman. She had beautiful, clear, blue-gray eyes, but there was no pity in them.

"I suppose you have no part in this mad freak?"

The old woman seemed puzzled. She said, with a sort of serious politeness:

"I do not know, mem. I have not the good English as Hamish."

"But surely you know this," said Miss Gertrude White, with more animation, "that I am here against my will? You understand that, surely? That I am being carried away against my will from my own home and my friends? You know it very well; but perhaps your master has not told you of the risk you run? Do you know what that is? Do you think there are no laws in this country?"

"Sir Keith he is the master of the boat," said Christina. "Iss there any thing now that I can do for you, mem?"

"Yes," said Miss White, boldly. "There is. You can help me to get ashore. And you will save your master from being looked on as a madman. And you will save yourselves from being hanged."

"I wass to ask you," said the old Highland-woman, "when you would be for having the dinner. And Hamish, he wass saying that you will hef the dinner what time you are thinking of; and will you hef the dinner all by yourself?"

"I tell you this, woman," said Miss White, with quick anger, "that I will neither eat nor drink so long as I am on board this yacht! What is the use of this nonsense? I wish to be put on shore. I am getting tired of this folly. I tell you I want to go ashore; and I am going ashore; and it will be the worse for any one who tries to stop me!"

"I do not think you can go ashore, mem," Christina said, somewhat deliberately picking out her English phrases, "for the gig is up at the davits now; and the dingey—you wass not thinking of going ashore by your-

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self in the dingey? And last night, mem, at a town, we had many things brought on board; and if you would tell me what you will hef for the dinner, there is no one more willing than me. And I hope you will hef very good comfort on board the yacht."

"I can't get it into your head that you are talking nonsense!" said Miss White, angrily. "I tell you I will not go any where in this yacht! And what is the use of talking to me about dinner? I tell you I will neither eat nor drink while I am on board this yacht."

"I think that would be a ferry foolish thing, mem," Christina said, humbly enough; but all the same the scornful fashion in which this young lady had addressed her had stirred a little of the Highland-woman's blood; and she added—still with great apparent humility—"But if you will not eat, they say that iss a ferry good thing for the pride; and there iss not much pride left if one hass nothing to eat, mem."

"I presume that is to be my prison?" said Miss White, haughtily, turning to the smart little state-room beyond the companion.

"That iss your cabin, mem, if you please, mem," said Christina, who had been instructed in English politeness by her husband.

"Well, now, can you understand this? Go to Sir Keith Macleod, and tell him that I have shut myself up in that cabin; and that I will speak not a word to any one; and I will neither eat nor drink, until I am taken on shore. And so, if he wishes to have a murder on his hands, very well! Do you understand that?"

"I will say that to Sir Keith," Christina answered, submissively.

Miss White walked into the cabin, and locked herself in. It was an apartment with which she was familiar; but where had they got the white heather? And there were books; but she paid little heed. They would discover they had not broken her spirit yet.

On either side the sky-light overhead was open an inch; and it was nearer to the tiller than the sky-light of the saloon. In the absolute stillness of this summer day she heard two men talking. Generally, they spoke in the Gaelic, which was of course unintelligible to her; but sometimes they wandered into English—especially if the name of some English town cropped up—and thus she got hints as to the whereabouts of the *Umpire*.

"Oh yes, it is a fine big town that town of Gravesend, to be sure, Hamish," said the one voice, "and I have no doubt, now, that it will be sending a gentleman to the Houses of Parliament in London, just as Greenock will do. But there is no one you will send from Mull. They do not know much about Mull in the Houses of Parliament!"

"And they know plenty about ferry much worse places," said Hamish, proudly. "And wass you saying there will be any thing so beautiful about Greenock ass you will find at Tobbermorry?"

"Tobermory!" said the other. "There are some trees at Tobermory—oh yes; and the Mish-nish, and the shops—"

"Yess, and the water-fahl—do not forget the water-fahl, Colin; and there iss better whiskey in Tobbermorry ass you will get in all Greenock, where they will be for mixing it with prandy and other drinks like that; and at Tobbermorry you will hef a professor come ahl the way from Edinburgh and from Oban to gif a lecture on the Gaelic; but do you think he would gif a lecture in a town like Greenock? Oh no; he would not do that!"

"Very well, Hamish; but it is glad I am that we are going back the way we came."

"And me too, Colin."

"And I will not be sorry when I am in Greenock once more."

"But you will come with us first of all to Castle Dare, Colin," was the reply. "And I know that Lady Macleod herself will be for shaking hands with you, and thanking you that you wass tek the care of the yacht."

"I think I will stop at Greenock, Hamish. You know you can take her well on from Greenock. And will you go round the Mull, Hamish, or through the Crinan, do you think now?"

"Oh, I am not afrait to tek her round the Moil; but there iss the English lady on board; and it will be smoother for her to go through the Crinan. And it iss ferry glad I will be, Colin, to see Ardalanish Point again; for I would rather be going through the Doruis Mohr twenty times ass getting petween the panks of this tamned river."

Here they relapsed into their native tongue, and she listened no longer; but at all events she had learned that they were going away to the north. And as her nerves had been somewhat shaken, she began to ask herself what further thing this madman might not do. The old stories he had told her came back with a marvellous distinctness. Would he plunge her into a dungeon, and mock her with an empty cup when she was dying of thirst? Would he chain her to a rock at low water and watch the tide slowly rise? He professed great gentleness and love for her; but if the savage nature had broken out at last? Her fear grew apace. He had shown himself regardless of every thing on earth: where would he stop, if she continued to repel him? And then the thought of her situation—alone; shut up in this small room; about to venture forth on the open sea with this ignorant crew—so overcame her that she hastily snatched at the bell on the dressing-table, and rang it violently. Almost instantly there was a tapping at the door.

"I ask your pardon, mem," she heard Christina say.

She sprang to the door, and opened it, and caught the arm of the old woman.

"Christina, Christina," she said, almost wildly, "you won't let them take me away! My father will give you hundreds and hundreds of pounds if only you get me ashore. Just think of him—he is an old man—if you had a daughter—"

Miss White was acting very well indeed; though she was more concerned about herself than her father.

"I wass to say to you," Christina explained, with some difficulty, "that if you wass saying that, Sir Keith had a message sent away to your father, and you wass not to think any more about that. And now, mem, I can not tek you ashore; it iss no business I hef with that; and I could not go ashore myself whateffer; but I would get you some dinner, mem."

"Then I suppose you don't understand the English language!" Miss White exclaimed, angrily. "I tell you I will neither eat nor drink so long as I am on board this yacht! Go and tell Sir Keith Macleod what I have said."

So Miss White was left alone again; and the slow time passed; and she heard the murmured conversation of the men, and also a measured pacing to and fro, which she took to be the step of Macleod. Quick rushes of feeling went through her—indignation; a stubborn obstinacy; a wonder over the audacity of this thing; malevolent hatred even; but all these were being gradually subdued by the dominant claim of hunger. Miss White had acted the part of many heroines; but she was not herself a heroine—if there is any thing heroic in starvation. It was growing to dusk when she again summoned the old Highlandwoman.

"Get me something to eat," said she; "I can not die like a rat in a hole."

"Yes, mem," said Christina, in the most matter-of-fact way; for she had never been in a theatre in her life, and she had not imagined that Miss White's threat meant any thing at all. "The dinner is just ready now, mem; and if you will hef it in the saloon, there will be no one there; that wass Sir Keith's message to you."

"I will not have it in the saloon; I will have it here."

"Ferry well, mem," Christina said, submissively. "But you will go into the saloon, mem, when I will mek the bed for you, and the lamp will hef to be lit, but Hamish he will light the lamp for you. And are there any other things you wass thinking of that you would like, mem?"

"No; I want something to eat."

"And Hamish, mem, he wass saying I will ask you whether you will hef the claret-wine, or—or—the other wine, mem, that meks a noise—"

"Bring me some water. But the whole of you will pay dearly for this!"

"I ask your pardon, mem?" said Christina, with great respect.

"Oh, go away, and get me something to eat!"

And in fact Miss White made a very good dinner, though the things had to be placed before her on her dressing-table. And her rage and indignation did not prevent her having, after all, a glass or two of the claret-wine. And then she permitted Hamish to come in and light the swinging lamp; and thereafter Christina made up one of the two narrow beds. Miss White was left alone.

Many a hundred times had she been placed in great peril—on the stage; and she knew that on such occasions it had been her duty to clasp her hand on her forehead and set to work to find out how to extricate herself. Well, on this occasion she did not make use of any dramatic gesture; but she turned out the lamp, and threw herself on the top of this narrow little bed; and was determined that, before they got her conveyed to their savage home in the north, she would make one more effort for her freedom. Then she heard the man at the helm begin to hum to himself "Fhir a bhata, na horo eile." The night darkened. And soon all the wild emotions of the day were forgotten; for she was asleep.

* * * * * *

Asleep—in the very waters through which she had sailed with her lover on the white summer day. But *Rose Leaf! Rose Leaf! what faint wind will carry you* NOW *to the south?*

CHAPTER XLV.

THE VOYAGE OVER.

AND now the brave old *Umpire* is nearing her northern home once more; and surely this is a right royal evening for the reception of her. What although the sun has just gone down, and the sea around them become a plain of heaving and wrestling blue-black waves? Far away, in that purple-black sea, lie long promontories that are of a still pale rose-color; and the western sky is a blaze of golden green; and they know that the wild, beautiful radiance is still touching the wan walls of Castle Dare. And there is Ardalanish Point; and that the ruddy Ross of Mull; and there will be a good tide in the Sound of Iona. Why, then, do they linger, and keep the old *Umpire* with her sails flapping idly in the wind?

"As you pass through Jura's Sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar!"

They are in no danger of Corrievreckan now; they are in familiar waters; only that is another Colonsay that lies away there in the south. Keith Macleod, seated up at the bow, is calmly regarding it. He is quite alone. There is no sound around him but the lapping of the waves.

"And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay."

And is he listening now for the wild sound of her singing? Or is he thinking of the brave Macphail who went back after seven long months of absence, and found the maid of Colonsay still true to him? The ruby ring she had given him had never paled. There was one woman who could remain true to her absent lover.

Hamish came forward.

"Will we go on now, Sir?" said he, in the Gaelic.

"No."

Hamish looked round. The shining clear evening looked very calm, notwithstanding the tossing of the blue-black waves. And it seemed wasteful to the old sailor to keep the yacht lying to or aimlessly sailing this way and that while this favorable wind remained to them.

"I am not sure that the breeze will last, Sir Keith."

"Are you sure of any thing, Hamish?" Macleod said, quite absently. "Well, there is one thing we can all make sure of. But I have told you, Hamish, I am not going up the Sound of Iona in daylight: why, there is not a man in all the islands who would not know of our coming by to-morrow morning. We will go up the Sound as soon as it is dark. It is a new moon to-night; and I think we can go without lights, Hamish."

"The *Dunara* is coming south to-night, Sir Keith," the old man said.

"Why, Hamish, you seem to have lost all your courage as soon as you put Colin Laing ashore."

"Colin Laing! Is it Colin Laing!" exclaimed Hamish, indignantly. "I will know how to sail this yacht, and I will know the banks, and the tides, and the rocks, better than any fifteen thousands of Colin Laings!"

"And what if the *Dunara* is coming south? If she can not see us, we can see her."

But whether it was that Colin Laing had before leaving the yacht managed to convey to Hamish some notion of the risk he was running, or whether it was that he was merely anxious for his master's safety, it was clear that Hamish was far from satisfied. He opened and shut his big clasp-knife in an awkward silence. Then he said:

"You will not go to Castle Dare, Sir Keith?"

Macleod started; he had forgotten that Hamish was there.

"No. I have told you where I am going."

"But there is not any good anchorage at that island, Sir!" he protested. "Have I not been round every bay of it; and you too, Sir Keith? and you know there is not an inch of sand or of mud, but only the small loose stones. And then the shepherd they left there all by himself; it was mad he became at last, and took his own life too."

"Well, do you expect to see his ghost?" Macleod said. "Come, Hamish, you have lost your nerve in the south. Surely you are not afraid of being any where in the old yacht so long as she has good sea-room around her?"

"And if you are not wishing to go up the Sound of Iona in the daylight, Sir Keith," Hamish said, still clinging to the point, "we could bear a little to the south, and go round the outside of Iona."

"The Dubh Artach men would recognize the *Umpire* at once," Macleod said, abruptly; and then he suggested to Hamish that he should get a little more way on the yacht, so that she might be a trifle steadier when Christina carried the dinner into the English lady's cabin. But indeed there was now little breeze of any kind. Hamish's fears of a dead calm were likely to prove true.

Meanwhile another conversation had been going forward in the small cabin below, that was now suffused by a strange warm light reflected from the evening sky. Miss White was looking very well now, after her long sea-voyage. During their first few hours in blue water she had been very ill indeed; and she repeatedly called on Christina to allow her to die. The old Highland-woman came to the conclusion that English ladies were rather childish in their ways; but the only answer she made to this reiterated prayer was to make Miss White as comfortable as was possible, and to administer such restoratives as she thought desirable. At length, when recovery and a sound appetite set in, the patient began to show a great friendship for Christina. There was no longer any theatrical warning of the awful fate in store for every body connected with this enterprise. She tried rather to enlist the old woman's sympathies on her behalf, and if she did not very well succeed in that direction, at least she remained on friendly terms with Christina, and received from her the solace of much gossip about the whereabouts and possible destination of the ship.

And on this evening Christina had an important piece of news.

"Where have we got to now, Christina?" said Miss White, quite cheerfully, when the old woman entered.

"Oh yes, mem, we will still be off the Mull shore, but a good piece away from it, and there is not much wind, mem. But Hamish thinks we will get to the anchorage the night whatever."

"The anchorage!" Miss White exclaimed, eagerly. "Where? You are going to Castle Dare, surely?"

"No, mem, I think not," said Christina. "I think it is an island—but you will not know the name of that island—there is no English for it at all."

"But where is it? Is it near Castle Dare?"

"Oh no, mem; it is a good way from Castle Dare; and it is out in the sea. Do you know Gometra, mem?—wass you ever going out to Gometra?"

"Yes, of course; I remember something about it, anyway."

"Ah, well, it is away out past Gometra, mem; and not a good place for an anchorage whatever; but Hamish he will know all the anchorages."

"What on earth is the use of going there?"

"I do not know, mem."

"Is Sir Keith going to keep me on board this boat forever?"

"I do not know, mem."

Christina had to leave the cabin just then; when she returned she said, with some little hesitation:

"If I wass mekking so bold, mem, ass to say this to you: Why are you not asking the questions of Sir Keith himself? He will know all about it; and if you were to come into the saloon, mem—"

"Do you think I would enter into any communication with him after his treatment of me?" said Miss White, indignantly. "No; let him atone for that first. When he has set me at liberty, then I will speak with him; but never so long as he keeps me shut up like a convict."

"I wass only saying, mem," Christina answered, with great respect, "that if you were wishing to know where we were going, Sir Keith will know that; but how can I know it? And you know, mem, Sir Keith has not shut you up in this cabin: you hef the saloon, if you would please to hef it."

"Thank you, I know!" rejoined Miss White. "If I choose, my jail may consist of two rooms instead of one. I don't appreciate that amount of liberty. I want to be set ashore."

"That I hef nothing to do with, mem," Christina said, humbly, proceeding with her work.

Miss White, being left to think over these things, was beginning to believe that, after all, her obduracy was not likely to be of much service to her. Would it not be wiser to treat with the enemy—perhaps to outwit him by a show of forgiveness? Here they were approaching the end of the voyage—at least Christina seemed to intimate as much; and if they were not exactly within call of friends, they would surely be within rowing distance of some inhabited island, even Gometra, for example. And if only a message could be sent to Castle Dare? Lady Macleod and Janet Macleod were women. They would not countenance this monstrous thing. If she could only reach them, she would be safe.

The rose-pink died away from the long promontories, and was succeeded by a sombre gray; the glory in the west sank down; a wan twilight came over the sea and the sky; and a small golden star, like the point of a needle, told where the Dubh Artach men had lit their beacon for the coming night. The *Umpire* lay and idly rolled in this dead calm; Macleod paced up and down the deck in the solemn stillness. Hamish threw a tarpaulin over the sky-light of the saloon to cover the bewildering light from below; and then, as the time went slowly by, darkness came over the land and the sea. They were alone with the night, and the lapping waves, and the stars.

About ten o'clock there was a loud rattling of blocks and cordage—the first puff of a coming breeze had struck her. The men were at their posts in a moment; there were a few sharp, quick orders from Hamish; and presently the old *Umpire*, with her great boom away over her quarter, was running free before a light southeasterly wind.

"Ay, ay!" said Hamish, in sudden gladness, "we will soon be by Ardalanish Point with a fine wind like this, Sir Keith; and if you would rather hef no lights on her—well, it is a clear night whateffer; and the *Dunara* she will hef up her lights."

The wind came in bits of squalls, it is true, but the sky overhead remained clear, and the *Umpire* bowled merrily along. Macleod was still on deck. They rounded the Ross of Mull, and got into the smoother waters of the Sound. Would any of the people in the cottages at Erraidh see this gray ghost of a vessel go gliding past over the dark water? Behind them burned the yellow eye of Dubh Artach; before them a few small red points told them of the Iona cottages; and still this phantom gray vessel held on her way. The *Umpire* was nearing her last anchorage.

And still she steals onward, like a thief in the night. She has passed through the Sound; she is in the open sea again; there is a calling of startled birds from over the dark bosom of the deep. Then far away they watch the lights of a steamer: but she is miles from their course; they can not even hear the throb of her engines.

It is another sound they hear—a low booming as of distant thunder. And that black thing away on their right—scarcely visible over the darkened waves—is that the channelled and sea-bird-haunted Staffa, trembling through all her caves under the shock of the smooth Atlantic surge? For all the clearness of the star-lit sky, there is

a wild booming of waters all around her rocks; and the giant caverns answer; and the thunder shudders out to the listening sea.

The night drags on. The Dutchman is fast asleep in his vast Atlantic bed; the dull roar of the waves he has heard for millions of years is not likely to awake him. And Fladda, and Lunga: surely this ghost-gray ship that steals by is not the old *Umpire* that used to visit them in the gay summer-time, with her red ensign flying, and the blue seas all around her? But here is a dark object on the waters that is growing larger and larger as one approaches it. The black outline of it is becoming sharp against the clear dome of stars. There is a gloom around as one gets nearer and nearer the bays and cliffs of this lonely island; and now one hears the sound of breakers on the rocks. Hamish and his men are on the alert. The top-sail has been lowered. The heavy cable of the anchor lies ready by the windlass. And then, as the *Umpire* glides into smooth water, and her head is brought round to the light breeze, away goes the anchor with a rattle that awakes a thousand echoes; and all the startled birds among the rocks are calling through the night—the sea-pyots screaming shrilly, the curlews uttering their warning note, the herons croaking as they wing their slow flight away across the sea. The *Umpire* has got to her anchorage at last.

And scarcely was the anchor down when they brought him a message from the English lady. She was in the saloon, and wished to see him. He could scarcely believe this, for it was now past midnight, and she had never come into the saloon before. But he went down through the forecastle, and through his own state-room, and opened the door of the saloon.

For a second the strong light almost blinded him; but at all events he knew she was sitting there, and that she was regarding him with no fierce indignation at all, but with quite a friendly look.

"Gertrude!" said he, in wonder; but he did not approach her. He stood before her, as one who was submissive.

"So we have got to land at last," said she: and more and more he wondered to hear the friendliness of her voice. Could it be true, then? Or was it only one of those visions that had of late been torturing his brain?

"Oh yes, Gerty!" said he; "we have got to an anchorage."

"I thought I would sit up for it," said she. "Christina said we should get to land some time to-night, and I thought I would like to see you. Because you know, Keith, you have used me very badly. And won't you sit down?"

He accepted that invitation. *Could it be true? could it be true?* This was ringing in his ears. He heard her only in a bewildered way.

"And I want you to tell me what you mean to do with me," said she, frankly and graciously: "I am at your mercy, Keith."

"Oh, not that—not that," said he. And he added, sadly enough, "It is I who have been at your mercy since ever I saw you, Gerty; and it is for you to say what is to become of you and of me. And have you got over your anger now?—and will you think of all that made me do this, and try to forgive it for the sake of my love for you, Gerty? Is there any chance of that now?"

She rather avoided the earnest gaze that was bent on her. She did not notice how nervously his hand gripped the edge of the table near him.

"Well, it is a good deal to forgive, Keith; you will acknowledge that yourself; and though you used to think that I was ready to sacrifice every thing for fame, I did not expect you would make me a nine days' wonder in this way. I suppose the whole thing is in the papers now?"

"Oh no, Gerty; I sent a message to your father."

"Well, that was kind of you—and audacious. Were you not afraid of his overtaking you? The *Umpire* is not the swiftest of sailers, you used to say; and you know there are telegraphs and railways to all the ports."

"He did not know you were in the *Umpire*, Gerty. But of course, if he were very anxious about you, he would write or come to Dare. I should not be surprised if he were there now."

A quick look of surprise and gladness sprang to her face.

"Papa—at Castle Dare!" she exclaimed. "And Christina says it is not far from here."

"Not many miles away."

"Then of course they will know we are here in the morning!" she cried, in the indiscretion of sudden joy. "And they will come out for me."

"Oh no, Gerty, they will not come out for you. No human being but those on board knows that we are here. Do you think they could see you from Dare? And there is no one living now on the island. We are alone in the sea."

The light died away from her face; but she said, cheerfully enough:

"Well, I am at your mercy then, Keith. Let us take it that way. Now you must tell me what part in the comedy you mean me to play; for the life of me I can't make it out."

"Oh, Gerty, Gerty, do not speak like that!" he exclaimed. "You are breaking my heart! Is there none of the old love left? Is it all a matter for jesting?"

She saw she had been incautious.

"Well," said she, gently, "I was wrong;

I know it is more serious than that; and I am not indisposed to forgive you, if you treat me fairly. I know you have great earnestness of nature; and—and you were very fond of me; and although you have risked a great deal in what you have done, still, men who are very deeply in love don't think much about consequences. And if I were to forgive you, and make friends again, what then?"

"And if we were as we used to be," said he, with a grave wistfulness in his face, "do you not think I would gladly take you ashore, Gerty?"

"And to Castle Dare?"

"Oh yes, to Castle Dare! Would not my mother and Janet be glad to welcome you!"

"And papa may be there?"

"If he is not there, can we not telegraph for him? Why, Gerty, surely you would not be married any where but in the Highlands?"

At the mention of marriage she blanched somewhat; but she had nerved herself to play this part.

"Then, Keith," said she, gallantly, "I will make you a promise. Take me to Castle Dare to-morrow, and the moment I am within its doors I will shake hands with you, and forgive you, and we will be friends again as in the old days."

"We were more than friends, Gerty," said he, in a low voice.

"Let us be friends first, and then who knows what may not follow?" said she, brightly. "You can not expect me to be overprofuse in affection just after being shut up like this?"

"Gerty," said he, and he looked at her with those strangely tired eyes, and there was a great gentleness in his voice, "do you know where you are? You are close to the island that I told you of—where I wish to have my grave on the cliff. But instead of a grave, would it not be a fine thing to have a marriage here? No; do not be alarmed, Gerty! it is only with your own good-will; and surely your heart will consent at last! Would not that be a strange wedding, too; with the minister from Salen, and your father on board, and the people from Dare? Oh, you would see such a number of boats come out that day, and we would go proudly back; and do you not think there would be a great rejoicing that day? Then all our troubles would be at an end, Gerty! There would be no more fear; and the theatres would never see you again; and the long, happy life we should lead, we two together! And do you know the first thing I would get you, Gerty?—it would be a new yacht! I would go to the Clyde, and have it built all for you. I would not have you go out again in this yacht, for you would then remember the days in which I was cruel to you; but in a new yacht you would not remember that any more; and do you not think we would have many a pleasant, long summer day on the deck of her, and only ourselves, Gerty? And you would sing the songs I first heard you sing, and I think the sailors would imagine they heard the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay; for there is no one can sing as you can sing, Gerty. I think it was that first took away my heart from me."

"But we can talk about all these things when I am on shore again," said she, coldly. "You can not expect me to be very favorably disposed so long as I am shut up here."

"But then," he said, "if you were on shore you might go away again from me, Gerty! The people would get at your ear again; they would whisper things to you; you would think about the theatres again. I have saved you, sweetheart; can I let you go back?"

The words were spoken with an eager affection and yearning; but they sank into her mind with a dull and cold conviction that there was no escope for her through any way of artifice.

"Am I to understand, then," said she, "that you mean to keep me a prisoner here until I marry you?"

"Why do you speak like that, Gerty?"

"I demand an answer to my question."

"I have risked every thing to save you; can I let you go back?"

A sudden flash of desperate anger—even of hatred—was in her eyes: her fine piece of acting had been of no avail.

"Well, let the farce end!" said she, with frowning eyebrows. "Before I came on board this yacht I had some pity for you. I thought you were at least a man, and had a man's generosity. Now I find you a coward, and a tyrant—"

"Gerty!"

"Oh, do not think you have frightened me with your stories of the revenge of your miserable chiefs and their savage slaves! Not a bit of it! Do with me what you like: I would not marry you if you gave me a hundred yachts!"

"Gerty!"

The anguish of his face was growing wild with despair.

"I say, let the farce end! I had pity for you—yes, I had! Now—I hate you!"

He sprang up with a quick cry, as of one shot through the heart. He regarded her, in a bewildered manner, for one brief second; and then he gently said, "Good-night, Gerty! God forgive you!" and he staggered backward, and got out of the saloon, leaving her alone.

See! the night is still fine. All around this solitary bay there is a wall of rock, jet-black, against the clear, dark sky, with its myriad twinkling stars. The new moon has arisen, but it sheds but little radiance

yet down there in the south. There is a sharper gleam from one lambent planet—a thin line of golden-yellow light that comes all the way across from the black rocks until it breaks in flashes among the ripples close to the side of the yacht. Silence once more reigns around; only from time to time one hears the croak of a heron from the dusky shore.

What can keep this man up so late on deck? There is nothing to look at but the great bows of the yacht black against the pale gray sea, and the tall spars and the rigging going away up into the star-lit sky, and the suffused glow from the sky-light touching a yellow-gray on the main-boom. There is no need for the anchor-watch that Hamish was insisting on. The equinoctials are not likely to begin on such a night as this.

He is looking across the lapping gray water to the jet-black line of cliff. And there are certain words haunting him. He can not forget them; he can not put them away.

* * * * * *

WHEREFORE IS LIGHT GIVEN TO HIM THAT IS IN MISERY, AND LIFE UNTO THE BITTER IN SOUL?.....WHICH LONG FOR DEATH, BUT IT COMETH NOT; AND DIG FOR IT MORE THAN FOR HIDDEN TREASURES.....WHICH REJOICE EXCEEDINGLY, AND ARE GLAD WHEN THEY CAN FIND THE GRAVE.

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Then in the stillness of the night he heard a breathing. He went forward, and found that Hamish had secreted himself behind the windlass. He uttered some exclamation in the Gaelic, and the old man rose and stood guiltily before him.

"Have I not told you to go below before? and will I have to throw you down into the forecastle?"

The old man stood irresolute for a moment. Then he said, also in his native tongue:

"You should not speak like that to me, Sir Keith: I have known you many a year."

Macleod caught Hamish's hand.

"I beg your pardon, Hamish. You do not know. It is a sore heart I have this night."

"Oh, God help us! Do I not know that!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice; and Macleod, as he turned away, could hear the old man crying bitterly in the dark. What else could Hamish do now—for him who had been to him as the son of his old age?

"Go below now, Hamish," said Macleod, in a gentle voice; and the old man slowly and reluctantly obeyed.

But the night had not drawn to day when Macleod again went forward, and said, in a strange, excited whisper:

"Hamish, Hamish, are you awake now?"

Instantly the old man appeared: he had not turned into his berth at all.

"Hamish, Hamish, do you hear the sound?" Macleod said, in the same wild way; "do you not hear the sound?"

"What sound, Sir Keith?" said he; for indeed there was nothing but the lapping of the water along the side of the yacht and a murmur of ripples along the shore.

"Do you not hear it, Hamish? It is a sound as of a brass-band!—a brass-band playing music—as if it was in a theatre. Can you not hear it, Hamish?"

"Oh, God help us! God help us!" Hamish cried.

"You do not hear it, Hamish?" he said. "Ah, it is some mistake. I beg your pardon for calling you, Hamish: now you will go below again."

"Oh no, Sir Keith," said Hamish. "Will I not stay on deck now till the morning? It is a fine sleep I have had; oh yes, I had a fine sleep. And how is one to know when the equinoctials may not come on?"

"I wish you to go below, Hamish."

And now this sound that is ringing in his ears is no longer of the brass-band that he had heard in the theatre. It is quite different. It has all the ghastly mirth of that song that Norman Ogilvie used to sing in the old, half-forgotten days. What is it that he hears?

"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"

It is a strange mirth. It might almost make a man laugh. For do we not laugh gently when we bury a young child, and put the flowers over it, and know that it is at peace? The child has no more pain at the heart. Oh, Norman Ogilvie, are you still singing the wild song? and are you laughing now? or is it the old man Hamish that is crying in the dark?

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"There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"

It is such a fine thing to sleep—when one has been fretting all the night, and spasms of fire go through the brain! Ogilvie, Ogilvie, do you remember the laughing Duchess? do you think she would laugh over one's grave, or put her foot on it, and stand relentless, with anger in her eyes? That is a sad thing; but after it is over there is sleep.

* * * * * *

"All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"

Hamish!—Hamish!—will you not keep her

away from me? I have told Donald what pibroch he will play; I want to be at peace now. But the brass-band—the brass-band—I can hear the blare of the trumpets; and Ulva will know that we are here, and the Gometra men, and the sea-birds too, that I used to love. But she has killed all that now, and she stands on my grave. She will laugh, for she was light-hearted, like a young child. But you, Hamish, you will find the quiet grave for me; and Donald will play the pibroch for me that I told him of; and you will say no word to her of all that is over and gone.

* * * * * *

See—he sleeps. This haggard-faced man is stretched on the deck; and the pale dawn, arising in the east, looks at him, and does not revive him, but makes him whiter still. You might almost think he was dead. But Hamish knows better than that; for the old man comes stealthily forward; and he has a great tartan plaid in his hands, and very gently indeed he puts it over his young master. And there are tears running down Hamish's face, and he says, "The brave lad! the brave lad!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE END.

"DUNCAN," said Hamish, in a low whisper—for Macleod had gone below, and they thought he might be asleep in the small, hushed state-room—"this is a strange-looking day, is it not? And I am afraid of it in this open bay, with an anchorage no better than a sheet of paper for an anchorage. Do you see now how strange-looking it is?"

Duncan Cameron also spoke in his native tongue, and he said:

"That is true, Hamish. And it was a day like this there was when the *Solan* was sunk at her moorings in Loch Hourn. Do you remember, Hamish? And it would be better for us now if we were in Loch Tua, or Loch-na-Keal, or in the dock that was built for the steamer at Tiree. I do not like the look of this day."

Yet to an ordinary observer it would have seemed that the chief characteristic of this pale, still day was extreme and settled calm. There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the sea; but there was a slight, glassy swell, and that only served to show curious opalescent tints under the suffused light of the sun. There were no clouds; there was only a thin veil of faint and sultry mist all across the sky; the sun was invisible, but there was a glare of yellow at one point of the heavens. A dead calm; but heavy, oppressed, sultry. There was something in the atmosphere that seemed to weigh on the chest.

"There was a dream I had this morning," continued Hamish, in the same low tones. "It was about my little granddaughter Christina. You know my little Christina, Duncan. And she said to me, 'What have you done with Sir Keith Macleod? Why have you not brought him back? He was under your care, grandfather.' I did not like that dream."

"Oh, you are becoming as bad as Sir Keith Macleod himself!" said the other. "He does not sleep. He talks to himself. You will become like that if you pay attention to foolish dreams, Hamish."

Hamish's quick temper leaped up.

"What do you mean, Duncan Cameron, by saying 'as bad as Sir Keith Macleod?' You—you come from Ross: perhaps they have not good masters there. I tell you there is not any man in Ross, or in Sutherland either, is as good a master, and as brave a lad, as Sir Keith Macleod—not any one, Duncan Cameron!"

"I did not mean any thing like that, Hamish," said the other, humbly. "But there was a breeze this morning. We could have got over to Loch Tua. Why did we stay here, where there is no shelter and no anchorage? Do you know what is likely to come after a day like this?"

"It is your business to be a sailor on board this yacht; it is not your business to say where she will go," said Hamish.

But all the same the old man was becoming more and more alarmed at the ugly aspect of this dead calm. The very birds, instead of stalking among the still pools, or lying buoyant on the smooth waters, were excitedly calling, and whirring from one point to another.

"If the equinoctials were to begin now," said Duncan Cameron, "this is a fine place to meet the equinoctials! An open bay, without shelter, and a ground that is no ground for an anchorage. It is not two anchors or twenty anchors would hold in such a ground."

Macleod appeared: the men were suddenly silent. Without a word to either of them—and that was not his wont—he passed to the stern of the yacht. Hamish knew from his manner that he would not be spoken to. He did not follow him, even with all this vague dread on his mind.

The day wore on to the afternoon. Macleod, who had been pacing up and down the deck, suddenly called Hamish. Hamish came aft at once.

"Hamish," said he, with a strange sort of laugh, "do you remember this morning, before the light came? Do you remember that I asked you about a brass-band that I heard playing?"

Hamish looked at him and said, with an earnest anxiety:

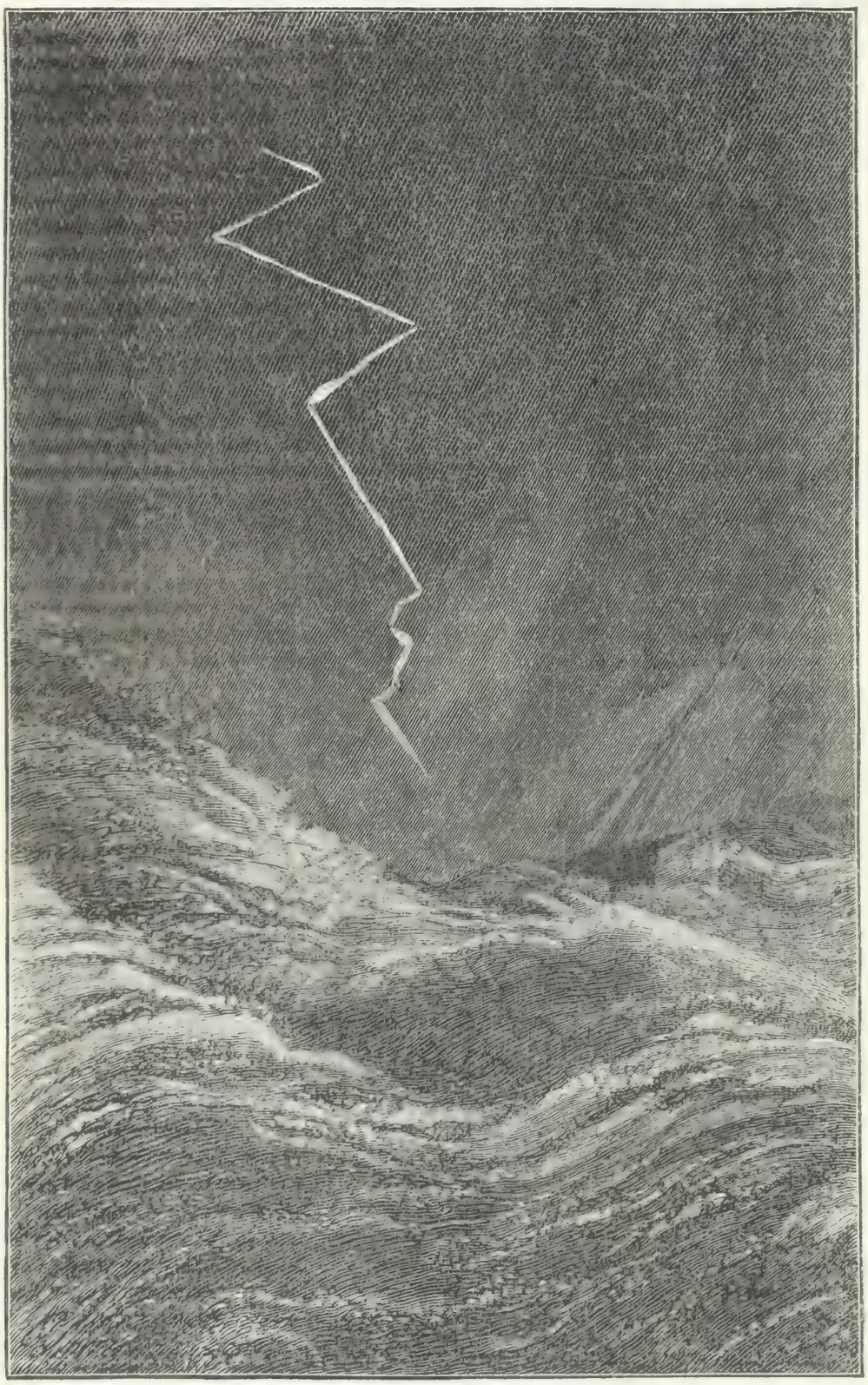
"Oh, Sir Keith, you will pay no heed to that! It is very common; I have heard

them say it is very common. Why, to hear a brass-band, to be sure! There is nothing more common than that. And you will not think you are unwell merely because you think you can hear a brass-band playing!"

"I want you to tell me, Hamish," said he, in the same jesting way, "whether my eyes have followed the example of my ears, and are playing tricks. Do you think they are blood-shot, with my lying on deck in the cold? Hamish, what do you see all around?"

The old man looked at the sky, and the shore, and the sea. It was a marvellous thing. The world was all enshrouded in a salmon-colored mist: there was no line of horizon visible between the sea and the sky.

"It is red, Sir Keith," said Hamish.



NEARING THE END.—[SEE PAGE 275.]

"Ah! Am I in my senses this time? And what do you think of a red day, Hamish? That is not a usual thing."

"Oh, Sir Keith, it will be a wild night this night! And we can not stay here, with this bad anchorage."

"And where would you go, Hamish—in a dead calm?" Macleod asked, still with a smile on the wan face.

"Where would I go?" said the old man, excitedly. "I—I will take care of the yacht. But you, Sir Keith—oh! you—you will go ashore now. Do you know, Sir, the sheiling that the shepherd had? It is a poor place—oh yes; but Duncan Cameron and I will take some things ashore. And do you not think we can look after the yacht? She has met the equinoctials before, if it is the equinoctials that are beginning. She has met them before; and can not she meet them now? But you, Sir Keith, you will go ashore."

Macleod burst out laughing in an odd sort of fashion.

"Do you think I am good at running away when there is any kind of danger, Hamish? Have you got into the English way? Would you call me a coward too? Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense, Hamish! I —why, I am going to drink a glass of the coal-black wine, and have done with it. I will drink it to the health of my sweetheart, Hamish!"

"Sir Keith," said the old man, beginning to tremble, though he but half understood the meaning of the scornful mirth, "I have had charge of you since you were a young lad."

"Very well."

"And Lady Macleod will ask of me, 'Such and such a thing happened: what did you do for my son?' Then I will say, 'Your ladyship, we were afraid of the equinoctials, and we got Sir Keith to go ashore; and the next day we went ashore for him; and now we have brought him back to Castle Dare!'"

"Hamish, Hamish, you are laughing at me! Or you want to call me a coward? Don't you know I should be afraid of the ghost of the shepherd who killed himself? Don't you know that the English people call me a coward?"

"May their souls dwell in the downmost hall of perdition!" said Hamish, with his cheeks becoming a gray-white; "and every woman that ever came of the accursed race!"

He looked at the old man for a second, and he gripped his hand.

"Do not say that, Hamish—that is folly. But you have been my friend. My mother will not forget you—it is not the way of a Macleod to forget—whatever happens to me."

"Sir Keith!" Hamish cried, "I do not know what you mean. But you will go ashore before the night?"

"Go ashore?" Macleod answered, with a return to his wild, bantering tone, "when I am going to see my sweetheart? Oh no! Tell Christina, now. Tell Christina to ask the young English lady to come into the saloon, for I have something to say to her. Be quick, Hamish!"

Hamish went away, and before long he returned with the answer that the young English lady was in the saloon. And now he was no longer haggard and piteous, but joyful, and there was a strange light in his eyes.

"Sweetheart," said he, "are you waiting for me at last? I have brought you a long way. Shall we drink a glass now at the end of the voyage?"

"Do you wish to insult me?" said she; but there was no anger in her voice: there was more of fear in her eyes as she regarded him.

"You have no other message for me than the one you gave me last night, Gerty?" said he, almost cheerfully. "It is all over, then? You would go away from me forever? But we will drink a glass before we go!"

He sprang forward, and caught both her hands in his with the grip of a vise.

"Do you know what you have done, Gerty?" said he, in a low voice. "Oh, you have soft, smooth, English ways; and you are like a rose leaf; and you are like a queen, whom all people are glad to serve. But do you know that you have killed a man's life? And there is no penalty for that in the south, perhaps; but you are no longer in the south. And if you have this very night to drink a glass with me, you will not refuse it? It is only a glass of the coal-black wine!"

She struggled back from him, for there was a look in his face that frightened her. But she had a wonderful self-command.

"Is that the message I was to hear?" said she, coldly.

"Why, sweetheart, are you not glad? Is not that the only gladness left for you and for me, that we should drink one glass together, and clasp hands, and say good-by? What else is there left? What else could come to you and to me? And it may not be this night, or to-morrow night; but one night I think it will come; and then, sweetheart, we will have one more glass together, before the end."

He went on deck. He called Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, in a grave, matter-of-fact way, "I don't like the look of this evening. Did you say the sheiling was still on the island?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," said Hamish, with great joy; for he thought his advice was going to be taken after all.

"Well, now, you know the gales, when they begin, sometimes last for two, or three, or four days; and I will ask you to see that Christina takes a good store of things to the sheiling, before the darkness comes on. Take plenty of things, now, Hamish, and

put them in the sheiling, for I am afraid this is going to be a wild night."

Now, indeed, all the red light had gone away; and as the sun went down there was nothing but a spectral whiteness over the sea and the sky. And the atmosphere was so close and sultry that it seemed to suffocate one. Moreover, there was a dead calm; if they had wanted to get away from this exposed place, how could they? They could not get into the gig and pull this great yacht over to Loch Tua.

It was with a light heart that Hamish set about this thing; and Christina forthwith filled a hamper with tinned meats, and bread, and whiskey, and what not. And fuel was taken ashore, too, and candles, and a store of matches. If the gales were coming on, as appeared likely from this ominous-looking evening, who could tell how many days and nights the young master—and the English lady, too, if he desired her company—might not have to stay ashore, while the men took the chance of the sea with this yacht, or perhaps seized the occasion of some lull to make for some place of shelter? There was Loch Tua, and there was the bay at Bunessan, and there was the little channel called Polterriv, behind the rocks opposite Iona. Any shelter at all was better than this exposed place, with the treacherous anchorage.

Hamish and Duncan Cameron returned to the yacht.

"Will you go ashore now, Sir Keith?" the old man said.

"Oh no; I am not going ashore yet. It is not yet time to run away, Hamish."

He spoke in a friendly and pleasant fashion, though Hamish, in his increasing alarm, thought it no proper time for jesting. They hauled the gig up to the davits, however, and again the yacht lay in dead silence in this little bay.

The evening grew to dusk; the only change visible in the spectral world of pale yellow-white mist was the appearance in the sky of a number of small, detached, bulbous-looking clouds of a dusky blue-gray. They had not drifted hither, for there was no wind. They had only appeared. They were absolutely motionless.

But the heat and the suffocation in this atmosphere became almost insupportable. The men, with bare heads, and jerseys unbuttoned at the neck, were continually going to the cask of fresh water beside the windlass. Nor was there any change when the night came on. If any thing, the night was hotter than the evening had been. They awaited in silence what might come of this ominous calm.

Hamish came aft.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Keith," said he, "but I am thinking we will have an anchor-watch to-night."

"You will have no anchor-watch to-night," Macleod answered, slowly, from out of the darkness. "I will be all the anchor-watch you will need, Hamish, until the morning."

"You, Sir!" Hamish cried. "I have been waiting to take you ashore; and surely it is ashore that you are going!"

Just as he had spoken there was a sound that all the world seemed to stand still to hear. It was a low, murmuring sound of thunder; but it was so remote as almost to be inaudible. The next moment an awful thing occurred. The two men standing face to face in the dark suddenly found themselves in a blaze of blinding steel-blue light, and at the very same instant the thunder-roar crackled and shook all around them like the firing of a thousand cannon. How the wild echoes went booming over the sea! Then they were in the black night again. There was a period of awed silence.

"Hamish," Macleod said, quickly, "do as I tell you now! Lower the gig; take the men with you, and Christina, and go ashore, and remain in the sheiling till the morning."

"I will not!" Hamish cried. "Oh, Sir Keith, would you have me do that!"

Macleod had anticipated his refusal. Instantly he went forward and called up Christina. He ordered Duncan Cameron and John Cameron to lower away the gig. He got them all in but Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, "you are a smaller man than I. Is it on such a night that you would have me quarrel with you? Must I throw you into the boat?"

The old man clasped his trembling hands together as if in prayer; and he said, with an agonized and broken voice:

"Oh, Sir Keith, you are my master, and there is nothing I will not do for you; but only this one night you will let me remain with the yacht. I will give you the rest of my life; but only this one night—"

"Into the gig with you!" Macleod cried, angrily. "Why, man, don't you think I can keep anchor-watch?" But then he added, very gently, "Hamish, shake hands with me now. You were my friend, and you must get ashore before the sea rises."

"I will stay in the dingey, then," the old man entreated.

"You will go ashore, Hamish; and this very instant, too. If the gale begins, how will you get ashore? Good-by, Hamish—*good-night!*"

Another white sheet of flame quivered all around them, just as this black figure was descending into the gig; and then the fierce hell of sounds broke loose once more. Sea and sky together seemed to shudder at the wild uproar; and far away the sounds went thundering through the hollow night. How could one hear if there was any sobbing in that departing boat, or any last cry of fare-

well? It was Ulva calling now; and Fladda answering from over the black water; and the Dutchman is surely awake at last!

There came a stirring of wind from the east, and the sea began to moan. Surely the poor fugitives must have reached the shore now. And then there was a strange noise in the distance: in the awful silence between the peals of thunder it would be heard; it came nearer and nearer—a low murmuring noise, but full of a secret life and thrill—it came along like the tread of a thousand armies—and then the gale struck its first blow. The yacht reeled under the stroke, but her bows staggered up again like a dog that has been felled, and after one or two convulsive plunges she clung hard at the strained cables. And now the gale was growing in fury, and the sea rising. Blinding showers of rain swept over, hissing and roaring; the white tongues of flame were shooting this way and that across the startled heavens; and there was a more awful thunder than even the falling of the Atlantic surge booming into the great sea-caves. In the abysmal darkness the spectral arms of the ocean rose white in their angry clamor; and then another blue gleam would lay bare the great heaving and wreathing bosom of the deep. What devil's dance is this? Surely it can not be Ulva—Ulva the green-shored—Ulva that the sailors in their love of her call softly *Ool-a-va*—that is laughing aloud with wild laughter on this awful night? And Colonsay, and Lunga, and Fladda—they were beautiful and quiet in the still summer-time; but now they have gone mad, and they are flinging back the plunging sea in white masses of foam, and they are shrieking in their fierce joy of the strife. And Staffa—Staffa is far away and alone; she is trembling to her core: how long will the shuddering caves withstand the mighty hammer of the Atlantic surge? And then again the sudden wild gleam startles the night—and one sees, with an appalling vividness, the driven white waves and the black islands—and then again a thousand echoes go booming along the iron-bound coast. What can be heard in the roar of the hurricane, and the hissing of rain, and the thundering whirl of the waves on the rocks? Surely not the one glad last cry: SWEETHEART! YOUR HEALTH! YOUR HEALTH IN THE COAL-BLACK WINE!

The poor fugitives crouching in among the rocks: is it the blinding rain or the driven white surf that is in their eyes? But they have sailor's eyes; they can see through the awful storm; and their gaze is fixed on one small green point far out there in the blackness—the starboard light of the doomed ship. It wavers like a will-o'-the-wisp, but it does not recede; the old *Umpire* still clings bravely to her chain cables.

And amid all the din of the storm they hear the voice of Hamish lifted aloud in lamentation:

"Oh, the brave lad! the brave lad! And who is to save my young master now; and who will carry this tale back to Castle Dare? They will say to me: 'Hamish, you had charge of the young lad: you put the first gun in his hand: you had charge of him; he had the love of a son for you: what is it you have done with him this night?' He is my Absalom; he is my brave young lad: oh, do you think that I will let him drown and do nothing to try to save him? Do you think that? Duncan Cameron, are you a man? Will you get into the gig with me and pull out to the *Umpire?*"

"By God," said Duncan Cameron, solemnly, "I will do that! I have no wife; I do not care. I will go into the gig with you, Hamish; but we will never reach the yacht—this night or any night that is to come."

Then the old woman Christina shrieked aloud, and caught her husband by the arm.

"Hamish! Hamish! Are you going to drown yourself before my eyes?"

He shook her hand away from him.

"My young master ordered me ashore: I have come ashore. But I myself, I order myself back again. Duncan Cameron, they will never say that we stood by and saw Macleod of Dare go down to his grave!"

They emerged from the shelter of this great rock; the hurricane was so fierce that they had to cling to one bowlder after another to save themselves from being whirled into the sea. But were these two men by themselves? Not likely! It was a party of five men that now clambered along the slippery rocks to the shingle up which they had hauled the gig, and one wild lightning-flash saw them with their hands on the gunwale, ready to drag her down to the water. There was a surf raging there that would have swamped twenty gigs: these five men were going of their own free-will and choice to certain death—so much had they loved the young master.

But a piercing cry from Christina arrested them. They looked out to sea. What was this sudden and awful thing? Instead of the starboard green light, behold! the port red light—and that moving! Oh, see! how it recedes, wavering—flickering through the whirling vapor of the storm! And there again is the green light! Is it a witch's dance, or are they strange death-fires hovering over the dark ocean grave? But Hamish knows too well what it means; and with a wild cry of horror and despair, the old man sinks on his knees and clasps his hands, and stretches them out to the terrible sea.

"Oh, Macleod! Macleod! are you going away from me forever? and we will go up the hills together and on the lochs together no more—no more—no more! Oh, the brave lad that he was!—and the good master!—and who was not proud of him?—my handsome lad!—and he the last of the Macleods of Dare!"

Arise, Hamish, and have the gig hauled up into shelter; for will you not want it when the gale abates, and the seas are smooth, and you have to go away to Dare, you and your comrades, with silent tongues and sombre eyes? Why this wild lamentation in the darkness of the night? The stricken heart that you loved so well has found peace at last; the coal-black wine has been drank; there is an end! And you, you poor cowering fugitives, who only see each other's terrified faces when the wan gleam of the lightning blazes through the sky, perhaps it is well that you should weep and wail for the young master; but that is soon over, and the day will break. And this is what I am thinking of now: when the light comes, and the seas are smooth, then which of you—oh, which of you all will tell this tale to the two women at Castle Dare?

So fair shines the morning sun on the white sands of Iona! The three days' gale is over. Behold how Ulva—Ulva the green-shored—the *Ool-a-va* that the sailors love—is laughing out again to the clear skies! And the great skarts on the shores of Erisgeir are spreading abroad their dusky wings to get them dried in the sun; and the seals are basking on the rocks in Loch-na-Keal; and in Loch Scridain the white gulls sit buoyant on the blue sea. There go the Gometra men in their brown-sailed boat to look after the lobster traps at Staffa; and very soon you will see the steamer come round the far Cailleach Point; over at Erraidh they are signaling to the men at Dubh Artach; and they are glad to have a message from them after the heavy gale. The new, bright day has begun; the world has awakened again to the joyous sunlight; there is a chattering of the sea-birds all along the shores. It is a bright, eager, glad day for all the world. But there is silence in Castle Dare!

THE IMAGE OF SAN DONATO.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

"Buy the respect of the insolent."—*Turkish Proverb.*

DOWN in the old Trastevere quarter of Rome the festa of St. Cecilia was being celebrated in her church and convent.

The day was in harmony with the memory of the noble Roman lady—a sky serenely blue, sunshine on fountain and temple ruin, the atmosphere golden with autumn's richness of coloring. The adjacent narrow streets were deserted, swept by one of those waves of popular impulse so characteristic of Italian cities; files of priestly students from the colleges passed through the gateway, this band clad in black, that one in scarlet or purple, and formed lines of wavering color in their transition across the court to the shadowy portico, flanked by the high, grim, convent wall—that modern reading of St. Cecilia's martyrdom. High above the surging crowd of devotees and beggars the campanile soared into the sunny air, outlined against that azure Roman sky, and sent forth its tinkling peal of summons to vespers, like the silvery intonation of a benediction.

Two strangers entered the gate, the elder sombre and quiet, the younger eager and delighted by the spectacle. Their respective positions were apparent at a glance. Mademoiselle Durand, in her neat black dress, with her thin sallow face and repressed expression, was a French governess; the young American girl beside her, richly attired in blue velvet, was her charge.

"I am a Cecilia, although far from a saint," said the latter, gayly. "Ah! how one loves to hear about her—the beautiful martyr of Raphael's pictures! Do you believe she is now singing among the heavenly choirs up there, mademoiselle?" She paused a moment to gaze at the sky, the sun-bathed campanile, with a wistfulness not unfamiliar to her companion, and which she attributed to an imaginative childhood. "Perhaps the evening bells of Rome are the echoes of her voice in another world," she added, musingly.

"Come," said mademoiselle, dryly.

"When I am grown up perhaps I will build a convent of St. Cecilia in America with my own money," continued the girl, meditatively.

Mademoiselle's eyes sparkled; she caressed the hand within her arm.

"Chère enfant! But I forget; it is not your faith."

"My faith? I always go to mass with you; I am not only devout, je suis bigote," rejoined her pupil.

Then they entered the church. St. Cecilia's statue, wrought in purest marble, lay revealed beneath the altar on this one day of the year, when her crypt in the catacomb also blooms with flowers. Transfigured by the radiance of silver lamps and myriads of tapers, enshrined in garlands of roses, veiled in clouds of incense, the statue in its niche lent a charm to the gaudy ornaments of the high altar, and all the tinsel draperies ex-

tending from column to column along the aisle. On the right a star of light was visible in the miraculous bath-room, with its dim frescoes and ancient pillars; the nuns flitted behind the lattice of their gallery.

Mademoiselle, a devout Catholic, knelt at different shrines. Her pupil also knelt. The music, the chant, the glow of those gilded and crimson draperies overhead, seen through the wreaths of incense, all blended. She closed her eyes. She also must pray. For what boon? She smiled suddenly as she murmured:

"O God, please send my papa to Rome for Christmas-day."

Then she rose to her feet, threaded her way among the ranks of kneeling students, and mademoiselle found her in the court thrusting money into the hands of a group of little boys, the true Trasteverini, with large, liquid eyes.

"We shall be late, I fear," admonished the governess, as they finally quitted the church.

The young girl, Cecilia Denvil, had insisted on walking to this particular sanctuary in the Trastevere quarter instead of on the Pincian Hill. She was both winning and perverse.

At an angle of the crooked streets the window of a shop attracted her attention. Instantly the shrine of St. Cecilia, with its flowers and silver lamps, vanished from her mind. The shop was a mere niche in an old palace wall, brimming over, as it were, into the street, with such odds and ends as a bit of tapestry, a dark picture, a heap of ancient books, a tray of coins and medals, an idol fashioned by Chinese skill.

"What is it?" cried Cecilia.

"Only an image," replied mademoiselle.

The object of Cecilia's interest was a figure on a bracket in the shop window. She darted into the shop, her governess following with a patient smile. What harm could result from her pupil's chatting with the old shop-keeper clad in shabby black, with a rusty satin stock about his neck, and a face tinged yellow by age, as were those of the dilapidated marble busts ranged above his head in the obscurity of the shop? Ay, what harm indeed, mademoiselle? If one could read futurity!

The old man, without surprise at the advent of a young girl in blue velvet, took down the image, and explained to her its history in his slow, musical, Roman tongue. Even mademoiselle lent an ear of unwilling fascination to the tale. The little wooden figure, a foot in height, was San Donato. Behold, signorina mia, the beauty of the face, the robes tinted a soft rose, with ample gold margin, the aureole and palm of martyrdom in the hand. In the great Demidoff villa of San Donato a patron saint was placed in a niche above the portal of certain suites of apartments, as guardian spirit, by the builder. That brought good luck. The Russian prince is dead, signorina, and the nephew heir cast out the saints with quantities of other valuables for sale. For this reason poor San Donato, patron of the whole place, is now perched on a shelf in a little shop at Rome.

Cecilia listened with sparkling eyes, and her head a trifle on one side.

"San Donato shall be my saint," she cried, extending her hands. "Two hundred francs? I have more in my purse. You need not frown, mademoiselle; it is my pocket-money from my papa in America, to spend as I choose. Good-by, signor; I will come to see you again some time."

The old shop-keeper looked after her a moment, then drew from under a chair a repast of dry bread and an onion, interrupted by the purchaser.

"After all, San Donato might have brought me luck had I kept him longer," he muttered, draining the little flask of wine as he sat on the door-step, and musing with that curious mixture of avarice and regret at losing a treasure peculiar to the connoisseur.

San Donato was carried along the street by his happy possessor somewhat in the fashion of a new doll. Mademoiselle hid his light under a bushel by laying a fold of shawl over his head and aureole. Cecilia's fancy was captivated by his history even more than by his pensive face and gorgeous robes. San Donato, deposed from his lofty estate in the palace of a Russian prince, should preside as guardian spirit of her home. The image was invested with the gifts of the good fairy as much as he embodied any religious symbol. *His mission was to avert evil.* The saint passed to a new shrine without attendant priests, acolytes, and banners, the swinging of censers, the tinkling of bells, as in the fine old days before Rome was a modern European capital. It was not even borne aloft on sailors' shoulders, like the silver statue of Our Lady at Marseilles, or the miracle-working black Madonna of Montenero at Leghorn. Instead, San Donato moved under the arm of a young girl, muffled in a shawl, skirting the bridge, the quay, the square, now in sunshine, now in shadow, and finally gained the Piazza di SS. Apostoli. Here he was conducted across a court adorned with mouldy statues, and vanished up a broad stairway.

On the third story of the palazzo, shorn of its former papal glories, and yet not degenerated to shabbiness, a door bore the card of Mrs. Henry Denvil. Governess and pupil entered this apartment, and each sought her respective chamber. Cecilia tossed aside her hat, placed the image on the table, and, resting her chin on her hand, gazed at it steadfastly. San Donato, with his aureole glistening, and holding his palm branch,

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seemed to return her scrutiny mildly—even to interpret her thought. She had never possessed a confidante other than a company of dolls, now banished as too juvenile companions. "Do you see how it will be?" she said aloud to the image. "You shall be placed in the salon, and look down on us all. Nobody will ever banish you again to a dirty little shop. Perhaps my papa will come over for Christmas. Do not tell—I begged him to come in my last letter after mademoiselle had corrected. I do not spell very well in English, you know, while Jack has forgotten it altogether, mamma says. Jack is at school in Switzerland, and I have not seen him for two years. He is my brother."

She took up her saint again, and went along the corridor. Her head was erect, and a soft smile played about her mouth. She peeped into the salon, drew back, reflected a moment, and entered. This salon possessed the charm for her of forbidden ground. She was rigidly banished from it by her mother, who received here much company. Hence the delight of seeking some niche up high, where San Donato could be placed. Possibly a gay lady would peer at him through her lorgnette, and inquire, "Pray, my dear Mrs. Denvil, where did you get that little statue?"

Mamma would seek *her* lorgnette, and reply: "A little statue? I rent the apartment, furnished, of Monsignor N——. The count may know."

Clearly San Donato deserved a place of honor, and the salon alone was sufficiently good for him. Cecilia traversed the room slowly, seeking a shrine. The place was dark and silent; draperies of sombre damask shrouded the windows and doorways; chandeliers of Venetian glass swayed down from the vaulted ceiling like garlands of pale, frozen flowers; the floor was of polished, inlaid woods; the bronze and green tints of the wall were relieved by gilded cornices and columns bearing the shield of the count's ancestors. All was stately, impressive, if a trifle tarnished; and the effect of patrician elegance, every where apparent, was heightened by an occasional portrait—a Martellini in cavalier hat, with an angel bearing heavenward the family emblem, a hammer; a Martellini as a nun, with long, pale fingers clasped over a rosary.

Cecilia had not completed her survey when she was startled by the tinkle of a bell and the approach of visitors. One glance assured her that egress by means of the door was cut off. She darted behind a sofa in the corner beside the window. Here she crouched on the floor, holding San Donato in her arms, and laughed silently. She did not fear to confront these guests. Who, then? She dreaded the flash of her own mother's eye. Yes, indeed, her pretty mamma had ceased to love her, banished her more and more from her presence, made sharp or dry responses to her prattle. Cecilia sighed inaudibly as she crouched there. Hark! The visitors approached the window; she could touch one by extending her arm from her hiding-place. Who were they? Oh, some of her mamma's gentlemen friends lounging in for an afternoon call. They spoke in a low, rapid tone, and their conversation only reached her because of her propinquity.

Birds of prey sometimes pass over the blooming valleys, the waving grain sown with wild flowers, the dove-cote beneath the cottage eaves, uttering their harsh, discordant cries while on the wing.

The English voice, hoarse and deep: "It promises to be a slow season—awfully dull. No English coming out this year, I hear. Have you recently made the acquaintance of—la belle Américaine?"

The French voice, clear and crisp in utterance: "Yes, last week, at the Spanish Embassy. She is really chic, mon ami."

The English voice: "Her dinners are not at all bad. Lots of money, you know, and the count manages the whole establishment, from renting her the apartment of his uncle the Monsignor N—— to selecting the governess of the daughter and the *chef*. Ha! ha! ha!"

The French voice: "Ah, the Count Martellini! And monsieur the husband is at home in America making the money, I suppose. Mon Dieu! how those men over yonder trust their wives! A charming arrangement for the count."

The English voice: "Have you heard the latest rumor? They are actually going off together to the Nile after Christmas. A party is proposed, and that sort of thing, but every one knows that it will result in a dahabéeh to the cataract. Vive l'amour!"

The French voice, changing to a louder key: "Ah, madame is looking so charming to-day!"

Then a soft rustling of silken draperies over the polished floor announced the entrance of Mrs. Denvil, amiable greetings were exchanged, and the gentlemen became deferential and courteous in manner. Buy the respect of the insolent, by all means!

All the same, two birds of prey had wheeled in heavy and sluggish flight over the valley where the grain ripened and the poppies bloomed, uttering their discordant, mocking cry.

Cecilia crouched behind the sofa, bewildered and astonished. What did they mean? She grew hot and cold, her heart throbbed violently, she clinched her little hand. Why had these wicked creatures come here to sing their dreary duet? How their tone changed when the hostess appeared! She experienced the swift, intense

indignation of youth at hypocrisy, ignorant that these voices would sound the same notes in every house to which they gained admission, after the manner of society. Instinct taught her they alluded to her own mother, before the allusion to the Nile voyage, of which she had already heard. Her mamma and the count were going, with some friends, up the Nile after Christmas. Why might not she go also? Her lips quivered resentfully. Only that morning she had found the count in the aviary, petting the birds; she had wound her arms about his neck, and said, "Oh, how beautiful you are! When I have grown as tall and handsome as a woman can be I shall marry you."

The count had showered kisses on her fair hair, and pinched her cheek in his caressing way.

"We need not wait long, carina," he had replied.

Then mamma had appeared on the threshold, a bright spot on each cheek, and that new flash in her eye.

"You are too old for such nonsense, Cecilia. Go back to mademoiselle directly," she had said, in her dry tones.

Cecilia had departed, crest-fallen, mortified, with some vague remembrance of a father who had not thus dismissed her. To be sure, the count had sent her, later in the day, a gift of bonbons as atonement for mamma's snubbing—one of those white satin boots, mounted on a gilded rink skate, from Spillman's, in the Via Condotti. *He* was never cross, only a big playfellow, all amiability, little clever tricks, frolic, easily tyrannized over, and serenely content to spin balls or sift cards all day long for a child's amusement. They had known him two or three years; he was their oldest friend abroad; he came and went at all hours. The count was a great gentleman, too, of princely lineage, easy, graceful, and elegant. How kind he was to interest himself in the Denvils, when they were strangers in a foreign land! The young girl had ample leisure for these reflections in her hiding-place. She whispered to the image, demanding what it thought of these croakers. The world was so beautiful, and people so kind. Then the two visitors were replaced by a bevy of ladies, and amidst the rustlings of more silken draperies on the floor and the taps of heeled shoes, Cecilia heard her mother exclaim:

"What a horrid man! I am always relieved when he departs, and yet one meets him every where. He told me that frightful scandal about Lady B—— (and no doubt it is true, unfortunately) as if he enjoyed the recital."

A moment before Mrs. Denvil had said:

"Going so soon, Major Kettledrum? I am always delighted to see you."

Now the sofa creaked beneath the weight of two dowagers.

"How soon they lose their republican simplicity over here!" said one, sipping a cup of tea.

"Oh, and they say the husband in America would not be presentable—a common sort of man; a carpenter, I believe," retorted the other.

"Hush! A little more sugar, dear Mrs. Denvil. Thanks."

Finally the rustling of dresses and murmur of voices ceased; Cecilia crept out of her retreat unperceived. She no longer sought a niche for San Donato in the salon. It seemed to her that the statue did not belong there. Mademoiselle had a headache; Cecilia ate her supper alone. Heaven had given her the precious gift of a thoughtful consideration for others. She took her own Cologne flask to mademoiselle's room and bathed the sufferer's temples.

"Mademoiselle, did St. Cecilia despise the world?"

"Surely. She was a holy woman."

"Are there any living like her now?"

"God knows," said mademoiselle, with a little bitterness.

Cecilia kissed her governess, and closed the door softly. Her mood was a strange one. She no longer feared her mother. Something had escaped from her nature, as if she had been touched by fire. It was that subtle, perishable essence of being—childhood.

"I will play that I am a ghost, and walk through all the rooms," she said to herself.

Mrs. Denvil found her standing in her dressing-room, calmly regarding her, as she made her toilet for a ball at the Quirinal Palace.

"Why are you not in bed? It is ten o'clock," she said.

Cecilia made no reply. She was gazing at the picture reflected in the cheval-glass of a very pretty woman in cream-tinted satin robe scarcely retained on her dimpled shoulders by a strap, diamonds and pearls twinkling about her throat and in her hair. The face of the mother, round, soft, with small weak chin and bright eyes, appeared more youthful than that of her child at the moment. The dressing-room was littered with a rainbow of colors, wraps, dresses, Cashmere, laces, and jewelry. It smelled of mingled perfumes and singed hair. Beauty, the poodle, lay coiled up in a tiny white ball on a velvet cushion. How fashionable had Mrs. Denvil become! She never drove out or received company without Beauty tucked under her left arm. At length the daughter inquired, in an odd, abrupt way: "Is it very delightful to attend so many balls?"

Mrs. Denvil laughed nervously and adjusted a bracelet.

"I attend very few balls, my dear. You will like the dancing, I dare say, when you come out as a young lady." Her tone was propitiatory, even deprecating.

Cecilia did not smile.

"Why does not papa live here with us?" she pursued, steadily, after a pause.

Mrs. Denvil was a weak woman; she moved uneasily, then took refuge in maternal dignity.

"I am in Europe to educate Jack and yourself. Papa and I make the sacrifice of being separated for your good, and that you may acquire the foreign languages," she explained, in an injured tone.

Cecilia's eyebrows contracted.

"Are there no good schools or governesses, then, in America?"

"Go to bed, you impertinent child!" said Mrs. Denvil, sharply.

She was ruffled, embarrassed, strangely disturbed, by the curious scrutiny of her daughter. She would have kissed her but for that last question. Really it was too much to be asked if there were no schools in America! She gave Cecilia a little tap with her fan, and floated away, a lovely vision of glistening satin and jewels, enveloped in an opera cloak, to be presented to the Princess Margherita.

The self-elected ghost was free to roam through the whole apartment, to shed a few tears, and finally return to the small chamber containing San Donato. She had intended to tell her mother about the image, but the confidence had remained frozen on her lips. She did not go to bed. She was lonely, miserable, and disquieted. What would her mother have said if she knew of the hiding behind the sofa in the salon? Cecilia now rested her arms on the table, and gazed at the little wooden figure. Never had any toy possessed equal interest to her.

Suddenly a great light filled the room, and San Donato vanished. She searched for the lost treasure in dismay, and beheld him enter the door. O, great and glorious San Donato! O, serene and holy San Donato! spurning the guise of the old shop, a thing of wood, and appearing to a lonely, neglected child as a swift, strong angel, with unfolded wings, in all thy wondrous celestial beauty! Cecilia fell on her knees, not daring to lift her eyes to the golden pinions, the head crowned with its aureole of martyrdom; but the glorious shape raised her, the door and walls of her chamber vanished, and with a giddy rush through the dark night, which deprived her of breath, she found herself standing on a globe, a world, upheld by her guardian, as the soul stands in Guido Reni's picture of the Capitol. Her raiment was also white and glistening; great pearls clasped her throat and wrists. She was gravely chidden for touching these in wonder, and then she saw other shapes, resembling San Donato, passing rank behind rank in the clouds.

"These through great affliction came, but they never swerved from duty. Are you afraid?" His voice was like the chimes up in St. Cecilia's campanile ringing for vespers.

"Duty? What does it mean?" cried Cecilia, opening her eyes.

The image stood on the table, and the candle was flaring low in the socket. Her arms were stiff, her body cold—hours must have elapsed. She shivered, a sob burst from her throat, and she sought her bed. Mrs. Denvil returned from her ball at that moment. The dressing-room had been restored to order by the sleepy maid. The lady drew a slip of perfumed note-paper from her glove. Her eyes were very bright, her lips parched. The note implored her, in the most flowery Italian, to consent to the Nile voyage, as the Countess di Moccoli would also go in that case. Mrs. Denvil laughed her carefully acquired little laugh of studied indifference, and glanced at herself in the mirror. She was not too old to be admired, although her daughter was fifteen. The dream of Alfredo, Count Martellini, was to make a Nile voyage in her company. People would talk, of course. People always talk scandal about somebody. The pretty woman, with her insatiable vanity, was already drifting on a rapid current from which there was no escape. Well, she was not alone. All the gay ladies and men of her acquaintance were also afloat on the same perilous stream. By-and-by they would reach the Niagara brink; then, with a dash and a plunge, all would be over. The end? They would have lived, drained the goblet, and flung it away. When it is fashionable to exaggerate sentiment in every phase, women of Mrs. Denvil's type, fond of luxury and extravagance, intoxicated with dissipation in foreign cities, do not place themselves in the rear ranks.

She tore the note into bits, and smiled again in the mirror. A pale light passed over the glass surface, blue and ghostly; the reflected face grew haggard; patches of rouge stood out on the cheeks; dark shadows gathered beneath the eyes; even the careful coiffure was dishevelled; a stain of wine was visible on the satin gown; powder became glaringly apparent on the dimpled shoulder. The enemy was dawn of a day destined to mark the crisis in Augusta Denvil's life. She shrank from it, without knowing why, and drew the heavy curtains.

Five o'clock on the Pincian Hill, with the setting sun casting its ruddy rays over the city spires and roofs. The band was playing, the carriages wending slowly up the drive, the children darting about the flower beds, where the fountain sparkled. Mrs.

Denvil's maroon liveries and spirited horses had already made the circuit, the lady in pale turquois blue betraying none of the fatigue of dawn, and receiving complacently that homage of admiration which Italy never fails to bestow on an attractive woman in a fine equipage. The Countess di Moccoli had left her own phaeton for a seat beside Mrs. Denvil—an attention the most gratifying in public—to discuss the Nile voyage. Also the Count Martellini, in faultless attire, a jasmine blossom in his buttonhole, and yellow gloves, having assisted at this exchange, had consented to take a seat opposite the two ladies. He seldom drove with Mrs. Denvil. The count punctiliously observed appearances. He did not dislike the circulation of a rumor which elected him as the devoted cavalier of the rich American lady—a position which kept other men at a distance.

Cecilia darted forward from a sheltered path and laid her hand on the carriage door. Her look was troubled and perplexed. Suspicion had taken no positive form in her mind; she was merely striving to read San Donato's message, which had haunted her memory all day: "These through great affliction came, but they never swerved from duty. Are you afraid?"

"Mamma, come home with me!" she cried, clinging to the door.

"You here, Cecilia!" the mother exclaimed.

"Yes; come home," she reiterated.

"You must sit beside me and take a drive instead," interposed the count, quick to avert a scene.

"No; do not touch *me*," said Cecilia, her large eyes flashing.

"Jealousy," thought the Countess di Moccoli.

Mrs. Denvil shook her finger playfully at the intruder, and resumed her conversation. She supposed mademoiselle was back among the trees. Mademoiselle was at home; Cecilia had run away from her to follow her mamma. This was the girl's reading of San Donato's message. She drew back, hurt and offended. She had failed. The slight childish form crossed to the parapet, and stood there, looking down on the Piazza del Popolo, where the pedestrians were dwarfed to pigmies. She thought of her absent father, who represented ever an earthly providence to her, by reason of mademoiselle's admonition, the supply of pin-money, and the letters she wrote under dictation. She idealized this distant yet benign influence. Behind her the crowd increased, the music rose and fell, the carriages moved rapidly past each other in a maze of wheels. On the horizon the red ball of a sun dipped, shedding a tremulous rosy mist over St. Peter's dome.

Cecilia turned, saw her mother's landau again approaching, yielded to a childish impulse, and ran toward it, repenting of her rudeness to the count. He had always been so gentle, so tender, with her, from the first. Her eyes were fixed on the maroon liveries; she strove to attract the count's notice, approached the brink of gliding vehicles, then her foot slipped on the freshly sprinkled gravel; she fell, and the carriage passed over her.

A little heap lay in the road; other horses were reined in furiously, not to trample on it as well. The American lady had run over her own child. That blood-curdling shriek of horror! that jolt on a soft yielding substance was the passage of her wheels on her flesh, the additional weight of stout Countess di Moccoli and of Count Martellini aiding, if possible, in crushing out a fragile existence.

Later the count was confronted by a white, stricken woman. He was full of sympathy and pity for his playmate; tears stood in his beautiful eyes.

"Leave us alone!" she said, fiercely, even wildly.

The count shrugged his shoulders, frowned, and departed. Palpable injustice in the capricious creature, woman. He was a philosopher, and appeared at a diplomatic reception that evening. Matters might have been worse. As a sentimentalist he had made as much love as he dared to a pretty married woman whose husband was absent, while she was manifestly flattered by his attentions. Practically speaking, he, as an impoverished noble, had reaped advantage from his place as habitué of the circle of a rich American in a land where a nice percentage exists on custom. He had directed the money of Henry Denvil into those channels of expenditure which would benefit himself by skillful advice. The Nile voyage would set the world wholly at defiance.

Stout, good-natured Countess di Moccoli also appeared at the diplomatic reception that evening, and we may rest assured no mention was made of a young girl having been run over at the Pincio in the gilded salons where both moved. One does not mention illness and death in gilded salons, amidst the ripple of music and laughter. One frequents these resorts to forget, if possible, such grim and ghastly realities.

Thus closed the 23d of November, 18—.

II.

"The house rests not on the earth, but on the wife."
—*Servian Proverb.*

Mr. Henry Denvil arose at ten o'clock on the morning of the 24th of November. His head ached; his recollections of the previous evening were confused, further than a conviction that he had partaken of a Champagne supper at the hotel, and played cards for money afterward with Jacques

Robin and his wife. A man must occupy his evenings in some way.

The habits of earlier life were still sufficiently strong to render him ashamed of having slept until ten o'clock. He drank his coffee hastily, pressed his slouch hat down over his brow, and did not glance at the hotel as he walked along the village street to the foundry. Eyes were watching him from a window of that same hotel, however—keen eyes, given to studying the world for their own ends, and which now observed the figure and gait of Henry Denvil as he passed with a certain speculative interest. These eyes belonged to a woman, plain, no longer young, her sole attractions a soft voice and pleasing manner; and a small, meagre man, wiry as a grasshopper, with gray hair, a yellow skin, large nose, and a peevish mouth. In the faces of both husband and wife was a hungry, pinched look. Years of poverty sometimes sets such a seal on the human countenance.

This couple were Monsieur Jacques Robin and his wife, emigrants from Heaven knows what past life in their native land, and now dwelling drearily, it must be confessed, in the one tavern of Foundryville—a mere hamlet back among the mountains of Pennsylvania. A year previously Monsieur Robin had applied for the post of clerk in the foundry, and obtaining the modest situation, madame had subsequently appeared on the scene. If existence had been dull for Mrs. Denvil up here among the hills, how much more so was it likely to prove for a woman of Madame Robin's abilities! She took to studying Henry Denvil, and her sky cleared. She knew every particular of his history and family before he even saw her. When he did observe her, Madame Robin made no impression on him beyond being genteel and modest in appearance. Wait! A foreigner soured by poverty, endowed by nature with artfulness, knowledge of humanity in its baser aspects, a certain feline patience, may achieve much in a hamlet among the hills.

On this morning Monsieur Robin had run up from the foundry with a letter for his wife. She read it eagerly.

"It is as I thought!" she exclaimed. "Gustave was always clever at discovery. He has managed to communicate with Mrs. Denvil's own maid at Rome, and learned enough. She will always make excuse to live in Europe, the people flatter her, and she is already much talked about as having fallen in love with the Roman Count Martellini."

"Well?" said the husband, doubtfully, irritably.

"I tell you I have them *all* here in the palm of my hand," retorted madame, with kindling excitement. "In another year I shall be installed as housekeeper in the proprietor's house. You will not only amuse him with cards in the evening, but gain his confidence. Chut! There are secrets to be sold in business to rival houses if necessary. He is a stupid man, without intimate friends, and wholly unsuspicious. He is no match for us. If madame deserts her home for Paris and Rome, ma foi! it is *our* opportunity."

The speaker's dark face flushed, and her eyes glittered. Monsieur Robin returned to the foundry with his figure rather more erect than usual. Feminine enthusiasm is frequently contagious.

In the mean while Henry Denvil had reached his place of business. The European mail also brought him a letter from his wife, inclosing another from his little Cecilia. In this home correspondence Mrs. Denvil always dwelt on the development of her children. Was she not living abroad to educate them? Was she not wintering in Rome to benefit Cecilia's delicate throat? For this end she required more and more money.

Mr. Denvil read his daughter's note first, and smiled at the request that he should come to Rome for Christmas-day. Then he leaned his head on his hand, and tapped his desk with his penknife, absently. How the years slipped away! What had he to anticipate in the clouded future? Would these children, now receiving a foreign education, ever return contentedly to live at Foundryville? Well, they were Augusta's children, and she was an ambitious mother. He made no complaint at the prolonged absence of his family; he was used to it. He never failed to send the required remittances. "The money belongs to Augusta," he always said to himself. Besides, his own expenses were small. One by one the rooms of his large house had been closed through disuse, and a half-grown boy waited on him in the wing. Dust had settled on the rich furniture ordered years ago with such pride to make a fitting nest for his bride; rust gnawed the mute strings of his daughter's piano; the conservatory had been abandoned; the garden was neglected. Henry Denvil had never been an epicure; now he lived from hand to mouth.

Seventeen years before, he had arrived at Foundryville, a man of forty, who had worked hard for the money he was prepared to invest in the foundry. The death of the previous owner compelled his widow to sell out at a sacrifice. Henry Denvil made a good bargain, instituted energetic reforms in the works, lived altogether at Foundryville, gained the confidence of his miners and "hands" by being one of them, and prospered. His predecessor's widow adjusted the exchange of property in the presence of her daughter Augusta, a beautiful girl of eighteen. Plain Henry Denvil,

accustomed to toil-worn women in calico gowns, was dazzled by the graceful manners, white hands, and elegance of these two fashionable ladies. He fell in love for the first time, was encouraged to pay his addresses, married Augusta, and built the large house at Foundryville. His wife was above him in birth, education, and social position; his mother-in-law, during her lifetime, never permitted him to forget this circumstance.

Augusta accepted his devotion at first very sweetly, as a matter of course, then a little wearily. The climate of Foundryville gave her neuralgia. She spent whole winters at Washington and in Florida. He could not leave his business for a day without anxiety. The master's hand must never relax its hold of the helm. He was a proud husband and father; his own nature, sound to the core, accepted without thought of self-sacrifice the enjoyment of his wife in travel. He knew nothing of society, or of the world in which she lived at present. That he placed his family in the peril of evil association in Europe, without himself there as the natural protector, had not once occurred to his mind. Like all men who have earned their own fortune, his first aim had been to bestow on his son and daughter those advantages of study in which his own youth had been deficient. Hence his acquiescence in the plan of sending Jack to Switzerland and Cecilia to Paris, Dresden, or Rome. Mrs. Denvil's arguments in favor of this arrangement had prevailed. Would not the children have been sent away from Foundryville in any case?

The foundry absorbed his day as the great furnace devoured its fuel. As for his evenings? He was not a reading man; his home was silent and dull. He had acquired the habit of dropping in at the tavern and playing cards with his clerk, M. Jacques Robin. He learned many new games, écarté, baccarat, rouge et noir, among the number. The diversion amused him. Often he found himself speculating as to a mistake made the previous evening in the midst of daily business, or a different plan of playing a winning card the ensuing night.

When the hearth-stone is cold, a man seeks forgetfulness elsewhere.

The character of Henry Denvil was on the verge of rapid deterioration. He failed to perceive it. He was puzzled to account for having lost so much money in so short a space of time. That was all. Instinct was at work in the little community, the foundry, where swarthy creatures with bared arms flitted like demons about the great furnace, moulding the fused metal into shapes. These found leisure to curse the "sneaking Frenchman" at the hotel; but the imprecations were gathered up in the whirl and clash of machinery, the din of bells, the hoarse shouting of many voices, and went no further. Outside, the hills towered high above the little hamlet, and the river foamed along the valley. The world was very remote.

"Come to Rome for Christmas," mused Henry Denvil, still resting his head on his hand, and idly scrawling figures on the back of the letter with a pencil.

The request stung him to the quick. He was not needed to complete the happiness of a Roman Christmas. Was not Madame Robin always *so* interested to hear about Cecilia? This poor mother had once possessed such a daughter. From these conversations invariably resulted doubt, cynicism, depression. Would his family dwell in peace at dull Foundryville? Alas! no. The coming years were as blank in prospect as was the present in reality, under the subtle suggestions of Madame Robin's sympathy.

M. Jacques Robin quitted his desk in the corner of the office and approached on tiptoe. Henry Denvil had drawn a card, the ace of diamonds, on the back of his daughter's letter. M. Robin smirked.

"If you are disengaged at eight o'clock, I should like to show you another game," he said, in a discreet and respectful tone.

"Yes," assented the master, moodily.

The November night settled gloomily on Foundryville. Mist swathed the hill-tops and rolled along the slopes, the rain fell monotonously, and the river, invisible in the darkness, mingled its melancholy music with the fitful soughing of the wind. Lights gleamed in the windows of the houses; occasionally a great glare illuminated the whole village; the withered foliage glowed in the shaft of crimson fire; far below, the water twinkled and rippled as if reflecting a conflagration: it was the hour of casting at the foundry, when the chimney belched its volumes of smoke, and the molten iron poured forth in rivulets, like a lava torrent, in the black void of the vast building.

Up in the master's home a single feeble ray was visible in the inhabited wing. Henry Denvil had fallen asleep in his chair. He awoke, looked at his watch, and rose. Eight o'clock. He caught a glimpse of his own face in the glass; it was pale and worn. He resumed his chair. The clock ticked indoors; the rain fell steadily out-of-doors. The lamp had been so placed that its rays fell on a portrait opposite his chair. This portrait represented his daughter Cecilia at the age of ten—a charming blonde head, skillfully treated by the artist, and the large eyes were turned full upon him with a frank intelligence. Henry Denvil was not of an imaginative temperament; his prime had been too fully occupied for idle reveries; but now solitude was rendering him sensitive to morbid influences. When he awoke he became vividly, intensely conscious of

the gaze of this picture fixed on himself. He sat motionless, and studied it, instead of going out. Nine o'clock. A tap at the door, and M. Jacques Robin stood on the threshold, deferential in manner, wet as to garments, having awaited his guest for an hour. Henry Denvil laughed loudly, almost roughly, seized his hat, and sought the village tavern.

The play was reckless that night. The visitor was in the mood for high stakes. Monsieur Robin lost and won without the quiver of an eyelash, or a change of hue in the dull opacity of his complexion. Henry Denvil lost and won with the veins growing knotted and prominent in forehead and temple, and his color deepening from red to crimson. Madame Robin, cool and quiet, crocheted little threads of silk together into a golden mesh with a sharp and slender needle, and from time to time served the gentlemen with wine.

Eleven o'clock. Some person tapped Henry Denvil on the shoulder. He glanced up impatiently, with blood-shot eyes. The landlord of the tavern gave him a telegram, while the official who had brought it waited at the door. He read:

"Come to us immediately. Cecilia has been run over. Tell me what to do. AUGUSTA DENVIL."

Then he was standing outside in the dark night, the rain, chill and dreary as destiny, beating on his bare head, while the clouds rolled low, and the river sent up its murmur from the valley below. His little girl would be dead, he felt convinced, before he could reach her.

III.

"The nest of the blind bird is made by God."—*Armenian Proverb.*

Christmas-day at Rome, as cold and crisp as any Northern festival, with a piercing Tramontane wind sweeping across the piazze, the Alban Hills snow-crested, as if cut in alabaster, and the fountains fringed with icicles.

A gay and brilliant Christmas for a holiday world, with roses blooming still in sheltered nooks; a devout Christmas for those prepared to read its beautiful meaning in ancient churches, each of which had found a voice in full choral harmonies on this day; a Christmas of silent and devout thankfulness for those escaped the shadow of death.

Cecilia Denvil had been hovering on the border-land of feverish delirium, where all is unreal, for weeks. Since the afternoon when the carriage wheels of her mother had passed over her, the present had been blotted out. She was in her own home once more, she raved of her father, her pet birds, the garden. When fever consumed her she was in the foundry, the lava torrent of metal from the furnace mouth creeping nearer and nearer, threatening to ingulf her. Gradually this tumult of restless imagery subsided to a great calm. She wandered with San Donato, the mighty angel, in fields of lilies so vast that they seemed a sea of bloom. Then she became painfully aware of other shapes that bent over her, touched her. A man and a woman met at her side and clasped hands; their faces were vaguely familiar. Rome had vanished, been obliterated; she only wandered among the lilies, guided by a glorious angel, his robe rose-colored, with margin of gold, and a palm branch in his hand. Certainly she must have passed away to another world.

Henry Denvil, on receipt of that telegram, had left Foundryville by the first train, overtaken an outward-bound steamer by means of a small boat, and traversed England and France without delay. Arrived at the apartment in Rome which bore his wife's name, he was met by her, a pale, distraught creature, who clung to him with hysterical sobs, and searched his face with anxious, terrified eyes.

"Is she dead?" he faltered, hoarsely.

"Oh no; but the surgeons think her limbs will be always useless, and she a cripple."

He soothed, but put her aside to seek his child instead. Augusta Denvil was conscious, for the first time, of a dull pang of jealousy. In the long and painful days which ensued Henry Denvil had eyes and thoughts only for Cecilia, while the latter, by one of those curious instincts of illness, would accept nothing from another hand after his arrival.

The mother's ordeal began earlier, and her waning youth had shrivelled in the anguish she was then compelled to endure. Cecilia, from the first, had been deaf to her mother's most tender tones, winced and screamed at the touch of her fingers, even when lying with closed eyes. Mrs. Denvil, in the awful and solemn watches of the night, read in this aversion the doom of retribution. Her spirit succumbed in the trial. The girl's foot might indeed have slipped and she been run over any where. True, but by her own mother's wheels!

Christmas morning, so glorious and bright without, was gray and sober within this apartment of a family of strangers, where each face bore evidence of watching, care, grief.

Cecilia opened her eyes and glanced about her. She was lying on her own bed in her little chamber at Rome, only some sharp sword-thrust of circumstance had wholly severed her from the past. Her face was calm, almost solemn in expression. It seemed natural that her father should be sitting beside her holding her hand and striving to speak cheerfully. She was not startled by the fact that brother Jack stood at the foot of the bed. She noticed, entirely without responsive emotion, that her mother had concealed her face on father's shoulder,

shaken by uncontrollable sobs. Her first words were:

"Where is San Donato?"

Her family failed to understand her. Mademoiselle Durand, also tremulous and in tears, heard and hastened away to her own room. She returned with the little image.

"It is her fancy," murmured the governess.

Cecilia indicated by a gesture that it was to be placed in her father's hands. Mr. Denvil held it carefully, while the invalid gazed steadfastly at her saint. They waited for her next words in silence and suspense. The joy of a convalescent is seldom demonstrative. She did not speak again for an hour. Then she exclaimed suddenly, in stronger tones:

"It is Christmas-day, and papa has come."

Henry Denvil bent over and kissed the wasted little face, praying in his heart it might only be spared to him.

Jack looked on, stiff and ill at ease, after the manner of boys in a sick-chamber. He answered his father's inquiries in constrained and difficult English, with frequent lapses into French. Four years in a Swiss school had wrought wonders for Jack, especially as his mother had left him to take walking tours with his tutors during the summer vacations. A foreign education had been Mrs. Denvil's idea of preparation for life as an American citizen, especially at Foundryville.

There was another lapse into stillness before Cecilia's voice became again audible.

"If I had not—met with the accident on the Pincio, *would* you have come to Rome for Christmas?"

"I fear not, my child."

"Are we to go home with you now?"

"Yes."

Cecilia smiled and closed her eyes. Did she thus understand San Donato's message at last?

Madame Robin will not be installed as housekeeper in the master's house. In the future, Mrs. Denvil, with the reaction of a shallow nature, may make trips to better climates for her neuralgia, or Jack be absent at college; but Henry Denvil—nay, the very foundry—can not be more constant to the spot than his daughter. There will be no balls for her, clad in satin, pearls and diamonds twinkling in her hair and about her throat, no dancing days, no début in society as an heiress. Instead, Cecilia will flit from room to room of the long silent home in a wheel-chair, a presence bright, cheerful, watchful, now pausing in the sunny conservatory where each unfolding flower seems aware of her presence, now awaiting the father's return from work.

Above the entrance door will be enshrined the image of San Donato, guardian of the home, whose mission is to avert evil.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

BOOK FIFTH.

Contains the natural effects of the foregoing misadventure, namely, contrition in one quarter; in another, an awakening to harrowing discoveries; hasty action thereupon; and what ensued before milder intentions could take effect.

CHAPTER IX.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS DRAW THE WANDERERS TOGETHER.

HAVING seen Eustacia's signal from the hill at eight o'clock, Wildeve immediately prepared to assist her in her flight. He was somewhat perturbed, and his manner of informing Thomasin that he was going on a journey was in itself sufficient to rouse her suspicions. When she had gone to bed he collected the few articles he would require, and went up stairs to the money-chest. Eustacia, he knew, could go nowhere without money, and suspecting that the secrecy of her departure would prevent her being well provided, he determined to hand over to her as much as he could spare. This was a tolerably bountiful sum in notes, which had been advanced to him on the property he was so soon to have in possession, to defray expenses incidental to the removal.

He then went to the stable and coach-house to personally assure himself that the horse, gig, and harness were in a fit condition for a long drive. Nearly half an hour was spent thus, and on returning to the house Wildeve had no thought of Thomasin being any where but in bed. He had told the stable-lad not to stay up, giving the boy to understand that his departure would be at three or four in the morning; for this, though an exceptional hour, was less strange than midnight, the time actually agreed on. Wildeve had thought of telling the whole story to his wife; but he feared its effect upon her, and resolved not to explain till forced to do so on his return, when all would be over, and the facts themselves, however peculiar, would testify that no scheme for a combined elopement had been afoot.

At last all was quiet, and he had nothing to do but to wait. By no effort could he shake off the oppression of spirits which he

had experienced ever since his last meeting with Eustacia. There was that in his situation which money could not cure. He had persuaded himself that to act honestly toward his gentle wife and chivalrously toward another woman was not only possible but easy; he had resolved to regulate his conduct by canons of virtue, and blind himself to his sentiments for Eustacia in lending her assistance; but, even while he endeavored, the spell that she had cast over him intensified. To-night, though he meant to adhere to her instructions to the letter, to deposit her where she wished, and to leave her when she chose, his heart was beating fast in the anticipated pleasure of seeing her.

He would not allow himself to dwell long upon this contradiction of his maxims by his hopes, and at twenty minutes to twelve he again went softly to the stable, harnessed the horse, and lit the lamps; and taking the horse by the head, led him with the covered car out of the yard to a spot by the road-side some forty or fifty paces below the inn.

Here Wildeve waited, slightly sheltered from the driving rain by a high bank that had been cast up at this place. Along the surface of the road where lit by the lamps the loosened gravel and small stones scudded and clicked together before the wind, which, leaving them in heaps, plunged into the heath, and boomed across the bushes into darkness. Only one sound rose above this din of weather, and that was the roaring of a ten-hatch weir a few yards further on, where the road approached the river which formed the boundary of the heath in this direction.

He lingered on in perfect stillness, till he began to fancy that the midnight hour must have struck. A very strong doubt had arisen in his mind if Eustacia would venture down the hill in such weather; yet knowing her nature, he feared that she might persist. "Poor thing; 'tis like her ill luck," he murmured.

At length he turned to the lamp and looked at his watch. To his surprise it was nearly a quarter past midnight. He now wished that he had driven up the circuitous road to Mistover—a plan not adopted because of the enormous length of the route in proportion to that of the pedestrian's path down the open hill-side, and the consequent increase of labor for the horse.

At this moment a footstep approached, but the light of the lamps being in a different direction, the comer was not visible. The step paused, then came on again.

"Eustacia?" said Wildeve.

The person came forward, and the light fell upon the form of Clym, glistening with wet, whom Wildeve immediately recognized; but Wildeve, who stood behind the lamp, was not at once recognized by Yeobright.

He stopped as if in doubt whether this waiting vehicle could have any thing to do with the flight of his wife or not. The sight of Yeobright at once banished Wildeve's sober feelings, who saw him again as the deadly rival from whom Eustacia was to be kept at all hazards. Hence Wildeve did not speak, in the hope that Clym would pass by without particular inquiry.

While they both hung thus in hesitation a dull sound became audible above the storm and wind. Its origin was unmistakable—it was the fall of a body into the stream adjoining, apparently at a point near the weir.

Both started. "Good God! can it be she?" said Clym.

"Why should it be she?" said Wildeve, in his alarm forgetting that he had hitherto screened himself.

"Ah!—that's you, you traitor, is it?" cried Yeobright. "Why should it be she? Because last week she would have put an end to her life if she had been able. She ought to have been watched! Take one of the lamps and come with me."

Yeobright seized the one on his side, and hastened on; Wildeve did not wait to unfasten the other, but followed at once along the road to the weir, a little in the rear of Clym.

Shadwater Weir had at its foot a large circular pool, fifty feet in diameter, into which the water flowed through ten huge hatches, raised and lowered by a winch and cogs in the ordinary manner. The sides of the pool were of masonry, to prevent the water from washing away the bank; but the force of the stream in winter was sometimes such as to undermine the retaining-wall, and precipitate it into the hole. Clym reached the hatches, the whole frame-work of which was shaken to its foundations by the velocity of the current. Nothing but the froth of the waves could be discerned in the pool below. He got upon the plank bridge over the race, and, holding to the rail that the wind might not blow him off, crossed to the other side of the river. There he leaned over the wall and lowered the lamp, only to behold the vortex formed at the curl of the returning current.

Wildeve meanwhile had arrived on the other side, and the light from Yeobright's lamp shed a flecked and agitated radiance across the weir pool, revealing the tumbling courses of the currents from the hatches above. Across this gashed and puckered mirror a dark body was slowly borne by one of the backward currents.

"Oh, my darling!" exclaimed Wildeve, in an agonized voice; and without showing sufficient presence of mind even to throw off his great-coat, he leaped into the boiling hole.

Yeobright could now also discern the floating body, though but indistinctly; but

imagining from Wildeve's plunge that there was life to be saved, he was about to leap after. Suddenly bethinking himself of a wiser plan, he placed the lamp against a post to make it stand upright, and running round to the lower part of the pool where there was no wall, he sprang in and boldly waded upward toward the deeper portion. Here he was instantly taken off his legs, and in swimming was carried round into the centre of the basin, where he perceived Wildeve already struggling.

While these hasty actions were in progress here, Venn and Thomasin had been toiling through the lower corner of the heath in the direction of the light. They had not been near enough to the river to hear the plunge, but they saw the removal of the carriage lamp, and watched its motion down the road. As soon as they reached the car and horse, Venn guessed that something new was amiss, and hastened to follow in the course of the moving light. Venn walked faster than Thomasin, and came to the weir alone.

The lamp placed against the post by Clym still shone across the water, and the reddleman observed something floating motionless. Being encumbered with the infant, he instantly ran back to meet Thomasin.

"Take the baby, please, Mrs. Wildeve," he said, hastily. "Run home with her, call the stable-lad, and make him send down to me any men who may be living near. Somebody has fallen into the weir."

Thomasin took the child and ran. When she came to the covered car, the horse, though fresh from the stable, was standing perfectly still, as if conscious of misfortune. She saw for the first time whose it was. She nearly fainted, and would have been unable to proceed another step but that the necessity of preserving the little girl from harm nerved her to an amazing self-control. In this agony of suspense she entered the house, put the baby in a place of safety, woke the lad and the female domestic, and ran out to give the alarm at the nearest cottage.

Diggory, having returned to the brink of the pool, observed that the small upper hatches or floats were withdrawn. He found one of these lying upon the grass, and taking it under one arm, and with his lantern in his hand, entered at the bottom of the pool as Clym had done. As soon as he began to be in deep water he flung himself across the hatch, and thus supported was able to keep afloat as long as he chose, holding the lantern aloft with his disengaged hand. Propelled by his feet, he steered round and round the pool, ascending each time by one of the back streams, and descending in the middle of the current.

At first he could see nothing. Then, amidst the glistening of the whirlpools and the white clots of foam, he distinguished a woman's bonnet floating alone. His search was now under the left wall, when something came to the surface almost close beside him. It was not, as he had expected, a woman, but a man. The reddleman put the ring of the lantern between his teeth, seized the floating man by the collar, and holding on to the hatch with his remaining arm, struck out into the strongest race, by which the unconscious man, the hatch, and himself were carried with the speed of an arrow down the stream. As soon as Venn found his feet dragging over the pebbles of the shallower part below, he secured his footing and waded toward the brink. There, where the water stood at about the height of his waist, he flung away the hatch, and attempted to drag forth the man. This was a matter of great difficulty, and to his surprise he found as the reason that the legs of the unfortunate stranger were tightly embraced by the arms of another man, who had hitherto been entirely beneath the surface.

At this moment his heart bounded to hear footsteps running toward him, and two men, roused by Thomasin, appeared at the brink above. They ran to where Venn was, and helped him in lifting out the apparently drowned persons, separating them, and laying them out upon the grass. Venn turned the light upon their faces. The one who had been uppermost was Yeobright; he who had been completely submerged was Wildeve.

"Now we must search the hole again," said Venn. "A woman is in there somewhere. Get a pole."

One of the men went to the foot-bridge and tore off the hand-rail. The reddleman and the two others then entered the water together from below as before, and with their united force probed the pool forward to where it sloped down to its central depth. Venn was not mistaken in supposing that any person who had sunk for the last time would be washed down to this point, for when they had examined to about half-way across, something impeded their thrust.

"Pull it forward," said Venn; and they raked it in with the pole till it was close to their feet.

Venn vanished under the stream, and came up with an armful of wet drapery inclosing a woman's cold form, which was all that remained of the desperate and unfortunate Eustacia.

When they reached the bank, there stood Thomasin, in an agony of grief, bending over the two unconscious ones who already lay there. The horse and car were brought to the nearest point in the road, and it was the work of a few minutes only to place the three in the vehicle. Venn led on the horse, supporting Thomasin upon his arm, and the two men followed, till they reached the inn.

The woman who had been shaken out of her sleep by Thomasin had hastily dressed herself and lighted a fire, the other servant being left to snore on in peace at the back of the house. The insensible forms of poor Eustacia, Clym, and Wildeve were then brought in and laid on the carpet with their feet to the fire, when such restorative processes as could be thought of were adopted at once, the stable-man being in the mean time sent for a doctor. But there seemed to be not a waft of life left in either of the unfortunates. Then Thomasin, whose stupor of grief had been thrust off a while by frantic action, applied a bottle of hartshorn to Clym's nostrils, having tried it in vain upon the other two. He sighed.

"Clym's alive!" she exclaimed.

He soon breathed distinctly, and again and again did she attempt to revive her husband by the same means; but Wildeve gave no sign. There was too much reason to think that he and Eustacia both were forever beyond the reach of stimulating perfumes. Their exertions did not relax till the doctor arrived, when, one by one, the senseless three were taken up stairs and put into warm beds.

Venn soon felt himself relieved from further attendance, and went to the door, scarcely able yet to realize the strange catastrophe that had befallen the family in which he took so great an interest. Thomasin surely would be broken down by the sudden and overwhelming nature of this event. No firm and sensible Mrs. Yeobright lived now to support the gentle girl through the ordeal; and whatever an unimpassioned spectator might think of her loss of such a husband as Wildeve, there could be no doubt that for the moment she was distracted and horrified by the blow. As for himself, not being privileged to go to her and comfort her, he saw no reason for waiting longer in a house where he remained only as a stranger.

He returned across the heath to his van. The fire was not yet out, and every thing remained as he had left it. Venn now bethought himself of his clothes, which were saturated with water to the weight of lead. He changed them, spread them before the fire, and lay down to sleep. But it was more than he could do to rest here while excited by a vivid imagination of the turmoil they were in at the house he had quitted, and, blaming himself for coming away, he dressed in another suit, locked up the door, and again hastened across to the inn. Rain was still falling heavily when he entered the kitchen. A bright fire was shining from the hearth, and two women were bustling about, one of whom was Olly Dowden.

"Well, how is it going on now?" said Venn, in an anxious whisper.

"Mr. Yeobright is better; but Mrs. Yeobright and Mr. Wildeve are dead and cold. The doctor says they were quite gone before they were out of the water."

"Ah! I thought as much when I hauled 'em up. And Mrs. Wildeve?"

"She is as well as can be expected. The doctor had her put between blankets, for she was almost as wet as they that had been in the river, poor young thing. You don't seem very dry, reddleman."

"Oh, 'tis not much. I have changed my things. This is only a little dampness I've got coming through the rain again."

"Stand by the fire. Mis'ess says you be to have whatever you want, and she was sorry when she was told that you'd gone away."

Venn drew near to the fire-place, and looked into the flames in an absent mood. The steam came from his leggings and ascended the chimney with the smoke, while he thought of those who were up stairs. Two were corpses, one had barely escaped the jaws of death, another was sick and a widow. The last occasion on which he had lingered by that fire-place was when the raffle was in progress, when Wildeve was alive and well, Thomasin active and smiling in the next room, Yeobright and Eustacia just made man and wife, and Mrs. Yeobright living at Blooms End. It had seemed at that time that the then position of affairs was good for at least twenty years to come. Yet of all the circle he himself was the only one whose situation had not materially changed.

While he ruminated, a footstep descended the stairs. It was the nurse, who brought in her hand a rolled mass of wet paper. The woman was so engrossed with her occupation that she hardly saw Venn. She took from a cupboard some pieces of twine, which she strained across the fire-place, tying the end of each piece to the fire-dog previously pulled forward for the purpose, and, unrolling the wet papers, she began pinning them one by one to the strings in the manner of clothes on a line.

"What be they?" said Venn.

"Poor master's bank-notes," she answered. "They were found in his pocket when they undressed him."

"Then he was not coming back again for some time?" said Venn.

"That we shall never know," said she.

Venn was loath to depart, for all on earth that interested him lay under this roof. As nobody in the house had any more sleep that night, except the two who slept forever, there was no reason why he should not remain. So he retired into the niche of the fire-place where he had used to sit, and there he continued, watching the steam from the double row of bank-notes as they waved backward and forward in the draught of the chimney till their flaccidity was changed to

dry crispness throughout. Then the woman came and unpinned them, and folding them together, carried the handful up stairs. Presently the doctor appeared from above, with the look of a man who could do no more, and pulling on his gloves, went out of the house, the trotting of his horse soon dying away upon the road.

At four o'clock there was a gentle knock at the door. It was from Charley, who had been sent by Captain Drew to inquire if any thing had been heard of Eustacia. The girl who admitted him looked in his face as if she did not know what answer to return, and showed him in to where Venn was seated, saying to the reddleman, "Will you tell him, please?"

Venn told. Charley's only utterance was a feeble, indistinct sound. He stood quite still; then he burst out spasmodically: "I shall see her once more?"

"I dare say you may see her," said Diggory, gravely. "But hadn't you better run and tell Captain Drew?"

"Yes, yes. Only I do hope I shall see her just again."

"You shall," said a low voice behind; and starting round, they beheld by the dim light a thin, pallid, almost spectral form, wrapped in a blanket, and looking like Lazarus coming from the tomb.

It was Yeobright. Neither Venn nor Charley spoke, and Clym continued: "You shall see her. There will be time enough to tell the captain when it gets daylight. You would like to see her too, would you not, Diggory? She looks very beautiful now."

Venn assented by rising to his feet, and with Charley he followed Clym to the foot of the staircase, where he took off his boots; Charley did the same. They followed Yeobright up stairs to the landing, where there was a candle burning, which Yeobright took in his hand, and with it led the way into an adjoining room. Here he went to the bedside, and folded back the sheet.

They stood silently looking upon Eustacia, who, as she lay there still in death, eclipsed all her living phases. Pallor did not include all the quality of her complexion, which seemed more than whiteness; it was almost light. The expression of her finely carved mouth was pleasant, as if a sense of dignity had just compelled her to leave off speaking. Eternal rigidity had seized upon it in a momentary transition between fervor and resignation. Her black hair was looser now than either of them had ever seen it before, and surrounded her brow like a forest. The stateliness of look which had been almost too marked for a dweller in a country domicile, had at last found an artistically happy background.

Nobody spoke, till at length Clym covered her and turned aside. "Now come here," he said.

They went to a recess in the same room, and there, on a smaller bed, lay another figure—Wildeve. Less repose was visible in his face than in Eustacia's, but the same luminous youthfulness overspread it, and the least sympathetic observer would have felt at sight of him now that he was born for a higher destiny than this. The only sign upon him of his recent struggle for life was in his finger-tips, which were worn and scarified to the bone in his dying endeavors to obtain a hold on the face of the weir wall.

Yeobright's manner had been so quiet, he had uttered so few syllables since his re-appearance, that Venn imagined him resigned. It was only when they had left the room and stood upon the landing that the true state of his mind was apparent. Here he said, with a wild smile, inclining his head toward the chamber in which Eustacia lay, "She is the second woman I have killed this year. I was a great cause of my mother's death; and I am the chief cause of hers."

"How?" said Venn.

"I spoke cruel words to her, and she left my house. I did not invite her back till it was too late. It is I who ought to have drowned myself. It would have been a charity to the living had the river overwhelmed me and borne her up. But I can not die. Those who ought to have lived lie dead, and here am I alive!"

"But you can't charge yourself with crimes in that way," said Venn. "You may as well say that the parents be the cause of a murder by the child, for without the parents the child would never have been begot."

"Yes, Venn, that is very true; but you don't know all the circumstances. If it had pleased God to put an end to me, it would have been a good thing for all. But I am getting used to the horror of my existence. They say that a time comes when men laugh at misery through long acquaintance with it. Surely that time will soon come to me."

"Your aim has always been good," said Venn. "Why should you say such desperate things?"

"No, they are not desperate. They are only hopeless; and my great regret is that for what I have done no man can punish me."

BOOK SIXTH.

Shortly relates the gradual righting of affairs after the foregoing catastrophe, and how there resulted another general gathering at Blooms End; with which, and a few other particulars, the story closes.

CHAPTER I.

THE INEVITABLE MOVEMENT ONWARD.

THE history of the deaths of Eustacia and Wildeve was told throughout Egdon, and far beyond, for many weeks and months. All the known incidents of their love were

enlarged, distorted, touched up, and modified, till the original reality bore but a slight resemblance to the counterfeit presentation by surrounding tongues. Whether Wildeve would have had sufficient ballast of character to return to Thomasin when once in Budmouth with Eustacia may be doubted, but when it was discovered that he had at least intended to return the next day, no allowance was made, and the fact was dismissed as not worthy of reiteration. Yet, upon the whole, neither the man nor the woman lost dignity by sudden death. Misfortune had struck them gracefully, cutting off their young histories with a catastrophic dash, instead of, as with many, attenuating each life to an uninteresting meagreness, through long years of wrinkles, neglect, and decay.

On those most nearly concerned the effect was somewhat different. Strangers, who had heard of many such cases, now merely heard of one more; but immediately where a blow falls, no previous imaginings amount to appreciable preparation for it. The very suddenness of her bereavement dulled, to some extent, Thomasin's feelings; yet, irrationally enough, a consciousness that the husband she had lost ought to have been a better man, did not lessen her mourning at all. On the contrary, this fact seemed at first to set off the dead husband in his young wife's eyes, and to be the necessary cloud to the rainbow.

But the horrors of the unknown had passed. Vague misgivings about her future as a deserted wife were at an end. The worst had once been matter of trembling conjecture; it was now matter of reason only—a limited badness. Her chief interest, the little Eustacia, still remained. There was humility in her grief, no defiance in her attitude; and when this is the case, a shaken spirit is apt to be stilled.

Could Thomasin's mournfulness now and Eustacia's serenity during life have been reduced to common measure, they would have touched the same mark nearly. But Thomasin's former brightness made shadow of that which in a sombre atmosphere was light itself.

The spring came and calmed her; the summer came and soothed her; the autumn arrived, and she began to be comforted, for her little girl was strong and happy, growing in size and knowledge every day. Outward events flattered Thomasin not a little. Wildeve had died intestate, and she and the child were his only relatives. When administration had been granted, all the debts paid, and the residue of her husband's uncle's property had come into her hands, it was found that the sum waiting to be invested for her own and the child's benefit was little less than nine thousand pounds.

Where should she live? The obvious place was Blooms End. The old rooms, it is true, were not much higher than the between-decks of a frigate, necessitating a sinking in the floor under the new clock-case she brought from the inn, and the removal of the handsome brass knobs on its head, before there was height for it to stand in; but, such as the rooms were, there were plenty of them, and the place was endeared to her by every early recollection. Clym very gladly admitted her as a tenant, confining his own existence to two rooms at the top of the back staircase, where he lived on quietly, shut off from Thomasin and the two servants she had thought fit to indulge in now that she was a mistress of money, going his own ways, and thinking his own thoughts.

His sorrows had made some change in his outward appearance; and yet the alteration was chiefly within. It might have been said that he had a wrinkled mind. He had no enemies, and he could get nobody to reproach him, which was why he so bitterly reproached himself.

He did sometimes think he had been ill used by fortune so far as to say that to be born is a palpable dilemma, and that instead of men aiming to advance with glory, they should calculate how to retreat without shame. But that he and his had been sarcastically and pitilessly handled in having such irons thrust into their souls he did not maintain long. It is usually so, except with the sternest of men. The placable human race, in its generous endeavor to construct a hypothesis that shall not degrade a first cause, has always hesitated to conceive a dominant power of lower moral quality than its own; and, even while it sits down and weeps by the waters of Babylon, invents excuses for the oppression which prompts its tears.

Thus, though words of solace were vainly uttered in his presence, he found relief in a direction of his own choosing when left to himself. For a man of his habits the house and the hundred and twenty pounds a year which he had inherited from his mother were enough to supply all worldly needs. Resources do not depend upon gross amounts, but upon the proportion of givings to takings.

He frequently walked the heath alone, when the past seized upon him with its shadowy hand, and held him there to listen to its tale. His imagination would then people the spot with its ancient inhabitants: forgotten Celtic tribes trod their tracks around him, and he could almost live among them, look in their faces, and see them standing beside the barrows which swelled around, untouched and perfect as at the time of their erection. Those of the dyed barbarians who had chosen the cultivable tracts were, in comparison with those who had left their marks here, as writers on paper beside writers on parchment. Their

records had perished long ago by the plough, while the works of these remained. Yet they all had lived and died unconscious of the different fates awaiting their works. It reminded him that unconjectured factors operate in the production of immortality.

Winter again came round, with its winds, frosts, tame robins, and sparkling starlight. The year previous Thomasin had hardly been conscious of the season's advance; this year she laid her heart open to external influences of every kind. The life of this sweet cousin, her baby and her servants, came to Clym's senses only in the form of sounds through a wood partition as he sat over books of exceptionally large type; but his ear became at last so accustomed to these slight noises from the other part of the house that he almost could witness the scenes they signified. A faint beat of half-seconds conjured up Thomasin rocking the cradle; a wavering hum meant that she was singing the baby to sleep; a crunching of sand as between millstones raised the picture of Humphrey's, Fairway's, or Sam's heavy feet crossing the stone floor of the kitchen; a light step and a gay tune in a high key betokened a visit from Grandfer Cantle; a sudden break off in the Grandfer's utterances implied the application to his lips of a mug of small beer; a bustling and slamming of doors meant starting to go to market—for Thomasin, in spite of her added scope for gentility, led a ludicrously narrow life, to the end that she might save every possible pound for her little daughter.

One summer day Clym was in the garden, immediately outside the parlor window, which was as usual open. He was looking at the pot-flowers on the sill: they had been revived and restored by Thomasin to the state in which his mother had left them. He heard a slight scream from Thomasin, who was sitting inside the room.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" she said to some one who had entered. "I thought you were the ghost of yourself."

Clym was curious enough to advance a little further and look in at the window. To his astonishment there stood within the room Diggory Venn, no longer a reddleman, but exhibiting the strangely altered hues of an ordinary Christian countenance, white shirt front, light flowered waistcoat, blue-spotted neckerchief, and bottle-green coat. Nothing in this appearance was at all singular but the fact of its great difference from what he had formerly been. Red, and all approaching red, was carefully excluded from every article of clothes upon him, for what is there that persons out of harness dread so much as reminders of the trade which has enriched them?

Yeobright went round to the door and entered.

"I was so alarmed," said Thomasin, smiling from one to the other. "I couldn't believe that he had got white of his own accord. It seemed supernatural."

"I gave up dealing in reddle last Christmas," said Venn. "It was a profitable trade, and I found that by that time I had made enough to take the large dairy of eighty cows that my father had in his lifetime. I always thought of getting to that place again if I changed at all; and now I am there."

"How did you manage to become white, Diggory?" Thomasin asked.

"I turned so by degrees, ma'am."

"You look much better than ever you did before."

Venn appeared confused; and Thomasin, seeing how inadvertently she had spoken to a man who might possibly have tender feelings for her still, blushed a little. Clym saw nothing of this, and added, good-humoredly:

"What shall we have to frighten Thomasin's baby with, now you have become a human being again?"

"Sit down, Diggory," said Thomasin, "and stay to tea."

Venn moved as if he would retire to the kitchen, when Thomasin said, with pleasant pertness, as she went on with some sewing, "Of course you must sit down here. And where does your large eighty-cow dairy lie, Mr. Venn?"

"About two miles to the right of Alderworth, where the meads begin. I have thought that if Mr. Yeobright would like to pay me a visit sometimes, he shouldn't stay away for want of asking. I'll not bide to tea this afternoon, thank ye, for I've got something on hand that must be settled. 'Tis May-pole day to-morrow, and the Shadwater folk have clubbed with a few of your neighbors here to have one just outside your palings in the heath, as it is a nice green place." Venn waved his elbow toward the patch in front of the house. "I have been talking to Fairway about it," he continued, "and I said to him that before we put up the pole it would be as well to ask Mrs. Wildeve."

"I can say nothing against it," she answered. "Our property does not reach an inch further than the white palings."

"But you might not like to see a lot of folk going crazy round a stick, under your very nose."

"I shall have no objection at all."

Venn soon after went away, and in the evening Yeobright strolled as far as Fairway's cottage. It was a lovely May sunset, and the birch-trees which grew on this margin of the vast Egdon wilderness had put on their new leaves, delicate as butterflies' wings, and diaphanous as amber. Beside Fairway's dwelling was an open space recessed from the road, and here were now collected all the young people from within

a radius of a couple of miles. The pole lay with one end supported on a trestle, and women were engaged in wreathing it from the top downward with wild flowers. The instincts of merry England lingered on here with exceptional vitality, and the symbolic customs which tradition has attached to each season of the year were yet a reality on Egdon. Indeed, the impulses of all such outlandish hamlets are pagan still: in these spots homage to nature, self-adoration, frantic gayeties, fragments of Teutonic rites to divinities whose names are forgotten, have in some way or other survived mediæval doctrine.

Yeobright did not interrupt the preparations, and went home again. The next morning, when Thomasin withdrew the curtains of her bedroom window, there stood the May-pole in the middle of the green, its top cutting into the sky. It had sprung up in the night, or rather early morning, like Jack's bean-stalk. She opened the casement to get a better view of the garlands and posies that adorned it. The sweet perfume of the flowers had already spread into the surrounding air, which, being free from every taint, conducted to her lips a full measure of the fragrance received from the spire of blossom in its midst. At the top of the pole were crossed hoops decked with small flowers; beneath these came a milk-white zone of May-bloom, then a zone of bluebells, then of cowslips, then of lilacs, then of ragged-robins, daffodils, and so on, till the lowest stage was reached. Thomasin noticed all these, and was delighted that the May revel was to be so near.

When afternoon came, people began to gather on the green, and Yeobright was interested enough to look out upon them from the open window of his room. Soon after this Thomasin walked out from the door immediately below, and turned her eyes up to her cousin's face. She was dressed more gayly than Yeobright had ever seen her dress since the time of Wildeve's death, eighteen months before; since the day of her marriage even she had not exhibited herself to such advantage.

"How pretty you look to-day, Thomasin!" said Clym. "Is it because of the May-pole?"

"Not altogether." And then she blushed and dropped her eyes, which he did not specially observe, though her manner seemed to him to be rather peculiar, considering that she was only addressing himself. Could it be possible that she had put on her summer clothes to please him?

He recalled her conduct toward him throughout the last few weeks, when they had often been working together in the garden, just as they had formerly done when they were boy and girl under his mother's eye. What if her interest in him were not so entirely that of a relative as it had formerly been? To Yeobright any possibility of this sort was a serious matter; and he almost felt troubled at thought of it. Every pulse of lover-like feeling which had not been stilled during Eustacia's lifetime had gone into the grave with her. His passion for her had occurred too far on in his manhood to leave fuel enough on hand for another fire of that sort, as may happen with more boyish loves. Even supposing him capable of loving again, that love would be a plant of slow and labored growth, and in the end only small and sickly, like an autumn-hatched bird.

He was so distressed by this new complexity that when the enthusiastic brass-band arrived and struck up, which it did about five o'clock, with apparently wind enough among its members to blow down his house, he withdrew from his rooms by the back-door, went down the garden, through the gate in the privet hedge, and away out of sight. He could not bear to remain in the presence of enjoyment to-day, though he had tried hard.

Nothing was seen of him for four hours. When he came back by the same path it was dusk, and the dews were coating every green thing. The boisterous music had ceased, but, entering the premises as he did from behind, he could not see if the May party had all gone till he had passed through Thomasin's division of the house to the front-door. Thomasin was standing within the porch alone.

She looked at him reproachfully. "You went away just when it began, Clym," she said.

"Yes. I felt I could not join in. You went out with them, of course?"

"No, I did not."

"You appeared to be dressed on purpose?"

"Yes, but I could not go out alone; so many people were there. One is there now."

Yeobright strained his eyes across the dark green patch beyond the paling, and near the black form of the May-pole he discerned a shadowy figure sauntering idly up and down. "Who is it?" he said.

"Mr. Venn," said Thomasin.

"You might have asked him to come in, I think, Tamsie. He has been very kind to you first and last."

"I will now," she said; and acting on the impulse, went through the wicket to where Venn stood under the May-pole.

"It is Mr. Venn, I think?" she inquired.

Venn started as if he had not seen her—artful man that he was—and said, "Yes."

"Will you come in?"

"I am afraid that I—"

"I have seen you dancing this evening, and you had the very best of the girls for

your partners. Is it that you won't come in because you wish to stand here and think over the past hours of enjoyment?"

"Well, that's partly it," said Mr. Venn, with ostentatious sentiment. "But the main reason why I am biding here like this is that I want to wait till the moon rises."

"To see how pretty the May-pole looks in the moonlight?"

"No. To look for a glove that was dropped by one of the maidens."

Thomasin was speechless with surprise. That a man who had to walk some four or five miles to his home should wait here for such a reason pointed to only one conclusion: the man must be amazingly interested in that glove's owner.

"Were you dancing with her, Diggory?" she asked, in a voice which revealed that he had made himself considerably more interesting to her by this disclosure.

"No," he sighed.

"And you will not come in, then?"

"Not to-night, thank you, ma'am."

"Shall I lend you a lantern to look for the young person's glove, Mr. Venn?"

"Oh no, it is not necessary, Mrs. Wildeve, thank you. The moon will rise in a few minutes."

Thomasin went back to the porch. "Is he coming in?" said Clym, who had been waiting where she had left him.

"He would rather not to-night," she said, and then passed by him into the house, whereupon Clym, too, retired to his own rooms.

When Clym was gone, Thomasin crept up stairs in the dark, and, just listening by the cot to assure herself that the child was asleep, she went to the window, gently lifted the corner of the white curtain, and looked out. Venn was still there. She watched the growth of the faint radiance appearing in the sky by the eastern hill, till presently the edge of the moon burst upward and flooded the valley with light. Diggory's form was now distinct on the green; he was moving about in a bowed attitude, evidently scanning the grass for the precious missing article, walking in zigzags right and left till he should have passed over every foot of the ground.

"How very ridiculous!" Thomasin murmured to herself, in a tone which was intended to be satirical. "To think that a man should be so silly as to go mooning about like that for a girl's glove! A respectable dairyman, too, and a man of money as he is now. What a pity!"

At last Venn appeared to find it; whereupon he stood up and raised it to his lips. Then placing it in his breast pocket—the nearest receptacle to a man's heart permitted by modern raiment—he ascended the valley in a mathematically direct line toward his distant home in the meadows.

CHAPTER II.

THOMASIN WALKS IN A GREEN PLACE BY THE ROMAN ROAD.

CLYM saw little of Thomasin for several days after this; and when they met she was more silent than usual. At length he asked her what she was thinking of so intently.

"I am thoroughly perplexed," she said, candidly. "I can not for my life think who it is that Diggory Venn is so much in love with. None of the girls at the May-pole were good enough for him, and yet she must ha' been there."

Clym tried to imagine Venn's choice for a moment; but ceasing to be interested in the question, he went on again with his gardening.

No clearing up of the mystery was granted her for some time. But one afternoon Thomasin was up stairs getting ready for a walk, when she had occasion to come to the landing and call "Rachel." Rachel was a girl about thirteen who carried the baby out for airings; and she came up stairs at the call.

"Have you seen one of my last new gloves about the house, Rachel?" inquired Thomasin. "It is the fellow to this one."

Rachel did not reply.

"Why don't you answer?" said her mistress.

"I think it is lost, ma'am."

"Lost? who lost it? I have never worn them but once."

Rachel appeared as one dreadfully troubled, and at last began to cry. "Please, ma'am, on the day of the May-pole I had none to wear, and I seed yours on the table, and I thought I would borrow 'em. I did not mean to hurt 'em at all, but one of them got lost. Somebody gave me some money to buy another pair for you, but I have not been able to go any where to get 'em."

"Who's somebody?"

"Mr. Venn."

"Did he know it was my glove?"

"Yes. I told him."

Thomasin was so surprised by the explanation that she quite forgot to lecture the girl, who glided silently away. Thomasin did not move further than to turn her eyes upon the grass-plat where the May-pole had stood. She remained thinking, then said to herself that she would not go out that afternoon, but would work hard at the baby's unfinished lovely plaid frock, cut on the cross in the newest fashion. How she managed to work hard, and yet do no more than she had done at the end of two hours, would have been a mystery to any one not aware that the recent incident was of a kind likely to divert her industry from a manual to a mental channel.

Next day she went her ways as usual, and continued her custom of walking in the

heath with no other companion than little Eustacia, now of the age when it is a matter of doubt with such characters whether they are intended to walk through the world on their hands or on their feet, and so they get into painful complications by trying both. It was very pleasant to Thomasin, when she had carried the child to some lonely place, to give her a little private practice on the green turf and shepherd's thyme, which formed a soft mat to fall headlong upon when equilibrium was lost.

Once, when engaged in this system of training, and stooping to remove bits of sticks, fern stalks, and other such fragments from the child's path, that the journey might not be brought to an untimely end by some insuperable barrier a quarter of an inch high, she was alarmed by discovering that a man on horseback was almost close beside her, the soft natural carpet having muffled the horse's tread. The rider, who was Venn, waved his hat in the air and bowed gallantly.

"Diggory, give me my glove," said Thomasin, whose manner it was, under any circumstances, to plunge into the midst of a subject which engrossed her.

Venn immediately dismounted, put his hand in his breast pocket, and handed the glove.

"Thank you. It was very good of you to take care of it."

"It was very good of you to let me."

"Oh no. I was quite glad to find you had it. Every body gets so indifferent, that I was surprised to know you thought of me."

"If you had remembered what I was once, you wouldn't have been surprised."

"Ah, no," she said, quickly. "But men of your character are mostly so independent."

"What is my character?" he asked.

"I don't exactly know," said Thomasin, simply, "except it is to cover up your feelings under a practical manner, and only to show them when you are alone."

"Ah, how do you know that?" said Venn, strategically.

"Because," said she—stopping to put the little girl, who had managed to get herself upside down, right end up again—"because I do."

"You mustn't judge by folks in general," said Venn. "Still, I don't know much what feelings are nowadays. I have got so mixed up with business of one sort and t'other that my soft sentiments are gone off in vapor like. Yes, I am given up body and soul to the making of money. Money is all my dream."

"Oh, Diggory, how wicked!" said Thomasin, reproachfully, and looking at him in exact balance between taking his words seriously and judging them said to tease her.

"Yes, 'tis rather a rum course," said Venn, in the bland tone of one comfortably resigned to sins he could no longer overcome.

"You who used to be so nice!"

"Well, that's an argument I rather like, because what a man has once been he may be again." Thomasin blushed. "Except that it is rather harder now," Venn continued.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because you be richer than you were at that time."

"Oh no—not much. I have made it nearly all over to the baby, as it was my duty to do, except just enough to live on."

"I am rather glad of that," said Venn, softly, and regarding her from the corner of his eye, "for it makes it easier for us to be friendly."

Thomasin blushed again, and, when a few more words had been said of a not unpleasing kind, Venn mounted his horse and rode on.

This conversation had passed in a hollow of the heath near the old Roman road—a place much frequented by Thomasin. And it might have been observed that she did not in future walk that way less often from having met Venn there now. Whether or not Venn abstained from riding thither because he had met Thomasin in the same place might easily have been guessed from her proceedings about two months later in the same year.

CHAPTER III.

THE SERIOUS DISCOURSE OF CLYM WITH HIS COUSIN.

THROUGHOUT this period Yeobright had more or less pondered on his duty to his cousin Thomasin. He could not help feeling that it would be a pitiful waste of sweet material if the tender-natured thing should be doomed from this early stage of her life onward to dribble away her winsome qualities on lonely gorse and fern. But he felt this as an economist merely, and not as a lover. His passion for Eustacia had been a sort of conserve of his whole life, and he had nothing more of that supreme quality left to bestow. So far the obvious thing was not to entertain any idea of marriage with Thomasin, even to oblige her.

But this was not all. Years ago there had been in his mother's mind a great fancy about Thomasin and himself. It had not positively amounted to a desire, but it had always been a favorite dream. That they should be man and wife in good time, if the happiness of neither were endangered thereby, was the fancy in question. So that what course save one was there now left for any son who reverenced his mother's memory as Yeobright did? It is an unfortunate fact that any particular whim of parents which

might have been dispersed by half an hour's conversation during their lives, becomes sublimated by their deaths into a fiat the most absolute, with such results to conscientious children as those parents, had they lived, would have been the first to decry.

Had only Yeobright's own future been involved, he would have proposed to Thomasin with a ready heart. He had nothing to lose by carrying out a dead mother's hope. But he dreaded to contemplate Thomasin wedded to the mere corpse of a lover that he now felt himself to be. He had but three activities alive in him. One was his almost daily walk to the little grave-yard wherein his mother lay; another, his just as frequent visits by night to the more distant inclosure which numbered Eustacia among its dead; the third was self-preparation for a vocation which alone seemed likely to satisfy his cravings—that of an itinerant preacher of the eleventh commandment. It was difficult to believe that Thomasin would be cheered by a husband with such tendencies as these.

Yet he resolved to ask her, and let her decide for herself. It was even with a pleasant sense of doing his duty that he went down stairs to her one evening for this purpose, when the sun was sending up the valley the same long shadow of the house-top that he had seen lying there times out of number while his mother lived.

Thomasin was not in her room, and he found her in the front garden. "I have long been wanting, Thomasin," he began, "to say something about a matter that concerns both our futures."

"And you are going to say it now?" she remarked, quickly, coloring as she met his gaze. "Do stop a minute, Clym, and let me speak first, for, oddly enough, I have been wanting to say something to you."

"By all means say on, Tamsie."

"I suppose nobody can overhear us?" she went on, casting her eyes around and lowering her voice. "Well, first you will promise me this—that you won't be angry and call me any thing harsh if you disagree with what I propose?"

Yeobright promised, and she continued: "What I want is your advice, for you are my relation—I mean, a sort of guardian to me—aren't you, Clym?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I am—a sort of guardian. In fact, I am, of course," he said, altogether perplexed as to her drift.

"I am thinking of marrying," she then observed, blandly. "But I shall not marry unless you assure me that you approve of such a step. Why don't you speak?"

"I was taken rather by surprise. But, nevertheless, I am very glad to hear such news. I shall approve, of course, dear Tamsie. Who can it be? I am quite at a loss to guess. No, I am not—'tis the old doctor! —not that I mean to call him old, for he is not very old, after all. Ah—I noticed when he attended you last time!"

"No, no," she said, hastily. "'Tis Mr. Venn."

Clym's face suddenly became grave.

"There, now, you don't like him, and I wish I hadn't mentioned him," she exclaimed, almost petulantly. "And I shouldn't have done it, either, only he keeps on bothering me so till I don't know what to do!"

Clym looked out of the window. "I like Venn well enough," he answered at last. "He is a very honest and at the same time astute man. He is clever, too, as is proved by his having got you to favor him. But really, Thomasin, he is not quite—"

"Gentleman enough for me. That is just what I feel. I am sorry now that I asked you, and I won't think any more of him. At the same time, I must marry him if I marry any body, that I *will* say."

"I don't see that," said Clym, carefully concealing every clew to his own interrupted intention, which she plainly had not guessed. "You might marry a professional man, or somebody of that sort, by going into the town to live, and forming acquaintances there."

"I am not fit for town life—so very rural and silly as I always have been. Do not you yourself notice my countrified ways?"

"Well, when I came home from Paris I did, a little; but I don't now."

"That's because you have got countrified too. Oh, I couldn't live in a street for the world! Egdon is a ridiculous old place; but I have got used to it, and I couldn't be happy any where else at all."

"Neither could I," said Clym.

"Then how could you say that I should marry some town man? I am sure, say what you will, that I must marry Diggory if I marry at all. He has been kinder to me than any body else, and has helped me in many ways that I don't know of." Thomasin almost pouted now.

"Yes, he has," said Clym, in a neutral tone. "Well, I wish with all my heart that I could say, marry him. But I can not forget what my mother thought on that matter, and it goes rather against me not to respect her opinion. There is too much reason why we should do the little we can to respect it now."

"Very well, then," sighed Thomasin. "I will say no more."

"But you are not bound to obey my wishes. I merely say what I think."

"Oh no—I don't want to be rebellious in that way," she said, sadly. "I had no business to think of him—I ought to have thought of my family. What dreadfully bad impulses there are in me!" Her lips trembled, and she turned away to hide a tear.

Clym, though vexed at what seemed her

unaccountable taste, was in a measure relieved to find that at any rate the marriage question in relation to himself was shelved. Through several succeeding days he saw her at different times from the window of his room, moping disconsolately about the garden. He was half angry with her for choosing Venn; then he was grieved at having put himself in the way of Venn's happiness, who was, after all, as honest and persevering a young fellow as any on Egdon, since he had turned over a new leaf. In short, Clym did not know what to do.

When next they met she said, abruptly, "He is much more respectable now than he was then."

"Who?—oh yes, Diggory Venn."

"Aunt only objected because he was a reddleman."

"Well, Thomasin, perhaps I don't know all the particulars of my mother's wish. So you had better use your own discretion."

"You will always feel that I slighted your mother's memory."

"No, I will not. I shall think you are convinced that, had she seen Diggory in his present position, she would have considered him a fitting husband for you. Now that's my real feeling. Don't consult me any more, but do as you like, Thomasin. I shall be content."

It is to be presumed that Thomasin was convinced; for a few days after this, when Clym strayed into a part of the heath he had not lately visited, Humphrey, who was at work there, said to him, "I am glad to see that Mrs. Wildeve and Venn have made it up again, seemingly."

"Have they?" said Clym, abstractedly.

"Yes; and he do contrive to stumble upon her whenever she walks out on fine days with the chiel. But, Mr. Yeobright, I can't help feeling that your cousin ought to have married you. 'Tis a pity to make two chimley-corners where there need be only one. You could get her away from him now, 'tis my belief, if you were only to set about it."

"How can I have the conscience to marry, after having driven two women to their deaths? Don't think such a thing, Humphrey. After my experience I should consider it too much of a burlesque to go to church and take a wife. In the words of Job, 'I have made a covenant with mine eyes; why then should I think upon a maid?'"

"No, Mr. Clym; don't fancy that about driving two women to their deaths. You shouldn't say it."

"Well, we'll leave that out," said Yeobright. "But anyhow the times have set a mark upon me which wouldn't look well in a love-making scene. I have two ideas in my head, and no others. I am going to keep a night school; and I am going to turn preacher. What have you got to say to that, Humphrey?"

"I'll come and hear ye with all my heart."

"Thanks. 'Tis all I wish."

As Clym descended into the valley, Thomasin came down by the other path, and met him at the gate. "What do you think I have to tell you, Clym?" she said, looking archly over her shoulder at him.

"I can guess," he replied.

She scrutinized his face. "Yes, you guess right. It is going to be, after all. He thinks I may as well make up my mind, and I have got to think so too. It is to be on the twenty-fifth of next month, if you don't object."

"Do what you think right, dear. I am only too glad that you see your way clear to happiness again. My sex owes you every amends for the treatment you received in days gone by."

CHAPTER IV.

HUMAN CHEERFULNESS AGAIN ASSERTS ITSELF AT BLOOMS END, AND CLYM FINDS HIS VOCATION.

ANY body who had passed through Blooms End about eleven o'clock on the morning fixed for the wedding would have found that, while Yeobright's house was comparatively quiet, sounds denoting great activity came from the dwelling of his nearest neighbor, Timothy Fairway. It was chiefly a noise of feet, briskly crunching hither and thither over the sanded floor within. One man only was visible outside, and he seemed to be later at an appointment than he had intended to be, for he hastened up to the door, lifted the latch, and walked in without ceremony.

The scene within was not quite the customary one. Standing about the room was the little knot of men who formed the chief part of the Egdon coterie, there being present Fairway himself, Grandfer Cantle, Humphrey, Christian, and Sam the turf-cutter. It was a warm day, and the men were, as a matter of course, in their shirt sleeves, except Christian, who had always a nervous fear of parting with a scrap of his clothing when in any body's house but his own. Across the stout oak table in the middle of the room was thrown a mass of striped linen, which Grandfer Cantle held down on one side and Humphrey on the other, while Fairway rubbed its surface with a yellow lump, his face being damp and creased with the effort of the labor.

"Waxing a bed-tick, souls?" said the newcomer.

"Yes, Sam," said Grandfer Cantle, as a man too busy to waste words. "Shall I stretch this corner a shade tighter, Timothy?"

Fairway replied, and the waxing went on with unabated vigor. "'Tis going to be a good bed, by the look o't," continued Sam, after an interval of silence. "Who may it be for?"

"'Tis a present for the new folks that's going to set up housekeeping," said Christian, who stood helpless and overcome by the majesty of the proceedings.

"Ah, to be sure; and a valuable one, 'a b'lieve."

"Beds be dear to fokes that don't keep geese, bain't they, Mister Fairway?" said Christian, as to an omniscient being.

"Yes," said Fairway, standing up, giving his forehead a thorough mopping, and handing the bees-wax to Humphrey, who succeeded at the rubbing forthwith. "Not that this couple be in want of one, but 'twas well to show 'em a bit of friendliness at this great racketing vagary of their lives. I set up both my own daughters in one when they were married, and there have been feathers enough for another in the house the last twelve months. Now then, neighbors, I think we have laid on enough wax. Grandfer Cantle, you turn the tick the right way outward, and then I'll begin to shake in the feathers."

When the bed was in proper trim, Fairway and Christian brought forward vast paper bags, stuffed to the full, but light as balloons, and began to turn the contents of each into the receptacle just prepared. As bag after bag was emptied, airy tufts of down and feathers floated about the room in increasing quantity, till, through a mishap of Christian's, who shook the contents of one bag outside the tick, the atmosphere of the room became dense with gigantic flakes, which descended upon the workers like a windless snow-storm.

"I never see such a clumsy chap as you, Christian," said Grandfer Cantle, severely. "You might have been the son of a man that's never been outside Blooms End in his life for all the wit you have. Really all the soldiering and smartness in the world in the father seems to count for nothing in forming the nater of the son. As far as that chiel Christian is concerned, I might as well have staid at home and seed nothing, like all the rest of ye here. Though, as far as myself is concerned, a dashing spirit has counted for sommat, to be sure."

"Don't ye let me down so, father; I feel no bigger than a nine-pin after it! I've made but a bruckle hit, I'm afeard."

"Come, come. Never pitch yerself in such a low key as that, Christian; you should try more," said Fairway.

"Yes, you should try more," echoed the Grandfer, with insistence, as if he had been the first to make the suggestion. "In common conscience every man ought either to marry or go a soldier. 'Tis a scandal to the nation to do neither one nor t'other. I did both, thank God. Neither to raise men nor to lay 'em low—that shows a poor, do-nothing spirit indeed."

"I never had the nerve to stand fire," faltered Christian. "But as to marrying, I own I've asked here and there, though 'ithout much fruit from it. Yes, there's some house or other that might have had a man for a master—such as he is—that's now ruled by a woman alone. Still, it might have been awkward if I had found her out; for, d'ye see, neighbors, there'd have been nobody left at home to keep down father's spirits to the decent pitch that becomes a old man."

"And you've your work cut out to do that, my son," said Grandfer Cantle, smartly. "I wish that the dread of infirmities was not so strong in me!—I'd start the very first thing to-morrow to see the world over again. But seventy-one, though nothing at home, is a high figure for a rover. . . . Ay, seventy-one last Candlemas-day. Gad, I'd sooner have it in guineas than in years!" And the old man sighed.

"Don't ye be mournful, Grandfer," said Fairway. "Empt some more feathers into the bed-tick, and keep up yer heart. Though rather lean in the stalks, you be a green-leaved old man still. There's time enough left to ye yet to fill whole chronicles."

"Begad, I'll go to 'em, Timothy—to the married pair!" said Grandfer Cantle, in an encouraged voice, and starting round briskly. "I'll go to 'em to-night, and sing a wedding song—hey? 'Tis like me to do so, you know; and they'd see it as such. My 'Down in Cupid's Gardens' was well liked in four; still, I've got others as good, and even better. What do ye say to my

'She call'-ed to' her love'
From the lat'-tice a-bove',
"Oh, come in' from the fog'-gy fog'-gy dew'."'

'Twould please 'em well at such a time. Really, now I come to think of it, I haven't turned my tongue in my head to the shape of a real good song since Old Midsummer night, when we had the 'Barley Mow' at the Woman; and 'tis a pity to neglect your strong point where there's few that have the compass for such things!"

"So 'tis, so 'tis," said Fairway. "Now gie the bed a shake down. We've put in seventy pound of best feathers, and I think that's as many as the tick will fairly hold. A bit and a drap wouldn't be amiss now, I reckon. Christian, maul down the victuals from corner cupboard if canst reach, man, and I'll draw a drap o' sommat to wet it with."

They sat down to a lunch in the midst of their work, feathers around, above, and below them; the original owners of which occasionally looked in at the open door and cackled begrudgingly at sight of such a quantity of their old clothes.

"Upon my soul I shall be chokt," said Fairway, when, having extracted a feather from his mouth, he found several others floating on the mug as it was handed round.

"I've swallered several; and one had a

tolerable quill," said Sam, placidly, from the corner.

"Hullo! what's that?—wheels I hear coming?" Grandfer Cantle exclaimed, jumping up and hastening to the door. "Why, 'tis they back again: I didn't expect 'em yet this half hour. To be sure, how quick marrying can be done when you are in the mind for't!"

"Oh yes, it can soon be *done*," said Fairway, as if something should be added to make the statement complete.

He arose and followed the Grandfer, and the rest also went to the door. In a moment an open fly was driven past, in which sat Venn and Mrs. Venn, Yeobright, and a grand relative of Venn's who had come from Budmouth for the occasion. The fly had been hired at the nearest town, regardless of distance or cost, there being nothing on Egdon Heath, in Venn's opinion, dignified enough for such an event when such a woman as Thomasin was the bride; and the church was too remote for a walking bridal party.

As the fly passed, the group which had run out from the homestead shouted "Hurrah!" and waved their hands, feathers and down floating from their hair, their sleeves, and the folds of their garments at every motion, and Grandfer Cantle's seals dancing merrily in the sunlight as he twirled himself about. The driver of the fly turned a supercilious gaze upon them; he even treated the wedded pair themselves with something of condescension; for in what other state than heathen could people, rich or poor, exist who were doomed to abide in such a world's end as Egdon? Thomasin showed no such superiority to the group at the door, fluttering her hand as quickly as a bird's wing toward them, and asking Diggory, with tears in her eyes, if they ought not to alight and speak to these kind neighbors. Venn, however, suggested that, as they were all coming to the house in the evening, this was hardly necessary.

After this excitement the saluting party returned to their occupation, and the stuffing and sewing were soon afterward finished, when Fairway harnessed a horse, wrapped up the cumbrous present, and drove off with it in the cart to Venn's house at North Shadwater.

Yeobright, having filled the office at the wedding service which naturally fell to his hands, and afterward returned to the house with the husband and wife, was indisposed to take part in the feasting and dancing which wound up the evening. Thomasin was disappointed.

"I wish I could be there without dashing your spirits," he said. "But I might be too much like the skull at the banquet."

"No, no."

"Well, dear, apart from that, if you would excuse me, I should be glad. I know it seems unkind; but, dear Thomasin, I fear I should not be happy in the company—there, that's the truth of it. I shall always be coming to see you at your new home, you know, so that my absence now will not much matter."

"Then I give in. Do whatever will be most comfortable to yourself."

Clym retired to his lodging at the housetop, much relieved, and occupied himself during the afternoon in noting down the heads of a sermon, with which he intended to initiate all that really seemed practicable of the scheme that had originally brought him hither, and that he had so long kept in view, under various modifications, through evil and good report. He had tested and weighed his convictions again and again, and saw no reason to alter them, though he had considerably lessened his plan. His eyesight, by long humoring in his native air, had grown stronger, but not sufficiently strong to warrant his attempting his extensive educational project. Yet he did not repine: there was still more than enough of an unambitious sort to tax all his energies and occupy all his hours.

Evening drew on, and sounds of life and movement in the lower part of the domicile became more pronounced, the gate in the palings clicking incessantly. The party was to be an early one, and all the guests were assembled long before it was dark. Yeobright went down the back staircase and into the heath by another path than that in front, intending to walk in the open air till the party was over, when he would return to wish Thomasin and her husband good-by as they departed. His steps were insensibly bent toward Mistover, by the path that he had followed on that terrible morning when he learned the strange news from Susan's boy.

He did not turn aside to the cottage, but pushed on to an eminence whence he could see over the whole quarter that had once been Eustacia's home. While he stood observing the darkening scene, somebody came up. Clym, seeing him but dimly, would have let him pass by silently, had not the pedestrian, who was Charley, recognized the young man and spoken to him.

"Charley, I have not seen you for a length of time," said Yeobright. "Do you often walk this way?"

"No," the lad replied. "I don't often come outside the bank."

"You were not at the May-pole?"

"No," said Charley, in the same listless tone. "I don't care for that sort of thing now."

"You rather liked Miss Eustacia, didn't you?" Yeobright gently asked. Eustacia had frequently told him of Charley's romantic attachment.

"Yes, very much. Ah, I wish—"

"Yes?"

"I wish, Mr. Yeobright, you could give me something to keep that once belonged to her—if you don't mind."

"I shall be very happy to. It will give me very great pleasure, Charley. Let me think what I have of hers that you would like. But come with me to the house, and I'll see."

They walked toward Blooms End together. When they reached the front it was dark, and the shutters were closed, so that nothing of the interior could be seen.

"Come round this way," said Clym. "My entrance is at the back for the present."

The two went round and ascended the crooked stair in darkness, till Clym's sitting-room on the upper floor was reached, where he lit a candle, Charley entering gently behind. Yeobright searched his desk, and, taking out a sheet of tissue-paper, unfolded from it two or three undulating locks of raven hair, which fell over the paper like black streams. From these he selected one, wrapped it up, and gave it to the lad, whose eyes had filled with tears. He kissed the packet, put it in his pocket, and said, in a voice of emotion, "Oh, Mr. Clym, how good you are to me!"

"I will go a little way with you," said Clym. And amid the noise of merriment from below they descended. Their path to the front led them close to a little side window, whence the rays of candles streamed across the shrubs. The window, being screened from general observation by the bushes, had been left unblinded, so that a person in this private nook could see all that was going on within the room which contained the wedding guests, except in so far as vision was hindered by the green antiquity of the panes.

"Charley, what are they doing?" said Clym. "My sight is weaker again to-night, and the glass of this window is not good."

Charley wiped his own eyes, which were rather blurred with moisture, and stepped closer to the casement. "Mr. Venn is asking Christian Cantle to sing," he replied; "and Christian is moving about in his chair as if he were much frightened at the question, and his father has struck up a stave instead of him."

"Yes, I can hear the old man's voice," said Clym. "So there's to be no dancing, I suppose. And is Thomasin in the room? I see something moving in front of the candles that resembles her shape, I think."

"Yes. She do seem happy. She is red in the face, and laughing at something Fairway has said to her. Oh, my!"

"What noise was that?" said Clym.

"Mr. Venn is so tall that he has knocked his head against the beam in gieing a skip as he passed under. Mrs. Venn hev run up quite frightened, and now she's put her hand to his head to feel if there's a lump. And now they be all laughing again as if nothing had happened."

"Do any of them seem to care about my not being there?" Clym asked.

"No—not a bit in the world. Now they are all holding up their glasses and drinking somebody's health."

"I wonder if it is mine?"

"No, 'tis Mr. and Mrs. Venn's, because he is making a hearty sort of speech. There—now Mrs. Venn has got up, and is going away to put on her things, I think."

"Well, they haven't concerned themselves about me, and it is quite right they should not. It is all as it should be, and Thomasin at least is happy. We will not stay any longer now, as they will soon be coming out to go home."

He accompanied the lad into the heath on his way home, and returning alone to the house a quarter of an hour later, found Venn and Thomasin ready to start, all the guests having departed in his absence. The wedded pair took their seats in the four-wheeled dog-cart which Venn's head milker and handy man had driven from Shadwater to fetch them in; little Eustacia and the nurse were packed securely upon the opened flap behind, and the milker, on an ancient overstepping pony whose shoes clashed like cymbals at every tread, rode in the rear, in the manner of a body-servant of the last century.

"Now we leave you in absolute possession of your own house again," said Thomasin, as she bent down to wish her cousin good-night. "It will be rather lonely for you, Clym, after the hubbub we have been making."

"Oh, that's no inconvenience," said Clym, smiling rather sadly. And then the party drove off, and vanished in the night shades, and Yeobright entered the house. The ticking of the clock was the only sound that greeted him, for not a soul remained—Christian, who acted as cook, valet, and gardener to Clym, sleeping at his father's house. Yeobright sat down in one of the vacant chairs, and remained in thought a long time. His mother's old chair was opposite; it had been sat in that evening by those who had scarcely remembered that it ever was hers. But to Clym she was almost a presence there, now as always. Whatever she was in other people's memories, in his she was the sublime saint whose radiance even his tenderness for Eustacia could not obscure. But his heart was heavy; that mother had *not* crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart. And events had borne out the accuracy of her judgment, and proved the devotedness of her care. He should have heeded her for Eustacia's sake even more than for his own. "It was all

my fault," he whispered. "Oh, my mother! my mother! would to God that I could live my life again, and endure for you what you endured for me!"

On the Sunday after this wedding an unusual sight was to be seen on Blackbarrow. From a distance there simply appeared to be a motionless figure standing on the top of the tumulus, just as Eustacia had stood on that lonely summit some two years and a half before. But now it was fine warm weather, with only a summer breeze blowing, and early afternoon instead of dull twilight. Those who ascended to the immediate neighborhood of the barrow perceived that the erect form in the centre, piercing the sky, was not really alone. Round him upon the slopes of the barrow a number of heath-men and women were reclining or sitting at their ease. They listened to the words of the man in their midst, who was preaching, while they abstractedly pulled heather, stripped ferns, or tossed pebbles down the slope. This was the first of a series of moral lectures or sermons on the mount, which were to be delivered from the same place every Sunday afternoon as long as the fine weather lasted.

The commanding elevation of Blackbarrow had been chosen for two reasons: first, that it occupied a central position among the remote cottages around, secondly, that the preacher thereon could be seen from all adjacent points as soon as he arrived at his post, the view of him being thus a convenient signal to those stragglers who wished to draw near. The speaker was bare-headed, and the breeze at each waft gently lifted and lowered his hair, somewhat too thin for a man of his years, these still numbering less than thirty. He wore a shade over his eyes, and his face was pensive and worn; but though these bodily features were marked with decay, there was no defect in the tones of his voice, which were rich, musical, and stirring. He stated that his discourses to people were to be sometimes secular and sometimes religious, but never dogmatic; and that his texts would be taken from all kinds of books. This afternoon the words were as follows:

"And the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down on his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother; and she sat on his right hand. Then she said, I desire one small petition of thee: I pray thee say me not nay. And the king said unto her, Ask on, my mother: for I will not say thee nay."

Yeobright had in fact found his vocation in the career of an itinerant open-air preacher and lecturer on morally unimpeachable subjects; and from this day he labored incessantly in that office, speaking not only in simple language on Blackbarrow and in the upland hamlets round, but in a more cultivated strain elsewhere—from the steps and porticoes of town-halls, from market crosses, from conduits, on esplanades and on wharves, from the parapets of bridges, in barns and out-houses, and all other such places in the neighboring Wessex towns and villages. He left alone set creeds and systems of philosophy, finding enough and more than enough to occupy his tongue in the opinions and actions common to all good men. Some believed him, and some believed not; some said that his words were commonplace, others complained of his want of spiritual doctrine, while others again remarked that it was well enough for a man to take to preaching who could not see to do any thing else. But every where he was kindly received, for the history of his life had become generally known.

THE END.

THE GREAT HARVEST YEAR.

[The harvest of the year 1878 is the largest harvest which ever ripened in America. The exports of food are much greater than ever before.]

THE night the century ebbed out, all worn with work and sin,
The night a twentieth century, all fresh with hope, came in,
The children watched, the evening long, the midnight clock to see,
And to wish to one another "A Happy Century!"
They climbed upon my knee, and they tumbled on the floor,
And Bob and Nell came begging me for stories of the War.

But I told Nell that I could tell no tales but tales of peace—
God grant that for a hundred years the tales of War might cease!
I told them I would tell them of the blessed Harvest Store,
Of the Year in which God fed men as they ne'er were fed before;
For, till that year of matchless cheer, since suns or worlds were made,
Never sent land to other lands such gift of Daily Bread!

The War was done, and men began to live in peaceful ways,
For thirteen years of hopes and fears, dark nights and joyful days.
If wealth would slip, if wit would trip, and neither would avail,
"Lo! the seed-time and the harvest," saith the Lord, "shall never fail."

And to all change of ups and downs, to every hope and fear,
To men's amaze came round the days of the Great Harvest Year,
When God's command bade all the land join heart and soul and mind,
And health and wealth, and hand and land, for feeding half mankind.

So hot the noons of ripe July, that men took day for sleep,
And when the night shone clear and bright, they took their time to reap;
Nor can the men cut all the grain when hungry worlds are fed,
So the ready Ruths and Orpahs are gleaning in their stead.
All through the heated summer day the Kansas maidens slept,
All through the night, with laughter light, their moonlight vigil kept;
From set of sun the kindly moon until the break of day
Watched o'er their lightsome harvest-work, and cheered them on their way.
They drove their handsome horses down, they drove them up again,
While "click, click, click," the rattling knives cut off the heavy grain;
Before it falls, around the straw the waiting wires wind,
And the well-ordered sheaves are left in still array behind.
So laughing girls the harvest reap, all chattering the while,
While "click, click, click," the shears keep their chorus, mile by mile;
And lazy Morning blushes when she sees the harvest stands
In ordered files, those miles on miles, to feed the hungry lands.

Far in the South from day to day a living tide swept forth,
As, wave on wave, the herds of kine flowed slowly to the North.
Great broad-horned oxen, tender-eyed, and such as Juno loved,
In troops no man could number, across the prairie moved;
Behind, along their wavy line, the brown rancheros rode,
From east to west, from west to east, as North the column flowed,
To keep the host compact and close from morn to setting sun,
Nor on the way leave one estray, as the great tide poured on.
A fair-haired Saxon boy beside commanded the array,
And as it flowed along the road, I heard the stripling say,
"'Tis God's command these beeves shall stand upon the Cheviot Hills,
The land to feed where rippling Tweed the lowland dews distills,"
So the great herd flows Northward, as the All-Father wills.

Far in the North the winter's gales blew sharply from northwest,
And locked the lakes and rivers hard in their icy rest.
I saw men scrape the crystal lakes to clear them from the snow,
I saw them drive in long straight lines the ice-ploughs to and fro;
The blocks of amethyst they slid up to the sheltering shed
By the long lines of ready rail, and as they worked they said,
"Drive close the blocks, nor leave a chink between for breath of air,
Not winter's wind nor summer's sun may ever enter there,
But square and dry and hard and smooth the ice must ready be,
When summer suns are blazing, for its journey to the sea,
To pack the meat and keep it sweet, as the good God commands,
To feed His hungry children in so many waiting lands."

And far away from Northern ice and drifts of crystal snows,
On the rich coast where deep and red the Mississippi flows,
When the thick sugar-canes were ripe beneath the autumn sun
We listened for the earliest cock to tell of day begun.
In the cool sugar-house I slept upon my pallet bed,
Where Pierre Milhet, my princely host, had called his men, and said,
"At morning's call be ready all to meet here at the mill,
That not one drop may lazy stop before the vats we fill.
What man will be the first at dawn from lazy sleep to rise,
When the first gray of daybreak pales in the eastern skies,
What man will first his load of cane fling down before the door,
For that man's wife I give as prize this old-time louis d'or."
And all day long the hard-pressed mules the heaps of ripened cane
Brought swiftly to the mill, and then rushed back to bring again,
That all day long the rollers the fresh supply might grind,
Nor should one stalk be left not gleaned on the intervale behind.
So black and white, with main and might, are all united here,
Lest the harvest lack its sweets in God's Great Harvest Year.

The boys and girls the orchards thronged in those October days
Where the golden sun shone hotly down athwart the purple haze.
It warmed the piles of ruddy fruit which lay beneath the trees,
From which the apples, red and gold, fell down with every breeze.
The smallest boy would creep along to clasp the farthest bough,
And throw the highest pippin to some favored girl below.

The sound hard fruit with care we chose, we wiped them clean and dry,
While in the refuse heaps, unused, we let the others lie.
For pigs and cows and oxen those, for other lands were these,
And only what was hard and sound should sail across the seas.
Then, as the sun went down too soon, we piled the open crates,
And dragged them full where cellar cool threw wide its waiting gates,
So that the air which circled there was cold, but not too cold,
To keep for Eastern rivalry our Western fruit of gold.
And as old Evans thoughtful stood, and watched the boys that day,
I stood so near that I could hear the grim old Shaker say,
"Shame on our Yankee orchards, if the fruit should not be good
The year the land at God's command sends half the world its food!"

I saw what wealth untold of corn our gracious God bestowed
As for one autumn day I sped down the Rock River Road.
All night we slept, but still we kept our tireless way till morn,
And, with the light, on left and right still stretched those shocks of corn.
A hundred thousand girls that year wore their engagement ring,
And a hundred thousand others before another spring;
But when the husking parties came, with all their frolic play,
The "corn-fed maidens" might have kissed and kissed and kissed all day,
And although they kissed the boys but once for every thousandth ear,
They would not kiss for half the corn that blessed harvest year.
Yet buxom girls and hearty boys were ready, as they could,
To send love's blessing with the trains that took the world its food.
For since God smiled upon His child, in comfort or in care,
Was never yet such answer made to all His children's prayer.

A northeast gale, with snow and hail, bore down upon the sea;
With heavy rolls, beneath bare poles, we drifted to the lee.
When morning broke, the skipper spoke, and never sailor shirked,
But with a will, though cold and chill, from morn to night we worked.
Off in the spray the livelong day our spinning lines we threw,
And on each hook a struggling fish back to the deck we drew.
I know I looked to windward once, but the old man scowled, and said,
"Let no man flinch, nor give an inch, before his stent is made.
We've nothing for it, shipmates, but to heave the lines and pull,
Till each man's share has made the fare, and every cask is full.
This is no year for half a fare, for God this year decreed
That the forty States their hungry mates in all the lands shall feed."

No interval nor hind'rance the long procession break
Of the Legion which the swine-herds drive by the City of the Lake.
Up death's long way it moves all day, unconscious of its fate,
As swine with boars contend to hurry forward to the gate.
Thousands behind unwary crowd upon their leaders' tracks,
Nor hesitate nor falter as they near the headsman's axe.
For me, I stood away from blood and the silent stroke of death,
Where they packed the meat for the world to eat, in the basement crypt beneath.
I watched the task, as cask by cask was rolled by stalwart men,
And car on car to travel far was added to the train;
Nor ceased it then, but train on train pushed forth upon the rail,
Lest in some land the day's demand for daily food should fail.
For there shall not be a ship on the sea to sail, or far or near,
But the shipmates shall bless the plenteousness of the Great Harvest Year.

From last year's rice the black men the heaviest clusters choose,
And cull and thresh from every head the finest seed for use.
They beat it clean, they clayed it well, and when the field was sowed,
Up slid the sluice, and o'er the lands rushed in the waiting flood,
And then, without a ripple, above the trenches stood.
Soon through the glassy waters shot up the needles green,
With not a tare, nor "volunteer," nor choking weed between.
Then, month by month, the joints grew up, so long and strong and high
That the tall men who hoed them last were hidden from the sky.
But, all the same, when harvest came, their sickles cut them low,
And they left the heads to ripen on the stubble patch below.
From field to flats, in flats to barns, they bear the rice, until
To thresh and beat, and clean and clear, they leave it at the mill.
The yellow husk is torn away, and the waiting casks receive
The stream of ice-white jewels from the great iron sieve.
So the black man's care sends out his share, for he knows that God has said
That His people here in His Harvest Year shall send His world its bread.

While fields were bright with summer light, and heaven was all ablaze,
O'er the broad Mohawk pastures I saw the cattle graze.
At early day they take their way, when cheerful morning warns,
And slowly leave the shelter of the hospitable barns.
The widow's son drew all the milk which the crowded bag would yield,
And sent his pretty Durham to her breakfast in the field.
One portion then for the children's bowls the urchin set away,
One part he set for cream for the next churning-day;
But there was left enough for one little can beside,
And with this the thrifty shaver to the great cheese factory hied.
His milk was measured with the rest, and poured into the stream,
And as he turned away he met Van Antwerp's stately team,
Which bore a hundred gallons from the milking of that day,
And this was poured to swell the hoard fed by that milky way.
The snowy curd is fitly stirred, the cruel presses squeeze
Until the last weak drop has passed, and lo! the solid cheese.
In Yorkshire mill, on Snowdon's hill, men eat it with their bread,
Nor think nor ask of the distant task of the boy by whom they're fed.
But when autumn's done the widow's son stands at Van Antwerp's side,
And takes in his hand his dividend paid for the milky tide.

So South and North the food send forth to meet the nation's need,
So black and white, with main and might, the hungry peoples feed;
Since God bade man subdue the earth, and harvest-time began,
Never in any land has earth been so subdued by man.

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet, of which to make our bread!
Praise God for yellow corn, with which His waiting world is fed!
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl, He gave to man for food!
Praise God for every creature which He made, and called it good!
Praise God for winter's store of ice! Praise God for summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit tree bearing seed—"to you it is for meat!"
Praise God for all the bounty by which the world is fed!
Praise God His children all to whom He gives their daily bread!

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. WHIPPLE'S paper on Rufus Choate in the November number of this Magazine was a delightful sketch of a delightful man. It appeared simultaneously with a new issue of Professor Brown's biography, and with the publication of a volume of Mr. Choate's speeches and orations, and naturally renews, in a time of less heat than that in which he lived, reflection upon the character and career of one of the most striking American figures of the last generation. Mr. Whipple's article upon Choate, like Mr. Lodge's upon Timothy Pickering, shows how vivid and complete a personal sketch may be made. It is, indeed, the proof that the author of such a sketch is justified in undertaking it, that the excellence of his work spares the reader the necessity of going over his material. The trouble with many biographies, as we said last month, is that they are merely accumulations of material for biography. A biographer is an artist who paints a picture, not a tyro who sets a palette.

The impression that Mr. Choate leaves upon the younger men of his generation, and who knew something of his kindly nature, his generous heart, is that of a man born out of time, as his contemporary Mr. Sumner was especially born at the very moment to secure his good fame. It is easy to see in the two interesting volumes of Mr. Pierce which tell the story of Sumner's youth that at an earlier or later epoch he might have taken a less prominent part in the action of his time and country. Mr. Sumner came forward into public life as the successor of Mr. Webster, and with character, convictions, and gifts which especially and amply fitted him for the great controversy in which he, and not Mr. Webster, really represented his State and New England and the inevitable course of events. The Whig sentiment at that time dominant in Massachusetts was confounded by such a successor to the "godlike" Webster. "The people of Massachusetts," said its chief organ, "did not wish his election." But could that people have foreseen the immediate future, and could they have read at once and truly the character of the "theorist" and "scholar" and "closet" statesman at whom the organ sneered, they would have seen the one man in their State expressly fitted for his place, the Samson whose flowing locks of strength no Delilah could shear.

Of the Whig sentiment, however, which would not yield, which defied the rising tide of conscience, and doggedly appealed to those who were staking all upon a principle to conquer their prejudices—of that day when it seemed that Hutchinson was once more contesting with Sam Adams the control of Massachusetts—Mr. Webster was the great representative, and Mr. Choate was his lieutenant. Not all his charm, not the wealth of his learning, nor the sparkle of his wit, nor the fire and grace of his oratory, nor his sweet and gracious nature, could atone for what seemed Choate's recreancy to the high and characteristic conviction

of New England. On the very Fourth of July itself he marshalled the splendors of his rhetoric to strike the public conscience blind to slavery, and while Kansas lay bleeding he went over openly into the camp of the foe. These were acts that could not be condoned by the conscience of Massachusetts. They have never been forgiven, and they affected the judgment of his contemporaries so that Mr. Choate has not had the just renown of his remarkable gifts and graces.

It is, of course, true of Choate, as of Webster, that he was not all insensible to the spirit of his time and of the community in which he lived. In his speeches on Plymouth Rock and at Niblo's Garden, Webster spoke in full sympathy with American ideas; and in his speech in 1844 before the Young Men's Whig Club of Boston, upon the annexation of Texas, Choate, begging the annexationists to pause, reminded them that "a public opinion has been generated, has been organized, wholly new, aggressive, intolerant of the sight, intolerant of the cry, of man in chains." But in the same address he appealed to the love of that Union which "neither the small gasconades of nullifiers nor the gloomy ravings of fanatics have chilled;" and that was the shibboleth which showed that he did not comprehend the "irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces." As the lines were drawn—the deep, wide, significant lines—they separated Webster and his most captivating and powerful ally from the conscience of their State and the movement of their country.

As a lawyer, Mr. Choate will live in the books and the admiring and fascinated traditions of the profession; as a statesman he left no sign; and it is as an orator that he must be known by the great general public. He was one of four great orators, only one of whom survives, who were of the same city and for many years contemporaries —orators who are among the most renowned in our history, and undoubtedly the peers of any who have lived in their time. Four more different orators, however, could hardly be named than Webster, Everett, Choate, and Phillips. The first three were in full political sympathy; the last was the voice of what seemed to them the very genius of fanaticism and disorder. All were alike in a certain scholarly spirit and familiarity with the great masters and traditions of oratory, and Choate and Phillips in a certain gayety of humor. They were all evidently children of the oldest community in the country. There was nothing of the frontier, none of the extravagance of half-learning and a provincial training, in their discourse. But besides these they had little in common. The majestic and solid simplicity of Webster differs as much from the elaborate fluency of Everett as the fervid and copious climaxes of Choate from the crisp and brilliant directness of Phillips. The last was an iconoclast; the others sought to repair the shattered images of Pan.

It is the fate of orators that their contemporary fame can not be always justified to posterity, because so much of eloquence lies in the tone, the glance, the action, the circumstance, the audience, the timeliness of the speaker, and the hearer's interest. Jefferson, when he heard Patrick Henry, said that he could not remember a word that the orator said, but that in hearing he was flushed and heated as if by fire. Yet we can read any word of Patrick Henry's, even in the famous scene in the House of Delegates—"and George the Third"—and wonder at our calmness as we read. For the words of the oration are but a part of it. They are seemly and formed, but they are dry bones and dead. It is only the breath of the living prophet that can make them live. At that breath the form of a man springs vast and boundless into a god, and the words that are printed upon the impressive page burn and blaze with celestial splendor. The fame of Choate must be, therefore, always half fabulous and strange; and yet no one who is sensitive to oratory can read his discourses without thrills of feeling and a glow of pleasure which will suggest the marvellous immediate impression of their delivery.

His rhetoric is criticised as turgid and extravagant, but, at least, its wonderful felicity saves it from becoming turgid. Choate's felicity of phrase is inimitable, because it is the touch of a truly poetic imagination. He had the instinct of an artist. The value of rich and melodious words, when fitly descriptive, was as intuitive to him as the richness of color to Georgione; and many of these pages are as fascinating from the long rolling and cumulative cadence as Turner's water-colors from the fruit-like bloom of tinting. The music, the association, the fitness of the word, suggested to his kindled and kindling imagination other images and other thoughts, and the masterful essay to grasp and hold them all produced those extraordinary, prolonged, and composite but not obscure sentences which are found in his discourses. Such sentences are not mere masses and groups of words, they are pictures in perspective, each part in place, and the total impression harmonious and beautiful. Coming to the page of Choate from the restrained and severe and simple word of Webster, clearly defining the thought as the line of the marble temple defines the structure against the sky, the impassioned flow and rush, the picturesque and graphic detail, the swing and resonance of the style, are bewildering. "It is *too* fluent, *too* melodious, *too* facile. It is not sincere. This is a rhetorician; it is not an earnest man with something to say." This is doubtless the first impression upon many minds. But it is mistaken. The orator may be wrong, but he is sincere. His conception of the Union and his devotion to it are as honest as Webster's, however different the expression. Philip Sidney in his gay velvet doublet was as hearty a Protestant as William of Orange in his sombre serge coat.

Choate could not be proposed as a model to young orators, for many reasons, but for this, among others, that the temperament and the imagination from which his oratorical style arises can not be supplied. But certainly no one would suggest that his orations would be improved by recasting them in sentences of two lines composed of words of one syllable. The penetrating sadness of his speech is not external, it is not more or less fault of style: it is the consciousness in the hearer of the blindness of the eyes above the lyrical lips; it is the want of that insight which comes from strict confidence in moral principle in the conduct of the commonwealth as in that of individual life. In 1856 he stood in Lowell and said, in glowing and touching and resplendent phrase, that the election of Mr. Buchanan would be "a victory of peace."—They are all gone, those

days and those men. But as we follow the fascinating figure that Mr. Whipple portrays, we think of Falkland astray in the troops of the king.

Modern criticism has destroyed the authenticity of many romantic traditions, which, however, will probably still survive. The very argument which wounds them renews their life. A "myth" which constantly re-appears in different countries and under different circumstances has its roots in human nature. The story, whether specifically true or untrue, typifies a heroism, a devotion, a virtue, which the common heart accepts as true, and it gratefully repeats the tale from age to age, to stimulate a kindred spirit and to inspire great actions. Niebuhr disposed of the legendary tales of Rome, and drove out of history the kindly wolf-mother of Romulus and Remus, and one by one the quaint old stories have vanished into wind myths and sun myths. The Colossus no longer bestrides the gate of the harbor of Rhodes. Belisarius, blind and penniless, begs no more. There was no Pope Joan, and Joan of Arc was not burned, but married and lived happily ever after. The loves of Abelard and Héloïse are a historical error, and Petrarch's Laura is as unreal as Poe's Leonore. Saddest of all, William Tell shot no apple from his son's head, but is a worthy Swiss peasant inextricably entangled in a Scandinavian legend.

A year or two ago we called attention to the ravages of this critical spirit among our own traditions, and especially to the mortal blow that had been dealt at the famous tale of the sudden appearance of the regicide with white locks and venerable mien to lead the repulse of the Indian attack upon Hadley, in the ox-bow of the Connecticut, during King Philip's war. It was a very neat and conclusive blow; nor has any attempt, to our knowledge, ever been made to break its force. The story was hunted down into an unimportant foot-note in Hutchinson's *History*, where it rested solely upon a tradition in the Leverett family, and in the light of settled historic dates and facts the beautiful tradition disappears like a cloud in the sunrise. It was to be expected that the same spirit might attack our romantic Revolutionary traditions, the first and one of the most delightful of which is the midnight ride of Paul Revere. In fact, that old story as commonly told has now been touched, not in its essence, but in one of its romantic incidents, which has been sung in Longfellow's delightful ballad.

Fortunately the Revolution is not so far behind us that immediate descendants of its heroes may not still be found who cherish the traditions of their families, and who have an unappeasable interest to find and to tell the truth that sheds lustre upon an ancestor. Such a descendant is Mr. Henry W. Holland, of Boston, who has just privately published a handsome monograph of *William Dawes and his Ride with Paul Revere*. Mr. Holland is a descendant of Mr. Dawes, and he was startled by an article in this Magazine for May, 1875, upon the expedition to Concord, which made Ebenezer Dorr the companion of Revere—a statement which was repeated in the centennial oration of that year at Concord. It was undoubtedly a misapprehension, as the fact of Dorr's agency proved to be unknown even in his own family. Mr. Holland has improved the occasion, however, to write a very interesting sketch, to which he adds a copious and illustrated genealogy of the Dawes family, and in the course of which he deprives the story of Revere's ride of one of its most striking incidents. Mr. Holland exposes the general error that Paul Revere was himself warned by the lights hung in the Boston steeple. The truth is that Revere caused them to be hung there to apprise those who were on the Charlestown shore of the departure of the British. It was after Revere, who was still in Boston, knew of their departure that he crossed the river.

The probability of the essential justice of the destructive criticisms upon familiar traditions is shown by the fact that such a point as this should have been always misapprehended, and that although the event was but a hundred years ago, and was described by the chief actor, there should be a question as to the church upon which the lantern was hung, and as to the person who hung it. The only contemporary accounts are those of Revere himself and Richard Devens, and they both speak of "the North Church." But the building known at that time as "the old North Meeting-house" was so called because it was not a "church," or house of worship of the English Church, while Christ Church, which from its situation and other circumstances would naturally have been selected, was sometimes called the North Church. Moreover, it was the sexton and a vestryman of Christ Church who were arrested by the British, and tradition has always favored Christ Church. As to the person who hung the signal lanterns out of the belfry, which was a most daring and hazardous deed, Mr. Holland follows Mr. John Lee Watson, of Orange, who in an excellent paper, originally communicated to the Boston *Advertiser* in July, 1876, makes a very strong case for John Pulling, the vestryman, as against Robert Newman, the sexton, to whom the act has been generally attributed.

Mr. Holland's sketch of William Dawes is the portrait of a "high son of liberty," like Revere, and Prescott, who, when Revere was stopped by the British beyond Lexington, leaped his horse over a stone wall and spurred on to Concord. The monograph is timely and valuable, because it states simply and accurately, in the light of all the evidence, and with a clear perception of all the misconceptions, the facts of the inspiring and heroic story. Whatever befalls Belisarius, and Abelard and Héloïse, and the Colossus of Rhodes, and William Tell, the two lanterns of Paul Revere will always flash the signal to the Charlestown shore, while he rides at full speed through the April night, rousing the country as he goes.

The Easy Chair of the oldest of our popular magazines looks with interest upon the changes that are constantly occurring in periodical literature, and all of which are significant. Twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago, Dr. Griswold, the editor of a magazine, wrote to Percival that he would gladly pay him ten dollars for any poem that he would send him, and that there might be no limit to the generosity, he assured the shy and solitary poet, to whom ten dollars was always necessary, that the offer should remain open at his pleasure. Since that day Mr. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, has paid Halleck and Longfellow something more than ten dollars for a single poem of moderate length, and Dickens a hundred times

ten dollars for a short story. Our own Maga long ago led the way in beating up recruits among European authors. The most famous English novelists of this generation have made their bow to America in our pages, and in writing his admirable article for the *North American*, Mr. Gladstone but followed Castelar, who in his *Harper* series gave us a most striking picture of European republicanism.

Within a few years the general character of the monthly magazine has singularly changed. It still retains much of its light and entertaining touch; it is still amusing and delightful, and has not lost its "parlor-window" aptitude, but it has added to it a weight and value of another kind. It has become a guide and instructor as well as a gay and lively companion. Indeed, the intellectual and scientific, the moral and political, movement of the time can now best be studied in the monthly magazine. Not only the chief poets and story-tellers publish their works first in the magazine, but statesmen and divines, the leaders in science and philosophy, hasten to place upon its pages the latest thought and the most recent discovery. The masters in every department of intellectual activity now address themselves to the public in this way, because they feel instinctively that it is the surest way to the public mind and heart. Literature of every kind has so accumulated, and the means of communication with the public have so wonderfully increased, that to wait to write a book is to risk the general attention which the question demands.

The fear that this may lead to superficial treatment, even if well founded, is set off by the necessity of clearness and condensation. The perplexing question has long been, Who will concentrate great libraries into a few books? If a man would be heard or read—that is to say, if he would make his knowledge useful—he must now make it compact and of attractive form. Nor can a master be superficial. The editor of the magazine or periodical, therefore, now seeks to enlist writers in every kind, whether they have been known as writers or not. There is undoubtedly some of the old lyceum feeling in the new editing—the conviction that the course must be filled by noted and conspicuous men, whatever the reason of their notability. But in any case politics must be discussed by conspicuous statesmen, questions of science by eminent scientific men, and questions of theology by famous theologians. Yet a few years ago politics and science and theology were not welcome in the magazines. They were left to the forum, to the lecture-room, the newspaper, the pulpit, and the book. At this moment Mr. Gladstone adds to his other renown that of being the most affluent and desirable magazinist in England, and unquestionably there is no other way in which he could speak so satisfactorily and so immediately to so immense an audience. Indeed, the change in periodical literature is shown most strikingly by the fact that a man like Mr. Gladstone is the typical magazinist to-day, and a man like Charles Lamb sixty years ago.

It is now necessary, as we said, for any one who would keep pace with the various movements of the time to read the magazines. The feeling that much reading of newspapers "fritters away" the mind is true only of the reading of petty personal politics and of accidents and gossip. There has been recently as sound and valuable writing upon financial subjects in many of our own newspapers as there is in Adam Smith, or in any other more modern master of economical and monetary science. And there is no more significant or promising fact than that by the change of which we are speaking the freshest, fullest, and most valuable thought and result are brought cheaply and alluringly to the hand and eye of every one who can read. It is by no means "a waste of time," therefore, to read "the current periodical literature of the day;" it is the only way by which the general reader can keep himself well informed. Special students will of course pursue their special studies, and they too will find the articles of which we speak a necessary part of such studies.

These reflections suggest an improvement of the text appropriate to the season. For what can be a more delightful gift—a gift of perpetually renewing delight to any intelligent friend—than a year's subscription to some one or more of these entertaining and instructive periodicals? Modesty naturally forbids the mention of one popular and interesting magazine as peculiarly fitted for such a gift, but among many the well-meaning philanthropist can not go astray. Especially at this Christmas season, when the conflict of choice is so incessant and exasperating, when the mind is tossed uncertain from the Japanese bazar to the jewellers' cases, and from the decorative art rooms to the picture-gallery, when even the wares of the furnishing store masquerade as *objets de virtu*, and the usefulness of many gifts is lost in their beauty, what can be more tranquillizing and more reasonable than a resolution to provide for the beloved recipient of a prospective present a charming surprise for every month in the year, with a train of new and wider knowledge? This is contained in the modest subscription to a periodical of the kind we have mentioned—a mirror of the age, a microcosm of contemporary genius and research and thought, a handy library, a vinaigrette of the very attar of current wit and wisdom.

In the number of this Magazine for November, 1867, there was an article by our old-time and welcome correspondent "Porte Crayon" (General D. M. Strother), called "Personal Recollections of the War." It was written when feelings were warm, and when, necessarily, evidence could not always be weighed properly and justice done. There were some statements in the article which reflected upon the conduct of General Fitz-John Porter on the field of the second Manassas battle, and which have been since cited to his injury in many quarters. But various facts having been called to his attention, General Strother carefully went over the subject in the light of fresh knowledge, and having found reason to reconsider his earlier conclusions, has addressed a letter to General Porter withdrawing his original statement. The letter is dated on the 4th of July, 1878, and its publication has been delayed until all the testimony before the Board of Inquiry into the case of General Porter had been submitted. That case having been closed, although, as we write, no decision has been rendered, we very gladly publish General Strother's letter. Whatever may be the judgment of this tribunal upon the justice of General Porter's condemnation by the first board, a letter like that of General Strother throws a light upon the possibility of serious error in the estimate of that conduct of General Porter which

has been so severely censured. The subject was very carefully and fully investigated, with all accessible testimony, by the authors of *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion*, and they were unable to reach a conclusion of decided censure. The persistence of General Porter in seeking a re-opening of the case, with the risk of confirmation of the original judgment, shows a confidence in the rectitude of his conduct which certainly commends him to the good wishes of the community.

"BERKELEY SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA,
July 4, 1878.

"*General Fitz-John Porter:*

"DEAR SIR,—Your courteous letter calling my attention to the fact that a certain publication of mine has done you much injury, and is still used to your detriment, furnishes me the desired opportunity of fulfilling a duty to you, to myself, and to the public, by correcting an error into which I had inadvertently fallen, and may have led others.

"In the ninth paper of my 'Personal Recollections of the War,' which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* of November, 1867, in summing up the incidents of the battles near Groveton, 28th, 29th, and 30th of August, 1862, I made certain statements respecting the movements and position of the enemy's forces, as follows: 'On the morning of the 29th, General Lee took breakfast at a house west of Thoroughfare Gap. Riding forward rapidly, they passed Longstreet, moving through the Gap at the head of the column, some short distance on the eastern side. They marched left in front, Hood's division leading. This division reached the field and formed on Jackson's right after sunset on the 29th, and immediately thereafter became engaged with a portion of M'Dowell's command, as before stated. Other portions of Longstreet's command arrived and took position during the night. On the morning of the 30th (Saturday), Longstreet's command was all up except Anderson's division, which had not yet reached the field. The absence of this division, and a feeling of uncertainty as to Porter's forces and intentions, induced General Lee to remain on the defensive during the forenoon of Saturday. About one o'clock P.M. Anderson arrived, and the rebel commander immediately commenced his preparations for an aggressive movement.'

"The information upon which this statement is founded, derived from a conversation with one of General Lee's staff officers, and incidentally corroborated by other Confederate officers who participated in the actions, seemed to me at the time so satisfactory and conclusive that I felt justified in accepting it as history.

"Since that time I have had conclusive proofs that this theory of the enemy's movements could not be sustained. I have therefore concluded that there must have been an entire misunderstanding between that officer and myself, and without permitting any question of the sincerity of either party in the conversation, I am now convinced that the statement, as published, is erroneous in all important particulars, and that all reflections upon your conduct based upon it must be reconsidered.

"I am, very respectfully, yours,
"DAVID H. STROTHER."

Editor's Literary Record.

THE second edition of President Porter's book on *American Colleges*[1] is made doubly acceptable by a considerable supplement of new and timely matter bearing upon the subject of liberal education. In an interesting preliminary chapter he recounts the indictments that have been urged against our college system during fifty years past, and outlines the changes which have been wrought in it by innovations upon the methods of the older institutions or by the establishment of new ones. Among other particulars he shows that these changes tend toward the substitution of the system of elective studies for a fixed uniform classical course; a larger infusion of utilitarian at the expense of classical studies; and, at a similar cost, greater prominence to English literature, the modern languages and modern history, civil and political law, natural history, mechanics, and the applied sciences. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that while our college system is not faultless, but is susceptible to important improvements, yet its principal features may be triumphantly vindicated. This is the task with which Dr. Porter grapples in fourteen able papers, in which he considers *seriatim* the distinguishing features of our colleges, ranging his inquiries under the following heads: the studies to be pursued, the curriculum to be enforced, the relative value of text-books and lectures, the advantages and evils of the common life of the college and of the dormitory and class systems, the religious character of colleges, and their relationship to one another and to schools of science. He maintains that for the years appropriated to school and college training there is no study so well adapted to mental discipline as the study of language, and that the study of the classical languages is the best form of this discipline; that the curriculum should be a prescribed but not absolutely inelastic one, and should not be left to the option or caprice of an inexperienced student; that instruction by lectures, though attractive to the teacher who consults his ease, is not as profitable to the pupil as recitations from text-books; that daily recitations are preferable to occasional examinations, inasmuch as they require more constant training and application; that the community life of the college is refining and strengthening to the manners, the morals, and the intellect; that residence in dormitories is more energizing and liberalizing, safer morally, and less expensive than residence in lodgings. Other chapters are devoted to the more general questions of the constitution, government, and administration of colleges; and in addition there are six brief "after-thoughts," in which the author brings together the latest results of his ripe observation and experience, on

[1] *The American Colleges and the American Public.* With After-Thoughts on College and School Education. By NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. 12mo, pp. 403. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the importance of good preparatory schools, on the class system, on classical study and instruction, on the manners and morals of colleges, on the ideal American university, and on the co-education of the sexes.

Of less intrinsic value than President Porter's thoughtful inquiries, and more in the nature of a hand-book for the information of parents and students, is Professor Thwing's little volume entitled *American Colleges*.[2] This information takes the form of a recital of the studies pursued, the instruction dispensed, and the expense incurred in certain specified colleges, and comprises a running comparative view of the characteristics of each.

In four strong essays Professor Hitchcock describes the origin, development, nature, and tendencies of *Socialism*,[3] and its monstrous outgrowth Communism, and depicts the instrumentalities, material, moral, social, financial, industrial, and political, which have given both an increased momentum at this time, and have elevated one of them into a "terrible menace" against civilized society. The subjects of the several essays are "Socialism in General," "Communistic Socialism," "Anti-Communistic Socialism," and "Christian Socialism;" and in them the distinctive and sometimes antagonistic qualities of each, and also their distinguishing characteristics for greater or less degrees of evil in different lands, are discriminated and analyzed with great clearness.

The letters of a man to the dearest members of his family, if they fail to show us all the sides of his character, have at least the merit of presenting portions of it, either the best or the worst, in their natural colors. We may be sure he is not posing in them for public effect, or masking his thoughts and feelings to promote or defeat a party or a policy. The *Letters*[4] of Bismarck to his wife, sister, and others are emphatically of this kind, and their unstudied periods place the astute diplomatist and iron-willed minister in far more engaging lights than those in which he is usually painted. Written during his youth, during the first years of his marriage, during his diplomatic missions to foreign governments, during the period of the Parliamentary struggles in Germany, during the Austrian war, and from before Sedan, the most of them were addressed to his wife or sister, and there are a few to intimate friends. Those to the former two are peculiarly genial and unrestrained, and exhibit his native playfulness, his habit of extracting pleasure from trifles, his tenderness and humor, his garrulous and affectionate responsiveness, and his hopes, feelings, and aspirations. In some of the earliest of these he playfully and almost prophetically pictures himself as the peer of princes, or as rendering important services to the state. Those which are the most attractive, however, are the ones in which he busies himself with home affairs, and reveals his filial reverence, fraternal affection, and absorbing conjugal love. Two of the latest in the collection belong to another class, and are very remarkable, the one being an earnest response to a question put to him "in Christ's name" by a person whom he esteemed, in which he declares his faith in Christ and reverence for religion, and defends the motives that inspired his political actions; and the other, written to his wife just after the battle of Sedan, gives his estimate of the effects of that decisive conflict, and describes his memorable interview with the fallen Emperor on the morning after the battle.

There is an agreeable blending of personal *ana* of the man and appreciative criticism of the poet in Mr. Calvert's *Study of Wordsworth*.[5] Indeed, its chief attractiveness is due to the skill with which the author shows how the writings of the poet influenced the character and intellect of the man, and again how his poetic communings and outpourings took their hues from his personal character. The volume carries us over some of the most interesting events of the poet's life, introduces us to some of his most treasured companionships, and admits us to familiar views of him while engaged on his most celebrated poems. Besides, there are copious versions of Wordsworth's critical estimates of other poets and of himself, and genial criticisms, estimates, and analyses of the poet's greatest productions.

The five individuals introduced to us in Mr. Hamerton's *Modern Frenchmen*[6] are so nearly unknown, even as celebrities, to American readers, that their biographies lack an important antecedent element of interest. This drawback is amply compensated for, however, by the skill with which Mr. Hamerton piques our curiosity, and the tact with which he conciliates our sympathy and excites our admiration for the personages he depicts. The subjects of the sketches are Victor Jacquemont, an eminent traveller and naturalist, whose life was devoted to science and humanity; Henri Perreyve, an ecclesiastic and orator, who combined singular purity with greatness of religious power and commanding qualities of leadership; François Rude, great as a sculptor, but devoted to the austere duties of home and family; Jean Jacques Ampère, an industrious historian, archæologist, and traveller; and Henri Regnault, a glowing painter and zealous patriot. All were men of vigor and intensity, whose tenacity of purpose overcame apparently insuperable obstacles, and whose engaging personal qualities won the love of all who came in contact with them. Mr. Hamerton paints the personal, social, and intellectual characters of these men with a loving hand; and his sketches possess the high merit—which gives value to the best biography—of encouraging effort and stimulating emulation in things worthy by the influence of noble examples.

It would be difficult to find two more agreeably contrasted revivals of the romantic literature of a by-gone generation than are furnished in late numbers of the "Franklin Square Library," reproducing Miss Burney's *Evelina*[7] and Fonblanque's

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[2] *American Colleges.* Their Students and Work. By Charles F. Thwing. 12mo, pp. 159. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] *Socialism.* By Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D. 12mo, pp. 111. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[4] *Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Wife, Sister, and Others, from* 1844 *to* 1870. Translated from the German by Fitzh. Maxse. 12mo, pp. 252. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] *Wordsworth: A Biographic Æsthetic Study.* By George H. Calvert. 12mo, pp. 232. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[6] *Modern Frenchmen.* Five Biographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. 12mo, pp. 442. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[7] *Evelina; or, The History of a Young Lady's Introduction to the World.* By Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay). 4to, pp. 81. "Franklin Square Library." New York: Harper and Brothers.

Bachelor of the Albany.[8] The former, after the fashion of the novel of the Richardson school, spins out the thread of her delightful verbosity into an exciting detail of the fluctuating pangs and delights of love, and keeps the reader on tenter-hooks of suspense by the recital of the numberless trying or provoking mutations which befall its rather verdant, but beautiful, much persecuted, and ultimately happy heroine. The other, with the grim or sparkling wit and polished antithesis that characterized the literature of a later day, portrays the forced relentings of a cynical and woman-hating bachelor under the combined influences of a genial English home, and of a bright, spirited, lovely, and arch-tongued English girl. The trying situations of the heroine in *Evelina*, which test her love and develop and solidify her character, and the whimsical dilemmas and comical incidents and mishaps which befall the crusty bachelor of the Albany, and tumble his edifice of sybaritic self-enjoyment to the ground, belong to widely opposite regions of invention, and represent widely different as well as distant stages in the development of our modern novel.

Mr. James discriminates judiciously when he styles *The Europeans*[9] a sketch rather than a novel. It is, indeed, a series of brilliant sketches, held together by a slight thread of continuity, but lacking the intimate fusion of parts essential to narrative or dramatic unity. Mr. James describes street scenes, houses, gardens, and country sights and sounds better than he does human characters, apparently because the former are conscientious copies from a model, while his men and women are fictions of the intellect merely, whom he makes known to us by description and assertion instead of by the natural unfolding of their dispositions and characters through the medium of their thinkings and sayings and doings. Interesting studies, therefore, as his portraitures in *The Europeans* unquestionably are, and although his actors are cleverly conceived and placed in lights and situations ingeniously contrived to afford entertainment, they do not seem sufficiently real to rouse our sympathies and to give the semblance of probability to fiction.

The reader of *Auld Lang Syne*[10] will pay it the involuntary compliment of wishing it twice as long as it is. There is not a dry or tedious page in it; its characters are strongly contrasted or harmoniously blended; and its incidents are exciting and dramatic without being sensational. The scene is laid in an old English sea-coast town, just after the battle of Trafalgar, during the struggle between England and France for the naval supremacy, and the narrative is largely colored by the stirring events by land and sea that were then being enacted. The story hinges upon the innocent loves and secret marriage of two inexperienced young people belonging to widely different stations, for whom our sympathies are enlisted by their excellences of mind and person, and by the sore trials and sorrows resulting from their irregular step. The style reminds us of that most fascinating story-teller of modern times, the author of *Lorna Doone:* there is the same lavishly beautiful descriptions of natural objects, the same collocations of neatly quaint or novel and expressive phrases, the same trick of packing sentence within sentence like a nest of boxes in a cabinet, and the same wizard faculty of unfolding a story so that we forget that it is fiction.

Three more charming or more thoroughly healthful stories than those from *An Old Dutch Town*,[11] by Rev. Robert Lowell, are rarely met with. Graceful and tender, gravely quaint or brightly gay, gently sad or lambent with humor, they are also aromatic with the odor of a not too distant antiquity, which imparts to them the sweetness of a ballad or a legend. Each of them embodies some passages, real or traditional, in the life of a half-slumbering Dutch town in the interior of the State of New York, and describes the various folk who moved therein some fifty or a hundred years ago, together with their old habits and customs, old houses, old ways, old furniture, and old-fashioned sayings and doings and dealings. The first of the stories is entitled "Abram Van Zandt, the Man in the Picture," and its plot is built round a weird fancy of one of its characters that the figure of a man dimly descried in one of the corners of an old picture by Vander Velde, which had come into his possession under peculiar circumstances, exerted an influence upon his actions and destiny by means of some mysterious affinity of identity. The second story of the series is a love tale, remarkable for its powerful contrasts of light and shade, of overflowing gladness and melting sorrow. The last is a quaint realistic painting of character and manners, abounding, as do both the others, in descriptive episodes of great delicacy.

The author of *Cupid and the Sphinx*[12] contrives very cleverly to kill two birds with one stone. While he entertains us with an animated transcript of his experiences in Egypt, and of the impressions made upon him by its people and antiquities, he also weaves for our amusement a quiet though not uneventful love story, which is none the less attractive for being composed of several strands. It might be objected that there is an excess of sentimentality in the abstract and of intellectual rhapsodizing, and that the dialogue is sometimes inconsequential and pedantic; but still the romance challenges our sympathies, and many of the incidents which give it shape and color are spirited and natural.

One of the most difficult of tasks is properly and with due brevity to characterize a novel which is without striking merits or defects. Such novels are as hard to define or classify as the average men and women who make up the mass of mankind—who are conspicuous neither by their virtues nor vices, their beauty or ugliness, their abilities or performances, and whose lives, if not absolutely level, never rise to any great heights or sink to any considerable depths. Of this neutral tint are the two novels, *A Woman's Word*[13] and

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[8] *The Bachelor of the Albany.* A Novel. 4to, pp. 46. "Franklin Square Library." New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *The Europeans.* A Sketch. By HENRY JAMES, Jun. 12mo, pp. 281. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[10] *Auld Lang Syne.* A Novel. By the author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor.* 4to, pp. 40. "Franklin Square Library." New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town.* By ROBERT LOWELL. 12mo, pp. 322. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[12] *Cupid and the Sphinx.* By HARFORD FLEMMING. 12mo, pp. 434. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[13] *A Woman's Word, and How She Kept It.* By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. 12mo, pp. 270. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Margery's Son,[14] the former an indigenous production, and the other an exotic. Neither is noteworthy as a work of art, both are mildly interesting, and the atmosphere of each, though not strongly bracing, is pure and sweet. The one first named is a love story of the conventional type, whose action vibrates between town and country, and whose hero and heroine, after having been subjected to ingenious and prolonged torture, are at last made supremely happy. The other is a tale of the court of Scotland, and incidentally of the court of England also, founded on incidents in the life of Robert III. and his sons the Duke of Rothesay and James I. Portions of it turn upon the spread of Lollardism among the nobility, and the perils attending its espousal by certain of them who are prominent figures in the story. A love story of moderate interest underlies the historical revival; its style is simple and unaffected, and its representations of contemporaneous manners and events deserve credit for their general fidelity.

There can be no incertitude as to the place in literature to which Mr. Black's *Macleod of Dare*[15] belongs. It is a genuine novel; fresh, powerful, and dramatic, large in design, ample in detail, and rich in coloring. Its movement is free, its situations diversified, its dialogue natural, pointed, and always promoting the progress of the story, its descriptions picturesque and contributing to the general effect, and its narrative connected and rising steadily in power and interest as it is unfolded and approaches the *dénouement*. Although its *dramatis personæ* are numerous, not one of them is insignificant or superfluous, and all are justified by some indispensable artistic requirement. The statuesque figures of the grand old mother of Macleod and of his patient cousin Janet, as we see them against the background of their bleak home at Castle Dare, surrounded by the faithful servitors and clans-people of their race, are in fine contrast with the lithe and winning women of a softer clime, to whom we are introduced amid their luxurious surroundings. Macleod himself is a massive and virile figure, who attracts us by a hundred simple and vigorous virtues. The heroine is less attractive than Macleod in the proportion that she is a more composite creation; but she is invested by the skill of the artist with so many rare charms, each so opposite to the other, yet all appealing with so much subtlety to the romantic imagination of the impressionable and single-minded Scot, and mutely seeming to invite the interposition of his protecting strength, that we do not wonder that he loved her with an enthralling passion, or that when he realized the hopelessness of his love his mind became distempered, and drove him to an act of fatal desperation.

If the anomalous mother and daughter who are the chief figures in Mr. James's *Daisy Miller*[16] were seriously presented by him as typical representatives of our country-women—while admitting that such a mother and daughter are as much within the range of possibility as the Siamese Twins, and have as equitable a title to be set up as types—we should affirm that they have not enough of general or special resemblance to any really existent class to lend probability to caricature. It is obvious, however, that Mr. James had no such purpose in this brilliant and graceful trifle. The elder lady is an impossible mother—abnormally insipid, colorless, and unobservant or careless of her beautiful daughter's wayward doings; and Daisy herself is an equally impossible daughter, who regards her mother as a cipher, and who, besides, is an inscrutable combination of audacity and innocence, elegance and vulgarity, refinement and cool disregard of essential conventionalities. Nevertheless, this contradictory creature under the author's pliant fancy becomes a "phantom of delight," whose changeful and winning ways and fresh and flower-like beauty veil all her defects and heighten her abundant graces.

There is a romance of reality in the story of *The Virginians in Texas*[17] that is very attractive, and must please while it instructs the "young old folks and old young folks" to whom it is inscribed. It is founded on the transplantation of an old and impoverished Virginia family to Texas, and describes with graphic minuteness the process of their removal thither, and the steps pursued by them in re-establishing their uprooted home in its friendly virgin soil. Their mishaps, enjoyments, surprises, and adventures, grave and gay, are told with vivacity, and the descriptions of their work in building their house and getting their "league" under cultivation are replete with entertaining and useful practical hints and examples for other new settlers. Interspersed throughout the relation are stirring stories of pioneer frontier life, including combats with savages, beasts of prey, "northers," and prairie fires; incidental descriptions of the beasts, birds, game, reptiles, insects, plants, and flowers peculiar to Texas; and absorbing episodes in which are recounted as by an eye-witness and participant exciting passages in the history of Texas.

Eulogy of the living is ordinarily regarded with distrust, especially if its subject be wealthy, titled, munificent, and the occupant of an official station from whence golden streams of patronage may be expected to flow in the direction of the panegyrist. This distrust is not excited, however, by the warm commendation which is liberally bestowed upon Lord Dufferin by Mr. Stewart in his interesting volume on *Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin*,[18] since its utterances have been withheld until the termination of the official power of that popular and able ruler, and with it his ability to recompense words of praise by substantial rewards. Mr. Stewart's protracted panegyric of Lord Dufferin as a man and as a ruler is entirely free, therefore, from suspicion as to the motives which inspired it, and is evidently as sincere and disinterested as it is

[14] *Margery's Son; or, "Until He Find It."* A Fifteenth Century Tale of the Court of Scotland. By Emily Sarah Holt. 12mo, pp. 372. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[15] *Macleod of Dare.* A Novel. By William Black. Illustrated. Library Edition. 12mo, pp. 406. New York: Harper and Brothers. The same. "Library of Select Novels." 8vo, pp. 191. New York: Harper and Brothers. The same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 68. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Daisy Miller.* A Study. By Henry James, Jun. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 116. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *The Virginians in Texas.* A Story. By William M. Baker. "Harper's Library of American Fiction." 8vo, pp. 169. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin.* By George Stewart, Jun. 8vo, pp. 696. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

hearty and glowing. Although there is a brief preliminary sketch, rapidly outlining the life and family connections of Lord Dufferin, and recounting his various official services, the volume is really confined within the limits of about five years, from the summer of 1872 till the autumn of 1877, covering the period of his viceroyalty of the New Dominion; and it gives a close view of all his public acts and of his social, literary, personal, and political doings during that time, including many of his able speeches and addresses, and the hearty congratulatory receptions that were tendered to him at the outset and close of his viceregal career. The reader will be impressed by the grave difficulties which it was the task of this able administrator to encounter, and by the signal tact, moderation, energy, and judgment which he brought to bear upon it. A new and as yet scarcely coherent dominion, which existed practically only on paper, whose parts were remote from each other, and whose interests often clashed, had to be fused into a symmetrical unit. Conflicting interests were to be reconciled, exasperating frictions to be removed, and the complicated machinery of a representative government was to be set safely in motion. Urbane, social, rich, and munificent, and to these attractive personal qualities uniting firmness, intellectual vigor, great patience, and invincible good nature, the wisdom that came from experience in dealing with provincial peoples and the faculties of practical statesmanship, Lord Dufferin easily won his way to the hearts of the people of Canada, and so securely gained their confidence that through all the changes and exasperations of party his purity was unquestioned, his popularity unbounded, and his influence supreme. Mr. Stewart's volume recites all the great acts of policy and the most stirring events that signalized Lord Dufferin's administration, and on this account is a valuable contribution to political literature. It is, however, the things personal to Lord Dufferin and his accomplished wife, and the insight which is afforded of social, domestic, and political life in Canada, that will make the book most attractive to the general reader. Our reflection on laying down this really valuable volume is that the new viceroy and the Princess Louise will have a far less difficult task to perform than awaited their predecessors. It is true there are here and there local jars and frictions which will call for careful and wise management, but Lord Dufferin leaves the machinery generally in smooth and good working order, the people contented with and beginning fairly to understand it, the conflicts of interest between the different provinces adjusted, and the country busy, prosperous, and growing. Unless, then, the Marquis of Lorne is greatly more incapable than he is represented to be by Lord Dufferin, who has known him from childhood and is a capable judge of his abilities, we may prognosticate for him and his royal bride as fortunate an administration as the one whose history is related in this able volume.

Mr. Day's *Outlines of Ontological Science*[19] is a welcome addition to metaphysical literature, and will be found of special service to students, whose labors it will lighten and whose perplexities it will relieve. In his attempt to concentrate the light of philosophical research and speculation on the fundamental questions, what is true knowledge, how can it be validated, what are its boundaries and departments, and what are the relations of these departments, the author arrogates no credit for novelty, but simply aims to harmonize the diversities of recent scientific discussion, and to bring them under a comprehensive survey, where they may be viewed in their clearly legitimated results.

The "innumerable caravan" of wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters who are daily confronted by the problem what they shall have for dinner to propitiate the exacting palates of their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, will have a heavy burden lifted from their shoulders by Mrs. Terhune's *Dinner Year-Book*.[20] This practical domestic hand-book does almost every thing save provide and pay for our dinners for seven days of four weeks in each month of the year, the bill of fare prescribed being adapted to the capacities of the average American market, with the meats, fish, vegetables, and fruit each in its season. Throughout, the dinners proposed are appetizing, elegant, and economical; each of them is accompanied by a receipt for every dish, and there are sensible directions for placing them on the table. In addition to the other dinners there are bills of fare for twelve "company dinners," one for each month; but we look in vain for similar aids toward Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New-Year's dinners.

A title more aptly expressive of the contents could scarcely have been devised than that which Dr. Cuyler has given his excellent volume of *Pointed Papers*.[21] Each of its papers is so brief that it may be read in a few minutes, so plain that it may be readily comprehended and easily retained by the most untutored, so elevated and thoughtful as to satisfy the demands of the most cultivated, and so practical as to meet the spiritual needs of the sinful, the penitent, the sorrowful, or the devout. The series comprises a succession of wise teachings adapted to almost every phase of Christian duty and to nearly every step of Christian growth.

Among the most useful and interesting of recent publications are four little hand-books respectively on bees, flower-painting, the studio arts, and the telegraph. The first of these is entitled *The Blessed Bees*,[22] and has a special interest for farmers and others who have the space and facilities requisite for rearing bees. It is a practical account of the methods pursued by its author, with great success, in raising bees, and gives minute details as to their breeding, hiving, transferring, pasturing, and multiplication, together with the expenditure involved and the profits earned. The subject is deprived of all dryness and made as entertaining as a story by an accompanying narrative of personal effort, investigation, and industrious application.—Another of these little volumes is a reprint of Mrs. Duffield's guide to the *Art of Flower-Painting*,[23] in which

[19] *Outlines of Ontological Science; or, A Philosophy of Knowledge and of Being.* By Henry N. Day. 12mo, pp. 441. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[20] *The Dinner Year-Book.* By Marion Harland. 12mo, pp. 715. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[21] *Pointed Papers for the Christian Life.* By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. 12mo, pp. 363. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[22] *The Blessed Bees.* By John Allen. 12mo, pp. 69. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[23] *The Art of Flower-Painting.* By Mrs. William

we are instructed in the drawing of flowers, the materials used and the processes employed in painting them, and also in those more technical branches of the art—composition, arrangement, form, light and shade, and background.—The third[24] is a concise compilation of the best rules of art from the best authors, and is intended as an aid to those who wish to be introduced to an "outside knowledge" of art. Among the topics discussed are art and its divisions, technique and expression, the progress of art from ancient till modern times, books on art, and biographies of famous artists.—The last of these convenient volumes is a brief and clear presentation of the principles of the *Electro-Magnetic Telegraph*,[25] designed for the benefit of practical operators and students of telegraphy, and comprising concise expositions of electricity and magnetism, the Morse telegraph, batteries, practical telegraphy, and the construction of lines.

Although the literary execution of Mr. Bailey's *England from a Back Window*[26] is rather inelegant, it will be relished, by all who have visited England, for the brevity and fidelity of its sketches and descriptions, and by all who have not, for its crisp humor and abundant good nature. Nothing escapes the quick and observant eye of its author, but he is specially on the alert to detect those peculiarities which denote the differences between England and Englishmen and our own country and countrymen. He describes with freshness and vivacity every thing that is curious or venerable or admirable or characteristic, and, without being in the least guide-bookish, his volume is the best and most satisfactory cicerone that a person visiting Great Britain for the first time could be provided with.

Decidedly full of interesting and practical information is Mr. Mason's *Old House Altered*,[27] in which he shows how an old family house may be enlarged, modernized, and converted into a comfortable and elegant home without destroying its associations. In the form of a series of agreeable familiar letters between a brother who is supposed to be a professional architect and a sister who is an amateur, aided by the occasional interposition of another brother as an umpire, we are first given tentative sketches in which the house-mistress roughly outlines the things essential to comfort and convenience. These are then amended, added to, and embellished, till a house results that meets every requirement. The letters and sketches form an elaborate discussion and selection of all that is best in the construction of a family home, having regard primarily to health, use, and comfort, and secondarily to elegance and adornment.

Among publications designed for the amusement and instruction of children, the one by Mr. Coffin, appropriately dedicated to "the boys and girls of America," and entitled *The Story of Liberty*,[28] is conspicuous for its beauty, lucidity of style, and intrinsic worth. With excellent engravings on every page, not one of them is a mere random picture intended to please the eye only, but each happily illustrates and fastens in the memory some memorable historical act, event, or character referred to in the text. Written so simply that the youngest pupil may understand it, nothing of strength or grace of diction is sacrificed to bare simplicity. Though its narrative is glowing, it yet adheres to the literal fact; and thus while it has the attractiveness of a story, it has also the substantial usefulness of historic reality. The book supplies a need that has been strangely overlooked; for with our multiplicity of histories for the young there has been nothing hitherto, adapted to their capacities, outlining the growth of civil and religious liberty, or tracing from their feeble beginnings the free institutions we now enjoy. It was this task which Mr. Coffin by a happy inspiration set himself to perform, covering the period of five hundred years—from the time of King John and Magna Charta to the settlement of Jamestown, the arrival of the *Half-Moon* in the Hudson, and the landing of the Pilgrims. And although the history of the growth of an abstract principle into a concrete system, as was that of civil and personal liberty, might seem to be a dry and uninviting subject for the young, Mr. Coffin has enriched the relation with such a succession of grand or stirring incidents, and has crowded it with such a body of stately actors, that it can not fail to excite their interest and captivate their attention. Along with the record of the progress of liberty, the narrative branches off into inviting episodes commemorative of the great historical events that contributed to its advance, such as the invention of printing and the mariner's compass, the discovery of America, the translation of the Bible by Wycliffe, and the crystallization of the English language into its present forms by him and Chaucer, the Reformation in Europe, and the great wars and leagues which resulted from it. No more absorbingly interesting or more substantially useful book than this can be placed in the hands of the young, whether at home or in school; and, moreover, there are few parents who may not derive pleasure and enlightenment from its perusal.

Another exceeding sensible and very useful book is a little volume entitled *Grammar Land*,[29] which is dedicated to all children who think grammar hard and dry, and which aims to throw a gleam of sunshine around our little men and women while they are engaged in that most wearisome of studies. In the most engaging manner, by parable and simile and easy metaphor and still easier matter-of-fact application, it clears up the puzzles and simplifies the hard things of grammar. Separate chapters are given to biographical sketches of rich Mr. Noun and his useful friend Pronoun; little ragged Article and talkative Adjective; busy Dr. Verb, and Adverb; perky Preposition, convenient Conjunction, and tiresome Interjection—with full accounts of their pedigrees and connections, oddities and peculiarities.

Duffield. Edited by Susan N. Carter. 12mo, pp. 46. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[24] *The Studio Arts.* By Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson. 18mo, pp. 161. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[25] *A Hand-Book of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph.* By A. E. Loring. 18mo, pp. 98. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

[26] *England from a Back Window.* With Views of Scotland and Ireland. By J. M. Bailey, the Danbury News Man. 12mo, pp. 475. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[27] *The Old House Altered.* By George C. Mason. 8vo, pp. 179. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[28] *The Story of Liberty.* By Charles Carleton Coffin, author of *The Boys of '76.* Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 404. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *Grammar Land; or, Grammar in Fun.* By M. L. Nesbitt. 12mo, pp. 120. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

Editor's Scientific Record.

Astronomy.—Dr. Peters has discovered Asteroids 191 and 192 since September 22. They are his thirty-first and thirty-second planets.

The reports from the various observers of the solar eclipse are coming in. Professor Young has printed his in *Silliman's Journal* (September), and Dr. H. Draper in *Franklin Institute Journal* (October). The Naval Observatory parties are preparing their reports. In this connection it may be mentioned that the photographs of the Naval Observatory expeditions give a complete account of the corona. The very fine photographs taken by A. Clark, Jun., of Professor Harkness's party, and Mr. J. A. Rogers, of Professor Hall's party, give the details and structure of the inner corona to perfection, and are all that can be desired. The outer corona is given on these for 25′ each side of the sun. The photograph of Mr. Peers, of Professor Holden's party, gives more of the outer corona than any other (over 1° each side the sun). A combination of these photographs will give the best knowledge of the whole phenomenon yet possible.

One of the most important papers of the year is by Professor Newton, of Yale, on the "Origin of Comets." It is impossible to give here an abstract of this paper, which is itself a series of propositions, each in a condensed form, and each closely connected with every other. We can only refer to this as a body of doctrine which will become the *Principia* of this subject.

Volume IV. of the Moscow Observatory (Dr. Bredichin, director), 1878, has arrived in this country. It is in quarto form, and in two parts. Part I. contains: 1. Meridian circle observations of stars of a selected list. 2. A second memoir on the anomalous forms of comets' tails, by Professor Bredichin. This deals with Comet 1861, II. 3. Meridian observations of Mars in opposition and comparison stars, by M. Gromadski. These observations extend from July 18 to September 24. The probable error ($\Delta\delta$) of a single observation is $\pm 0.58''$. Each observation of this series combined with one of the same weight in the southern hemisphere would give the solar parallax with a probable error $\pm 0.19''$, and hence from twenty such corresponding observations we may expect a value of this doubtful by $\pm 0.04''$. 4. This section is devoted to meridian observations of a special list of stars. 5. Spectrum of Comet 1877, *b*. Dr. Bredichin finds this to be: A, 556.4 ± 1.7; B, 515.4 ± 0.7; C, 469.7 ± 2.2. For Coggia's comet these numbers are: A, 563.0; B, 516.0; C, 471.1. For the spectrum of *benzine* they are: A, 563.2; B, 516.4; C, 471.2. Part II. contains: 1. Observations of Mars and comparison stars with the equatorial. 2. Measures of stars in the cluster in *Perseus*. 3. Photometric observations with a Zöllner's photometer; observations of comets, of bands on Jupiter, of a lunar eclipse, etc., and some photo-heliographic observations.

In the Harvard College Library Bulletin No. 9, October 1, 1878, is printed a list of books and memoirs on the transits of Mercury, from 1631 to 1868, inclusive, with notes by Professor E. E. Holden. It has above 150 authors' names.

At the Seagrave Observatory, Providence, Rhode Island, Mr. L. Waldo has observed *Mimas* on several nights with an 8-inch Clark refractor. This is almost the smallest aperture with which this faint satellite has been seen, although Captain Jacob at Madras appears to have observed it with a 6-inch Dollond.

From the price-lists of various opticians for 1877–78 we extract the following items, which may be of interest: Merz, of Munich—objectives of 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 French inches aperture, at 800, 1440, 2100, 3200, 4400, 6000, 9000, 13,500, 19,000, 27,000 German marks (101 marks = 100 English shillings); these are unmounted. An 18-inch objective completely mounted, 105,000 marks; a 9-inch, 35,000; a 6-inch, 11,000; heliometers, 6 inches aperture, 35,000 marks; comet-seeker of 43 lines aperture, equatorially mounted, complete, field of 5°, 2400 marks, etc., etc. Meyerstein, of Göttingen—transit circle, one divided circle, four microscopes, objective 4 (French) inches aperture, complete, 12,480 marks; vertical circle, objective 4 inches, complete, 9750 marks; transit instrument, objective 4 inches, 6050 marks; equatorial, complete, objective 4 inches, 9750 marks; comet-seeker, objective 43 lines, 1560 marks. Breithaupt and Son, in Cassel—portable meridian circle, complete, objective 2 inches, 2700 marks; sextants reading to 10″, from 285 marks down.

In *Physics*, Bottomley has presented to the British Association the preliminary report of the committee for commencing secular experiments on the elasticity of wires. The arrangements for suspending the wires are now complete. An iron tube 60 feet long, 9 inches wide, and 4½ inches deep, in six-feet sections, has been erected in the tower of the University of Glasgow, and has been firmly attached to the wall. The wires are to be hung from a heavy plate of gun-metal at the top, supported independently of the tube. This plate will carry additional wires with comparison marks, so that the measurements may be made independent of the yielding of the point of support. A window of plate-glass at the bottom of the tube allows the wires to be seen. The measurements are to be made by means of a cathetometer supported on a strong gun-metal table attached by brackets to the wall of the room. Experiments for testing the apparatus are now in progress.

Becker has discussed the correction necessary in weighing in air, for the weight of the air displaced by the body weighed and also by the weights employed. By taking the specific gravities of the weights as the ordinates, and the necessary corrections as abscissas, and plotting the curve, it gives an equilateral hyperbola referred to asymptotic axes. Hence for high specific gravities such as platinum the correction is small, while for low ones which are not far from unity the correction is comparatively large, and increases with great rapidity as the specific gravity sinks. He concludes that for specific gravities above one, no quantity less than twenty-five milligrams requires correction, while for specific gravities above three, nothing less than one decigram requires to be corrected. A table giving the vacuum correction for substances having a specific gravity between 0.985 and 27.738, the weights used being of brass, the error being less than one-thirtieth of a milligram, and a second similar

table for platinum weights, between 0.950 and 51.766, are given in the memoir.

Höfler has described a simple and easily constructed form of apparatus for demonstrating the various results obtained by the superposing of waves. Upon the face of an upright board, which may be fastened to any convenient board at right angles to it to serve as a base, two parallel strips of wood are fastened lengthwise, through which small holes are drilled opposite one another, for the passage of wires carrying small white balls on their ends. By inverting the apparatus, and allowing the balls to fall against the edge of a strip of wood cut into a convenient series of sinusoidal waves, the other ends of the wires may be cut to a length parallel to the lower strip on the face of the board. On inverting the apparatus the wires are allowed to fall so that their lower ends rest upon the edge of a straight strip. Their upper ends form then the sine curve mentioned. By placing below these wires the same curve half a wave length displaced, complete interference will result when the wires fall, and the balls will form a straight line. If they be allowed to fall on a curve of twice the wave length, a compound wave results, which shows the form of sound wave corresponding to a note and its lower octave. Other and similar experiments with this apparatus are described.

Ridout has communicated to *Nature* the results of a series of experiments undertaken in order to ascertain whether columns of fluid which are affected by sound have a peculiar structure, and if so, what that structure is. When a fluid escapes from a contracted opening it may form a column of the same shape as the opening, or it may form an expansion after leaving the opening. The column in the first case is called prismatic, and in the second segmental. Segmental columns are sensitive to sound pulses, prismatic columns are not. By means of two jets of glass placed in the same plane, and inclined to each other at an angle variable at pleasure, every variety of segmentation was obtained. The author hence infers that a segmental jet really consists of two jets meeting at an angle. Various ingenious experiments are described with such segmental jets of common gas, from which the author concludes (1) that a fluid column sensitive to sound consists of two columns meeting at an angle; (2) that the resultant of the two columns is an expansion; (3) that a column so constituted will under favorable conditions emit a note; (4) that if excited by an external sound it takes the same form as when it spontaneously emits the sound; (5) that a column excited as in (3) and (4) sends out an expansion at an angle (usually a right angle) to the primary expansion; (6) that the component columns of a sensitive column must be at such unequal distances from the sounding body that they are not thrown into the same phase of vibration; (7) that a gaseous column increases in sensitiveness with the pressure, *i. e.*, the velocity; (8) that a gaseous column is lessened in velocity by ignition at its origin; and hence (9) that a gaseous column when ignited is less sensitive than when unignited.

Mouchot has made a series of experiments in Paris, continued through the time of the Exhibition, on the industrial utilization of solar heat. In one experiment, made on the 2d of September, he used a solar mirror having an aperture of about twenty square meters, connected with its receiver. At the focus of this mirror an iron boiler was placed, weighing with its accessories 200 kilograms, and having a capacity of 100 liters, 70 for the liquid and 30 for the steam-chamber. In half an hour the 70 liters were raised to boiling, and soon afterward the manometer indicated a pressure of 5 atmospheres. On the 22d of September, the sun being slightly veiled, he obtained 6.2 atmospheres; and worked, under a pressure of 3 atmospheres, a Tangye pump, raising 1500 to 1800 liters of water per hour to a height of two meters. On the 29th, with a clear sky, a pressure of 7 atmospheres was obtained.

Rosetti, from a series of thermo-electric measurements, has been led to express the relation between the absolute temperature of a body and the thermo-electric current produced by its radiation, in the form of a rather simple equation. To test the formula the radiation from a hot copper ball was used for temperatures below 800°; from three copper disks placed in the same region of the flame, from iron and platinum disks, and from a small cylinder of magnesium oxychloride placed in the oxyhydrogen flame, for temperatures higher than this. Finding the formula to agree with experiment, he has extended it to determine the sun's temperature, and has found, by a modification of his method, the effective value of this constant to be 9965.4° C.

Joubert has presented to the French Academy a paper on the rotatory power of quartz, and on the variation of its value with the temperature. The angular coefficient of the curve of variation increases at first pretty regularly up to 300°. From this to 840° it is nearly constant, and the curve is nearly a straight line with a point of inflection about 500°. Beyond 840°, and up to 1500°, the rotatory power increases with extreme slowness. With a quartz of 46.172 millimeters, giving a rotation of 1000° at 0°, the increase from 300° to 900° is 12 minutes per degree. With a quartz of only 11 millimeters the increase would still be 3 minutes per degree. Thus quartz makes an extremely sensitive thermometer, with the essential condition of comparability.

Mayer has discussed the morphological laws of the configurations formed by magnets floating vertically and subjected to the attraction of a superposed magnet. The paper is illustrated by diagrams made by pressing a piece of paper down upon the vertical ends of the needles tipped with printer's ink after the configuration had been formed. Around the dots thus obtained circles were drawn and connecting lines, so as to make the outline more evident. From two to twenty needles were used. He calls attention to many of these forms as illustrating molecular structure, in the cases of unstable equilibrium, expansion on solidification, and allotropy and isomerism. He also describes other methods of obtaining the configurations, and figures an apparatus for projecting the phenomena.

Ayrton and Perry have published a preliminary paper on their determination of the ratio of the electromagnetic to the electrostatic unit of measure. The method which they employed was very simple in principle, but presented unusual difficulties in practice. It consisted in measuring the capacity of an air-condenser in two ways: first, electromagnetically, by the swing of the needle of a ballistic galvanometer; and second, electrostatically, by a measurement of the linear dimen-

sions of the condenser. The ratio given by three measurements on three successive days was 29.74, 29.95, and 29.72 ohms, the greatest difference between any one of these daily means and the final mean being only about one-half per cent. The final mean, 298.0 million meters per second (representing the mean of 98 discharges of the air-condenser), the authors think may be regarded as correct to one per cent., and is identical with the value of the velocity of light obtained by Foucault. The details of the apparatus and of the experiments will be published later.

In *Chemistry*, Davy and Cameron have shown that when ammonium selenate is exposed to heat, it first resolves itself into ammonia and an acid ammonium selenate hitherto unknown, and then, at a higher temperature, that this salt breaks up into water, selenium, selenous oxide, and nitrogen, thus showing that in the first stage some analogy exists to ammonium sulphate, but that this analogy disappears entirely in the second stage.

Wanklyn and Cooper have proposed a direct method of determining the calorific power—which is the available energy—of alimentary substances, based upon the fact that the amount of oxygen consumed by an organic substance is a measure of its heat-producing force. Their method is that of Forchhammer, by oxidizing with a standard solution of potassium permanganate. But in place of simply mixing this with the solution to be examined, this latter solution is distilled with the permanganate in excess. During the distillation it is advisable to have the liquid strongly alkaline, but the authors make it acid before the residual permanganate is titered.

Long has made a series of experiments on the decomposition of steam by ignited charcoal for the production of water-gas. In his earlier experiments the results were complicated by the evolution of absorbed gases from the charcoal. When this source of error was allowed for, it was observed that no fixed relation existed between the carbonous oxide and the carbon dioxide present. But the author noticed that the carbonous oxide was directly as the amount of charcoal present in the tube. Hence it is evident that hydrogen and carbon dioxide are at first formed, and then that the latter gas is reduced by the excess of ignited carbon. If, however, there be an excess of steam present, this is reduced, and carbon dioxide again formed.

Musculus and Gruber have given, in a paper upon starch, their reasons for believing that the constitution of this substance is much more complicated than is generally supposed. They find that on treating starch with diastase or a dilute acid, it splits into maltose and soluble starch, and that this latter substance by similar treatment yields maltose and α-achroödextrin, which in its turn yields maltose and β-achroödextrin, and this again maltose and γ-achroödextrin. This latter body yields solely maltose, which, by continuing the process, splits into dextrose. The special and distinguishing properties of each of these bodies are given in the paper.

Peckham has investigated the cause of the explosion of the flour mills in Minneapolis in May last, and gives it as his opinion that the explosion was due to the ignition of the fine dust of flour, with which the mill was filled, by sparks coming from millstones which had been allowed to run dry. In the dust-house connected with these stones several hundred pounds of dust a day settled under ordinary circumstances.

Anthropology.—In the eleventh annual report of the Peabody Museum, Professor F. W. Putnam figures and describes an earth-work on the Lindsey estate, near Greenwood Seminary, Lebanon, Tennessee, which embraces all the accessories of a settlement of the ancient mound-builders. First of all, on an eminence in the bend of the creek, is an earth-work inclosing an area of between ten and eleven acres. At regular distances along the embankment, on the inside, are slight elevations at the angles of the work. The ditch and bank are very elaborate, and indicate great care and forethought in the execution. Within the inclosure are several varieties of mounds. One of them is a large tumulus 15 feet high and 138 by 120 feet at the base, and contained no human remains. Professor Putnam regards this as the site of an important building. There are other mounds which were filled with stone graves, all containing the bodies of adults. "Scattered irregularly within the inclosure are nearly one hundred more or less defined circular ridges, the remains of the dwellings of the people who had erected the large mound, made the earthen embankment, buried their dead in the stone graves, and lived in this fortified town. On removing the hardened and burned earth forming the floors of the house, small stone graves were found in eleven of the nineteen circles examined, containing the bones of children. These little graves were found at one side of the centre of the house, and a fire had been kindled over the spot. Very many beautiful specimens of pottery were exhumed."

At the Nashville meeting of the American Association, Colonel Garrich Mallery, of the army, detailed to do ethnological work on Major Powell's survey, read a paper with the title, "Are the Indians dying out?" The author takes the ground that the former population of the country was not so great as has been represented, and that, on the whole, the aborigines are not melting away before the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. The paper was freely discussed at the time by our home journals, but since the volume has appeared, considerable attention has been given to it abroad. Professor Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, called attention to it in the anthropological department of the British Association, and the Royal Society of London devoted one of its sessions to its discussion. The London *Times* of August 31 and the weekly edition of September 6 both refer to the paper, and the question is very properly raised whether the policy of the government in treating its savage dependencies should not be newly organized with a view to this fact. No doubt in our own country the opinion that the Indian is doomed to extinction has soothed the consciences of many who have helped him on to his supposed destination.

The second number of the *American Antiquarian*, edited by the Rev. Stephen D. Peet, contains the following papers: "A Comparison of the Pueblo Pottery with Egyptian and Greek Ceramics," by Edwin A. Barber; "Traditions of the Deluge among the Tribes of the Northwest," by the Rev. M. Eells; "Description of an Engraved Stone," by John E. Sylvester, M.D.; "Prehistoric Ruins in Missouri," from the *Western Review*; "Gleanings," by S. S. Haldeman; "Sketch of the Klamath Lan-

guage," by Albert S. Gatschet; "The Location of the Indian Tribes of the Northwest Territory," by Stephen D. Peet; "Remarkable Relics: Leaf-shaped Implements," by Professor M. C. Reid; "Perforated Tablets," by R. S. Robertson. The articles of permanent value are those by Mr. Gatschet and Rev. Mr. Peet, bringing together materials for an exhaustive work on North American Indian synonymy now in preparation at Major Powell's office in Washington.

The October number of the *Revue d'Anthropologie*, of Paris, contains a paper by Señor Estasnilas Ceballos on a prehistoric tumulus in Buenos Ayres. As one reads the description he is struck with the similarity to those of our own country. The most interesting part of the journal is that devoted to the reports upon the anthropological exhibition in the Trocadéro Palace, in connection with the Exposition. It is quite certain that never before was there collected so vast and such rich material for the study of the natural history of man, and from the distinguished names on the committees we are sure that the opportunity will not go unheeded.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of November. —Elections were held in thirty-one States on the 5th of November. Representatives in the Forty-sixth Congress were elected, and, in twelve of the States, Governors. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Kansas, and Nevada elected Republican Governors, while the Democratic candidates for that office were chosen in Delaware, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas. In Connecticut, the election of Governor is to be determined by the Legislature of that State. In New York, the Republican candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals was chosen by a plurality of 30,000, and the next Assembly will stand 98 Republicans, 28 Democrats, and 2 Greenbackers. In New York city, Edward Cooper, the Anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor, was elected by a majority of nearly 20,000. In Massachusetts, General Butler was defeated, the Republican candidate receiving a plurality over him of about 26,000. In Pennsylvania, the Republican candidate for Governor received a plurality over the Democratic candidate of 23,349. The newly elected Legislatures of Illinois and New Jersey have Republican majorities.

The Forty-sixth Congress will consist of 134 Republicans, 148 Democrats, and 11 Greenbackers.

General Gordon was re-elected to the United States Senate, November 19, by the Legislature of Georgia.

The payment of the award of the Halifax Fisheries Commission—$5,500,000—to the British government was made by the American minister in London, November 23, accompanied by a communication protesting against the payment being understood as an acquiescence in the result of the Commission "as furnishing any just measure of the value of a participation by our citizens in the inshore fisheries of the British Provinces."

The British troops, on the morning of November 21, no reply having been received from the Ameer, crossed the border, and invaded Afghanistan in three columns.

A proclamation of the Viceroy of India recounts the history of the relations between India and Afghanistan during the last ten years. It says: "In return for the kindness of our actions and intentions, as witnessed by the Ameer's reception at Umballa, by the material aid afforded to him from time to time, and by the free commerce with India accorded to the Afghans, we gained only ill-will and discourtesy. The Ameer openly and assiduously attempted, by words and deeds, to stir up religious hatred and bring about a war upon the British empire in India, and although he had repelled all efforts for amicable intercourse by the Indian government, he formally received a Russian embassy; and finally, while the Russian mission was still at Cabool, he forcibly repulsed the English envoy, whose coming had been duly notified to him, and met our attempts to promote friendly relations with open indignity and defiance."

The Russian Czar, through General Kaufmann, has presented the Ameer of Cabool with a costly sword. The blade of the sword has the following inscription in the Persian tongue: "May God give thee victory over the infidels."

An attempt was made to assassinate King Alfonso of Spain as he was driving through a street in Madrid, October 25. The pistol-shot failed of its mark, and the assassin was seized. A similar attempt was made against King Humbert of Italy on the occasion of his reception in Naples, November 17. A cook rushed at the young king with a dagger, but succeeded in inflicting no serious wound.

The results of the recent election of municipal delegates in 17,000 communes of France indicate that the Republicans will gain a majority in the Senate.

DISASTERS.

November 9.—Destructive fire at Cape May, New Jersey. Eleven hotels and thirty cottages burned.

November 21.—Fourteen men killed and many injured by an explosion in a coal mine at Sullivan, Indiana.

October 31.—The National Company's steamer *Helvetia*, from Liverpool to New York, ran down and sank the British coast-guard cruiser *Fanny*. Seventeen lives lost.

OBITUARY.

October 28.—In San Francisco, California, Colonel Richard Realf, poet, aged forty-four years.

October 24.—Cardinal Paul Cullen, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, in his seventy-sixth year.

October 27.—In Paris, France, Christopher R. Robert, founder of Robert College, Constantinople, aged seventy-seven years.

November 1.—In Paris, France, L. A. Garnier-Pages, the statesman and historian, in his seventy-sixth year.

Editor's Drawer.

FOR the following amusing anecdote of General Grant we are indebted to one of the cleverest journalists of New Jersey:

The "belted Sphinx" has spoken, and the American journalist raises the doubt whether the interviews said to have been held with ex-President Grant in Europe were *bona fide*. Could he talk as well, with such systematic logic, as the reporters accredit him? He has been known only as the Silent Man. Now he blossoms out in lively conversation. Of the Presidents I have known, I recollect a scowl from Buchanan; a terse inquiry from Lincoln which challenged my cheek, and an answer which won his warm approval; a tumbling embrace while in the act of shaking hands with Andrew Johnson in a palace-car, which rolled us both into a corner together; and one talk with General Grant. I had seen him before in the stiff way every body knew.

In the campaign of 1876 I was escorted to a garden piazza where he sat smoking. A band came up to the front of the house and played "Hail to the Chief." Secretary Robeson said: "General, there is the old tune. Tell the doctor." The Secretary disappeared; the President began. He said (and I give his story as nearly verbatim as may be, sitting quietly and giving an occasional puff of my cigar in approval):

"When I went on to Gilmore's Jubilee in Boston, I was not at all surprised to find one of Jim Fisk's boats at my disposal up the Sound, and a band of music on the upper deck playing 'Hail to the Chief.' It was the old tune, and none other would have been appropriate. I had listened to it so many years; but they kept on. I had a cabin recognition of entrance with 'Hail to the Chief,' and they played it at supper. When I went to my state-room they played occasionally other things, but 'Hail to the Chief' came in as a regular interlude. I was wild with it, but it lasted all the early night, until I got to Norwich, and leaving the boat, heard the last of 'Hail to the Chief'—as I thought. In the Boston car, however, was another band, and that gave me 'Hail to the Chief' all the way to Worcester, and into Boston, where the whole militia of the State was to be passed in review.

"What splendid troops! But each regiment had a brass-band, and each band played 'Hail to the Chief.' I rode down the review, went to the hotel, took the balcony, and the whole passed me, each band playing 'Hail to the Chief.' Then I had breakfast, a band in the room playing 'Hail to the Chief.' After that I went to the Gilmore Coliseum, where I was received with a thousand voices, as many instruments, anvils included, with 'Hail to the Chief.' The racket was terrible. I got back to the hotel, but all the evening those same regiments passed under my windows playing 'Hail to the Chief.'

"It was about 11 P.M. that I was waited on by a delegation from Worcester. They wanted me to take an early train and review the school-children and the Sunday-schools of Worcester the next morning, and as I was thoroughly convinced that all the brass-bands and all the 'Hail to the Chief' of Massachusetts were concentrated in Boston, I decided to go to Worcester at 6 A.M. Flank it, I thought I would.

"They had a band in the car at the dépôt, and that played 'Hail to the Chief,' and kept it up. At Worcester there was never a more beautiful sight—some six thousand children in national colors, representing all the schools in the city, and every school had a brass-band playing 'Hail to the Chief.' When I took the train from Worcester to Springfield there was another 'Hail to the Chief,' and it lasted all the way to Springfield. There no one expected me; I was put into a common passenger car, and slept solidly all the way down the road, getting quietly to New York."

That was Grant's story, told cheerily and with a full sense of its constant iteration and reiteration. The Secretary appeared upon the garden steps again, the great general and President dismissed his solitary auditor, and the band in front struck up anew "Hail to the Chief." So much spoke the Silent Man. After that experience who shall say that he "hath no music in his soul?"

AN inquisitive reporter of the Paris *Figaro*, in interrogating M. Roch, the intelligent headsman who guillotined Barré and Lébiez, asked, "Where do you dine habitually?"

"Sometimes here, and sometimes there," replied the executioner; "I don't much care where it is, so long as it's at a restaurant *at so much a head*."

How will this poesy do, on a lady's choice of a husband?

Maria, just at twenty, swore
That no man less than six feet four
Should be her chosen one;
At thirty she is glad to fix
A spouse exactly four feet six
As better far than none.

IN the Drawer for September last we gave an extract from a mathematical journal that was rather amusing. Below will be found an extract from a circular distributed at the American Institute Fair recently held in this city, in which the advantages of the "Improved Noiseless Rails" are succinctly set forth:

The Wire filled Rails have the advantage on raised ground, where the Rail Road going up, have no difficulty, on account the crevices in the Wire are filled with Sand and Dust by nature on account to be exposed, if the Wheels are Dove-tailed the same way, like the Rails, combined together, they will make no noise at all.

The elevated-road people should bore into this.

THE Rev. Dr. ——, for the sake of being near his aged parents, accepted a small rural parish in Vermont, and, if the truth were confessed, with a somewhat distinct feeling that his new parishioners were to bask in such privileges as only a very odd turn in the wheel could have brought within their reach.

On the evening of his first prayer-meeting he settled his rather imposing form in the desk, and watched his assembling audience with some careful thought as to how he was to bring his eloquence down to a measure they could receive; and then for one moment the question flashed across him, What if he were to stay with these people all his life? But a superior smile waved it instantly aside—not that he liked to put the

thing exactly so to himself; but then—of course—would you keep a whole sun shining for one little corner all day long?

As the service went on, Deacon B——, the unshakable pillar of the little church, was called upon to pray. The good deacon had a few set phrases that invariably lent wings to the bone and marrow of his prayers; but to-night, with a confusing sense of the new listener in the desk, they seemed to get used up before enough had been said. He must pray for the new minister, of course, and hurrying along, he stumbled upon one more "phrase," usually kept for his own benefit at home: "We give thanks for all Thy foregone mercies in his behalf, and pray that his *poor, weak, and unprofitable life* may still be spared."

Apropos of the casuistry of kissing, this bit of verse comes from London:

When Sarah Jane, the moral miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,
I'll bet a shilling I see through it:
The damsel, fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should—
She'd rather *suffer* wrong than *do* it.

A grotesque and very Western idea of the scope and object of American editorial life is furnished by a San Francisco newspaper man, who says:

"A young gent, who is at least sufficiently educated to write on one side of his paper only, sends us a long essay on 'The True Aim of Journalism.' We haven't read the article, but suppose the author, like almost every one else, prefers the navy size, No. 44 calibre, to any other pistol. In this locality especially is the aim of the journalist of the greatest importance, and the man whose hand shakes, and who can't hit an outraged community's third vest button three times out of five, has no business trying to run a paper in California."

Two bright lights in the Southern General Assembly met one day, one of whom, Brother Fuller, rather prided himself on the keen blade of his wit, while the other carried as gracefully as he might the somewhat too suggestive name of Crane.

"Brother Crane," began his friend, with a sudden gleam in his eyes as he felt his genius stir wickedly within him—"Brother Crane, can you tell me the difference between a *crane* and a *buzzard?*"

Brother Crane turned, fixed his eye on his assailant, and measured his ample proportions slowly from head to foot.

"Yes," he replied, quietly, "I can. The buzzard is *Fuller* in the head, *Fuller* in the breast, and *Fuller* all over."

For some reason or other Brother Fuller's business seemed to keep him on the opposite side of the room for the remainder of the day.

A poor old soul in N——, Massachusetts, who had seen better days in the past, but whose present and future stood in the same rather rayless gloom, drew frequent consolation from visiting a more fortunate friend and calling sympathy to the contemplation of her various woes, especially of her health, which was sure to be "mis'able."

But at last it happened, one winter's day, that, in reply to the usual inquiry, "How do you do to-day, Mrs. K——?" she searched her conscientious soul in vain for some complaint to make. She could not go beyond the truth, but neither ache nor pain could be discovered; and yet what was to become of her comfort if there were nothing to bewail?

At last, from between the horns of her dilemma, she answered, with hesitation and reluctance in her tone, "Well, I'm—pretty well *now*, but—I *don't expect to be, come next summer.*"

Professor S——, whose loss is deeply lamented in the scholastic circles of New York, was at one time a highly valued contributor to the journal of which he afterward took charge, and being one day introduced to its editor, was greeted with every expression of cordiality and respect. It was a great pleasure to meet one whose learning and services had been, etc., etc. "But, professor," added the editor, turning upon him and seizing his hand with sudden earnestness, and with solemnity in his face, "I *hope* you *pray for my printers!*"

The professor replied that he was very happy to offer his prayers in behalf of any who were in need of them; but what was the special urgency in this case?

"Ah!" answered the editor, shaking his head impressively, "*if you could but hear them swear when they get to work on your manuscript!*"

Out in Colorado, at the foot of a perpendicular cliff which towers to a vast height, is a lonely grave, covered by a huge bowlder bearing the following inscription:

An unknown man lies buried here,
Whose name was probably Davidge
(From papers found about his clothes),
Slain by the lordly savage.
We found him by his broken gun,
His hands gripped round the stock yet,
A good big lead mine in his head,
But no gold in his pocket—
Only a well-thumbed deck of cards,
All blackened on their faces.
With kings and queens in duplicate,
And thirteen extra aces.

A friend of the Drawer was a sojourner in Ireland during the past summer, and of course visited the Lakes of Killarney. He set out for the Gap of Dunloe, which is a wild mountain pass, intending to walk through it to the upper lake, which is the usual mode of approach for the tourist. While thus proceeding, the little hut or cabin occupied by a descendant of the far-famed Kate Kearney, that dangerous beauty of long ago, and situate at the base of a mountain, was passed. As our friend approached it, the guide—a genuine specimen of that race which springs green and vigorous from the "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea"—began his legends about the locality:

"Do ye see that mountain?" said he, "behind the cabin there?—I mane Kate Kearney's descindant's cabin. Well, it's no less nor two thousand five hundred feet high, and it is well known that whin Kate Kearney from the top of it unloosed her hair, it touched the base there fornint ye."

"Is it possible?" said our friend.

"Indade, thin, it is, Sir; but shure I see that you're from America, and as for stories it's not worth while to be tellin' thim to one of your peo-

ple. Didn't I come wid some gintlemin from the States to this place a short time ago, and the divil such stories I ever heard in my life as they gave me. I wondher if they could be thrue? And wondhering I have been, ever since I heard thim, what wondherful places and things ye must have there! I wondher if the stories were thrue?" again said the guide, as if carried to the depths of doubt and reflection.

"What are the stories?" said our friend.

"Shure," said the guide, "I couldn't be tellin' all the stories in a short ride like this; but one of thim has struck my heart and soul, and I'll niver forget it—niver, niver! I wondher if it can be thrue!"

"Well, let us hear it," said our friend, "and we will decide."

"Well," said the guide, "afther I told them some of my tales, shure they began to give me back the wondhers, and one of thim—a very dacent-lookin' man he was, and not given, I should think, to coortin' the divil by lyin'—began to tell of the splindid hotels yez have in America, and—I'll niver forget it—told me that there was one in New York called the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and that it was *three miles and a half long;* not only that, Sir, but that *the waithers rode round on ponies sarvin' the guests!* I wondher if that was thrue!"

A CLERICAL friend says that one evening he was called upon, during his pastorate in California, by an evidently Irish couple, who desired him to marry them. He inquired rather suspiciously why they had not gone to the priest, judging rightly that they were Roman Catholics; and suspecting, as they were pretty well advanced in years, that it might be a case of a divorced man or woman—for he was not satisfied with their explanation that the priest would not tie the knot because it was Passion-week—he put the question abruptly to the man: "Have you ever been married?"

"No, Sir," was the ready answer.

"Have you?" he appealed to the woman.

She replied, with perfect humility: "I never had the chance, Sir."

It was irresistible, and he married them immediately.

DR. GRAHAM having passed a very creditable examination before the Army Medical Board, was commissioned an assistant surgeon in the United States army in 18—, and ordered to report for duty to the commanding officer at Fort M'Kavett, Texas. There were no railroads in the Western country at that time, and the usual way of getting to Texas was by the Mississippi River to New Orleans, and then crossing the Gulf to stage it up through the State. Dr. Graham was very desirous of examining the Western country mineralogically, so applied and received permission from the War Department to go by way of Arkansas and the Indian Territory to his post.

On his arrival at St. Louis he shipped the greater part of his baggage by way of the river, and taking only what he could carry on horseback, started on his journey. While in St. Louis, at the Planters' Hotel, he formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who, learning where he was going, gave him a letter of introduction to his brother, who was a farmer living on his route in Arkansas. It is not necessary for us to follow him on his road, or tell what discoveries he made in the interest of science; sufficient it is that one day, toward dusk, he reached the house of the gentleman to whom he had the letter, and dismounting, knocked at the door and presented his letter to the judge (even in those days every one was a judge in Arkansas), who would not have needed it to have accorded him an open-handed welcome; for travellers were a godsend, and news was as much sought after then as now. After a short visit, he proposed to go on to the next town, about four miles off, where he intended to put up for the night. The judge would not listen to his leaving, and was so cordial in his desire for him to stay that he would have been rude not to have done so. The judge, after directing one of the servants to attend to his horse, invited him into the dining-room, where he was introduced to the wife and daughter of his host, and also to a substantial Western supper, to which he did ample justice.

After supper they adjourned to the parlor, and he entertained his new-made friends with the latest news from the outside world. The judge brewed some stiff whiskey punch, which Graham, socially inclined, imbibed quite freely. The old couple retired, and left their daughter to entertain him; and whether it was the punch, or what, at all events he made hot love to her, and finally asked her to be his wife and go to Texas with him, to which she consented. She being very unsophisticated and innocent, took every thing he said in downright earnest, and with her it was a case of "love at first sight."

But I am anticipating. During the night our friend the doctor woke up and remembered what he had said, and it worried him; but he said to himself, after emptying his water pitcher, "Never mind, I'll make it all right in the morning. I must have made a fool of myself. She's lovely, but what must she not think of me!" and rolled over and went to sleep again. Morning came, and upon his going down to the parlor he found the young lady alone, for which he blessed his lucky stars, and was just about to make an apology, when she said:

"I told mamma, and she said it was all right," at the same time giving him a kiss which nearly took his breath away. "Papa is going to town this morning, dear, and you ride in with him and talk it over; but he won't object, I know."

"But, my dear miss, I was very foolish, and—"

"No, indeed; you were all right."

"Well, I will go to my post, and return for you, for I must go on at once."

"No; I can go with you."

"You won't have time."

"Oh yes, I will. Papa will fix that. It would be such an expense for you to come back all the way here."

"But I have no way of taking you."

"I have thought of that; that does not make any difference. Father will give us a team."

With nearly tears in his eyes he went in to breakfast, to which at that moment they were both summoned; but, alas! appetite he had none. It was not that she was not pretty and nice; but he thought what a confounded fool she must be not to see that he wanted to get out of it. But it was no use. When the judge started for town, Dr. Graham was sitting beside him. The judge

saved him the trouble of broaching the subject by starting it himself:

"I always, young man, give Nell her own way; so it is all right; you need not say a word."

"But I've got to go on to-day."

The old judge turned his eyes toward him. He had an Arkansas bowie in each, and one of those double-barrel shot-gun looks as he said, "You ain't a-trying to get out of it, are you?"

The doctor, taking in the situation, said, promptly, all hope being gone, "No, Sir."

"That's right. I will fix every thing for you: give you that black team of mine, and a light wagon to carry your wife's things" (here the doctor shuddered), "and a thousand as a starter. You can be married to-night, and leave early in the morning. That 'll suit, won't it?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Graham, faintly. But on the judge turning toward him, he said, "Yes, Sir; certainly."

"After you get fixed at your post I will come down and pay you a visit. I have been thinking about selling out and moving to Texas for some time; it's getting crowded here, and things are a-moving as slow as 'lasses in winter-time."

Things were arranged as the old judge said. The marriage took place, and the army received an addition to its ladies in the person of the Arkansas judge's daughter, and Dr. Graham has never regretted the obduracy of his father-in-law or the unsophisticatedness of his wife.

A FRIEND from Oberlin tells this anecdote of President Finney:

It was one of his ways, as he was absent-minded, to ask every one he met and spoke to—for he knew every one—for his or her name. He was in the habit of taking a daily walk, in which he regularly met a young man, whom he regularly saluted with, "Good-morning. I've met you before, I am sure. What is your name, now?"

The young man, weary of making daily reply, one morning responded with a new name: "Tom Nokes, Sir."

The president stopped short, surprised by the unfamiliar name, and fastening his eyes on the accustomed face, exclaimed, brusquely, "*John Steele, how you do lie!*"

It is presumed that he never was puzzled for the right name afterward.



A KETTLE-DRUM.

MANY years ago, in the days of the old State banking system, there lived in one of the large towns in Western New York an eccentric tavern-keeper named Gumble. He had "a grudge" against the local bank, and to avenge himself, he quietly bought up a thousand dollars of its bills, and swooped down unexpectedly upon the concern with a demand for specie. The bank president heard the demand with provoking complacency, and began at once to count out the required coin. While thus engaged he greatly excited the wrath of Gumble by inquiries for his health and the health of his family. To these repeated inquiries Gumble replied only, "*Onus bonus ad separandum*, Sir." Presently the whole thousand dollars had been redeemed, and Gumble, with his basket of coin on his arm, went away, flinging back at the bewildered banker as he left, the mysterious "*Onus bonus ad separandum*, Sir."

A crowd of curious loungers awaited Gumble's return to the tavern "stoop," and as he approached, a member of the party said, "We see you have got the specie. What did you say to the president?"

"I said, '*Onus bonus ad separandum*, Sir.'"

"Well, what did *he* say?"

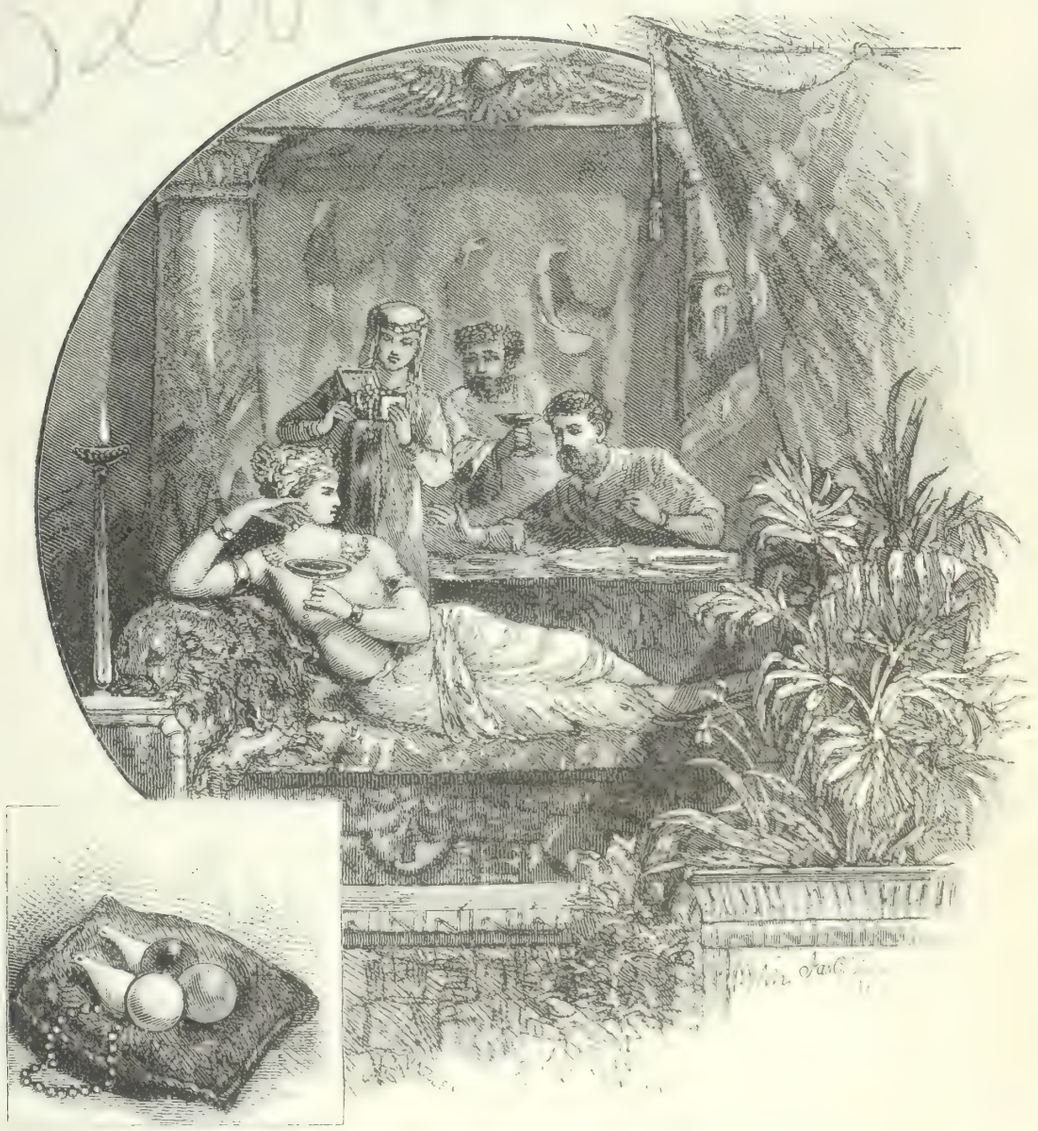
"He could say nothing: *he felt the want of an education*, Sir."

A RAILROAD official in Ohio sends the following:

We have just concluded a fair and racing of horses. Two gentlemen were discoursing the mode of pool-selling for races, and the authority for using the word among railroad and racing men. A third gentleman joining in the discussion remarked that he had the best authority for it, viz., that the pool of Siloam was made for the Jewish race, and the fullness of the Gentile is now coming in to win.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXLV.—FEBRUARY, 1879.—Vol. LVIII.



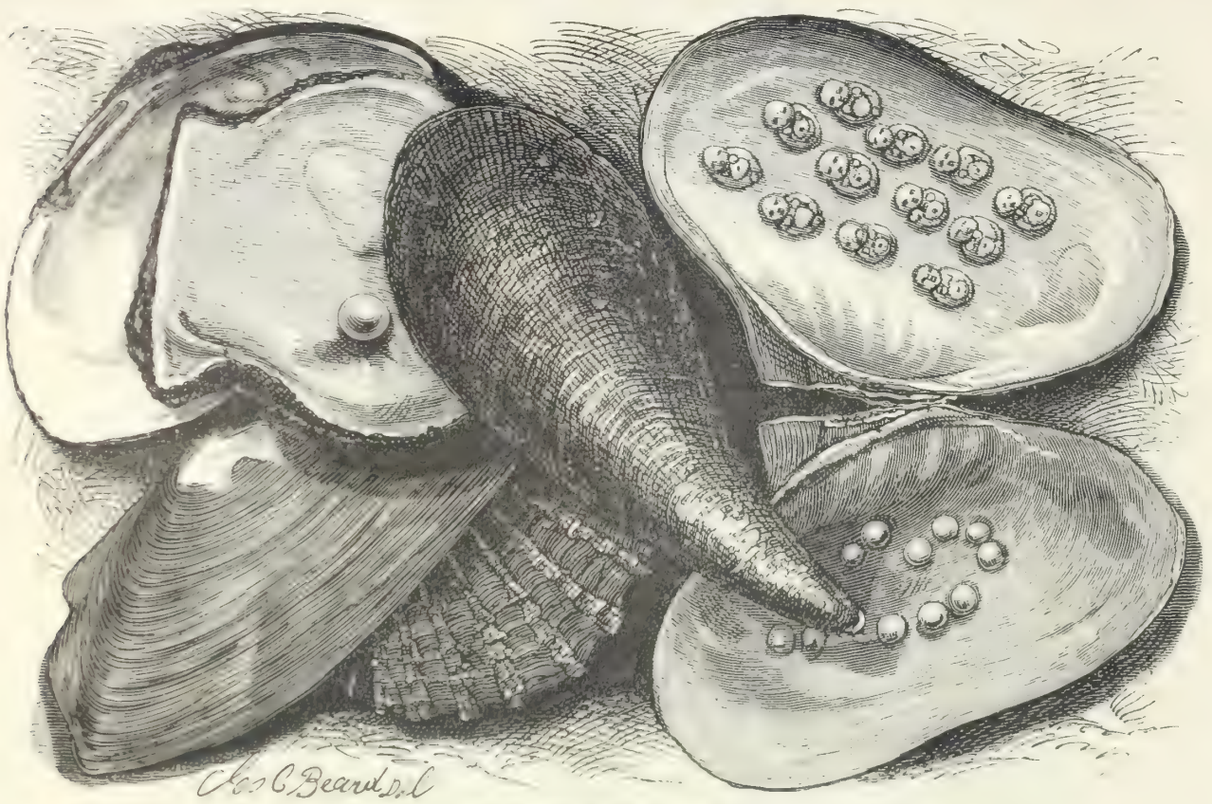
CLEOPATRA DISSOLVING THE PEARL.

TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

"In good sooth,
If this the manner giveth not content,
Then may the matter, like the famous cup
Wherein old Egypt's queen resolved a pearl,
The ransom of a kingdom at a draught,
Contain some stuff of value."—Old Play.

INDIA seems to have been the original source from which pearls were obtained, and its people seem also to have possessed a more accurate knowledge of their nature than the rest of the ancient world. In the old Indian fable in which the elements are commanded to contribute their choicest treasures to form a gift-offering worthy of the last and greatest æon or incarnation of the deity, the air or firmament brings the rainbow, the earth furnishes the ruby, the fire a meteor, and the sea offers a pearl. The rainbow forms a halo around the god, the ruby blazes on his sacred forehead, the meteor serves him for a lamp or cresset, but the pearl is worn upon his heart. "Forsomuch," proceeds the ancient and forgotten poet in his beautiful symbolism, "as the pearl is a product of life, which life from an inward trouble and sorrow and from a fault produces purity and perfection, it is pre-

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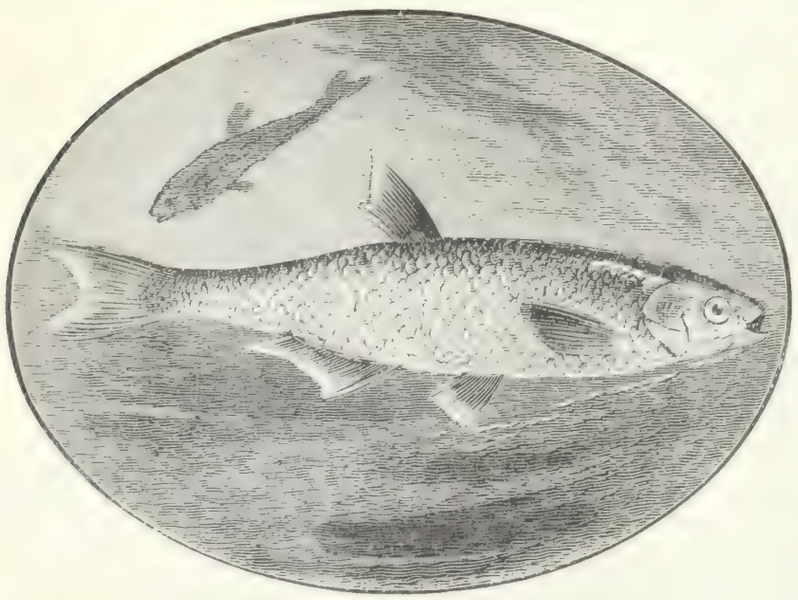


PEARL-BEARING SHELLS.

ferred, for in nothing does God so much delight Himself as in the tenderness and lustre of virtue born of trouble and repentance."

There is, indeed, in "the tenderness and lustre" of the pearl, and the fact that it is "a product of life," a suggestiveness and character which render it available to sacred writers of all religions.

There is but one pearl, a gem worthy of the name, the true Oriental pearl, which possesses the peculiar diaphanous lustre technically called "water," though many shells produce so-called pearls, some of them of considerable value. The shell which produces the translucent pearl is thick, and of an imperfect oval or nearly circular shape, as seen in the accompanying illustration with its adherent pearl. It is sometimes quite large, from eight to ten inches in diameter, though commonly about four. The outside of the shell is rough and variegated in structure. A glimpse of it sufficient to give an idea of this may be had, as it lies partly beneath the others in the foreground. The body of the oyster is unfit for food—an illustration of the universality of the law of compensation—but the shell itself, in addition to "bearing its royal gift of pearls," furnishes the valuable nacre, or mother-of-pearl, so largely used in the arts. The history of this gem has already been so fully and ably treated in this Magazine, to which we respectfully refer the reader, that we pass on to the pinna, or wing-shell, which is seen in the illustration overlapping the *Meleagrina margaritifera*, or pearl-oyster shell, that produces beautiful pink accretions of nacre, and which happen now to be very fashionable as gems. One most remarkable circumstance connected with this shell is that it actually produces silk, from which gloves and other articles of a fine texture, silken lustre, and handsome brown color are manufactured. This fabric is woven from the thick rope of silky fibres, called the byssus, or beard, by which the shell is moored to the bottom of the sea when it is found.

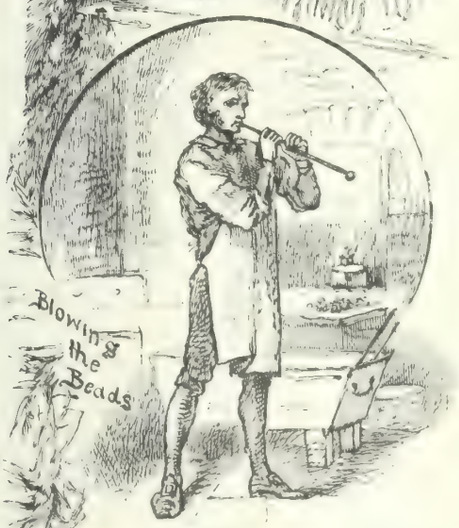


BLEAK—LEUCISCUS ALBURNUS.

The shell containing on



M. JAQUIN'S EXPERIMENT.



one valve a collection of strange-looking little figures, and on the other a string of pearls, the original of which is at the British Museum, is a species of mussel found in Chinese waters. This fact explains at once the existence and growth of pearls. In the one case small metal images are carefully inserted between the mantle and shells of full-grown mussels taken one by one from their natural beds; these foreign substances, imbedded in the soft muscular substance of the living animal, become in time completely incrusted with a thin coating of nacre, and appear as though they were the natural products of the shell, which by this living miracle in producing his images is supposed to attest the existence of the god. To furnish the other valve, which the reader will perceive contains a chaplet of pearls, the ingenious Mongolians have recourse to a variety of methods. One is by taking a portion of the shell itself, shaped into a spherical globule, and inserting it at a spot where the shell has been carefully scraped away. The failure of some experiments of this sort in the common fresh-water mussel of our own waters is probably owing to the fact that the shell was left unscraped, and buttons of mother-of-pearl merely placed upon the animal in the open shell.

A year generally suffices to cover these nuclei with a thin but perfect envelope of nacre, but each year, by adding a new coat, renders the pearl more perfect.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC

Another method is by piercing the shell with bits of silver wire, by which means adherent pearls are formed. Not only, however, are the processes of nature followed and natural pearls produced by artificial means, but pearls are now manufactured on a large scale without the aid of any shell-fish whatever. About two hundred and twenty-two years ago Moïse M. Jaquin, a citizen of Paris, a bead-manufacturer, one of those inventive geniuses who are not above taking a hint or suggestion from the most casual circumstance, happened to be walking in the garden of his country-house near Paris, when his attention was attracted by a remarkable silvery lustre on a basin of water. We can imagine M. Jaquin at once all interest and attention at what almost any other man would pass, and which undoubtedly thousands on thousands had passed, without giving the matter a thought. "Ah, ciel!" murmurs the Frenchman, "if I could but give my beads such a lustre! Pray what has produced this effect upon the basin of water?"

The old servant, who has regarded the sudden interest displayed in such a trifle, we can well imagine, with some contempt as well as surprise, answers his master, speaking for the whole world: "Master, it is but the fish; some ablettes happened to be crushed in the water; it is nothing."

Nothing! yes, nothing to the stupid servant, nothing to the rest of the world; but to a practical inventive genius like that of M. Jaquin it is a discovery, it is a fortune, it is an opening up of a new branch of commerce that feeds, clothes, and supports whole communities, and keeps them busy.

M. Jaquin saw that the lustrous sheen he so much admired was indeed produced by the countless scales of the little fish called the bleak—*Leuciscus alburnus*. He at once began experimenting. The scales he dried and reduced to powder, and this he used as an enamel, with which small beads of wax alabaster were coated externally. These, though beautiful, were unsatisfactory, and he soon began to use hollow glass beads. He now took the scales of the fish, thoroughly washed and rubbed them successively several times. The different portions of water used in these washings he suffered to settle. The water being carefully drawn off by siphons, our pearl-maker found a lustrous matter of the consistency of oil remaining at the bottom. This substance is called by the French "essence d'Orient," or essence of pearl. Our pearl-maker, after sundry ineffectual attempts to preserve it from soon becoming putrid, at last succeeded by keeping it in volatile alkali. The further process of pearl-making consists in blowing this essence of pearl, combined with melted isinglass, into hollow beads made of a peculiar kind of fine glass of a bluish tint. These having received an even and perfect incrustation on their inner surfaces, are filled with a mucilage of fine gum-arabic, and having been perforated with a needle and threaded on a string, are ready for sale. For one ounce of the lustrous material used in coating the inside of the shells, no less than a thousand fish are required. Fortunately this kind of fish is very abundant, or there might have been some probability that the bleak, becoming extinct as a fish, would only continue to exist in the form of artificial pearls.

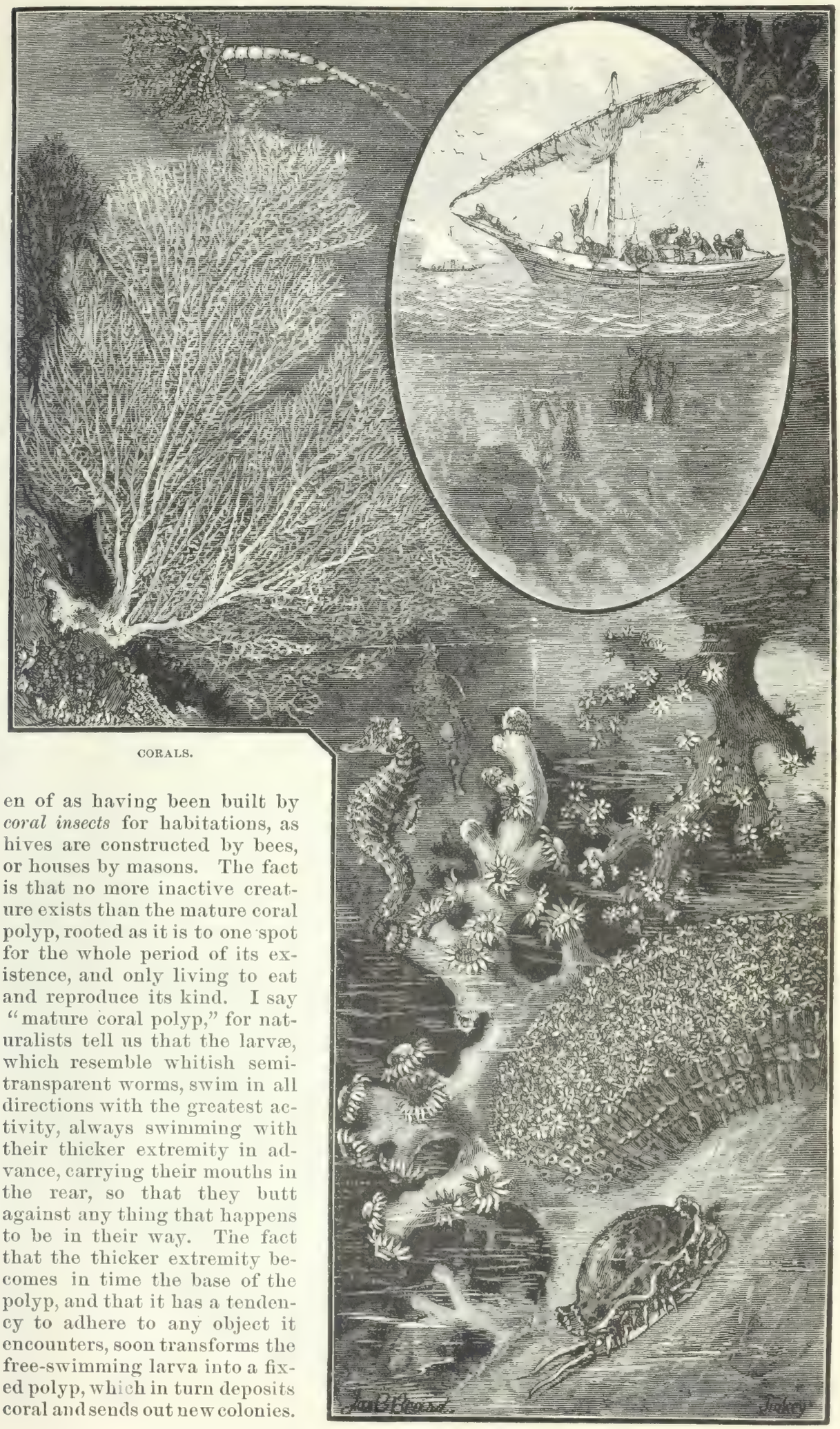
The remaining shell in the illustration is a representation of our common river mussel, from which from time to time really valuable pearls are taken. A friend of mine found a beautiful pink-coral-colored gem in one of these shells on the banks of the Tennessee River.

In the world under the waters are lovely flowers of every hue, instinct with life and passion, which brighten with pleasure and pale with pain, which wave about on long stems in the shifting currents, as earthly flowers do to the varying zephyrs, or sit in conscious beauty thick clustered on a rough-ribbed branch of coral, or, breaking from their parent stems by a strange metabasis unknown to the vegetable analogues, become wanderers and vagabonds for the rest of their lives. Among these submarine flowers none show a rarer beauty or greater brilliancy than the coral polyps. The tenderest and most subtle grays, the most suggestive and softest carnations, and royal purple, robe these little polypidoms—"daughters of the sea"*—creatures that were, until a hundred and fifty years ago, universally believed to be marine flowers and trees.

Strange flowers and trees, stalks and branches covered with bark, from which proceed buds that open into flowers, and bear seeds that reproduce the coral; but the stalks, instead of being herbaceous or woody like those of vegetables, are horny or calcareous; the buds and flowers, endowed with animal life and intelligence, are sensitive and perceptive beings; the petals, opening out into rosettes, are so many arms, feelers, or tentacles that move about in search of food, which seizing upon, they convey to their common axis or centre, where is placed the mouth, and devour. This animated corolla opens and shuts alternately, and on the slightest hint of danger withdraws itself into itself, until nothing but an inconspicuous little gray knob can be seen where but an instant before all was life, color, and motion.

Much has been said in praise of these little creatures in respect to their unceasing industry, and coral reefs are actually spok-

* Κοράλλιον, from κόρη, a daughter, and αλός, the sea. Latinized, the word becomes *curalium*, and hence our word coral.



CORALS.

en of as having been built by *coral insects* for habitations, as hives are constructed by bees, or houses by masons. The fact is that no more inactive creature exists than the mature coral polyp, rooted as it is to one spot for the whole period of its existence, and only living to eat and reproduce its kind. I say "mature coral polyp," for naturalists tell us that the larvæ, which resemble whitish semi-transparent worms, swim in all directions with the greatest activity, always swimming with their thicker extremity in advance, carrying their mouths in the rear, so that they butt against any thing that happens to be in their way. The fact that the thicker extremity becomes in time the base of the polyp, and that it has a tendency to adhere to any object it encounters, soon transforms the free-swimming larva into a fixed polyp, which in turn deposits coral and sends out new colonies.

Thus is reversed the transformation of insects, which is first the motionless chrysalis and then the butterfly, while with the coral first comes the free-swimming larva and afterward the immovable polyp.

The red and pink coral of commerce is found principally off the coasts of France and Italy, where, within the rocky recesses of the sea-bottom, grow purple forests of this most valuable of all the corals. Unlike its homologues on the land, the coral loves to grow downward from the roof of some shelving rock or marine cave.

Among the curious coral formations few are more interesting than the "musical coral," or "sea-organ," so called because of the great number of stony pipes, most usually straight and slightly radiating, a representation of which, crowned with its delicate flower polyps, is given in the lower part of the engraving on page 325, in which an attempt is made to render the texture as well as the general effect of these beautiful anthozoa. A specimen of the *Dendrophyllia ramea*, one of the madrepores, is also shown at the right as a very large stem with short ascending branches, tipped each with its many-tentacled polyp. In the upper portion is also seen the fan gorgon (sea-fan), *Gorgonia flabellum*, a beautiful representative form of sclerobasic, or stony-rooted coral, the branches having a bony axis, as may be detected by the smell in burning, and uniting in an elegant net-work, the color indicating the species. Belonging to the same great family, but living separately, and possessing, even in the adult state, the power of changing their locality, are the soft-bodied polyps, the sea-anemones. Adhering to a rock by a fleshy disk that adapts itself to all inequalities, it spreads its tentacles like the petals of the flower from which it is named, and awaits its prey. "Its stomach is simply a sack suspended in the cavity of its body, into which it opens at the lower extremity by a large aperture. Between the stomach and the body walls are spaces opening into the numerous hollow tentacles, which by muscular contraction are filled out into their proper shape and size with sea-water."

Like the coral polyps, the anemone, while



SEA-ANEMONES.

retaining animal instincts and perception, repeats many of the processes of vegetable life. If a part is destroyed or damaged, it is reproduced. If an individual is torn in pieces, each fragment becomes a perfect animal. At times buds appear at the edge of the base. These buds in time become embryos, which, detached from the parent stem, grow into perfect anemones. Another mode of reproduction is equally curious. In this case the eggs are formed inside of the arms or tentacles, discharged from thence, when hatched, into the stomach, and ejected from the mouth.

These beautiful animated flowers of the sea are of every shade and hue: white, with a pearly translucency like the petals of a lily, gray, pink like a baby's fingers, red (appropriately named "blood stars"), purple, with a plum-like bloom, fawn, golden yellow, orange, lilac, azure, and green. "One beautiful species has violet tentacles pointed with white; another, red tentacles speckled with gray; this one spreads out its green arms edged with a circle of dead white, while that opens a milk-white top circled with a border of pink. Nor," says M. Moquin Taudon, in *Le Monde de la Mer*, from which we quote, "are the stem, the disk, and the tentacles invariably of the same color; and it is because of this these living corollas possess such a variety of hues. Behold an anemone with a golden body, a disk of a plum-color, surrounded by tentacles of white; a second has a red centre, with tentacles of gray; in a third the centre is green and the tentacles yellow. So Nature diversifies her countless creations, and upon the same theme plays endless variations."

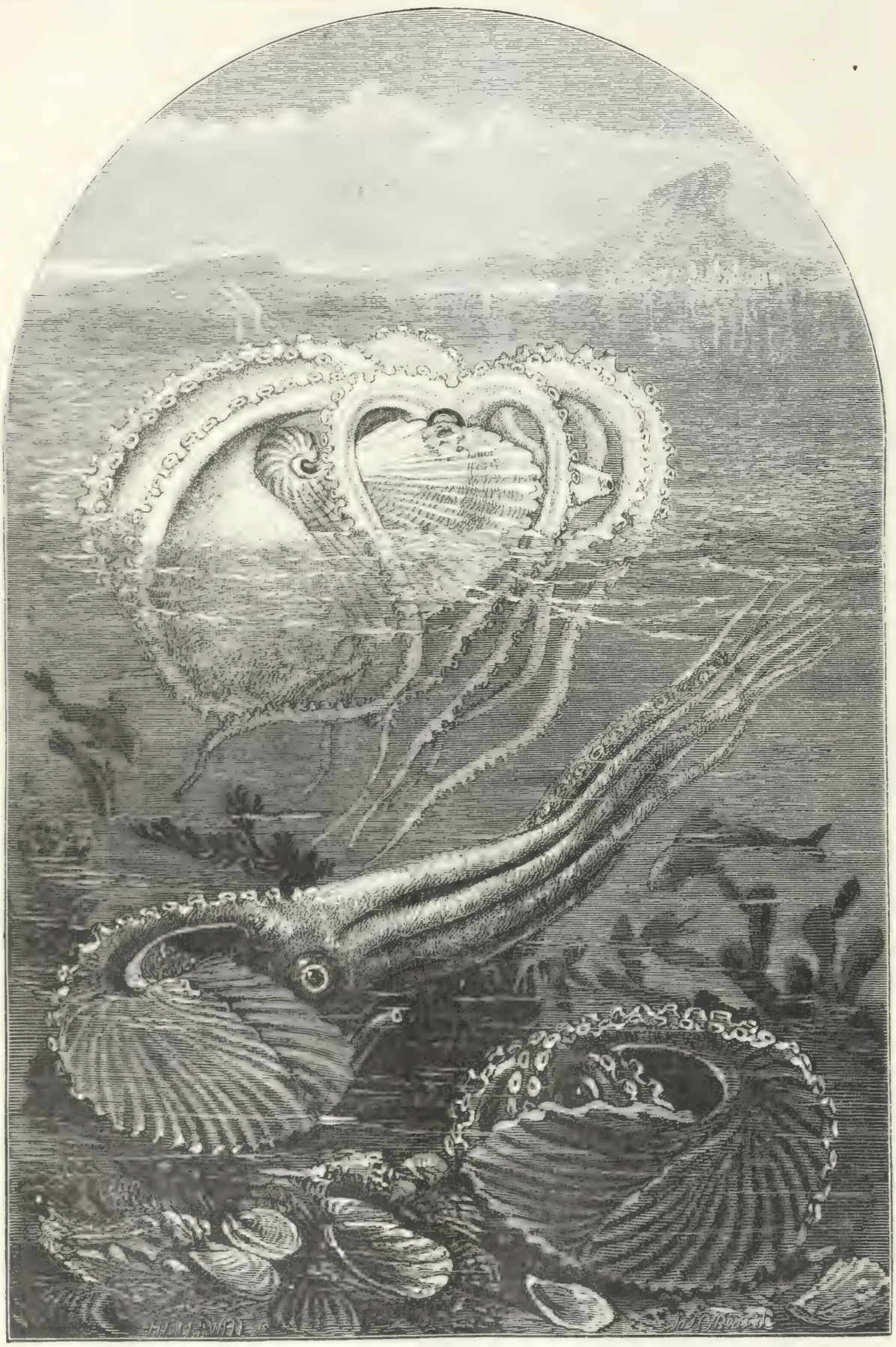
The anemone just beneath the shrimp in the illustration on page 326 is the *Actinoloba dianathus*, displaying its furry plume of tentacles fringed and cut like the petals of a pink. It has a variety of colors—orange, cream-color, pink, olive, red, or silvery white. It can at its own caprice assume widely different forms, and, fortunately for owners of aquaria, is very hardy. Its English name is the plumose anemone. On the left, serpent-crowned with its Medusa-like crest, is the snake-locked anemone. Though it has not the brilliant colors of the preceding species, it is a remarkably pretty anemone, with its crown of tentacles waving "like a thin blue cloud" upon the summit of its elongated stem. The object furthest to the right is the same anemone closed. That immediately beneath the snake-locked anemone is called the beadlet, because of the deep blue turquois-like protuberances placed around the disk: *Actinia mesembryanthemum*. "It is extremely variable in color, ranging through all the changes from scarlet to crimson, from crimson to orange, from orange to yellow, from yellow to green. Even the same individual," says J. G. Wood, "is subject to change of color, being evidently influenced by various external conditions, such as light, food, and the purity of water in which it is placed." The gem pimplet, *Bunades gemmacea*, a very showy species, is seen placed lowest in the illustration. Its thick tentacles are marked with white oval spots, and there are six white bands on the body. It is remarkable for the resemblance it bears, when closed, as seen in the darker object at the right of the illustration, to an echinus, or sea-urchin, stripped of its spines.

In the same great class as the anemones, but higher in the order of creation, is one of the most exquisitely beautiful of marine objects, the celebrated argonaut, or paper nautilus, so called because of the extreme thinness of the shell, its former name being given it in allusion to its fabled sailing powers, in relation to which that Darwin of the ancients, Aristotle, says: "The nautilus polyp is of the nature of animals which pass for extraordinary, for it can float on the sea; it raises itself from the bottom of the water, the shell being reversed and empty, but when it reaches the surface it re-adjusts it. It has between the arms a species of tissue similar to that which unites the toes of web-footed birds; when there is a little wind, it employs this tissue as a sort of sail."

Indeed, until a comparatively recent period, all accounts of the animal represented it as using its delicate shell for a boat, its tentacles as oars, and its expanded mantle as a sail. The truth, however, is strange enough, without having recourse to fiction. One of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the animal is the fact that it is not united to the shell it secretes, and can be entirely separated from it, as if one should evolve a boat or a house from his own substance, which would grow with his growth, and heal when injured, and yet which he could quit and leave behind him when he chose.

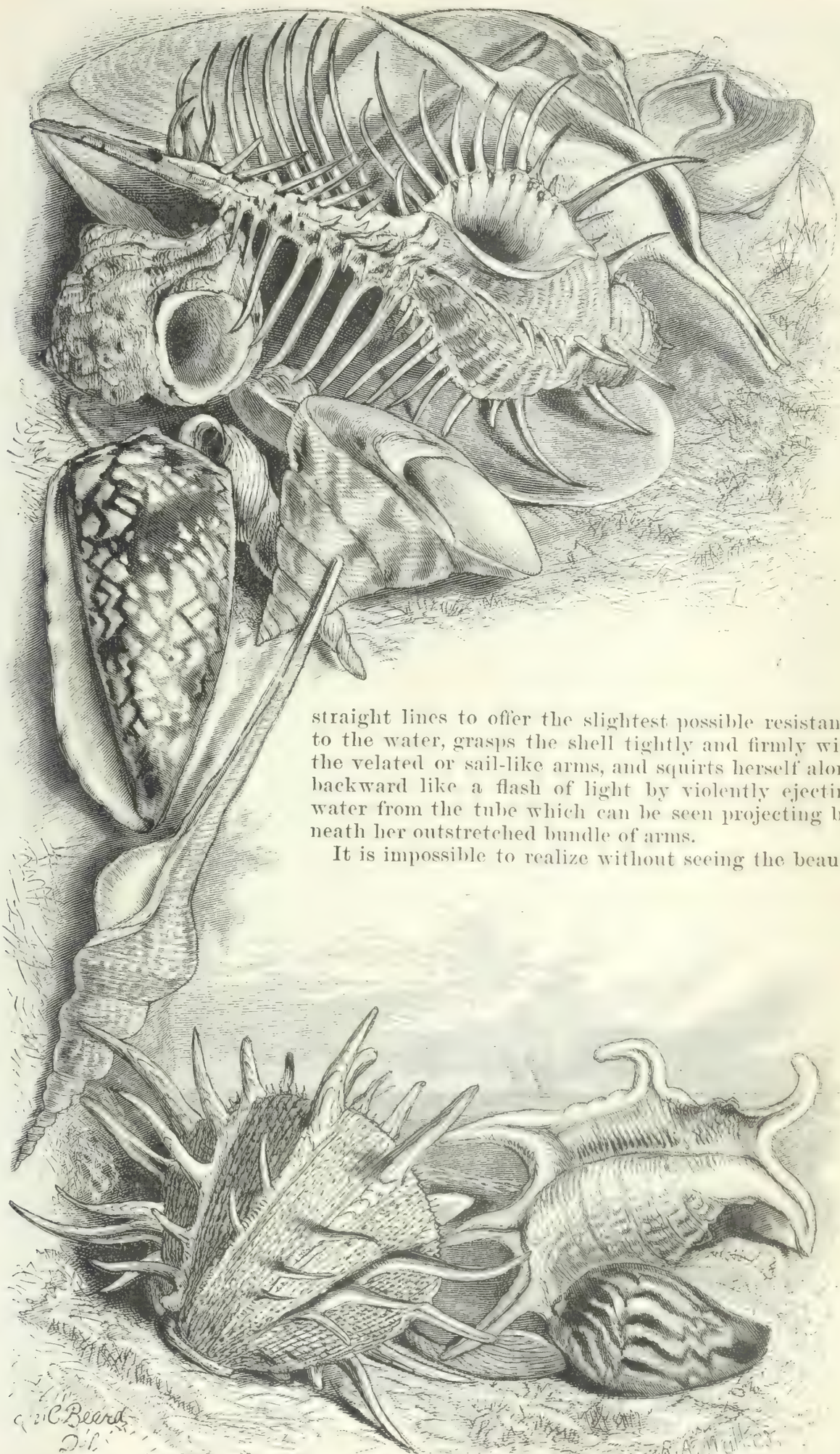
The dilated extremities of two of the arms, as seen in the cut (page 328), cover up the shell on the exterior, and have secreted its substance, and by their broad expansion moulded it into shape; they clasp the shell firmly, and serve to retain the animal within it. The figure lowest in the illustration represents the nautilus withdrawn within its shell. The large expanded membranes at the extremities of the arms cover the greater part of the shell, while their supports, set with suckers resembling those of the cuttle-fish, are bent over the remainder of the animal. The large eye is seen peeping with a wide-awake expression over the edge of the shell, the bases of the arms are arched over and beyond it, and clusters of eggs are seen sheltered under the arch of the expanded arms.

When the nautilus is taking a leisurely stroll, she walks upon her head. I say



NAUTILUS.

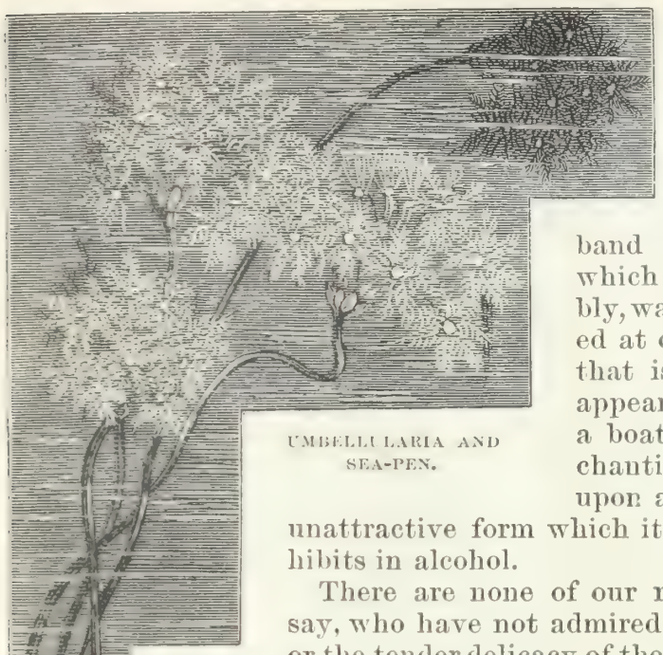
"she," for it is only the females which secrete shells, the males being very insignificant, worm-like creatures. Withdrawing her body as far as possible into her shell, madame turns herself in such a manner as to rest upon her head, and, using her arms to walk upon, creeps slowly along, sometimes taking a strong hold with her cup-like suckers on some projecting rock, and swinging herself from one projection to another. At other times, desiring a swifter mode of progression, she assumes the appearance and attitude shown in the middle figure, extends her six arms in parallel



straight lines to offer the slightest possible resistance to the water, grasps the shell tightly and firmly with the velated or sail-like arms, and squirts herself along backward like a flash of light by violently ejecting water from the tube which can be seen projecting beneath her outstretched bundle of arms.

It is impossible to realize without seeing the beauty

SEA-SHELLS.

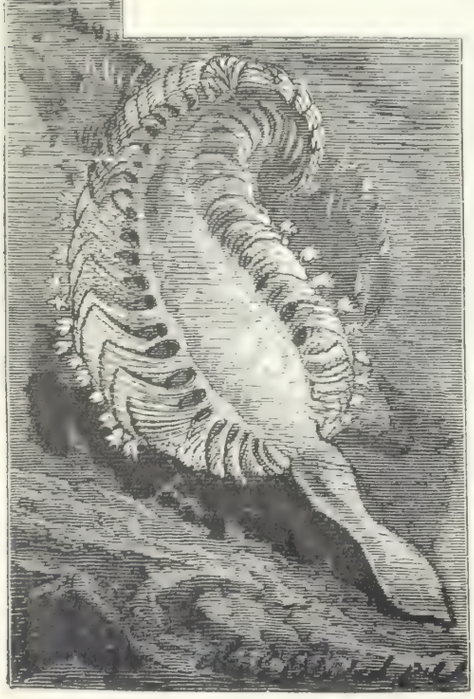


UMBELLULARIA AND SEA-PEN.

of this dainty creature. "It appeared," writes Mr. Raug, describing one of these polyps which had been captured alive, "a mass of silver, with a cloud of spots of a most beautiful rose-color, and a fine dotting of the same, which heightened its beauty. A long semicircular band of ultramarine blue, which melted away insensibly, was very decidedly marked at one of its extremities: that is the keel." Thus it appears more like a fairy in a boat of unearthly and enchanting beauty as it floats upon a summer sea than the unattractive form which its preserved corpse exhibits in alcohol.

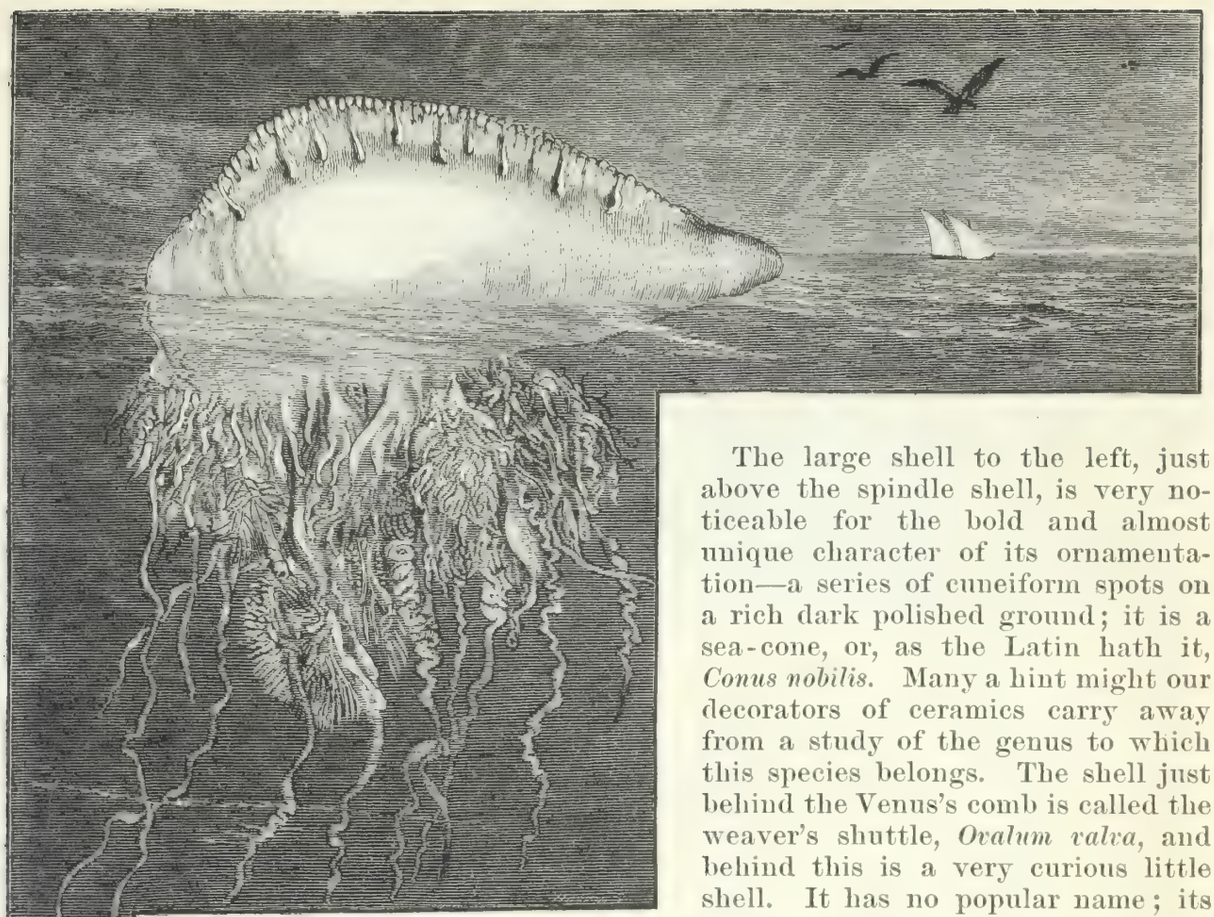
There are none of our readers, we venture to say, who have not admired the gorgeous richness or the tender delicacy of the colors, and the strange eccentricity or exquisite grace of the forms of sea-shells. All elegant curves, all gradations of spirals, all manner of spines and protuberances, all varieties of radiating lines, seem exhausted in their formation.

What can surpass the shell called Venus's comb, seen in the centre of the upper part of the engraving on page 329, in the Japanese-like combination of elegance and grotesqueness in its formation? It may be said that the law of its being is that every part should develop into thorns or spines. Every part of its surface not occupied by spines is covered with tubercles, which are nothing else than spines in a state of arrested development, and even the markings in its mouth take the form of spines. On the left of the illustration, with its projecting beak crossing that of the last-named shell, is a species of the same genus. In this shell another law of development obtains, decreeing that knobs or rounded nodules shall take the place of spines, and certainly a more tuberculated object it would be hard to imagine. On the lower part of the illustration that extends along the left side of the page is the spindle shell, carrying its spire into the upper half of the illustration. The shell is pearly white, and ornamented with the most delicate imaginable spiral grooves, following the form of the shell in parallel lines, and crossed by subtle undulations running longitudinally from one extremity of the shell to the other. The end of its beak or spire just crosses the Nilotic top, which in turn rests upon the turret shell. Upon the shore, at the bottom of the illustration, rests a remarkable group of shells. The one to the left, the *Spondylus regius*, is probably the rarest shell in the sea. At one time there were to be found but three imperfect specimens in the museums of Europe. It is related that a learned professor in Paris once sold all his own personal possessions, and even his wife's jewelry and silver spoons, to purchase one of these rare





VIRGULARIA.



PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR (PHYSALIA ATLANTICA).

specimens, but was so overwhelmed by his indignant helpmate's reproaches on returning home with the shell in his coat-tail pocket that, completely losing his presence of mind, he incontinently sat down upon it and broke it in pieces. The verdict of many a good housewife would probably be, "And served him right." However, we are told the shell was not so *very* badly broken, after all, and they kissed and made up. "The moral to which perhaps is," using the words of the duchess in *Alice behind the Looking-Glass*, "things don't turn out so badly, after all, if you will only use plenty of patience and plaster." The large shell at the right is called a spider shell, *Pteroceras chiragra*, though certainly its resemblance to that class of the animal kingdom might be stronger. The shell immediately beneath it is one of the so-called cowries, *Cypræa undata*. The beautiful and thoroughly artistic markings upon this genus of shells are almost infinitely varied.

The large shell to the left, just above the spindle shell, is very noticeable for the bold and almost unique character of its ornamentation—a series of cuneiform spots on a rich dark polished ground; it is a sea-cone, or, as the Latin hath it, *Conus nobilis*. Many a hint might our decorators of ceramics carry away from a study of the genus to which this species belongs. The shell just behind the Venus's comb is called the weaver's shuttle, *Ovalum valva*, and behind this is a very curious little shell. It has no popular name; its Latin one is *Ianthana communis*. The iantha inhabit the deep sea. Travellers have sailed for many days through wandering tribes of these mollusks, which were buoyed up by a vesiculous foam-like mass of small eggs, and but for the power they possess of withdrawing and contracting themselves inside their shells, and thus decreasing their volume and increasing their weight so as to sink beneath the surface, they would be the sport of every gale.

I can not pass from this subject without presenting my acknowledgments to the accomplished artists who engraved these shells and the cut of the nautilus. Seldom has box-wood been made to show more perfectly the texture and character of the object represented.

So strange are some of the forms of marine life that an account of them, unsupported by the most undeniable evidence, would be incredible. A being, for instance, like the so-called sea-pen, represented in the lower part of the illustration on page 330, seems to have no more object or significance than the pen flourish of the writing-master, which pen flourish it so much resembles. It can not swim; it has not even any means by which it can fasten itself to any one spot; it is at the mercy of the waves and currents. Yet it is very beautiful, and as it is phosphorescent, it presents a magnificent sight in the darkness. It is allied to the sea-rushes, which, like the sea-pen, are not single organizations, but consist of a community of polyps like the coral-trees. They are

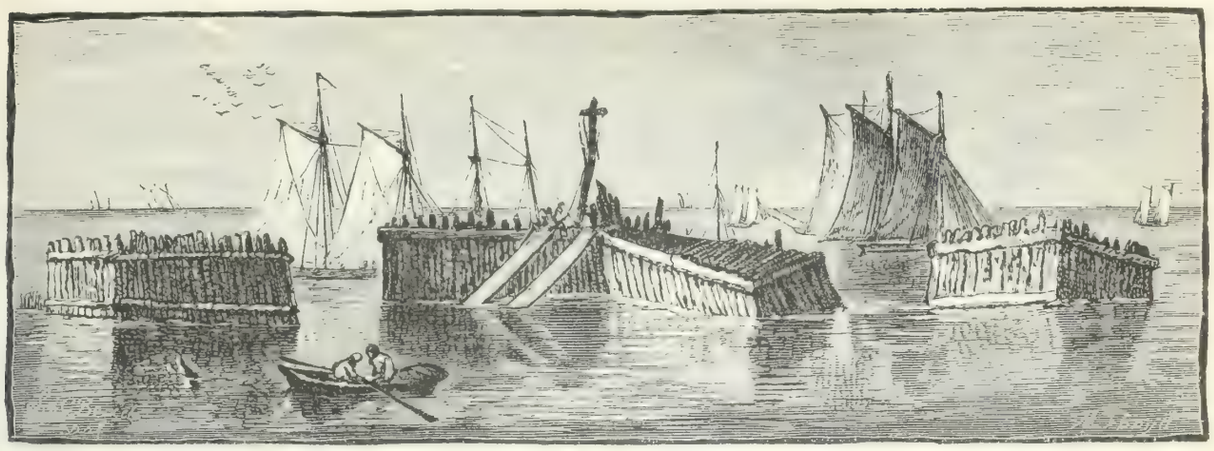


SPONGE-FISHING.

found in the Mediterranean. Those with long stems bearing at their summits clusters of blossom-like zoophytes are called umbellularia, the others virgularia. Inhabitants of less frigid seas resemble plants with petiolate leaves of a brilliant yellow color covered with white semi-transparent flowers, which, of course, are the polyps.

The truest animal plants, however, are, without doubt, the crinoids, or stone-lilies. With them the external resemblance is almost perfect to the minutest particulars. They resemble a flower borne upon a stem, terminating in an organ called a calyx, which is, properly speaking, the body of the animal. Branches issue from the main stem, which at its base bears a sort of spreading root planted amid the rocks, and capable of growing by itself and nourishing the stem. These can be seen in the upper corner of the illustration containing a representation of the coral.

Floating upon the sun-lit sea, gorgeous in azure-blue, emerald-green, rose-pink and crimson, may be sometimes seen the small fleets called Por-



SPONGE AND TURTLE PENS, FLORIDA.

tuguese men-of-war. At a distance they appear like veritable miniature vessels, with canvas spread to favorable gales, bound for an unknown port, and perhaps navigated by Lilliputian crews. As a specimen is examined more closely, however, this resemblance vanishes, and the examiner finds instead a pear-shaped, elegantly crested air-sac, floating lightly on the surface of the water, and giving off from its under surface numerous long and complicated appendages, which stretch out behind the floating community—for it is a compound animal—sometimes to the length of thirty feet. Woe be to the unlucky bather who encounters these envenomed filaments, for their touch deranges the whole nervous system, and causes exquisite pain. Scarcely can it be called a treasure of the deep, except in respect to its exceeding beauty, which, to be sure, like that of a work of art, though beauty be its only excellence, fully entitles it to claim that appellation.

Much more tangible is the value attached to the sponges, to fill whose office and place in our domestic economy no invention of man, however ingenious or elaborate, has ever sufficed. Equally indispensable to the toilet of beauty, the laboratory of the scientist, or the operating-room of the surgeon, few articles of natural production subserve so many and such various uses. Our finest sponges come from the shores of Greece and Syria. The Syrian sponge is flaxen in color and of a cup-like form, voluted, and pierced with innumerable small orifices, very firm and close of texture, and yet both soft and elastic. This sponge is particularly valued for toilet purposes, and its price is high.

Scarcely to be distinguished from the Syrian, but weightier and somewhat coarser in texture, is the fine sponge of the Grecian Archipelago. There is also a fine hard sponge, still cheaper, of a second grade, obtained from these waters. The white sponge of Syria, miscalled Venetian, is esteemed for its lightness, the regularity of its form, and its solidity.

Other sorts of sponges occur in profusion, and space fails even in enumerating them. The sponges of our own waters, although far inferior in quality to these, form a valuable article of commerce, being extensively used by hostlers, and in packing steam-chests, etc. Pens or receptacles are built near the shores of the Florida Keys, to which the sponge-fishers resort to unload their cargoes of sponges and turtles, which are afterward carried to the main-land in lighters. Sponge-fishers obtain their sponges either by diving or by harpooning the sponges in shallow waters, as is represented in the illustration. Those obtained by diving are the most valuable.

Turtle-fishing is also carried on to a considerable extent in the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico. The turtles most sought for are the ordinary queen turtle and the hawk's-bill turtle, the carapace of which supplies the tortoise-shell of commerce. The scales of the back are individually so large they overlap each other about one-third of their length. The removal of these plates is not necessarily attended by the death of the animal; but insensible and cold-blooded as the creatures proverbially are, it seems rather a cruel process, the poor reptile being exposed to a strong heat, which loosens the plates so that they can be readily removed.

The plates when first removed are dirty, crumpled, opaque, and brittle—quite useless for the purposes of manufacture. Their valuable qualities are developed by a liberal use of hot water and steam. Under this treatment they become soft, pliable, and capable of becoming amalgamated together by pressure, so that masses of any size or thickness can be readily formed.

"In the neighborhood of Cuba," writes M. Moquin Taudon, "a most peculiar method of securing the turtle is pursued. They train, or at least take advantage of, the instinct of a fish—a species of remora. This fish is called by the Spanish *revé* (reversed), because its back is usually taken for its belly. It has an oval plate attached to its head, whose surface is traversed by parallel ridges; by this plate it can firmly adhere

to any solid body it may choose. The boats which go in quest of turtle carry each a tub containing some of these revés. When the sleeping reptiles are seen, they are cautiously approached, and as soon as they are judged to be near enough, a revé is thrown into the sea. Upon perceiving the turtle, its instinct induces it to swim toward the creature, and fix itself firmly upon it by its sucking disk. Sooner would the revé allow itself to be pulled to pieces than quit its hold. A ring is attached to the tail of the fish, to which a cord, made of the fibre of the bark of the palm-tree, is fastened. As soon as the revé is firmly attached to the turtle the fishermen haul in the line, bringing the fish and the turtle. By a peculiar manipulation the revé, which can not be pulled off, is induced to let go his hold, and is returned to his tub, ready for the next hunt."

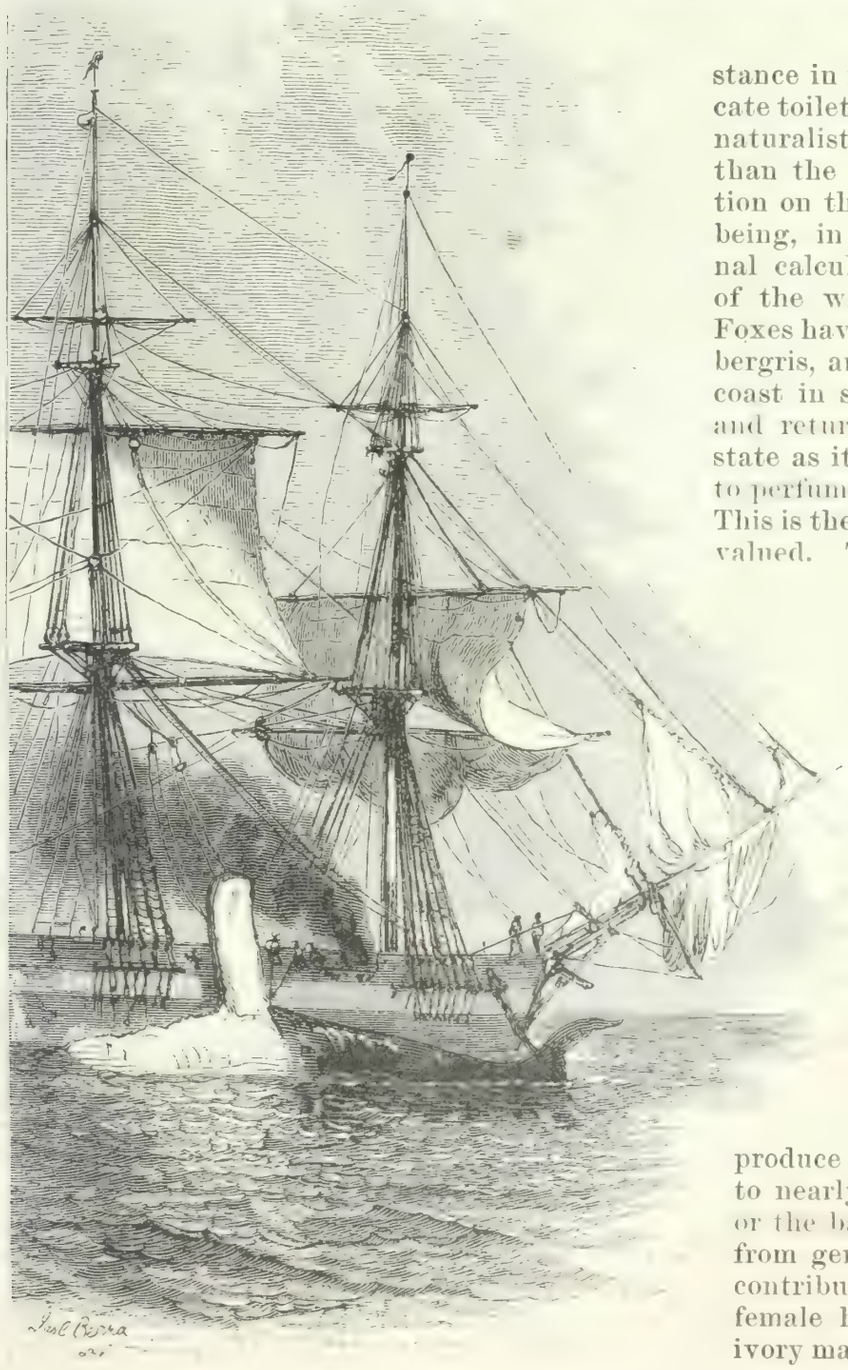


CATCHING TURTLES.

Perhaps the most complete metamorphosis of the character and associations connected with any sub-

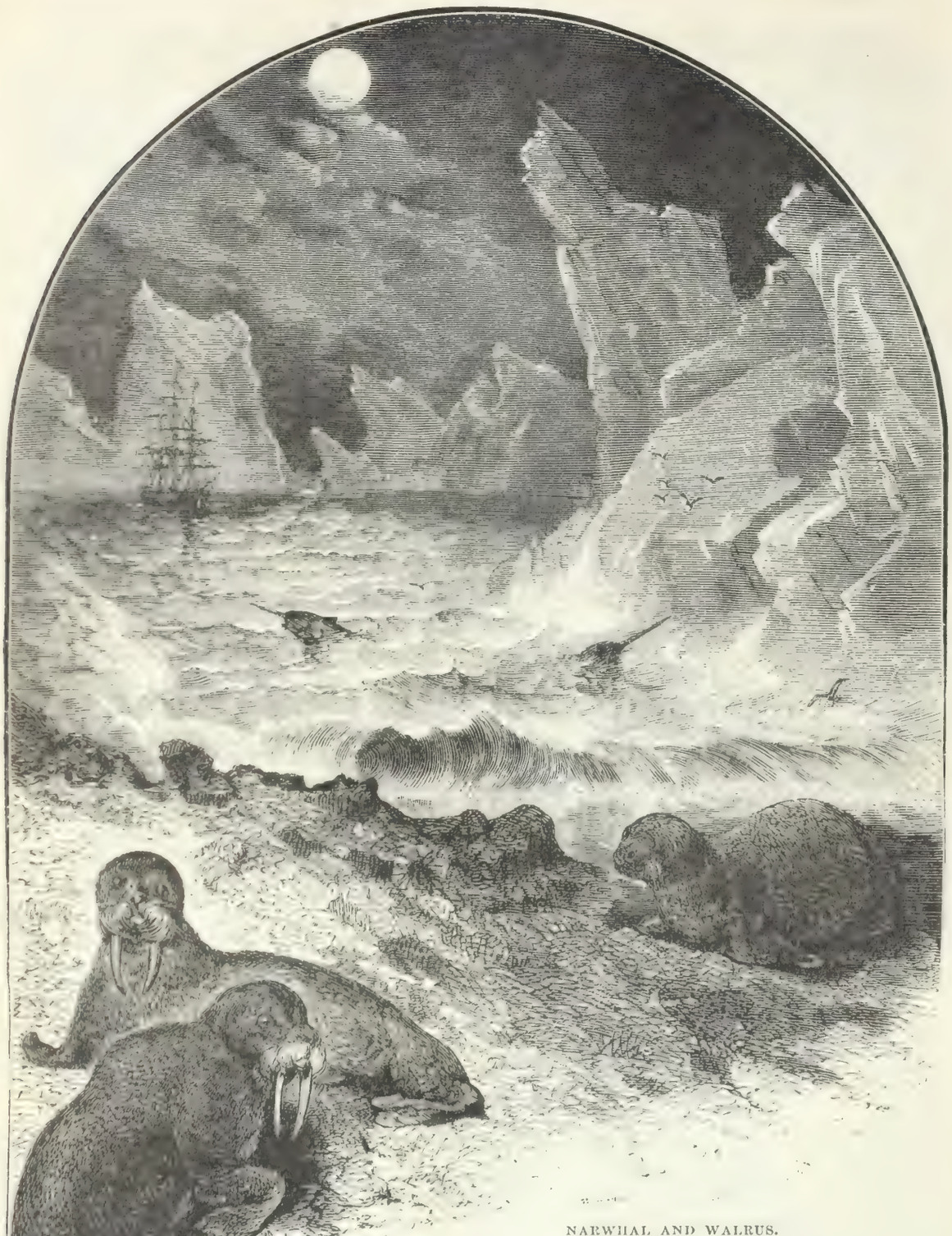


AMBERGRIS.



stance in nature is found in the delicate toilet perfume, ambergris, which naturalists tell us is nothing else than the result of a fit of indigestion on the part of the sperm-whale, being, in fact, a kind of intestinal calculus, or portion of the food of the whale imperfectly digested. Foxes have a great partiality for ambergris, and congregate on the sea-coast in search of it. They eat it, and return it in exactly the same state as it was swallowed, in respect to perfume, though changed in color. This is the white ambergris so highly valued. Thus, after passing through the digestive organs of two animals, it retains its delicate and subtle perfume, which rivals that of the fairest flowers, and also retains its value for the toilet.

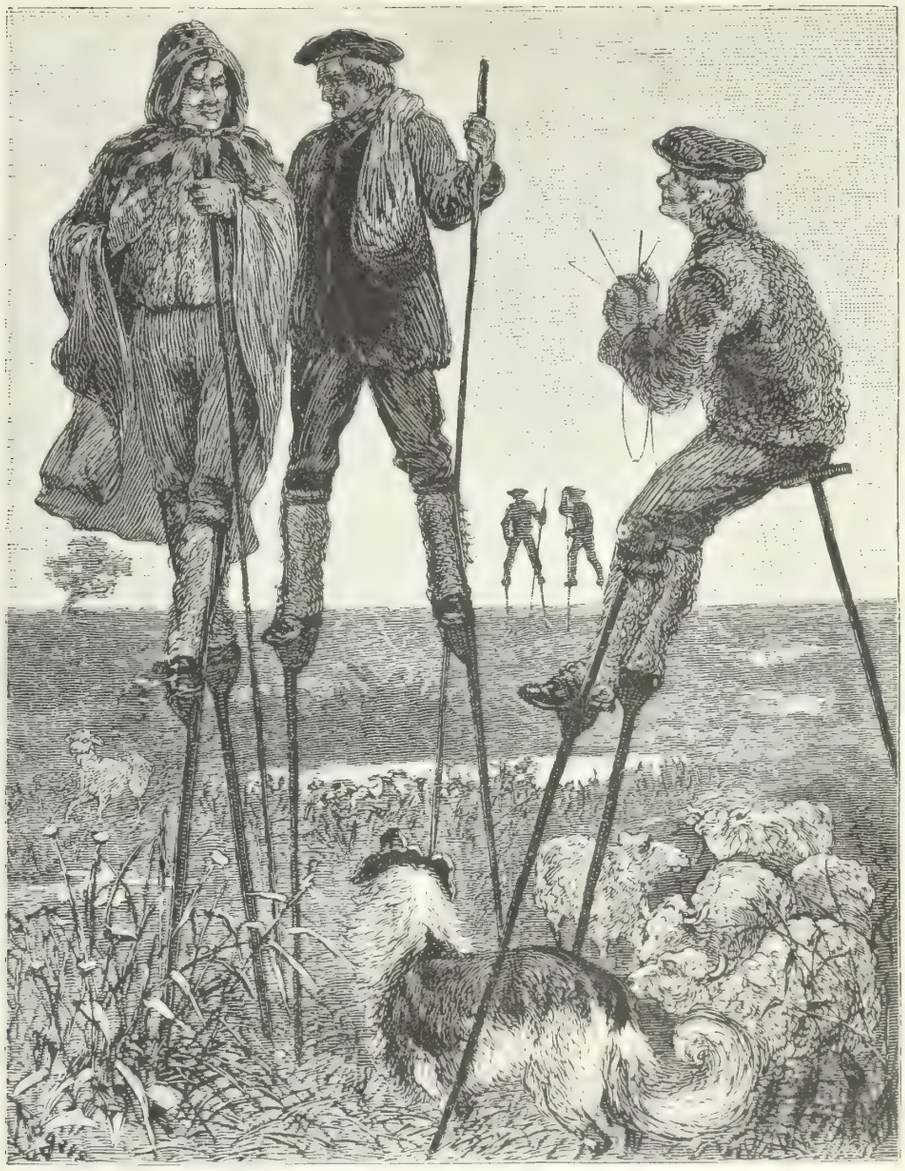
This substance, however, is, I hardly need write, by far the least valuable contributed by the cetacea to the human race. Not to enlarge on the other products—such as the oil obtained from the blubber, which, unfortunately for the animals that produce it, is so great a treasure as to nearly lead to their extinction, or the baleen, or whalebone, which from generation to generation has contributed to form and fashion the female half of civilized society—ivory may be specified as a treasure



NARWHAL AND WALRUS.

of the deep more in accordance and keeping with the scope of the present article. This is furnished by the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, and so highly was it once valued that a few shavings were sold for high prices, and a whole beak, or horn, was considered well-nigh inestimable. The ivory of the narwhal is still very highly valued. In common with that furnished by the tusks of the walrus, it has the valuable property of retaining its beautiful snowy whiteness, which, unlike the elephant's ivory, it does not lose with age; it is also solid, very hard, and capable of receiving a high polish. Walrus ivory is of a beautiful texture, and is much valued, sharing in almost an equal degree all the good qualities of the ivory of the narwhal.

I have attempted in the scope of this article only to direct the reader's attention to the strange and beautiful forms of life that inhabit the world of waters, the great deep, which, though it seems to shut off so much of the earth from the use and habitation of man, is as necessary to his comfort, and very existence, as the dry land.



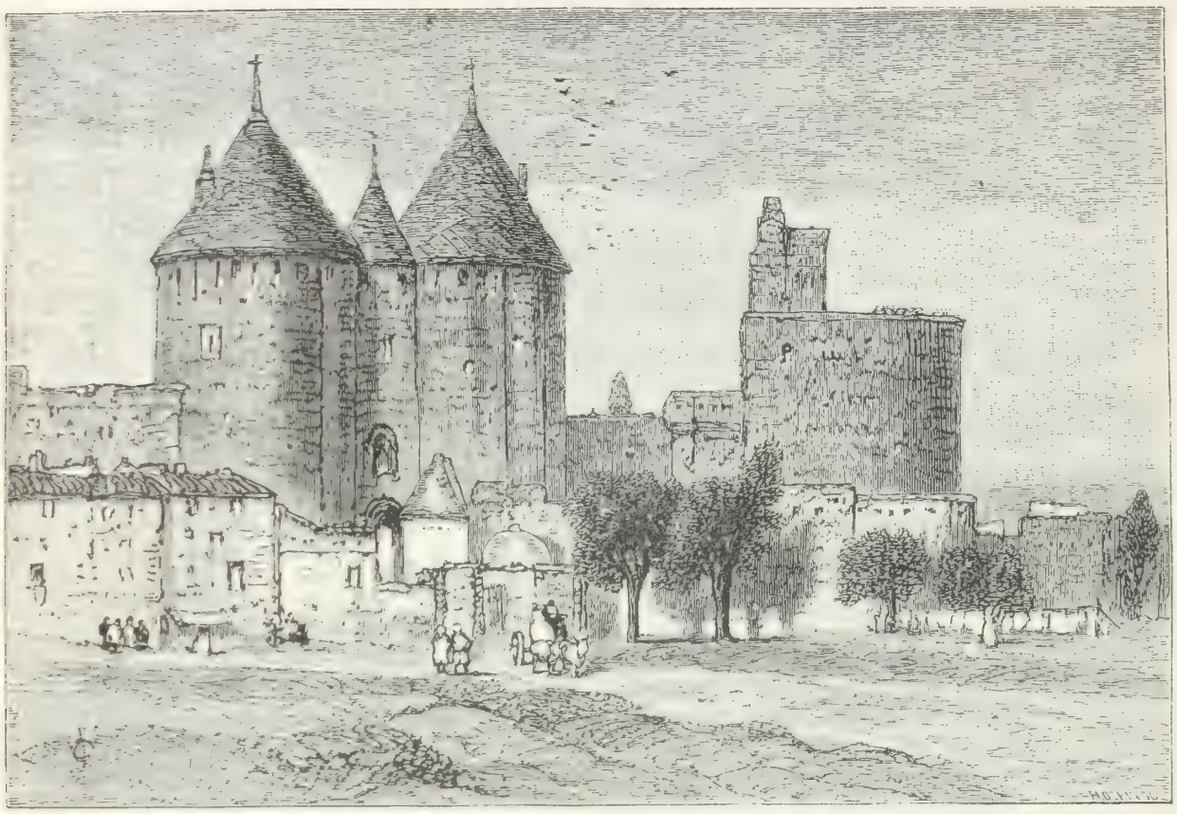
SHEPHERDS OF THE LANDES.—[SEE PAGE 350.]

RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

II.

CETTE is one of the most disheartening, melancholy places I ever visited. It lies on the slope of a steep, isolated, conical hill, and scarce any thing green larger than a bush is to be seen for miles and miles. This, however, would be no objection necessarily, for barrenness is often picturesque and suggestive; but with it all we find squalor and parvenu gentility, poverty and the jejune signs of recent wealth, so inextricably thrown together without harmony as to confuse the imagination, and leave no distinct or pleasant impression on the memory. The port, a magnificent and costly work, is almost entirely artificial, constructed partly by Vauban and partly by later engineers. It is amply protected by two breakwaters against the tremendous surges of the Gulf of Lyons, giving shelter to a large fleet of ships, and is the scene of great commercial activity. The view from the mole at sunset, the blue Mediterranean skirted by the Pyrenees, is a very pleasing picture, enlivened in the foreground by a fleet of fishing craft.

Leaving Cette and the nineteenth century once more behind me, I came to Béziers, which is a town of mediæval associations. It is charmingly situated on a declivity, by the Orb and the Canal of the South of France. It was formerly considered to be so desirable in situation that there was a proverb, "Si Deus in terris, vellet habitare Bæterris"—the Latin name of the place. The Church of St. Nazaire is well deserving attention for the beauty of its rose-window and the massive picturesqueness of the crenelated, machicolated exterior of the nave. It also has a beautiful cloister. But the chief interest at Béziers centres in the awful tragedy of which it was the scene during the wars against the Albigenses. While perhaps the Pope, and certainly many of his benighted followers, were fanatically sincere in their crusade against these sectaries, there is little doubt that with Simon de Montfort, the able and astute chieftain and leader of the crusade, the object of such a war was the overthrow of the great and independent County of Toulouse, which defi-



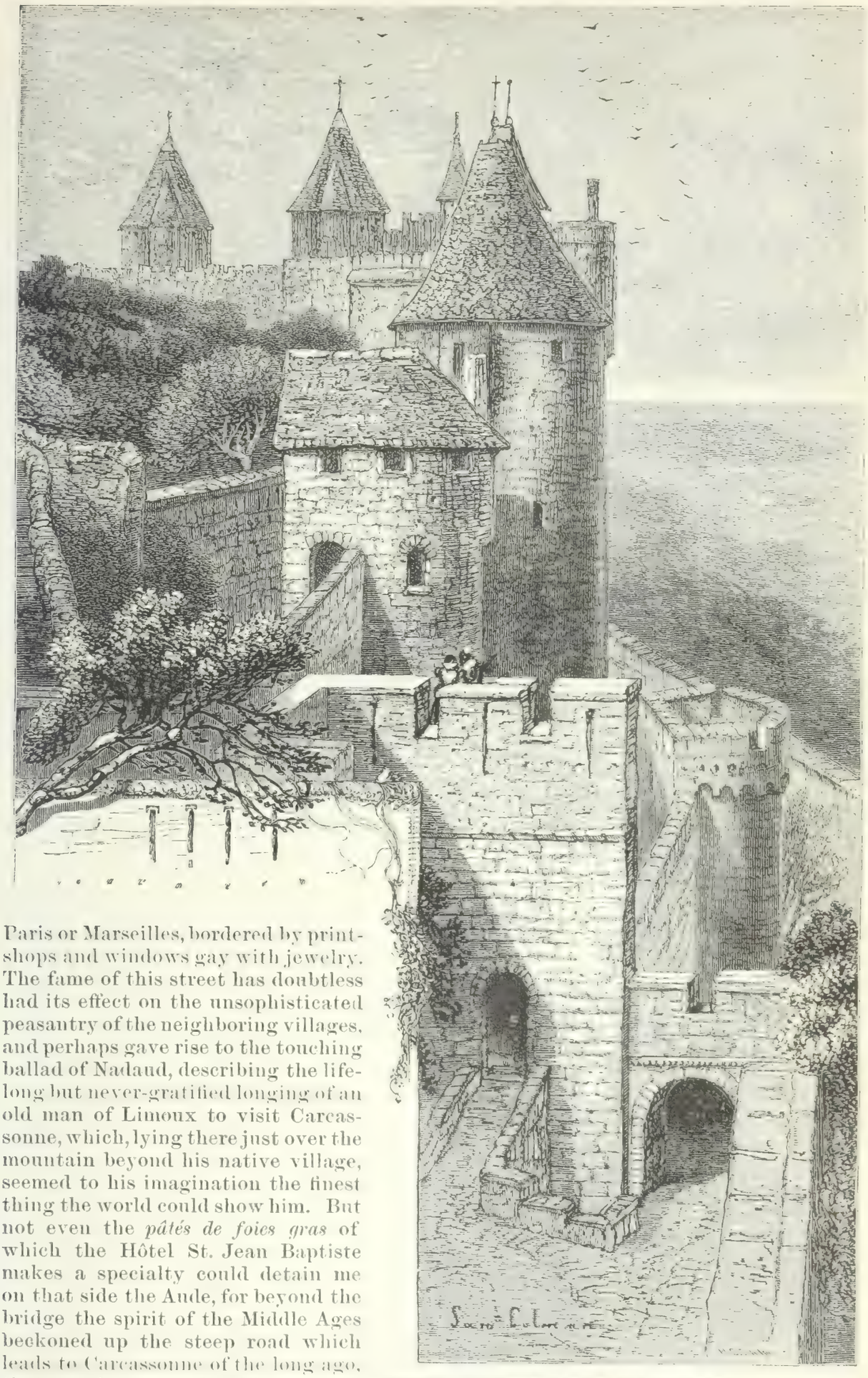
GATE OF NARBONNE, CARCASSONNE.

antly held nearly the whole of what is now comprised within the south of France. De Montfort aspired to the position from which he succeeded in hurling the Count of Toulouse, cunningly using the fanaticism of the age as a stepping-stone to his ambition. But he was killed by a stone from a ballista before he had fairly attained his object. The cruel, roaring tidal wave of the Albigensian crusade rolled over Béziers, and completely obliterated the population. "How shall we distinguish the faithful from the heretics?" asked one, as the assaulting hordes swept into the breach. "Slay them all!" exclaimed the Abbot of Citeaux; "the Lord will know them that are His." Seven thousand were burned in the Church of St. Madeleine, and the lowest estimate recorded does not place the total number of the slain under twenty-five thousand; some carry it as high as sixty thousand. It is known that a large number had sought refuge there before the siege.

To go from Béziers to Carcassonne is to plunge deeper and deeper into the Middle Ages. The railroad traverses a highly picturesque country—a vine-land where during the vintage the peasantry may be seen wending through green lanes bearing panniers of grapes, or leading horses drawing carts loaded with the same glistening fruit, on the way to the wine-press. Much of the wine of that region is used to mix with Bordeaux, and passes in the markets for an article greatly superior and more rare. Lucky is he who, buying Bordeaux, gets as pure a wine as this for his money, for many receive in exchange something that never grew on any vineyard in Europe. Two-thirds of the wine drank in France alone is spurious!

Part of the route to Carcassonne is among outlying spurs of the Corbières—a desolate, volcanic range running at right angles to the Pyrenees. Destitute of vegetation, they assume grotesque and savage forms, and often a rock at the summit vividly suggests an old feudal tower. One is thus prepared for the surprise which awaits him when on turning a curve he beholds the frowning, massive walls and towers of Carcassonne crowning the crest of a hill. Nothing I have ever seen in Europe so strikingly ushers before one the sad, galliard, rough, savage, glowing romance of the Middle Ages as that first view of Carcassonne—those Middle Ages whose chivalry, whose struggles, whose heroism, whose perpetual and bloody warfare, whose mailed knights and fair dames, live on the stirring, picturesque pages of Froissart.

The modern city of Carcassonne lies on a slightly broken slope between the river Aude and the canal which traverses the south of France, and here forms a little port decorated with an elegant esplanade. There is a cathedral and several fine old churches in Romanesque Gothic; the streets generally have a semi-Italian aspect—clothes hanging out of the windows on poles, women knitting and chatting in groups before the doors, and children and puppies squirming in the dust. But there is a main street, which is an ambitious but not wholly successful attempt to ape the modern airs of



TOWERS OF VISIGOTH AND OF THE INQUISITION, CARCASSONNE.

Paris or Marseilles, bordered by print-shops and windows gay with jewelry. The fame of this street has doubtless had its effect on the unsophisticated peasantry of the neighboring villages, and perhaps gave rise to the touching ballad of Nadaud, describing the life-long but never-gratified longing of an old man of Limoux to visit Carcassonne, which, lying there just over the mountain beyond his native village, seemed to his imagination the finest thing the world could show him. But not even the *pâtés de foies gras* of which the Hôtel St. Jean Baptiste makes a specialty could detain me on that side the Aude, for beyond the bridge the spirit of the Middle Ages beckoned up the steep road which leads to Carcassonne of the long ago, that remains to our day, like a corpse which has been embalmed—one of the rarest and most precious treasures bequeathed to our age by antiquity. I entered by the grand Gate of Narbonne, and left by the Gate of the Aude. Here we find the most perfect specimen of a fortified city of those times which now exists. Many cas-



CAHUZAC AND L'ÉVÊQUE TOWERS, CARCASSONNE.

tles in tolerable preservation remain elsewhere, but here is a whole mediæval city whose walls and towers are in admirable preservation, while those parts which time has injured have been restored with much judgment by that great architect Viollet-le-Duc. The narrow, winding streets are also much the same as in former ages, and an indescribable air of musty antiquity invests the whole place. It is still occupied by several thousand people.

There is a lofty square tower, attributed to the Saracens, in which Raymond Roger, lord of Béziers and Carcassonne, was killed, after the capture of the place by Simon de Montfort. Seven hundred of the leading citizens were also slaughtered in cold blood after the siege. Another tower, which has been largely restored, was the prison of Raymond Roger, and the dungeon of the Inquisition is shown in another turret, with the chains still fastened to the well-worn central pillar, and the oubliettes below. The donjon and palace of the city is a vast and massive pile, surrounded by a moat on three sides. It is stern rather than handsome, but its halls once rang with the din of high wassail in those olden days. As Carcassonne was a cathedral town, its episcopal church of St. Nazaire was naturally a building of effective construction. It still stands within the walls in excellent preservation. Originally built in the fifth century, it was rebuilt in the eleventh and completed in the fourteenth century, at which date it was decorated with very beautiful stained glass. The interior is a marvel of lightness and architectural beauty. The crypt is very interesting, and so also is a tablet said to be the tombstone of Simon de Montfort, on which is engraved the life-size figure of a knight in full armor.

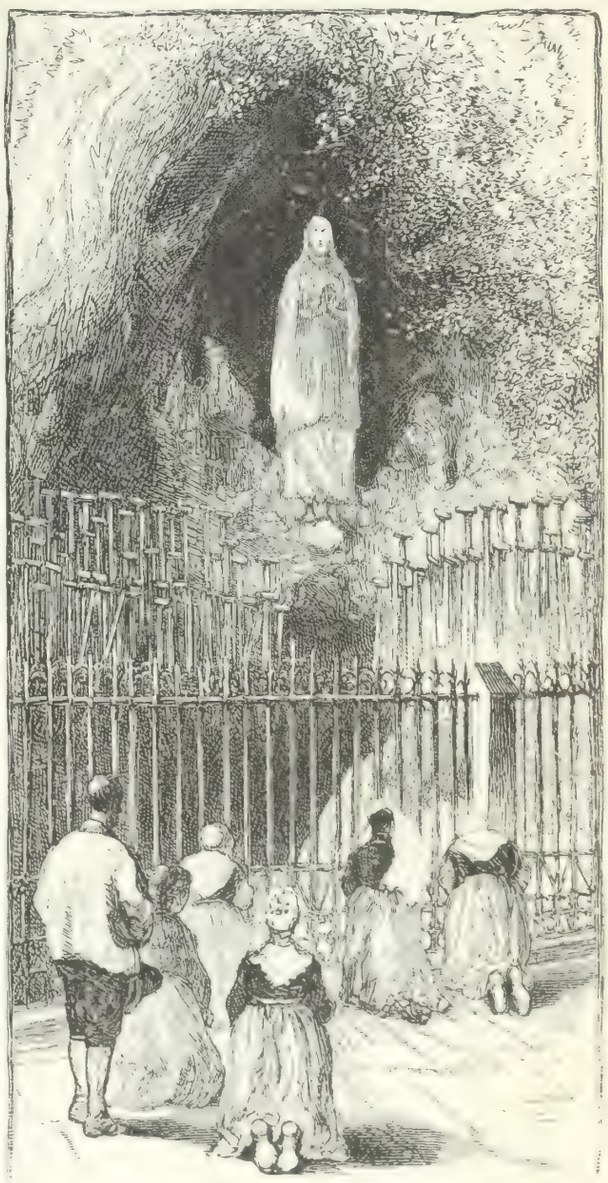
The walls that environ the old city are double, fringed with fifty towers, and surrounded on two sides by a deep moat; on the other sides the hill is so steep as to obviate the necessity of a moat. Nothing can be more impressive, more suggestive of the ages past, than a quiet stroll along these ancient battlements, where the Visigoth, the Saracen, and the knights of the days of chivalry have strode in turn, gazing upon the

plain, the river, and the far-off purple ranges of mountains which encircle Carcassonne.

The route from Carcassonne proceeds in a northerly direction to Toulouse. It is everywhere vastly picturesque, and full of objects of artistic and antiquarian interest, but unless one were to give years to the exploration of the almost endless attractions of Southern France, he must inevitably fall back on the principle of selection, and often regretfully neglect objects of great interest for others still more interesting beyond. The Pyrenees become prominent early in the route. Avignonet possesses a beautiful octagonal church tower, inclosing the hall of the terrible Inquisition. The campanile at Villefranche-de-Lauragais is not only imposing and beautiful, but of an altogether exceptional form. It is composed of a lofty wall flanked by towers and pierced with a double row of triangular port-holes, in which the bells are suspended. The valley of Montlaur is noted for the extreme violence with which the mistral sweeps through it, to such a degree that the speed of the railway trains is sometimes actually checked by the force of the wind.

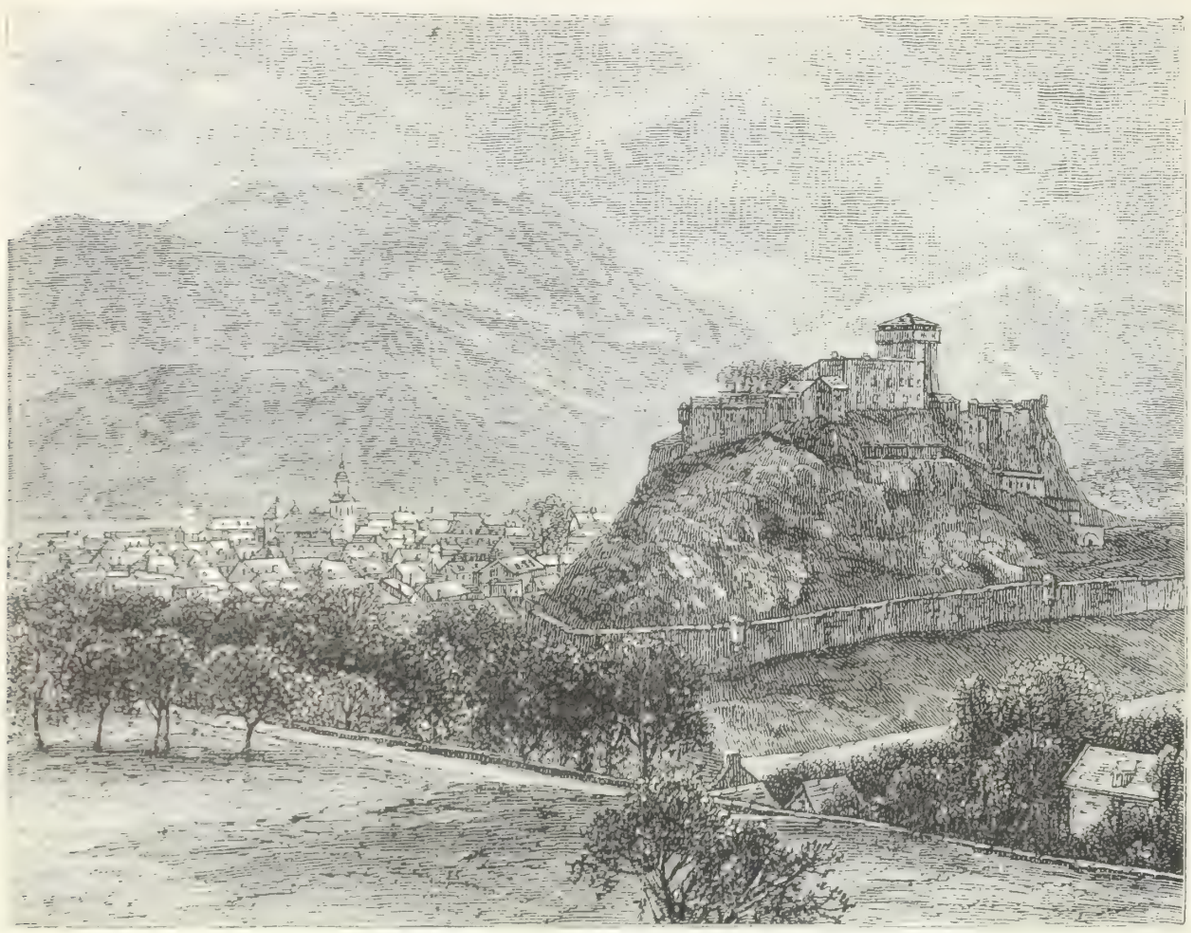
At Toulouse I did not tarry long. An old historical city of great antiquity, and populous and prosperous, it retains, however, but little of its ancient character, being essentially a modern city. I therefore hastened on to Lourdes, through the most beautiful and romantic scenery, the road often crossed by raving torrents, and constantly drawing nearer to the heart of the sublime ranges of the Pyrenees. The railroad is characterized by some magnificent engineering, including two long inclined tunnels supported by a massive scaffolding of timbers, and a long, winding, and rapid descent from the plateau of Lannemezan into the valley of the Rene —one of the steepest railway grades in the world.

It is most fortunate for the tourist and the enthusiast that the Virgin Mary appeared at Lourdes, when she might have easily chosen a much less attractive spot for her apparition. Lourdes is, in sooth, one of the most beautifully situated towns in Europe. It nestles in the valley formed by the junction of the two gorges of the Gave and the Magnas, by the side of a winding mountain stream, around the base of a lofty precipitous rock crowned by an ancient fortress, which was impregnable until the invention of cannon. This castle has been constructed or restored at different periods, and much of it is comparatively modern, but the donjon or keep is of great antiquity, being a Roman structure with mediæval battlements, and some of the turrets at the southern end are also mediæval. Lourdes castle was besieged for six weeks by the Duke of Anjou in the fourteenth century; he captured and burned the town, but was unable to take the fortress, which was the last stronghold kept by the English in the south of France. At that time it was held for the King of England by Sir Peter Arnaut, a lord of Béarn. His fate, as told by Froissart, well illustrates the barbarism which tempered the chivalry of the age. Gaston-Phœbus, the Count of Foix, reputed



GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

one of the ablest and most accomplished princes of his time, was anxious to obtain possession of the castle of Lourdes, and as Sir Peter Arnaut was one of his subjects, he invited him to visit his court at Orthez. When Sir Peter had been there a day or two, the Count of Foix suddenly demanded of him the surrender of Lourdes. Too well knowing what must be the consequences of refusing a man of such ungovernable passions when in his power, Sir Peter still manfully replied: "'I hold the castle of Lourdes from the King of England, who has placed me there, and to no other person but him will I surrender it.' The count, on hearing this answer, was exceeding wroth, and said, as he drew his dagger, 'Ho! ho! dost thou



LOURDES.

then say no? By this head, thou hast not said it for nothing!' And as he uttered these words he struck him foully with the dagger, so that he wounded him severely in five places, and none of the barons or knights dared to interfere. The knight replied: 'Ha! ha! my lord, you have sent for me hither, and are murdering me.' Having received these five strokes of a dagger, the count ordered him to be cast into the dungeon, and there he died, for he was ill cured of his wounds."

During the late Franco-German war a number of Prussian prisoners were confined in the old castle. But the chief modern interest of Lourdes now centres around the mystery of its holy grotto, where the Virgin appeared to a young girl named Bernadotte Soubiran in the year 1858. She indicated the source of a spring in the grotto which is said to have extraordinary healing powers. The water is carefully conducted into a reservoir, to which baths are attached, and is also sent to many parts of France in order to heal the physical infirmities of the faithful believer. Vast numbers of pilgrims flock hither annually for the cure of their bodies or their souls, and the place is gradually gaining the appearance of a fashionable watering-place from the constantly increasing number of hotels. It is to be regretted for the tourist who does not go there for purposes of self-maceration that these hotels are not better. At the table d'hôte two kinds of fare are provided — fasting food for the saints, and the ordinary fare for the sinners, and the guest, when he sits down, is asked which he is to take. The conversation at the table is of a singularly mixed character, alternately pious or worldly, and nuns come in from time to time during the dinner and solicit alms for some church charity.

The road to the grotto lies across a bridge over the Gave. It is lined with booths where every sort of sacred relic and trinket is for sale. In one a genuine Syrian offered relics from Palestine. The handsome girls at the other booths seemed about as jolly as ladies who besiege purchasers at other church fairs. One Spanish-looking damsel, with sparkling eyes, came dancing out into the middle of the road and besought me in her most fascinating manner to buy a rosary or a holy Béarnese cap, which would be *so* becoming.

The grotto is under a hill, and was until the appearance of the Virgin overgrown and hidden by a thicket, which is now cleared away. In the upper part of the cave is a large hole leading to an unknown depth into the hill, and there it was that Bernadotte saw the apparition, and there also in commemoration of the event a life-size statue of the Virgin is placed. Over her head is the inscription: "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception." The miracle occurred so nearly at the time of the enunciation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception that there are

some who are inclined to imagine it was something more than a coincidence. On the hill directly above the grotto an imposing church of considerable pretensions to beauty has been erected, and adjoining are expensive dwellings for the resident priesthood and sisterhood. The grotto is protected by an iron railing, and its rocky roof is festooned with the crutches of those who have there been cured of lameness, and a variety of other characteristic thank-offerings are hung with them. It is an edifying spectacle, especially when the grotto is thronged with reverent pilgrims.

Directly in front of the cave I saw a crowd collected listening to a priest who related the history of the legend of Lourdes, and the success which had attended those who had placed reliance in the sacred fable The story was told in a simple, straightforward, but very adroit manner, and with a quiet, earnest sincerity that was qualified to convince any one not in the habit of carefully sifting evidence.

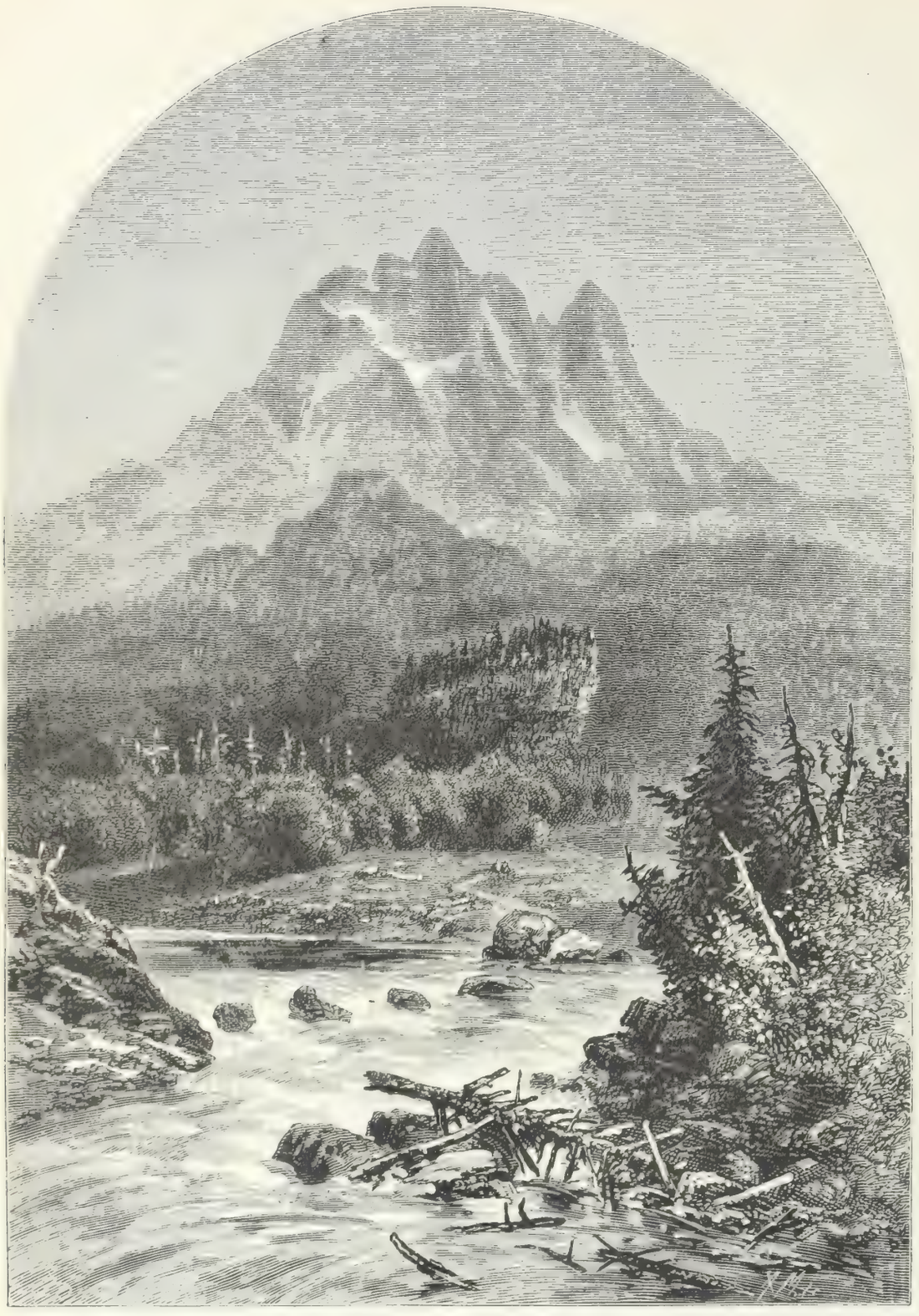
The route westward from Lourdes is of the most enchanting character. At the village of St. Betharam is a picturesque bridge exquisitely beautiful, tapestried with the clinging drapery of ivy. I was much interested in a handsome, polite young abbé and his sister, who accompanied me as far as this place. They so strongly resembled each other in looks and manner that they must have been twins. She regarded him with boundless veneration and pride, which he accepted with as much grace and facility as if it had been incense at mass.

Soon after leaving St. Betharam the old towers of Pau appeared in view, clinging to the brow of a steep eminence commanding a well-watered plain extending to the Pyrenees, where the Pic du Midi d'Ossau—a mighty obelisk of granite—soars, solitary and sublime. One expects much from the accounts he has received of Pau, and it is one of the few places of which the fame does not exceed the reality. The position of the city is simply magnificent, and its picturesqueness is enhanced by the deep ravines which intersect it, lined with antique houses, quaintly peaked, and studded with dormer-windows. On the west side, on the edge of the acclivity, is the park, very handsomely laid out with noble forest trees. To the eastward, on the same line, are the old château and the Hôtel Gassion and Hôtel de France—a trio of imposing buildings. I hope it is not treason to the old castle of Henri Quatre to say that the Hôtel Gassion is the finest of the three externally, and I may add that in its internal arrangements, and including the prospect from its windows, it seems to me the most attractive hotel I have seen in Europe. One who is lodged there may almost consider himself in a palace.

The château is historically one of the most interesting structures in France. Its gen-



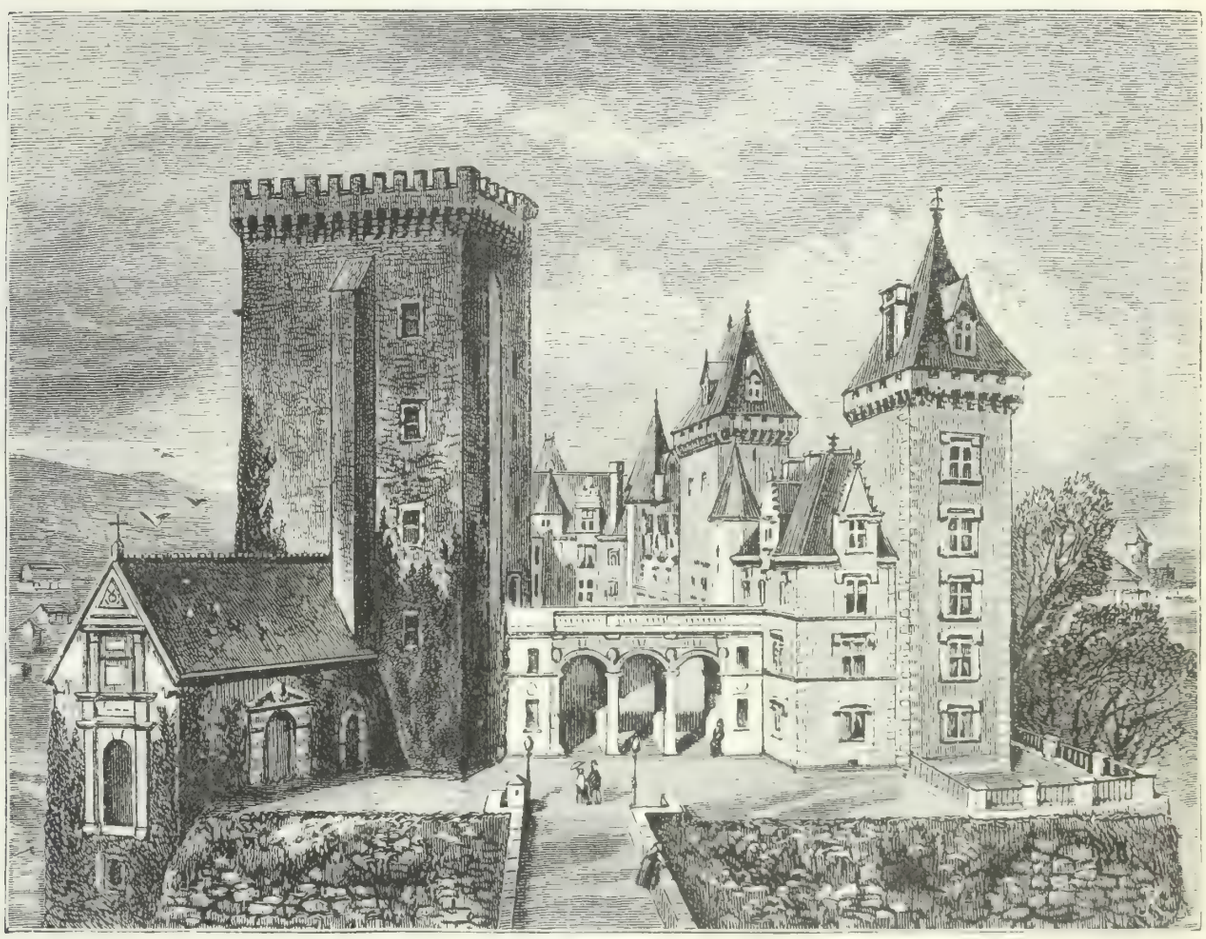
BRIDGE OF ST. BETHARAM.



PIC DU MIDI D'OSSAU.

eral plan represents three sides of an irregular hollow square, to which has been added the immense, massive tower built by Gaston-Phœbus, Count of Foix, which is over one hundred feet in height, and is built of red brick with marble copings. Its slated roof was blown off by a terrific storm early in this century. The upper story has been occupied at various periods by Clément Marot, the poet, Mlle. Scudéry, the authoress of *Le Grand Cyrus*, and other celebrated personages. Four other pointed towers are connected with the château, either to include stairways or for purposes of defense. Of the latter the most interesting is the Tour Montaüzet, which means *bird-flight*, as it was at one time without stairs, and the top could thus be reached only by birds. In time of war the garrison ascended with ladders, which they pulled up after them. In this tower were the oubliettes of the castle, into which criminals were thrown alive, and were caught on knives placed upright, and there suffered excruciating torture until released by a lingering death. Sealed up by Henri IV., this dungeon of despair was again opened in the last century, and the floor was found covered with skeletons.

The château has been restored of late years, but exactly as originally designed. While none of the apartments are very large, they are of sufficient size to give dignity to the pageants which were witnessed there in former days, and their decorations are of the most sumptuous character. Brantome speaks feelingly of those times, when ladies in yellow robes and gold-lace in abundance danced in the halls of the château of Pau; when Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I., married to the King of Navarre and Béarn, reigned there, giving shelter to the Protestants, and composing the witty, satirical, but somewhat coarse tales of the Heptameron. That the first lady of the land could write such things, and have them read by the wisest and best, in palace and hovel, without any derogation to her fair name, indicates very vividly the difference between that age and ours.



CHÂTEAU OF HENRI IV., PAU.

One enters the château by the Hall of the Guards, where the servants of the royal household were formerly in attendance. It is a grand vaulted hall, furnished with richly carved oaken chairs, and leads into the dining apartment of the officers of the king, from whence we pass into a magnificent apartment called the Salle d'Armes, where the sovereigns of Béarn and Navarre banqueted in days of yore. Here, also, the chevaliers of the kingdom received knighthood; hence the name of the hall. Here is preserved an impressive statue of Henri IV., taken from the life. The ceiling is a very beautiful specimen of the decorative art of the Franco-Italian Renaissance. Many gay, many romantic, many tragical, scenes have occurred in this banqueting hall. By a noble stairway the first floor above the *rez-de-chaussée* is reached, which contains the reception hall—a spacious and splendid apartment, scarcely surpassed in the sumptuousness of its carvings and furniture by any other hall in France. Here, in the year 1569, ten Roman Catholic noblemen, prisoners of war, after being royally entertained in the banqueting hall, were all assassinated, by order of Jeanne d'Albret, as they ascended from dinner. The elaborate ceiling, the mantel-piece of the wide fire-place—an exquisite specimen of decorative art—all captivate the admiration of the visitor, and make it difficult to realize that such a tragedy was once enacted on that very floor where he stands and gazes amazed.

The bed-chamber of the sovereigns was built by Gaston-Phœbus, and has in turn been occupied by him, by Louis XI., Francis I., Charles V., Isabella II., and Napoleon III. The Boudoir of the Queen is a choice little apartment, hung with some very fine specimens of Gobelin tapestry, representing six scenes from the career of Henri IV.; an engraving of the one representing the parting of that sovereign and Gabrielle d'Estrées is

given here. All these apartments are decorated with historic bits of furniture, credences, chests, and bedsteads of oak or ebony —exquisite specimens of the household art of past ages.

In the second story from the ground is the suite of rooms occupied by Abd-el-Kader and his family during his captivity in France. On the same floor is also the most historically interesting apartment in the château—the room in which Henri IV. was born. Jeanne d'Albret, daughter of Marguérite of Valois, was a woman fitted by nature to grapple with the turbulent age in which she lived. According to D'Aubigné, the Protestant chronicler, who had the misfortune to be the father of Madame De Maintenon, who brought about the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Jeanne d'Albret was "a princess having nothing of the woman about her but the sex, a soul entirely given to manly things, a mind mighty in great affairs, a heart unconquerable by adversity." She crossed France in order that her child might be born in the castle of Pau, according to her promise, and sang a Béarnese song when she brought Henri IV. into the troublous world which he was to leave by the poniard of the assassin. The grandfather of the royal infant rubbed his lips with garlic—a most potent eye-opener—and moistened the infantile palate with a draught of native wine. The lad was brought up to endure every physical hardship, and when he was fifteen his mother Jeanne took him to La Rochelle and placed him at the head of the Huguenot army.

In the same apartment is preserved the cradle of Henri IV., the shell of a large tortoise, suspended on a cluster of spears. There is no doubt of its authenticity. During the Revolution of '93 it was rescued from the mob who invaded the castle, and carefully concealed until the return of the Bourbons. There are various other rooms of interest in the château, but enough has been already said to indicate the importance of the associations which cling around this venerable building.



GOBELIN TAPESTRY AT PAU: HENRI IV. PARTING FROM GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES.

While at Pau I concluded to visit the thermal resorts at Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes, in the heart of the Pyrenees. This was done by diligence. I engaged an end seat on the top, but thought I should have a fight to secure my rights, as the postilion, who had doubtless been liberally "tipped," had sold my right to another gentleman, who finally concluded to abandon a place to which he had no claim. The Béarnese are a money-loving, fiery, hot-headed race; the men are handsomer than the women, and I saw many who reminded me of the type represented by the well-known features of Henri Quatre—rubicund, keen-eyed, jo-

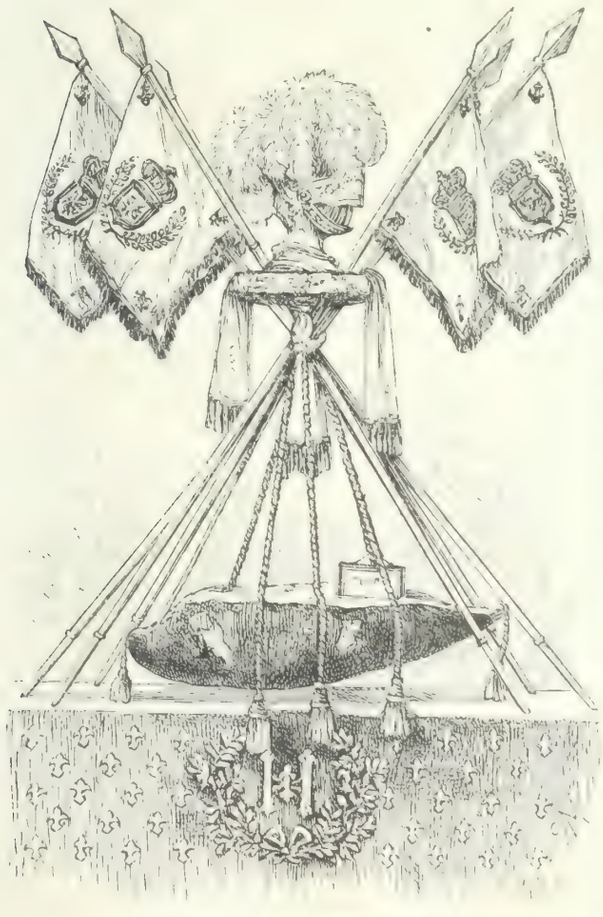
vial, but canny. And the blue cap of felt which many of them wear aids them in retaining the aspect of a distinctive nationality. In fact, they do not consider themselves French any more than the Scotch accept the title of English. By marriage Béarn became an appanage of the French crown, but the people—a mixture of Gascon, Spanish, Basque, and Moorish blood—retain with pride the name of Béarn. "You are a native of Pau?" may be asked of a resident. "Yes," she replies. "Then you are a Béarnaise." "Ah, mais non." "But why not?" you reply in turn. "Because my parents were French."

I was much entertained by the conduct of the driver of the hotel coach. When the postilion was out of sight he said to me: "I'm forbidden to ask a fee, and I wish monsieur to understand distinctly that I do not ask for a fee, nor even for a little good-for-nothing *pourboire*. Nothing of the sort. But I wish to put it to monsieur as a mere matter of equity, as a proposition, whether it is quite fair for this lazy postilion, this greedy, selfish, grasping, puffed-up snip of a man, this sneaking, niggardly, strutting, unbearable jackanapes of a *coquin*, to be wheedling around every passenger I take up to the hotel and raking in the coins into his never-satisfied palm, while I who do the work get nary a sou? I put it to monsieur whether this is exactly as it should be?" and he shrugged his shoulders and looked at me significantly. I gave the cunning varlet a franc, and he almost went down on his knees with fulsome gratitude. Notwithstanding, I tried not to be cynical.

The road to the Pyrenees lay through the most enchanting scenery, along the well-watered, mountain-circled valley of Ossau, which runs at right angles to the

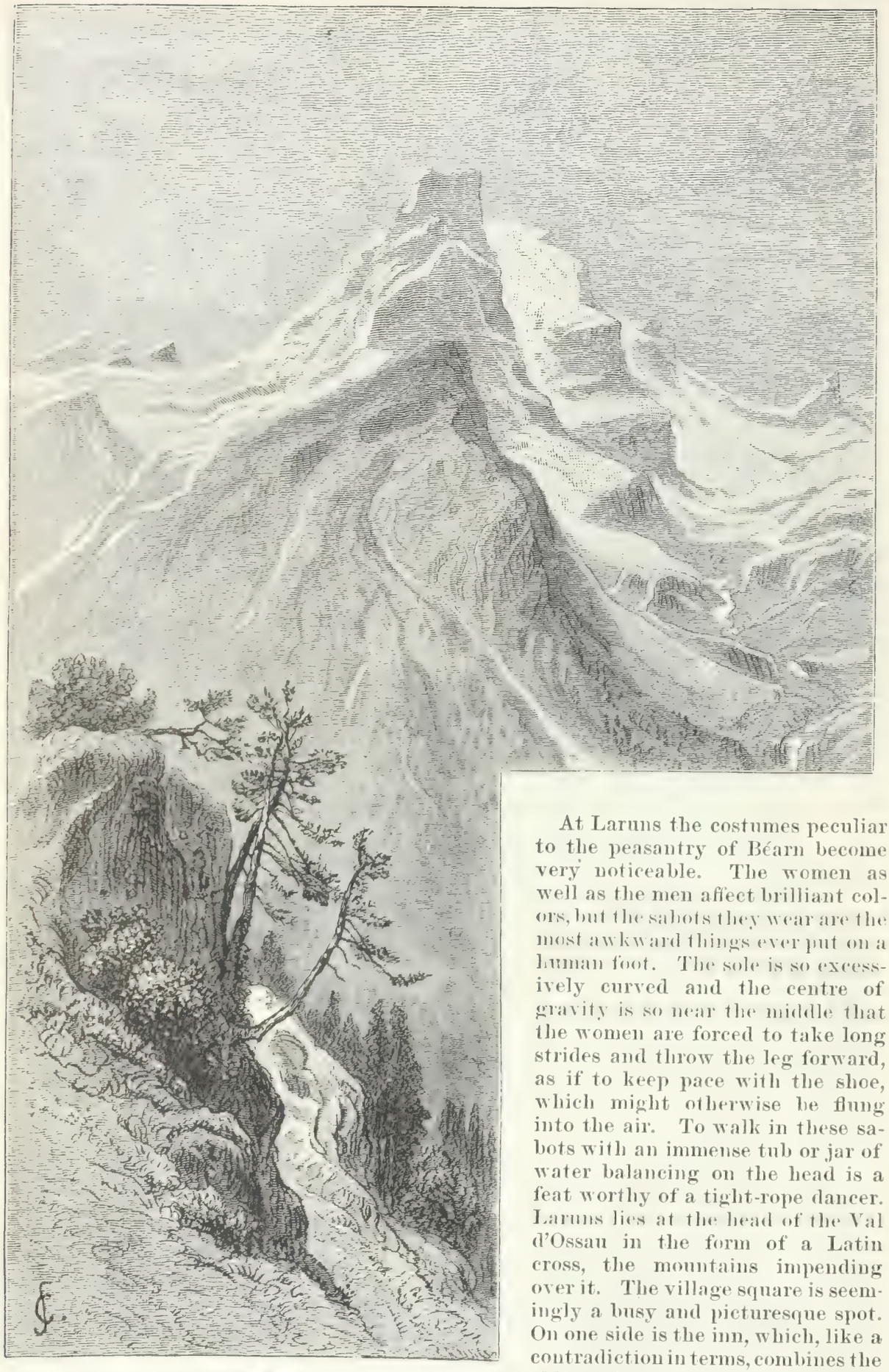


CHARCOAL VENDER, PAU.



CRADLE OF HENRI IV.

chain of the Pyrenees, that towered more and more grandly as we proceeded. They are never as lofty as the Alps, and lack the cold, serene sublimity of the glaciers, but they are sufficiently high to be very grand, every where grooved with tremendous gorges and faced with vast precipices, and pinnacled and battlemented with needle-like peaks or natural ramparts and towers, offering every element of the picturesque, and constantly stimulating the imagination. The ravines are ever resonant with the roar of torrents, and eternal snow rests on the highest summits. The Pic de Ger and the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, both within easy distance from Eaux Bonnes, are each over ten thousand feet in height. These mountains are still the haunt of the bear and the wolf, which lurk in the remote fastnesses, and come forth sometimes to steal a calf or a kid and grapple with the huntsman. Another quarry which invites the adventurous rifleman is the ibex, or izard, which, like the chamois, seeks the highest and most inaccessible cliffs, and



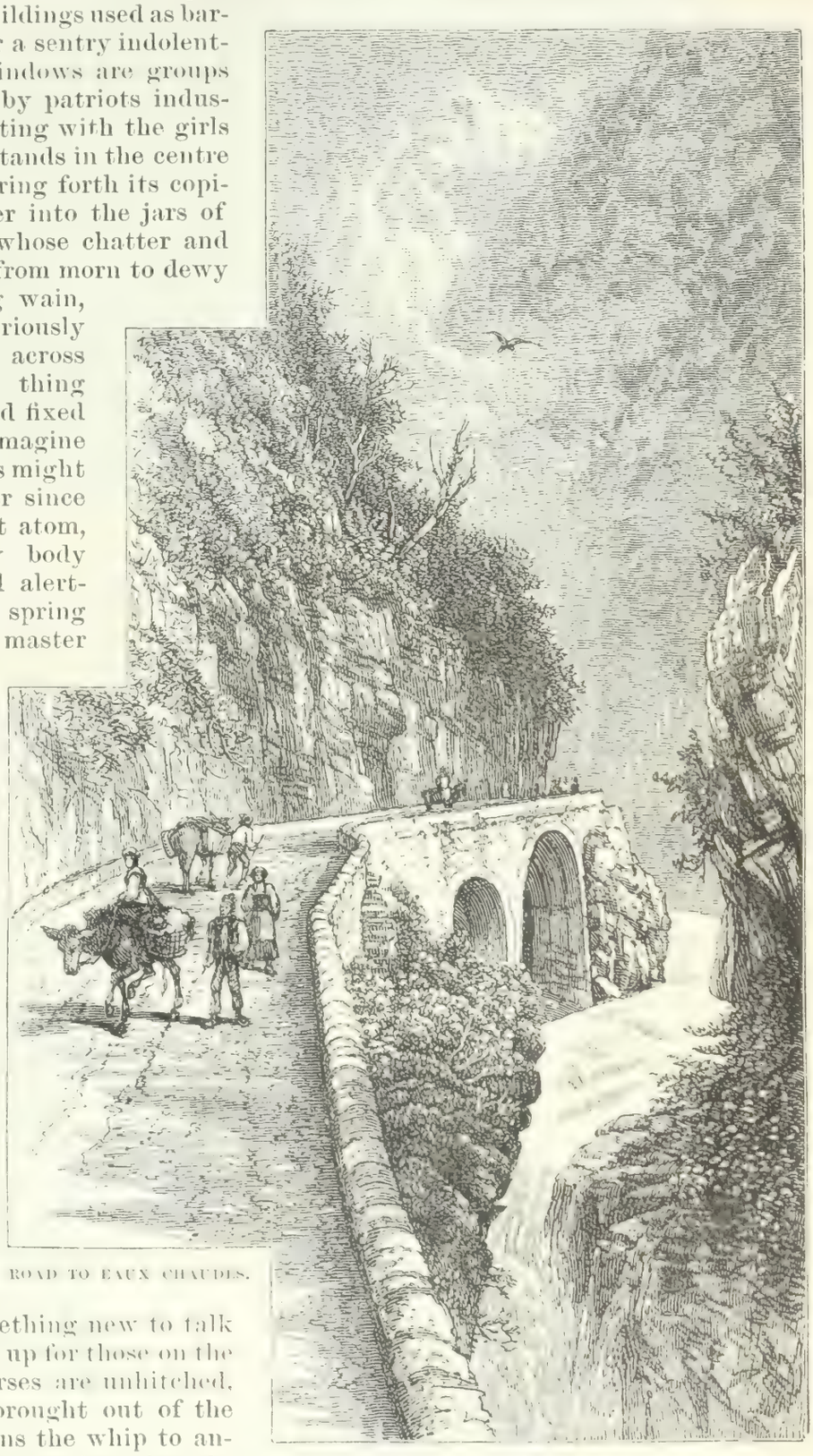
PIC DE GER.

gives the sportsman a chase full of perilous excitement.

At Bielle we passed a Gothic chapel and a Roman tower perched on the summit of two hills rising side by side out of the plain.

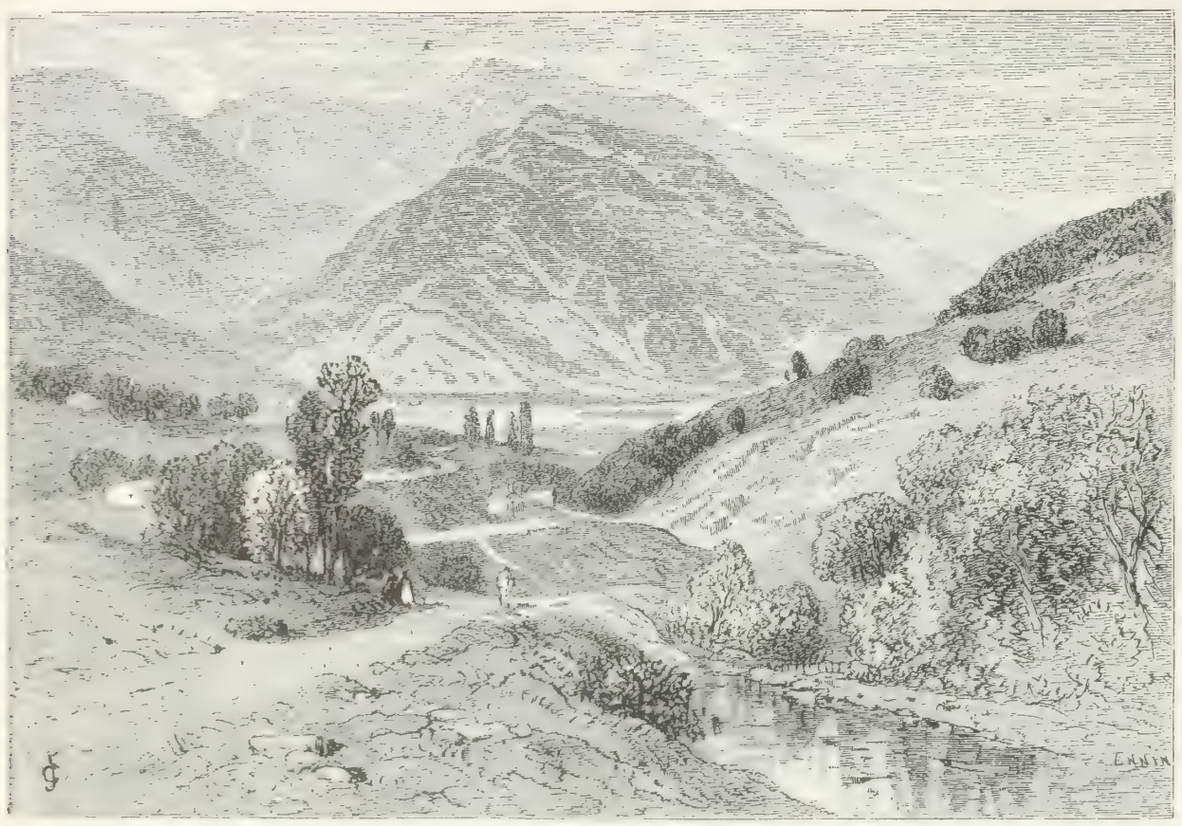
At Laruns the costumes peculiar to the peasantry of Béarn become very noticeable. The women as well as the men affect brilliant colors, but the sabots they wear are the most awkward things ever put on a human foot. The sole is so excessively curved and the centre of gravity is so near the middle that the women are forced to take long strides and throw the leg forward, as if to keep pace with the shoe, which might otherwise be flung into the air. To walk in these sabots with an immense tub or jar of water balancing on the head is a feat worthy of a tight-rope dancer. Laruns lies at the head of the Val d'Ossau in the form of a Latin cross, the mountains impending over it. The village square is seemingly a busy and picturesque spot. On one side is the inn, which, like a contradiction in terms, combines the old and the new. Below are the stables, sandwiched between a cabaret and a barber shop; the rude pavement before them is industriously scratched by the canaille of barn-yard fowls, and serves as an idling rendezvous for the swaggering blades of the place, in every costume from that

of the hunter of the ibex to the latest style from Paris, sported by a *gaillard* in a gaudily painted dog-cart. Above, like warts on the face of this very dilapidated building, are attempts at balconies, which give support to dames of various ages in equally various dress, languidly ogling the youths below. On the opposite side of the square is a cluster of elderly buildings used as barracks. Before the door a sentry indolently stalks, and in the windows are groups of uniforms inhabited by patriots industriously engaged in flirting with the girls at the fountain, which stands in the centre of the square, ever pouring forth its copious flood of liquid silver into the jars of the Béarnese damsels, whose chatter and gossip are heard there from morn to dewy eve. A rude creaking wain, drawn by oxen curiously yoked, squeaks slowly across the area, and every thing seems so somnolent and fixed that one can easily imagine that this order of things might have existed there ever since the creation of the first atom, when suddenly every body starts to new life and alertness, as if some secret spring had been touched by a master showman. "Crack! cr-r-r-ack!" explodes the snap of a whip with the sharpness of a rifle, followed by a perfect fusillade of similar sounds, and then down a narrow lane rolls the huge yellow diligence, drawn by five horses, and loaded to the very last straw with officers and ladies, travellers and couriers, babies, nurses, dogs, postilions, drivers, bandboxes, trunks, panniers, and carpet-bags. The event of the day has arrived for Laruns; the gods be praised! now there will be something new to talk about. A ladder is put up for those on the top to descend, the horses are unhitched, and a fresh relay is brought out of the stable, the driver resigns the whip to another hand, the postilion goes into the cabaret to wet his lips at the expense of some generous traveller, and then once more the crack of the whip is heard, the diligence is off like a dream, and Laruns is again left for twenty-four hours more to its own lazy devices.



ROAD TO EAUX CHAUDES.

At this place the road begins to climb, winding deviously, until at dusk Eaux Bonnes is reached. Here we find a romantic village, which owes its origin entirely to the thermal springs, that are supposed to possess sanitary qualities which ought to cure half the ails of a suffering humanity. The hotels really form the village. They are numerous, generally excellent, but as expensive as usual at fashionable resorts. So narrow is the gorge that the buildings generally stand plumb against the side of the mountain, and in many cases space had to be made by blasting. The hamlet is di-



LARUNS.

vided in two by a curtain of solid rock, which has been cut through to allow the passage of a cross street. Every coign of vantage has been employed as a perch for rustic seats and arbors, approached by winding walks. A torrent rushes by from the mountains, and the Pic de Ger soars like a sentinel tower to a stupendous height above the roofs of the village.

I went from Eaux Bonnes to Eaux Chaudes by carriage; the distance is perhaps four miles by a fine road which has been constructed with great engineering skill in the face of serious difficulties. The position of the cluster of inns which form the latter place is well indicated by the cut on page 354. The gorge here takes a wedge-like form, edge downward, and allows just room for a narrow street and a roaring torrent, whose music under the windows serves to lull the weary traveller to pleasant dreams.

Perhaps a thousand feet above the Eaux Chaudes is the hamlet of Goust, consisting of just seven houses grouped on a miniature plateau near a deep precipice—a very curious little settlement. Several interesting grottoes are also within easy distance of the hotels, doubtless located there in order to add to the interest of the invalid who thinks his particular malady may be healed at Eaux Chaudes. It is but a few miles from this place to the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, and the Spanish frontier. The road which traverses this narrow gorge has been the scene of much smuggling, which is still carried on, but in much less degree than formerly.

Turning away regretfully from the noble scenery of the Pyrenees, I now started northward and homeward. Near Dax is a place called Baights, which deserves mention as one of the few instances in the French language, but too common in English, in which it is impossible to detect the pronunciation from the spelling. Baights is pronounced Batét! At Dax one begins to enter on the famous Landes—vast, marshy, alluvial plains, devoted chiefly to grazing. Here and there are low clumps of pine and cedar, which only serve to add sadness to the desolate mountainous landscape. The shepherds of the Landes tend their flocks on stilts, partly that they may see farther, and partly to keep their feet dry, which is said to be an important condition to good health; while the sheep are feeding they sit on a third stilt and knit stockings. But the French government, abhorring monopolies, proposes to strike a blow at the monopoly of these simple peasants who are devoting so large a share of France to the mere matter of sheep pasturage. A system of drainage is now in operation which is to reclaim these marshlands some time before the Millennium.

To arrive at Bordeaux after leaving Pau is to enter the nineteenth century once more. Here is a splendid city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, bustling, prosperous, and enterprising, situated, like New Orleans, along the crescent line formed by a curve of the Garonne, there no longer blue, but tawny and turbid with silt. But notwithstanding its modern aspect, Bordeaux boasts a hoary antiquity, and possesses still some interesting relics of past ages—one or two old gates,

a splendid cathedral, which has been too completely restored to be thoroughly interesting as an antiquity, and the Church of St. Michel, founded in 1160, and completed three centuries later. Some exquisite carvings decorate the windows of this beautiful structure. Close at hand is the campanile, standing entirely alone. It is a very graceful tower three hundred and thirty feet high, resting on four piers, and for the lightness of the design and the daring shown in its construction deserves to rank with the finest monuments of the Middle Ages.



MUSICIANS OF LARUNS.

In the crypt under this campanile the visitor is introduced to an extraordinary spectacle. The space now laid out as a square around the tower was formerly a cemetery. Part of the ground so occupied had the remarkable property of preserving the bodies of those buried in it. Those thus mummified are now ranged, to the number of seventy, in a standing position around the wall of the crypt. It is a ghastly spectacle. The skin has the strength of parchment, and the features are in several cases still quite distinguishable, retaining the expression they bore in the hour of death; and where the flesh has shrunk away, the veins and arteries are quite intact; and even the dress in which they were buried is yet in tolerable condition. On some the lace is so perfect that the century is indicated in which occurred the death of the individual. The sacristan had his story by heart, but he told it well; and to one who had never heard it before it was quite impressive. "There," said he, in a solemn, eloquent tone, tapping the corpse with his lantern as he spoke—"there you see a young maiden in the heyday of youth; her death was peaceful; the smile yet lingers on those rounded features where sorrow had grooved no deep furrows. How well preserved is the graceful curve of those breasts, the emblems of beauty! beneath that bosom, gentlemen, once beat a heart that was instinct with love. That lace which is still so perfect on her vesture indicates the circumstances of her death: she was young, she was rich, and she died not earlier than the fourteenth century. Yes, gentlemen, when she died there was sorrow in many hearts!" And thus for each one he repeated some appropriate remarks. I was sorry, and so also was the sacristan sorry, with a sort of melancholy rage, when, on ascending to daylight once



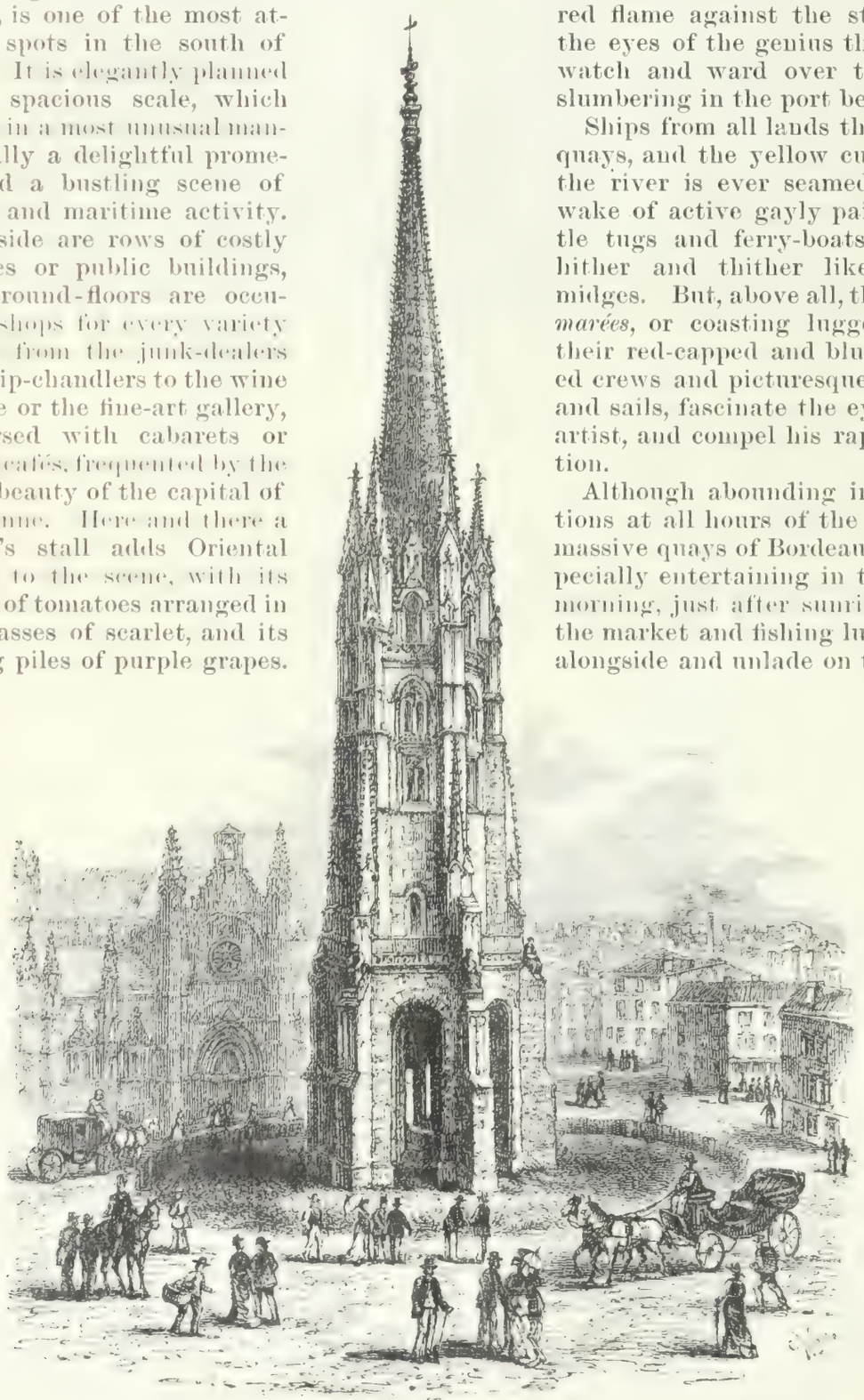
PEASANT WOMAN OF LARUNS.

more, and the visitors were paying him the regular fee, two young priests, unmindful of the solemn lesson to which they had just listened, darted off without waiting to pay the showman. In a tone somewhat different to that in which he had spoken in the crypt he demanded where these knaves had gone, and then rushed after them in hot haste. I waited to learn the result; he found them after some search, and squeezed the two francs out of their reluctant purses. 'Tis but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

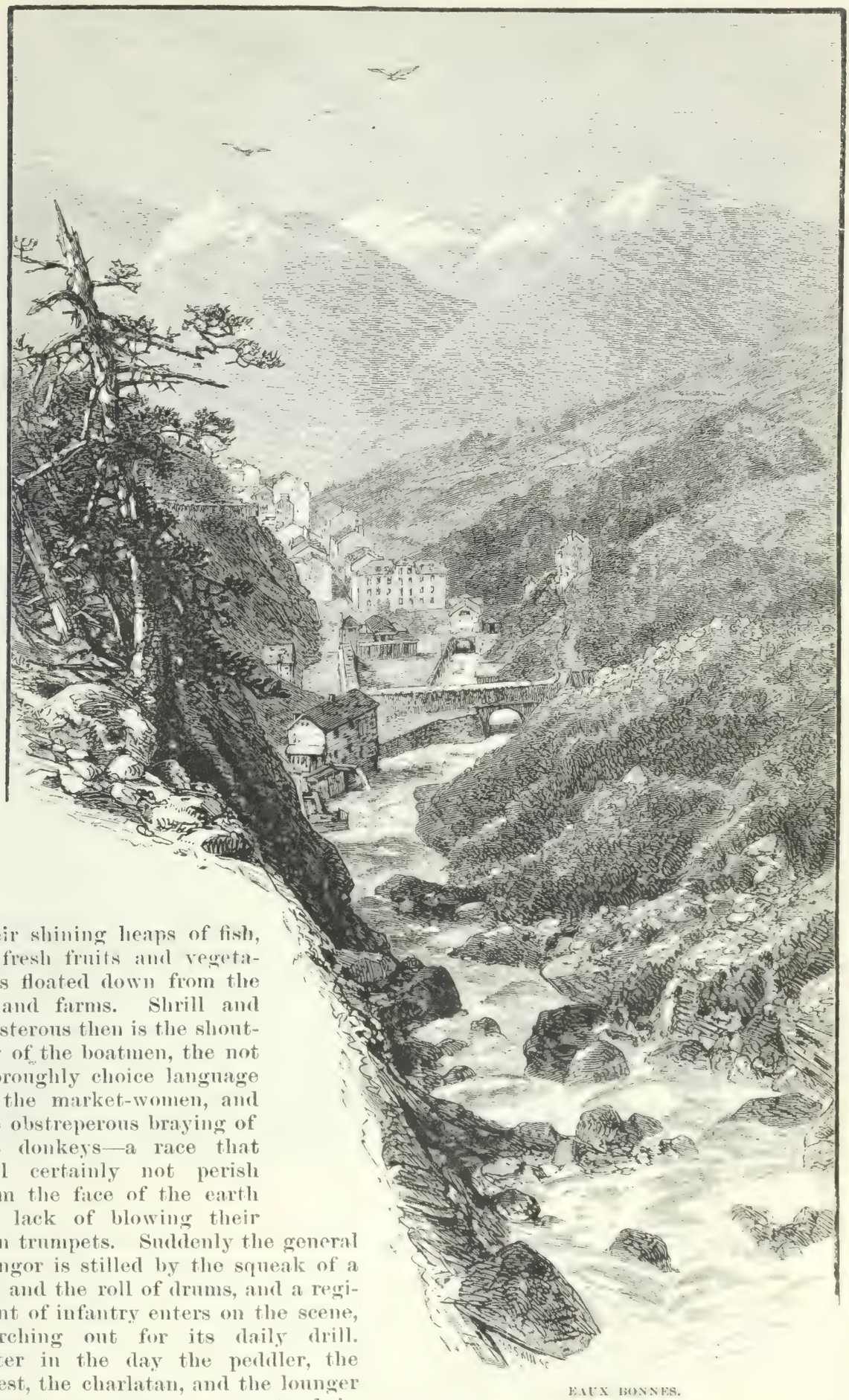
The quay of Bordeaux, extending for miles along the banks of the Garonne, is one of the most attractive spots in the south of France. It is elegantly planned upon a spacious scale, which makes it in a most unusual manner equally a delightful promenade and a bustling scene of business and maritime activity. On one side are rows of costly residences or public buildings, whose ground-floors are occupied as shops for every variety of trade, from the junk-dealers or the ship-chandlers to the wine magazine or the fine-art gallery, interspersed with cabarets or dazzling cafés, frequented by the wit and beauty of the capital of the Garonne. Here and there a huckster's stall adds Oriental splendor to the scene, with its panniers of tomatoes arranged in broad masses of scarlet, and its tempting piles of purple grapes. At intervals the long row of buildings is broken by the wide mouth of one of the avenues leading up to the heart of the city. Here a grim, venerable gate, portcullised and flanked with pepper-box turrets, still remains brooding on the hurrying ages, and carrying the mind back to the turbulent, chivalrous days of the Black Prince; there the pillared porticoes of some stately mart of trade bring one back to the bustle of to-day. Midway lies a noble square, laid out with avenues of trees; where it faces the water two lofty bronze pillars, like triumphal columns, and adorned with rostral decorations, lift twin beacons of red flame against the stars, like the eyes of the genius that keeps watch and ward over the ships slumbering in the port below.

Ships from all lands throng the quays, and the yellow current of the river is ever seamed by the wake of active gayly painted little tugs and ferry-boats darting hither and thither like water-midges. But, above all, the *chasse-marées*, or coasting luggers, with their red-capped and blue-jacketed crews and picturesque rigging and sails, fascinate the eye of the artist, and compel his rapt attention.

Although abounding in attractions at all hours of the day, the massive quays of Bordeaux are especially entertaining in the early morning, just after sunrise, when the market and fishing luggers lie alongside and unlade on the quay



ST. MICHEL'S TOWER, BORDEAUX.



EAUX BONNES.

their shining heaps of fish, or fresh fruits and vegetables floated down from the upland farms. Shrill and boisterous then is the shouting of the boatmen, the not thoroughly choice language of the market-women, and the obstreperous braying of the donkeys—a race that will certainly not perish from the face of the earth for lack of blowing their own trumpets. Suddenly the general clangor is stilled by the squeak of a fife and the roll of drums, and a regiment of infantry enters on the scene, marching out for its daily drill. Later in the day the peddler, the priest, the charlatan, and the lounger about town appear; men stand in knots, tapping snuff-boxes, and wagging their heads over the last political manifesto or the Terpsichorean graces of the ballet the night before; and through it all the creaking of loaded wains is heard, the crack of whips, the rattle of tackle-blocks, the swearing and the songs of shouting crews, and the shipment of the red blood of the vineyards of France, to be wafted



EAUX CHAUDES.

away to make glad the hearts of the *jeunesse dorée* in distant lands.

The chief importance of Bordeaux lies, however, in its commerce. Its coasting and foreign trade includes the annual entry of nearly eight thousand vessels to its quays. The export of wine probably exceeds that of any other port in the world. The famous wine-growing district of Bordeaux wines is concentrated on a low peninsula along the left bank of the Garonne, between Bordeaux and the mouth of the river. There are situated many noble châteaux, each the centre of some celebrated vineyards, lying along the valley of the Garonne, which rolls by ever ready to bear on its throbbing bosom the mighty ships which convey their ruby product to foreign shores. Some miles below Bordeaux the Dordogne meets the Garonne. There is nothing very striking about the river-banks, but there is every where that indescribable picturesqueness which lends such fascination and enchantment to every landscape of France.



"AND TOLD HIM 'TWAS DECIDED THAT HIS FLOCK AND HE SHOULD SEVER."

OUR TRAVELLED PARSON.

I.

For twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling,
To chip the bad meat from our hearts and keep the good from spoiling;
But finally he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,
And the doctor said that something must be put up for him quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his notion,
And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the ocean;
Wrapped some pocket-money in it—what we thought would easy do him—
And appointed me committee-man to go and take it to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever,
And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he should sever.
Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed almost to blind 'em;
And some tears looked out o' window, with some others close behind 'em.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,
And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper reference;
And then the tears that waited, great unmanageable creatures,
Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down his features.

II.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh and glowing,
His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and knowing;
I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for us who sent him,
And paid us back twice over all the money we had lent him.

'Twas a feast to all believers, 'twas a blight on contradiction,
To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion;
'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could doubt it,
To have a man who'd been there stand and tell them all about it.

Paul maybe beat our pastor in the Bible knots unravelling,
And establishing new churches, but he couldn't touch him travelling,
Nor in his journeys pick up half the general information;
But then he hadn't the railroads, and the steamboat navigation.

And every foot of Scripture whose location used to stump us
Was now regularly laid out, with the different points of compass.
When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would draw it;
He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you saw it.

An' the way he chiselled Europe—oh, the way he scampered through it!
Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not a city but he knew it;
There wasn't any subject to explain in all creation,
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration.

So we crowded out to hear him, much instructed and delighted;
'Twas a picture show, a lecture, and a sermon, all united;
And my wife would wipe her glasses, and serenely pet her Test'ment,
And whisper, "That 'ere ticket was a very good investment."



"'TWAS A PICTURE SHOW, A LECTURE, AND A SERMON, ALL UNITED."

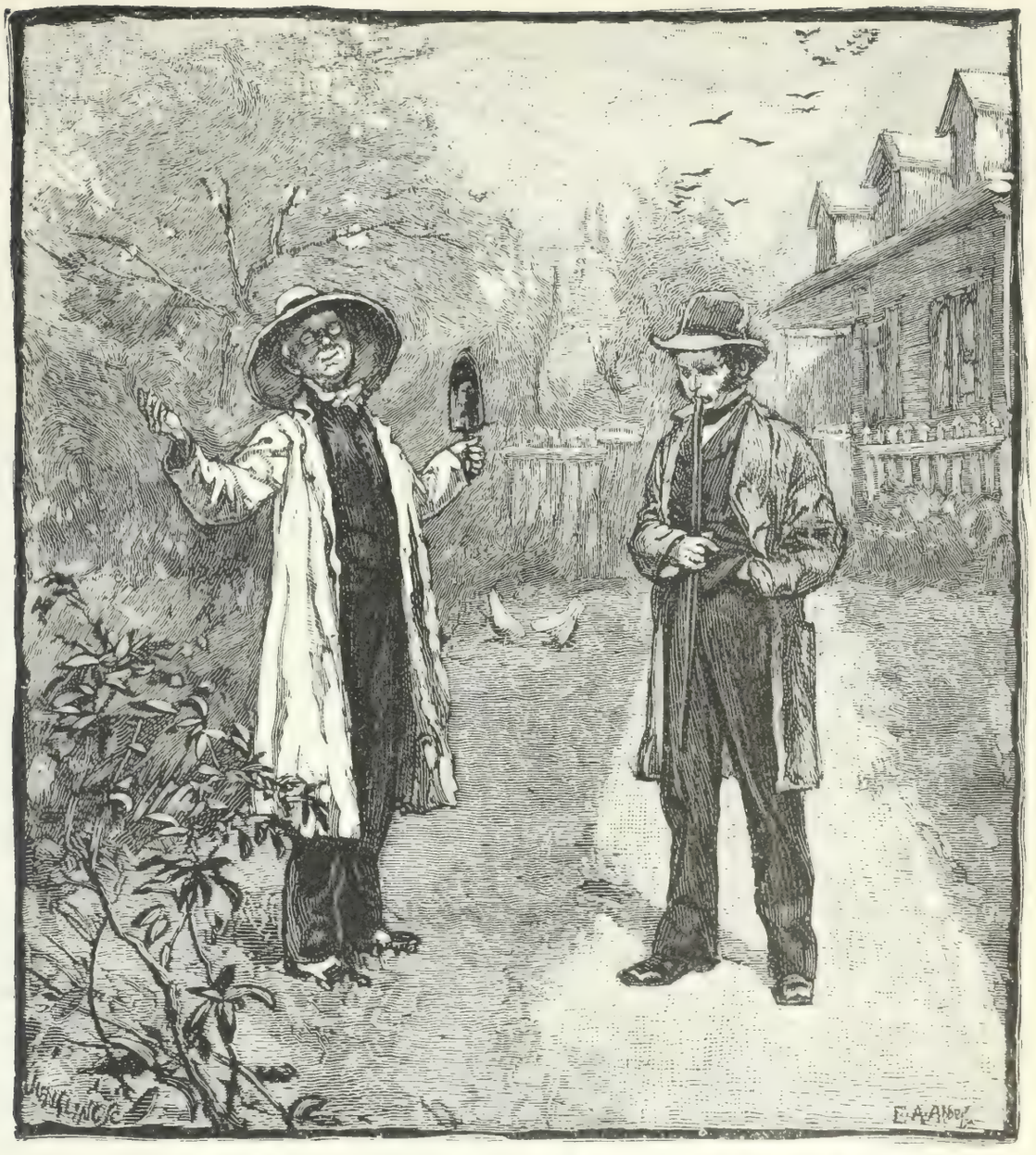
III.

Now after six months' travel we were most of us all ready
To settle down a little, so's to live more staid and steady;
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us,
Using home-made faith more frequent; but the parson wouldn't let us.

To view the self-same scenery time and time again he'd call us,
Over rivers, plains, and mountains he would any minute haul us;
He slighted our home sorrows, and our spirits' aches and ailings,
To get the cargoes ready for his reg'lar Sunday sailings.

He would take us off a-touring in all spiritual weather,
Till we at last got homesick like, and seasick altogether;
And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-expressioned brother,
"That the Lord had made one cont'nent, and then never made another."

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into sweet, familiar places,
And pull along quite steady in the good old Gospel traces;
But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got her,
Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin' to the water!"



"I FOUND HIM IN HIS GARDEN, TRIM AN' BUOYANT AS A FEATHER."

And it wasn't the same old comfort when he called around to see us;
On a branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree us;
All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us,
And with oft-repeated stories still endeavor to surprise us.

IV.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'lly galled and stung us
To ask him, Would he kindly once more settle down among us?
Didn't he think that more home produce would improve our souls' digestions?
They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the questions.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;
He pressed my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian weather.
How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant hearts caressing,
Upon my benefactors I invoked the Heavenly blessing!"

V.

I went and told the brothers, "No, I can not bear to grieve him.
He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to leave him.
I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;
But I can not take it from him: if you want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to infold him,
And he looked so hurt and humbled that I knew some one had told him.
Subdued like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal;
But every word he uttered was pre-eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it.
'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a pain to hear him word it.
"When I was in—" was maybe half a dozen times repeated,
But that sentence seemed to scare him, and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on his old smile would occasionally brighten,
But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;
He would look off to the eastward, with a listful, weary sighing,
And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

VI.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us;
The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us:
Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning,
In that Wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning.

O tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips, half parted,
Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started!
Could you preach once more among us, you might wander without fearing;
You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.

ADMIRAL HIRAM PAULDING.

THE 19th day of August in the year 1812 should be a day ever memorable in the annals of American history, for on that day the charm of British invincibility on the high seas was broken by the capture of his Majesty's frigate *Guerrière* by the United States frigate *Constitution*.

If a not unnatural spirit of vainglory took possession of the American mind at this quite unlooked-for result of the contest between two ships of war of very nearly equal force, it may be imagined the exuberant joy which filled all patriotic hearts at the tidings of the victories subsequently achieved on the Lakes, where the odds were certainly not in our favor.

The halo which to the popular imagination surrounded Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and the enthusiasm created by his terse dispatch announcing his success, have in a measure obscured the more sanguinary, hotly contested, and *important* battle on Lake Champlain; but, says Fenimore Cooper, "in the navy, which is better qualified to enter into just estimates of force and all other circumstances that enhance the merits of nautical exploits, the battle of Plattsburg Bay is justly placed among the very highest of its claims to glory." For it was the stubborn determination of Macdonough and his men which rolled back the tide of invasion, and freed the State of New York from all fear of British incursion during the remainder of the war.

The death of Commodore John Hodges Graham, whose munificent bequest of $150,000 to charitable purposes in this State was but lately announced, left but one officer, and it is believed but one survivor, of the famous fight on Lake Champlain, whose history, the record of a long and useful life spent in the service of his country, it is the purpose of this paper briefly to chronicle.

If it but serve as a stimulus to the apparently waning patriotism of the day, by showing the rising generation what manner of men were those who against very great odds upheld the honor of the American flag, and vanquished the traditional "mistress of the seas," the purpose of the writer will have been accomplished.

Hiram Paulding, late the senior rear-admiral on the retired list of the United States navy, was the son of the celebrated John Paulding, one of the captors of Major André, and was born in Westchester County, New York, on the 11th of December, 1797. He was consequently, at the time of his death, in his eighty-first year.

Brought up on his father's farm, the subject of this sketch led the usual life of a country lad, laboring at farm-work in the summer and attending the village school in winter, until he attained his fourteenth year, when Mr. Pierre Van Cortlandt, then a member of Congress, sent the father a midshipman's warrant for his son. The boy, on receiving this appointment, September 1, 1811, was placed with a certain Master Gibbons, an Irish exile, for the purpose of receiving instruction in mathematics and navigation; but so soon as war was declared with Great Britain his studies were brought to a close, and he was ordered to join Commodore Chauncey's squadron on Lake Ontario.

His journey northward in the summer of 1812 was eventful enough to be recorded at length did space permit. It is sufficient to say, however, that, making the voyage to Albany in an oyster schooner, and from thence to Utica in a lumbering old stage, at the latter place he fell in with a good-natured drum-major bound to Sackett's Harbor, and the two joined *en route* the regiment of Colonel Tuttle, which was making a forced march to the frontier. The regi-

ment reached Sackett's Harbor just in time to repel a raid of the Canadian forces which had landed in that vicinity, and now for the first time in his life the boy saw men bleeding from wounds as they were carried to the rear. His short service had already impressed Colonel Tuttle and his officers with the idea that for one so young he possessed in a remarkable degree intelligence, pertinacity, endurance, and pluck—the four essentials to a successful military career.

His fortunes, however, were not to be cast with Commodore Chauncey's command, though while with it he saw some stirring service; he was soon transferred to the *President*, on Lake Champlain, the flag-ship of the squadron of Master Commandant Macdonough, an officer of great spirit and experience, who had fought side by side with Decatur in all that officer's brilliant achievements before Tripoli. Fortunate indeed was young Paulding to have such a leader so early in his naval career.

But the years 1812–13 were not fortunate ones for the little flotilla. The *Growler* and *Eagle* were captured after a sanguinary contest, and the *President* was soon blockaded in Burlington Bay by the British squadron, Macdonough having but this one vessel—originally a transport—to oppose to the power of the enemy on the lake. Being a man of indomitable energy, he set to work during the winter of 1813–14 to *build* a squadron which should control the lake. During all this time our American seamen had many sharp skirmishes with the enemy on land and water, in which Paulding participated, and thus became inured to the vicissitudes and dangers of war. Meanwhile the *Saratoga*, of twenty-six guns, and the *Ticonderoga*, of seventeen guns, were built, other lake craft purchased and adapted to service, and by September 3 Macdonough found himself with his improvised squadron anchored in Plattsburg Bay, where he was joined by the brig *Eagle*, of twenty guns, which had been built with unexampled rapidity by the celebrated Henry Eckford, a Scotchman in our service.

About the same time the British army, admirably equipped, and nearly 12,000 strong, appeared before Plattsburg, held by General Macomb with less than 1500 men. The object of the enemy was doubtless to penetrate, if possible, as far as Albany, and the control of Lake Champlain became a matter of vital importance. One of our gun-boats in opposing the march of the British troops along the shore became disabled, and with some of the cutters of the squadron Midshipman Paulding, now attached to the *Ticonderoga*, was sent to tow her to a position of safety. In the teeth of a gale and under a heavy fire, with great difficulty and some loss of life, this, his first responsible service, was accomplished to the satisfaction of his superiors. Sir George Prevost now merely awaited the arrival of Commodore Downie's squadron to make a combined land and water attack on the Americans. At last, on the 11th September, 1814—a calm and beautiful Sunday morning—its signals were descried, and shortly after it rounded Cumberland Head, and with true British pluck, following Nelson's tactics at Trafalgar, "bows on," steered boldly for the American anchorage.

> "As they drifted on their path
> There was silence deep as death,
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time."

A light breeze set in, and soon the hostile squadron was within range of Macdonough's broadsides—

> "By each gun the lighted brand,
> In a bold, determined hand,"
> While the flower of Britain's land
> Led them on.

The sequel is known to history. Though greatly superior in force, the enemy was completely crushed, his commodore killed, and all the large vessels captured, some row-galleys, which had previously struck their colors, only escaping because there was not a mast in the American flotilla which would bear the pressure of canvas, so riddled were they by shot. At the close of the fight, of the seventeen British banners which had previously been displayed so vauntingly, not one was to be seen.

The sanguinary nature of this memorable battle may be appreciated when it is stated that the British flag-ship *Confiance* lost in killed and wounded, out of a crew of 300, no less than 124 persons, including the commodore. Macdonough's flag-ship, the *Saratoga*, lost fifty-seven killed and wounded out of a crew of 212 persons, and the other vessels suffered in proportion.

The American squadron being short of officers, our midshipman, though under seventeen years of age, was intrusted with a lieutenant's duties, and had charge of the second division of great guns on board of the *Ticonderoga*, commanded by Lieutenant Stephen Cassin. This vessel bore the whole brunt of the attack of the British row-galleys, and was magnificently fought. Our little hero was not conscious, at the close of the long and bloody contest, that he had performed any very special service; his pride and gratification, then, may be conceived when in the darkness of the ensuing night he overheard his commander Cassin say to one of the lieutenants, "That youngster Paulding is a brave little fellow." Says Cooper, in his history, "There was a common feeling of admiration at the manner in which the *Ticonderoga* defended the rear of the line, and the noble conduct of all on board of her. Once or twice the nearest vessels thought her to be in flames, in con-

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sequence of the awful rapidity of her fire." Cassin meanwhile walked his taffrail amid a shower of murderous missiles, perfectly cool and apparently unconcerned, seeming to bear a charmed life, while he directed young Paulding, who had charge of the quarter-deck guns under his eye, to train his cannon upon the advancing foe.

The consequences of the battle were immediate and important. Sir George Prevost retreated in haste, abandoning much of his heavy artillery and stores, and from that moment until the close of the war the frontier was clear of the enemy.

When peace was declared, Paulding joined the squadron of Commodore Decatur, fitted out to demand redress of the Barbary powers. On the 17th and 19th of June, 1815, he participated in the capture of the Algerine vessels *Mashoudah*, of forty-six guns, and *Estedio*, of twenty-two guns. The squadron soon appeared before Algiers, and forced the Dey to terms. Thence it proceeded to Tunis on a similar mission, and the result here can not better be told than in the words of the late Mr. M. M. Noah, of New York, our consul, who, on landing, was admitted to an audience of the Bey.

"Tell your admiral to come and see me," said the Bey. "He declines, your Highness, until those disputes are settled, which are best done on board ship." "But that is not treating me with becoming respect," said the Bey; "Hamuda Pasha, of blessed memory, commanded them to land and wait at the palace until he was ready to receive them." "Very likely, your Highness," said Noah, "but *that* was twenty years ago." After a pause the Bey exclaimed: "I know this admiral; he is the same one who in the war with Sida Yusef, of Trablis, burned the frigate." "The same," said Noah. "Hum! why do they send wild young men to treat for peace with old powers? Then you Americans do not speak the truth. You went to war with England, a nation with a great fleet, and said you took her frigates in equal fight. Honest people always speak the truth," concluded the Bey. "Well, your Highness, that was true," said the consul. "Do you see that tall ship in the bay, with a blue flag flying?—*that* is the *Guerrière;* the one near the small island is the *Macedonian*, captured by Decatur in equal fight; the sloop near Cape Carthage is the *Peacock*, also taken from the English in battle."

"The Bey," continues Mr. Noah, in his narrative, "laid down his telescope, reposed on his cushions, and with a small tortoise-shell comb set with diamonds combed his beard. A small vessel got under way and came near the Tunisian batteries; a pinnace with a few men rowed toward the harbor, and a person in the garb of a sailor was taking soundings. It was Decatur himself."

It is almost needless to add that the Bey promptly redressed all grievances, so great was the terror of Decatur's name and the prestige won by our navy in the recent war with Great Britain. The memory of these events still survives among the powers of the Barbary coast.

In April, 1816, Midshipman Paulding became a lieutenant by promotion, and until 1818, when he joined the *Macedonian*, served in the *Independence* (seventy-four) and *Prometheus* (brig), the latter in a cruise on our own coast.

The *Macedonian* made a cruise of over three years in the Pacific, during which time her officers had the great good fortune to witness one of the most daring exploits in naval annals—the cutting out of the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda*, by Lord Cochrane, from under the batteries of Callao Castle.

On his return to the United States, Lieutenant Paulding, feeling his deficiency in certain branches of science required by the naval profession, procured a leave of absence, and spent eighteen months in hard study at the Military Academy of Captain Partridge, in Norwich, Vermont, concluding his leave with some weeks spent in the disguise of a common sailor in a rigging loft in Boston, where one day his incognito was penetrated by the sudden entrance of a certain warrant officer who had served under him in the *Macedonian*.

It must be borne in mind that there were no naval academies in those days, and the opportunities afforded by the government to its naval officers for acquiring a knowledge of the scientific branches bearing on the profession were of the most meagre description. Paulding's wise foresight—characteristic of the man—enabled him to take rank with the best-informed men in the navy.

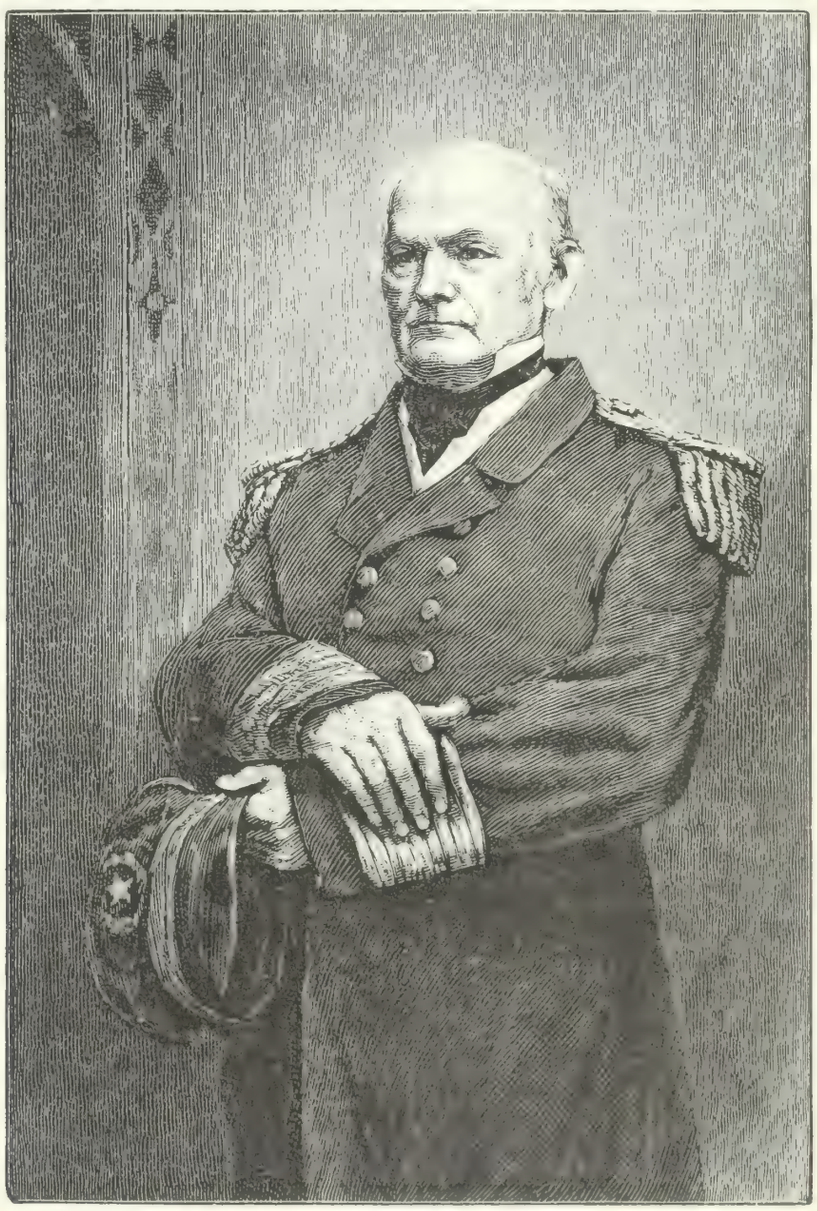
In the autumn of 1822 he joined Commodore Porter's squadron for the suppression of piracy in the West Indies, serving as first lieutenant of the *Sea-Gull*—the first steamer ever used for war purposes. This unique craft had originally been a Jersey ferry-boat, and the wits made very merry over her; but Porter rigged her as a galliot, and with her battery of three cannon she rendered very respectable service in the waters of Cuba, though the croakers in the navy declared she would founder in the first gale she encountered. In 1824, Commodore Porter's squadron having returned to a home port, Paulding was ordered to the frigate *United States*, and made a cruise of nearly four years in the Pacific, while there performing the important service of conveying dispatches from Commodore Hull to the camp of the "Liberator," Simon Bolivar. In this arduous and dangerous journey the young lieutenant traversed a belt of wild, arid, and mountainous country, making a

journey of nearly 1500 miles on horseback. An account of his adventures, under the title of "Six Weeks in the Camp of Bolivar," was subsequently printed in New York, and the pamphlet, which is exceedingly rare, is much sought after by collectors.

While attached to the frigate *United States*, Paulding, in 1826, volunteered for duty in the schooner *Dolphin*, and as her first lieutenant went to the savage Mulgrave Islands in search of the mutineers of the American whale-ship *Globe*. The *Dolphin* on this occasion was commanded by Lieutenant John Percival, better known in the navy as "Mad Jack"—a seaman of uncommon ability and fearlessness, but extremely eccentric. Among the midshipmen was the late Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis, who told the writer of this sketch that the boldest act he ever witnessed in all his life was performed by Lieutenant Paulding in the seizure of one of the mutineers in face of a mob of infuriated savages, several hundred in number, armed with clubs and spears. With only a cutter's crew Paulding landed, and while holding a parley suddenly seized his man, and covering his body with his human prize, marched him rapidly to the boat, a cocked pistol to his ear, the natives, who were friendly to the mutineer, being so much surprised by the audacity of the proceeding that they made no attempt at recapture until too late to do so.

A very interesting account of this cruise of the *Dolphin*, written by Paulding, was published in New York in 1831, the preface being so quaint and humorous as to show beyond dispute that all the wit of the family had not been confined to the author of "The Dutchman's Fireside."* When the *Dolphin* returned to the coast of South America, Paulding rejoined the frigate, and in 1828 found himself once more in New York.

From 1830 to 1844, though constantly employed at sea, his life was comparatively



REAR-ADMIRAL HIRAM PAULDING.

* James K. Paulding, afterward Secretary of the Navy, a cousin of the admiral.

uneventful. For two years he served in the Mediterranean as first lieutenant of the frigate *Constellation*, and in the same waters commanded the schooner *Shark*, of twelve guns, from 1834 to 1837. In February, 1837, he reached the rank of commander, and for three years commanded the *Levant*, on the West India station. In 1841, for the first time in thirty years' service, we find him on "shore duty," as executive officer of the New York Navy-yard, under Commodore James Renshaw. In 1844 he reached the rank of captain, and was sent to the East Indies in command of the *Vincennes*, of twenty guns. This cruise lasted three years, and proved the most dismal of his life, for while in China that dire scourge, the dysentery, broke out among the crew, and a very large proportion of the ship's company succumbed to its fatal effects. Spared himself, Paulding's humane and generous heart was a constant prey to the keenest emotions, witnessing the agonies he was powerless to relieve. The return of Commodore Biddle to the United States left him in command of the Asiatic station, a duty he performed, as he had ever performed all his duties, with zeal, discretion, and entire devotion to his country's interests. In 1848, after a brief respite on shore, he was ordered to command the "crack" frigate of the day, the *St. Lawrence*, of forty-four guns, and sent on a sort of diplomatic cruise to the north of Europe. This was to him probably the most interesting cruise of his life, for the French revolution had set all Europe in commotion, and the agitation for liberty extended to its remotest corners.

Our government was desirous of aiding the Germanic Confederation to establish a navy, and while at Bremerhaven several young Prussians were received on board of the *St. Lawrence* to be instructed in nautical science. Captain Paulding was invited by the late King of Prussia to visit Berlin, and was handsomely entertained at the royal palace. Accompanying Prince Adalbert, the Admiral of Germany, to Frankfort-on-the-Main, he was presented to the members of the German Parliament, who received him with great enthusiasm, and tendered him a high command in the German service, which he politely declined. It is not at all improbable that the German navy of to-day owes much of its efficiency to the ideas instilled by this American sailor into the mind of Prince Adalbert, who was an intelligent and progressive man. Captain Paulding returned home in 1851 to command the Washington Navy-yard, where he remained three years, upon the conclusion of which service he reached the highest naval position in the gift of his country, being appointed by the President to command the West India, or home squadron.

His broad pennant was at first hoisted on the old sailing frigate *Potomac* (forty-four), but later on in the new steam-frigate *Wabash*—a beautiful vessel, of great power for that day, carrying forty of the new Dahlgren cannon, and over seven hundred men.

Paulding, now in his fifty-eighth year, had reached the goal of his professional hopes, and many anecdotes are related of the ability and dignity of his administration of the affairs of this squadron at a most eventful period. The Captain-General of Cuba declared he was the most distinguished naval officer in bearing that he had ever seen in the port of Havana, and indeed he deserved the compliment. Of stalwart frame and commanding presence, he combined with dignity of mien and courtliness of address the greater dignity of intellect, and, though a strict disciplinarian, a kindly, benevolent manner irresistibly attractive to all seamen who ever came in contact with him. His officers and men universally admired and respected him, and though a man of most positive views and character, it is not known that in a long professional career of sixty-seven years he ever had a single personal enemy in the service. His popularity with the men was once amusingly illustrated during the odious *régime* of flogging. Said an old sailor (afterward a boatswain famous for his seamanship and incorrigible habit of intemperance), "I would rather have the 'old man' [meaning Paulding] lick me any day than get a first-class 'billet' from any other man."

But the command of the home squadron was no sinecure. On the 8th of December, 1857, he arrested Walker the filibuster, with all his men, at Greytown, in Nicaragua, and sent him to the United States for trial. For this praiseworthy maintenance of treaty obligations and neutrality laws he was promptly relieved from his command by President Buchanan, who hastened in a special message to Congress to disavow all complicity in Paulding's resolute act! The Ostend Manifesto had borne its legitimate fruit, and the Knights of the Golden Circle had no mind for any such doings as the arrest of their agent Walker. Commodore Paulding went into retirement with the sympathy of millions of his fellow-citizens, while the republic of Nicaragua, whose soil it was pretended he had violated, hastened to tender him its thanks, a large tract of very valuable land, and a magnificent jewelled sword, which last, Congress, in 1861, allowed him to accept.

At the period of his relief Commodore Paulding had commanded the squadron nearly three years, but for the remainder of President Buchanan's term he was utterly ignored. He bore it all very patiently, sustained by the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and bided his time. Great events were now hastening, and the flames

of civil war soon spread far and wide. The first naval officer sent for by President Lincoln was Hiram Paulding, who was detailed to assist Secretary Welles in the Navy Department. His loyalty and devotion to his flag were every where known, and while traitors and trimmers were numerous even in the navy, his voice, at least, gave out no uncertain sound, for it summoned his comrades to the impending conflict for national unity and equal rights to all men under the flag. The noble old man who in his boyhood had seen the proud cross of St. George lowered to the Stars and Stripes amid the smoke and din of desperate battle, was not one to willingly allow a single star to fade from the union of the glorious old banner under which he had fought: so he reasoned with his life-long friend Commodore Tattnall, at heart a Union man. The two men had grown gray together in the navy, had become devoted friends in early life, had named their children after each other, and now, alas! they were to part and turn their swords against each other's breast. Tattnall, a man of chivalric impulses, is said to have shed bitter tears at this interview with his old comrade, and yet, though no sympathizer with secession, no persuasions, entreaties, or remonstrances on the part of Paulding could turn him from his inflexible resolve to cast his fortunes with his native State.

Years after, when the war had ended, the writer was present at an accidental meeting of the two men in New York city. "Why, Joe, you dear old *rebel*, how are you?" said Paulding, clapping the ex-Confederate on the shoulder with a force fit to fell an ox: and thereupon he took the broken-hearted old man to his beautiful home on the shores of Long Island Sound, where he entertained him many days, the sad chapter of the civil war being never once alluded to. Paulding's generous forgetfulness of the past was not lost on the brave sailor who at the disastrous repulse of the British on the Peiho, in China, declared blood to be "thicker than water;" and the two men parted firmer friends than ever, never again to meet on earth, for shortly afterward Commodore Tattnall died.

Among the many onerous duties devolving on Commodore Paulding in 1861 was that most disagreeable task, the destruction of the Norfolk Navy-yard.

This affair, which has been much criticised by some persons unfamiliar with all the facts, and by some military men who kept well to the rear in the dark days of April, 1861, was, under the circumstances in which Commodore Paulding found the yard on April 20, a necessity, painful but unavoidable. Vacillation on the part of the commandant and treason or indifference on the part of his subordinates had led to the scuttling of the fine steam-frigate *Merrimac* and other vessels even before Commodore Paulding had reached Fortress Monroe from Washington. This reduced affairs to such a condition that the abandonment of the yard became a necessity, the government not having the requisite force to hold it, and the destruction of the public property followed, as a consequence of the *written* orders under which Commodore Paulding was acting. His conduct received the entire approval of President Lincoln and Secretary Welles, who fully realized the stern necessity which prompted his course, it being impossible *at that time* to spare the steamer *Pawnee* for the defense of Norfolk, the national capital being itself in serious jeopardy.

In September, 1861, Commodore Paulding served as a member of the board to examine the plans of iron-cased vessels, and its report is memorable as having recommended the building of the *Monitor*—a creation of the wonderful genius of Ericsson. Shortly after this he was ordered to command the New York Navy-yard, the most important station the government possessed. His duties here were arduous to a degree; but although in his sixty-fifth year, and technically "retired," he served in this trying command during the entire civil war, infusing energy into his subordinates, and sending to the scenes of battle and blockade hundreds of vessels and thousands of men. It was entirely due to his foresight that the *Monitor* was so speedily equipped for service, and a telegram received on the night of March 5, 1862, countermanding her orders to Fortress Monroe, and instructing Captain Worden to lose no time in proceeding with his vessel direct to Washington after passing the capes, was withheld by Commodore Paulding, who had private advices of the danger of longer delay in the dispatch of this vessel to Hampton Roads. This enabled the vessel to confront the *Merrimac* on the 9th of March, and thus end her career of destruction.

In July, 1862, the grade of rear-admiral was created for the first time in American history, and President Lincoln directed by the act to appoint ten of the most distinguished retired officers to that grade. Hiram Paulding was one of the ten so appointed, and, having survived all his comrades, was, at the time of his death, the oldest admiral in the navy.

When the memorable draft riots broke out in New York city in July, 1863, the safety of the most valuable portion of the town from confusion and pillage was largely due to the energy and foresight of this veteran officer, who, not content with causing gunboats to patrol the rivers, dispatched within two hours a naval battalion of seamen and marines to report to General Wool for duty,

and moored vessels at all important points, with their cannon ready to sweep the streets if necessary. This enabled the New York police to make head against the mob, and the riot was after a time put down without other material aid.

In the course of a long, and, as we have seen, very eventful life, and in his many positions of honor and trust, Admiral Paulding always acted with ability and quiet courage tempered with discretion, exhibiting an ever-zealous devotion to the public good, which made him the recipient of several noteworthy marks of distinction.

Congress, by its joint resolution of October 20, 1814, voted him a sword for gallantry on Lake Champlain; the testimonials of Nicaragua have already been alluded to; finally King Victor Emmanuel conferred on him the decoration of the equestrian order of St. Maurice (an Italian order of knighthood), and Congress having authorized its acceptance, it was received by this sturdy republican veteran with a queer twinkle in his blue eyes. But he put it carefully away, and it is probable few of his neighbors ever knew they had an Italian knight "commendatore" residing in their vicinity.

From 1866 to 1869 the admiral was governor of the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia, and in 1870 was assigned to the merely nominal duty of port admiral at Boston, a post he did not solicit, in consequence of his age and infirmities, and which was tendered by the department simply as a compliment for past services, and to increase his rather scanty salary.

This service ended in 1871, after which time he quietly resided on his farm at Lloyd's Harbor, on Long Island Sound. Here, retired from the world and its cares, he led a peaceful, happy life, surrounded by his children and his grandchildren—his sword turned to ploughshare and his spear to pruning-hook.

For many weeks previous to his death, which occurred on Sunday, October 20, 1878, the old man had been gradually failing in health. All his old comrades in the stirring events of 1812–15 had preceded him across the dark river and into the land of shadows. He was alone, and in his moments of suffering often wearied of that loneliness, comparing his lot to that of some war-worn, weather-beaten hulk of the olden time, whose companions had long since disappeared in storm and battle. At last came the final signal from the Great Captain, and obediently the faithful seaman answered the call, and quietly departed on that unknown voyage which knows no ending.

In a lonely corner of the Huntington cemetery, on a gentle slope overlooking the blue waters of the noble Sound—the Connecticut hills in the dim distance—lie the mortal remains of Hiram Paulding, the brave, honest, patriotic sailor.

A PICTURE AND A PARABLE.

An old-time ingle, warm and wide,
Shaming our modern manners,
Where backwood monarchs, side by side,
Fling up their rival banners,
And send their gleaming cohorts fast
The flying shadows after,
Till warmth and comfort glow at last
From shining floor to rafter;
Now glittering in the silver store
Of heirlooms with a story,
Now weaving saintly halos for
The elder's crown of glory;
But tenderest the fire-light glows,
And merriest is glancing
Upon a boy with cheek of rose,
In baby frolic dancing
About a loving father's knee,
Whose brow of care unbending
To join in all the baby glee
Is father's fondness lending;
While, with her loving smile for all,
The gentle household mother
Moves queenly through her kingdom small,
Nor longs for any other,
But muses, in a happy way,
Whether on earth there may be
Another such papa to play
Bo-peep with such a baby.
Full well the picture I recall
My childish fancy greeted,
And which the scene that most of all
I liked to have repeated:
How, when his father's hiding-place
The boy could not discover,
A while he stood with puzzled face
Thinking the matter over,
Then stooped with sudden roguery
And airs of mock confiding,
And peeped beneath a chip to see
If there papa was hiding;
And how the trick brought papa out
With sudden peal of laughter,
And joyous was the baby's shout,
And wild the frolic after.

And still my fancy lingers in
The pretty, childish story,
And thinks a deeper sense to win,
As from an allegory;
For what do we with childish wits—
More witless children rather—
Seeking beneath our chips and bits
Of truth to find the Father—
"Lo here, lo there"—when every where
His walls of home do hold us,
The warmth and love-light of His care
By day and night infold us?
And when we lay us down to sleep,
And scenes of earth forsake us,
His presence still our souls shall keep,
His morning kiss shall wake us.
Does not the Father's pity yearn
To comfort them that fear Him,
Until within His arms they learn
That they are always near Him?



FLOATING ISLANDS IN THE ARARY RIVER.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE AMAZONS.

I.—ISLE OF MARAJÓ.

DURING the last twenty-five years much has been written concerning the valley of the Amazons. Wallace, Bates, Agassiz, Orton, and many other scientific men of note have spent years there, without seeing, however, more than a small portion of that world of water and verdure. For a long time to come these regions will be still new, and each fresh traveller's experiences will bear the character of novelty.

Knowing that all the great rivers of the world—the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Danube, the Nile, and others—open into the ocean by immense deltas, geographers and naturalists, though wondering that the greatest river of them all, the Amazons, should form an exception, have agreed to accept the conclusion that the fresh-water king has no delta. After many an excursion through the immense archipelago which obstructs the opening of the Amazons I have come to quite a different conclusion.

Professor Agassiz considered the island of Marajó as originally a continuation of the valley of the Amazons, believing he recognized in it the geological structure of the latter in all its details. He supposed that the island of Marajó had been, at some date, "an integral part of the glacial deposits that formed the whole valley," and at a later period became an island in the bed of the river, which, dividing into two arms, encircled it completely; and then, joining again in a single stream, flowed onward to the seashore, "which in those days lay much farther to the eastward than it now does." Strange as it may seem, Professor Agassiz, while maintaining that "the sea is eating away the land much faster than the river can build it up," ignored the possibility that this delta, the asserted absence of which so sorely puzzles geographers, might have been washed away in great part, and that the immense archipelago at the opening of the Amazons should be considered as the remains thereof. Old canals and swamps have been filling and new ones forming every day. In the wet season the islands, however numerous they may have previously been, are divided into many smaller ones by a network of channels tenfold more complex than during the dry season. They have an alluvial formation. The reticulation of the Amazonian delta is not circumscribed by the two main branches of the river—that is, by the Amazons proper and the Pará River—but by means of rivers, lakes, streamlets, and channels it extends from the mouth of the river Xingu as far down the southeastern coast of Brazil as Maranham. The northern part of the province of Pará, during the wet season, is naught but a vast swamp intersected by channels more numerous than those which reticulate the delta of the Nile. Two boats were dispatched to Salinas last March from the steamer *Richmond* in search of a pilot. They were missing several days, and at last given up as wrecked among the breakers of the dreadful Salinas Bay; but later on they made their appearance at Pará, after rowing many

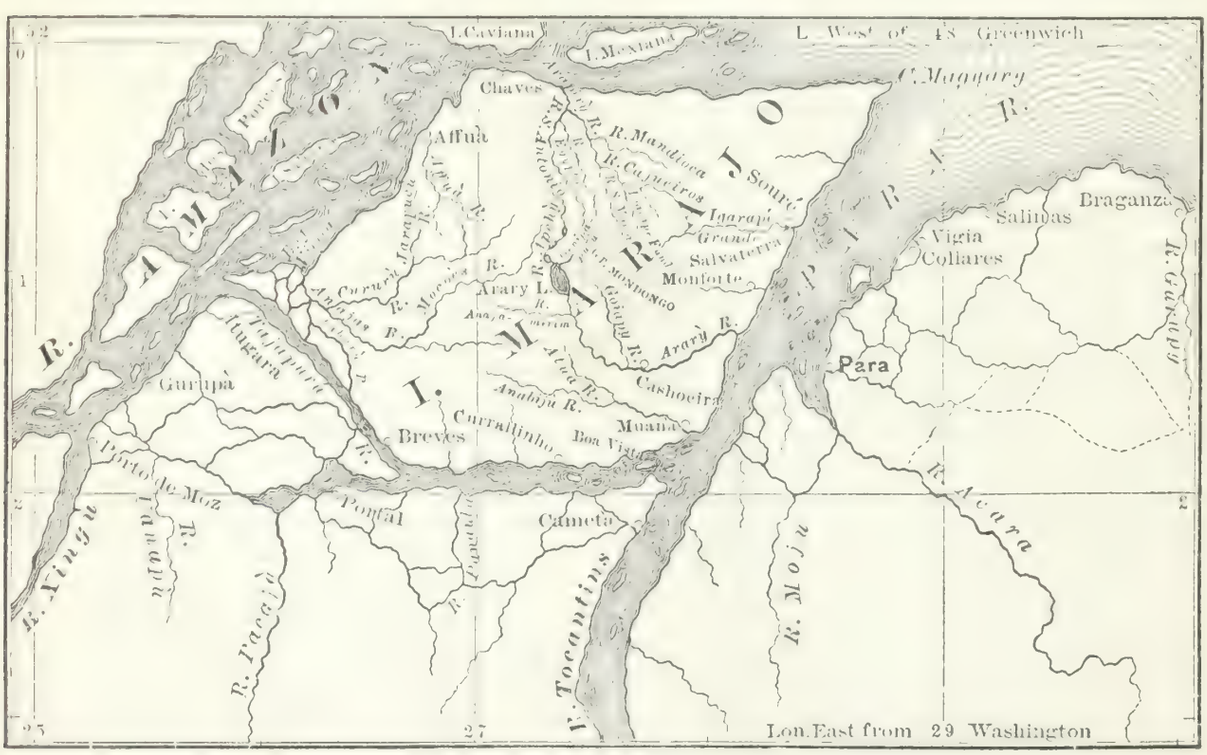
days overland among luxuriant submerged forests, and through creeks and lakes which for countless miles netted the province, and finally communicated with the Pará River.

Marajó is the largest island of South America, and is situated between the Amazons and the Atlantic Ocean. Shaped somewhat like a lozenge from which a corner has been broken away, it is separated from the continent by several natural channels, through which the waters of the Amazons expand themselves before forming the southern branch of the river. The northern coast of the island runs nearly parallel to the equatorial line, from which it is at some points only seven miles distant. From Maguary Point, the eastern extremity of the northern coast, to the mouth of the Cajuúna—a canal marking its western boundary line—Marajó extends about 150 geographical miles, its greatest width from north to south being always below 100 miles. On the white sands of Maguary a ceaseless strife is waged between the green waves of the ocean and the yellow current of the river. At high tide the point stands but a few lines above the water-level, at every instant seemingly about to be submerged, but in reality never covered. A nearly diagonal line drawn from northwest to southeast in front of the ocean-like expanse of the mouth of the Tocantins divides the island into two nearly equivalent sections, the southwestern being covered with woods, and called *mattas*, while the northeastern is an endless prairie (*campos*), relieved at rare intervals by groves of trees. The former is of extraordinary fertility even for a tropical country; it yields nearly every variety of wood known in Northern Brazil. The India rubber tree grows so plentifully that this section has been styled the El Dorado of the India rubber collector.

Low as the *campos* and *mattas* are, there are in the island tracts of marshy ground whose level is lower than that of the river. It appears that these were formerly lakes and streamlets which in the course of time became filled with an overgrowth of marshy plants and water sediments caught in their meshes. These swamps are generally called *baixas* (low lands). Some of these (called *mondongos*) are from fifteen to twenty miles in circumference, and abound in myriads of reptiles, electric eels, and leeches, which render approach to those solitudes the more dangerous as they are recognized with difficulty by any one not a native.

When the rainy season begins, the baixas naturally fill up with rain; a flood spreads far and wide through the land until outlets are reached in some of the lakes and rivers of the island. The lake Arary, almost in the centre of the island, in the prairie region, is most noteworthy. If a morning excursion on the lake is delightful, the evening stroll on the beach is no less so, when the water is dyed with the purple sunset, and the quiet of the scenery is broken here and there by a fire along the shore, casting into dark relief the figures of Indians cooking their supper.

The average width of the lake varies from two to two and a half miles, and its length from north to south, exclusive of the numerous ramifications formed by the river Apehy, is almost ten miles. During the wet season —from November to June—the lake contains from fifteen to twenty feet of clear and very palatable water; but in summer its waters fall as low as seven, and even four



THE MOUTHS OF THE AMAZONS.

feet, and being continually stirred to their lowest depths by trade-winds, they become muddy, and assume a leaden color and a disagreeable saline taste.

The most important river in the island is also called the Arary. Starting from the southern extremity of the lake, and describing countless sinuosities, it takes a southeasterly direction across the prairies, and offers some lovely bits of landscape to any tourist whose poetic feeling is not too easily subdued by apparent monotony, and who is able to detect the variety with which nature ever clothes its works, however resembling one another in general outlines. Below the village of Cashoeira the Arary becomes narrower, darker, and drearier; in some places, during several months in the year, the sea-grass and wild cane often grow so thick in the bed and along the banks as to obstruct the passage of boats. It was only by using our wood-knives, or *terzados*, as they are called by Brazilians, after the same fashion as in my excursions through the Amazonian forests, that our boat was made to take its way up to the village. After turning the baixa of Moirin, however, and assuming an easterly course, the Arary widens considerably, its surroundings become more pleasant, its waters grow clearer, its banks become rocky and higher, and finally, after passing through farms, sugar-cane and cocoa plantations, and changing its course to southeast by south, it discharges itself into the Marajó Bay (another name for the Pará River), leaving to its right the important island of Santa Anna do Arary.

Having alluded to the *fazendas* along the banks of the Arary, I can not forbear mentioning the most extensive and important of them all, namely, the National Fazenda do Arary. It covers nearly two thousand square miles. Administrative mismanagement, absence of intelligent direction, horse and cattle stealing, organized on the widest scale throughout the cattle-raising portion of the island, the epizooty that has ravaged the country for many years, the yearly floods —these and other causes combine to render this farm, which might form elsewhere the wealth of a government, a burden to the state. The farm-house, now the dwelling of the superintendent, is situated in a most picturesque spot. It was built by missionaries some time during the last century, and is located on a table-land which surmounts the highest floods. The house is two-storied, capacious, and solidly built, although bearing externally the marks of its great age. Its accommodations are good, and a veranda runs around three of its sides. The plentiful hooks for hammocks affixed to the walls and supports of this veranda called up visions of the many naps and swings enjoyed, with the cooling trade-winds, by the easy-going monks of older times, and the vast pigeon and hen coops near at hand told similarly of the good cheer to which they were not impartial. At the time of my visit I found the cellar beneath the house filled with water; but whether the worthy ecclesiastics of yore had it built for that or some other purpose is an open question. On the right of the farm still remain the ruins of the exterior walls of a chapel, half hiding the riot of wild vegetation within. And here another little problem presented itself to my mind: what reason was I to assign for the fact that those devout monks built their own dwelling so much more enduring



ENTANGLED IN THE SEA-GRASS ON THE ARARY RIVER.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB



THE MONTARIA, OR WINTER WAGON OF MARAJÓ.

than that of their God? Further to the right stand the ranch-houses, sixteen in number, and constructed of wet clay and wooden frames. There lived the slaves employed by the missionaries. During a certain period of the wet season the Arary offers a singular phenomenon to the eyes of the traveller: its waters run in opposite directions; the lower part of the river runs down to the bay, while the upper part flows sluggishly backward and throws itself into the lake, to resume its natural course when the latter has attained its maximum depth.

I have called attention to the fact that the Arary was sometimes closed to navigation by the overgrowth of the sea-grass or wild cane. The navigation of many of the rivers in the island is impeded by the same hinderance, though locomotion is not wholly stopped in this way. Be these plants hewn away by the hand of man or carried off by the currents, they gather again in thick-matted floating islands, and not rarely arrest the progress of a steamer until her wheels and bow are cleared from their entanglement. The denseness of these floating islands, or *barrancos*, is sometimes astonishing. While exploring the Tartarugas River I have seen half a dozen cows race wildly over a barranco as upon dry land, moving with it down the river, without at all disturbing its compactness.

Next to the Arary in length and importance is the Anajas, whose manner of formation is clearly shown by the map. Broad and deep, this river affords no obstacle to navigation for over half its course, and is very picturesque, with its luxuriant forest emerging from the river edges, and especially so in the tract where the village of Anajas arises at the junction of two tributaries of the river.

The temperature, as a matter of course, is very high throughout the island, the heat being, however, stronger in the forests of the west than in the prairies of the east, as an impenetrable screen of foliage neutralizes in the former the beneficial action of the sea winds. It is the privilege of the woodland, particularly of the Ingapos, where the India rubber collector is most frequently found, to be the native land of the intermittent fever.

Here man, literally buried in lakes of verdure, breathing only the pestilential exhalations of decomposing vegetation and stagnant water, must be said to perish slowly rather than live, his mode of living hastening nature's destructive work. The fish upon which he feeds, the *cachaça* (Brazilian whiskey) he must drink to check artificially the action of the deleterious elements absorbed by his constitution and to give his system a fleeting strength, do not constitute the healthiest *régime*. Nor is his dwelling at all calculated to add to his physical improvement. Too indolent to prepare comfortable lodgings for himself when he knows that he is to live in the place only a part of the year, he hardly builds up a shed sufficient to shelter him from the rain. I have seen hundreds of "siringueiros" who had no other dwelling than their mosquito-net under a small thatched roof of palm leaves, and even some whose sole protection against the rain and the dreadful dampness of the night was a few banana leaves spread on the top of the net. The mosquito-net of the Indian is not of the filmy consistency known to most of our readers. Brazilian insects are not so easily mitigated as their comparatively civilized brethren of the North; those of Marajó particularly are very bold, and for them a net of thick, impervious cloth is requisite, offering no opening to their intrusiveness. For this purpose the net usually falls upon a mat of hide stretched on the ground beneath, and is provided with sleeves for the ropes of the hammock, about which the former are always tightly fastened.

Although at present the India rubber forms the wealth of Northern Brazil, it will be soon found that no real improvement is possible without a clearing of the land—an operation seriously inconsistent with the culture of the tree. The intermittent fever destroys more than half the number of the workers. Only a few can endure the climate for five or six seasons. The natives are fully aware of this, but as the labor is the lightest and most remunerative, the majority confront all dangers, and continue to collect it, unmindful of every thing save the prospect of idleness during one-half of the year. Agriculture and the really civilizing industries are neglected; ignorance, indolence, and misery prevail even in those villages which possessed the most promising outlook before the India rubber trade had entirely supplanted the culture of the sugar-cane, coffee, cocoa, cotton, mandioca, and Indian corn.



AFFUA, ON THE WEST COAST, ISLAND OF MARAJO.

Life on the prairies is comparatively healthier and more enjoyable. There one can easily detect upon the countenances of the inhabitants the healthful work of the sea-breezes. Fevers are not uncommon even in this section of the country during the months of November and December, but they are not productive of such deadly effects as those of the woodland. No country in the world changes so much its aspect as this section of Marajó as seasons succeed to one another. The prairies look most delightful in the earliest part of summer, when vegetation is in its glory, when herons, ducks, and ciganas are plentiful on the



SOURE AND SALVATERRA.

grass, and flocks of minor birds, with their gorgeous plumage glittering in the sun, fill the air with music and motion, while from the reedy grasses comes mysteriously the deep note of the unicorn,* so greatly praised in Brazil, and so seldom to be seen; and horses are galloping around and cows quietly pasturing among water-lilies—not delicate, small plants growing timidly among mosses and ferns, but giant flowers with leaves four or five feet in diameter. When summer draws to a close, the prairie assumes other forms. The graminaceas upon which the cattle feed become withered and die; the clayey soil, parched by the violent heat, breaks into huge yawning, irregular cracks, and the whole scene is transformed into a wild desert. The dry grass is set on fire, and, the winds having greatly diminished, a dense cloud of smoke hangs over this part of the island, through which the sun appears as if seen through a smoked glass. It is at this time that the cattle-raisers and their *vaqueiros* are seen galloping from farm to farm over the endless plains, their pace scarcely interrupted by the terrible swamps, for the purpose of collecting and branding their herds of cattle —an arduous work, but, owing to the great number of people it brings together, it assumes the character of a rural festival, by no means the least noisy in Brazil. Well-nigh exhausted by the hardships of the day, they seek at night recuperation in dancing and wild merriment. Their favorite dance is the quadrille, but they throw into it so much of their characteristic movements that it loses its conventional aspect, and in the eyes of a foreigner assumes the odd form of a wild national orgy, the pipes in the mouths of the female dancers strongly intensifying the grotesqueness of the scene.

When the flood season comes, only the higher portions of the island, termed *tezos*, are dry. "The island of San Juan" (as Marajó was formerly called), wrote the worthy engineer Simócs de Carvalho in 1799, "is an immense pot of water for one half of the year; for the other half, an immense pot of verdure." At the time of my second visit, although the flood had not been very great that year, the prairies were a great lake, from which here and there emerged an island-like strip of land covered with grass or groves of trees. I saw canoes move above these fields over which a few months before I had seen vaqueiros gallop, and enormous fishes dart where mammalia had pastured heretofore. Where the waters were low I saw *montarias** attached to the tails of oxen, and driven exactly as one would a cart.

As stated above, cattle-raising is one of the main industries of the island. This industry was introduced by the farmer Francisco Rodriguez Pereira. The missionaries extended the industry, and toward the end of the eighteenth century cows and oxen were reckoned at 500,000 head, and horses at twice that number. This enormous multiplication of the species soon engendered proportionate evils. The horses became almost wild, and so ravaged the prairies as

* The unicorn is "a large bird, half wader, half fowl, belonging to the genus *Palamedea*."—Agassiz.

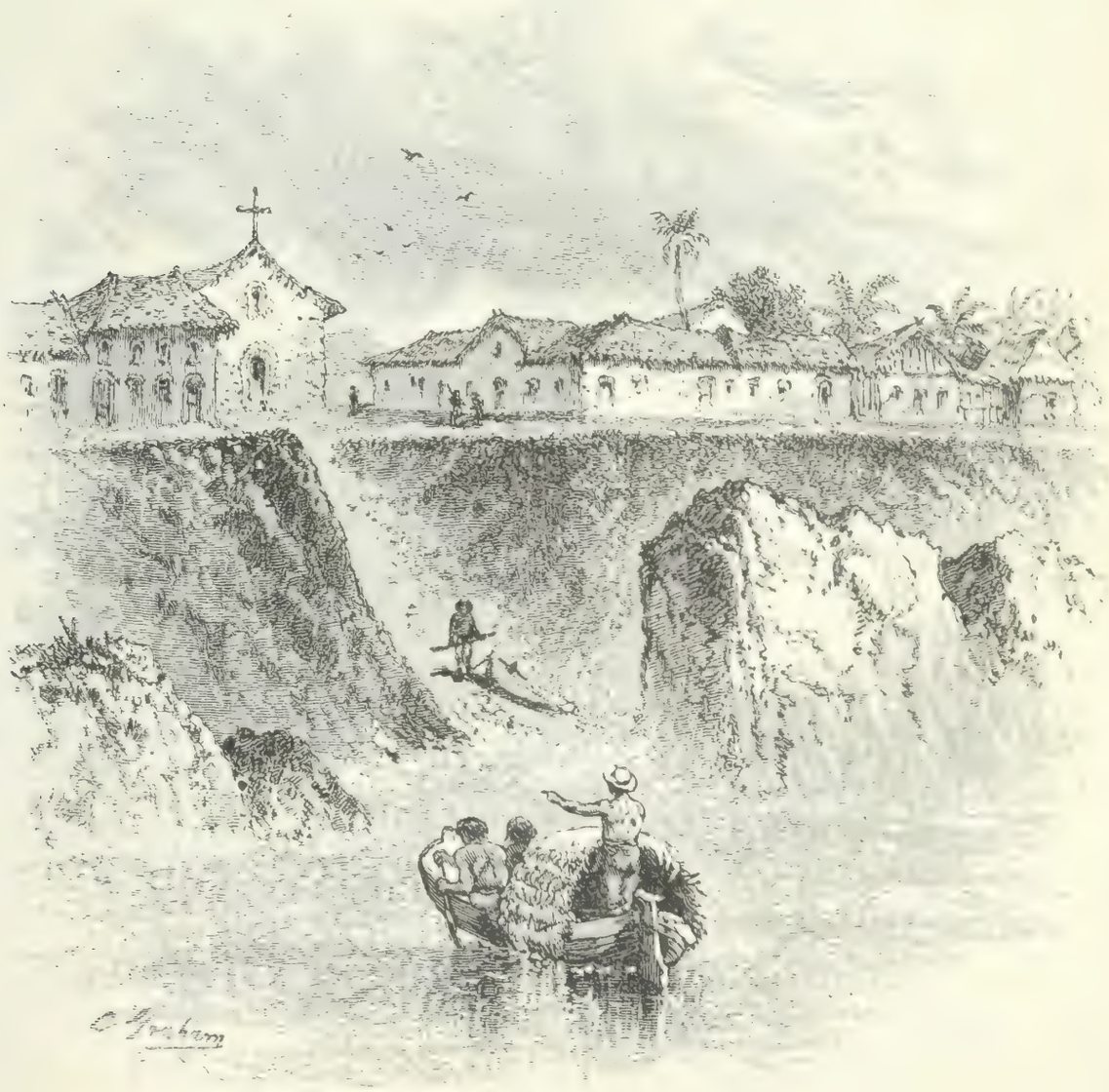
* An Indian canoe having a cabin covered by a thatched roof of palm leaves.

not to leave sufficient food for the cattle, the latter being ultimately forced to betake themselves to the swamps, where they perished in enormous numbers from their inability to extricate themselves from the mud. Fifty years ago the farmers of Marajó applied to the government for radical measures against this multitude of wild horses. They are now obliged to seek governmental assistance to preserve the race, and have to pay for a horse sixty times over.

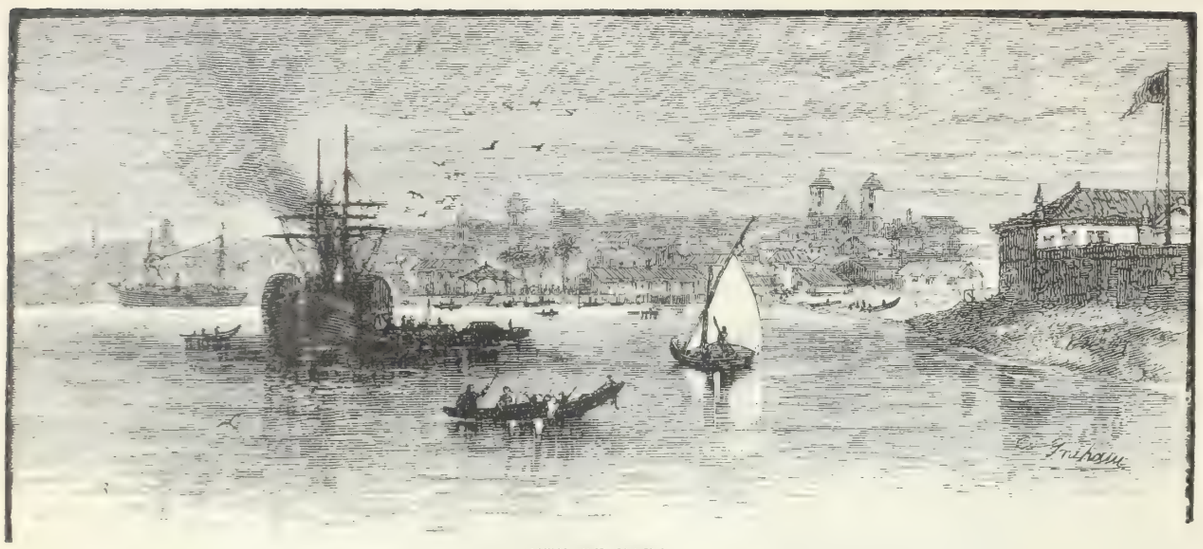
In 1825, just when the farmers' complaints were most pressing upon the government, an Englishman begged leave of the President of the province to buy and kill 50,000 horses, with the object of exporting their hides and manes. License being readily granted, he bought them at from five to seventeen cents apiece. The example was followed by other English and French speculators, all of whom retired rich from the traffic, and with the title of benefactors of the island of Marajó. Meanwhile, as the contractors were not held by any condition to bury the carcasses of the slaughtered animals, these remained for a long time on the prairies, and, putrefying rapidly, caused the atmosphere to become so vitiated as to forbid approach to the locality. A terrible epizooty was the natural consequence of this reckless procedure, the efforts of the cattle-raisers and of the provincial and general governments proving alike unavailing against the disease for over forty years. Nor has it yet wholly disappeared.

The floods, too, destroy the cattle by thousands yearly. People who at the opening of the wet season owned 2000 head found sometimes that their stock had been reduced to 300 at its close. What the Brazilian government does to improve the condition of the island and avert the evil, beyond sending engineers to study the important problem, it would be difficult to say; but I fear a long time will elapse before any decided progress is made.

The population of the island is estimated at 36,000, and it is divided into three counties (*comarcas*), which are subdivided into five districts (*termos*), the latter embracing eight villages, to each of which is given the pompous title of *villa*, or city. Chaves, a village on the northern coast, commands an extensive view of the Amazons, the large



CHAVES, ON THE NORTH COAST.



CITY OF PARA.

island of Cavianà, and, toward the northeast, of the canal which divides the latter from the island of Mexiana. The village is formed by two squares and by two roads, which are cut at right angles by two smaller ones. The population does not exceed 300 in number. There are two primary schools, attended by eighteen male and twelve female children. A division of the sexes is deemed necessary; hence the number of schools in the island—thirty for 400 pupils. A vessel of the Amazons Steam Navigation Company, under government contract, places this village in monthly communication with Pará. Deprived by nature of any harbor, and entirely exposed to currents and winds, approach to Chaves is often dangerous and always difficult for boats of any size. Chaves might be termed a nomadic city, as it has more than once changed its situation, retiring each time further inland. The police head-quarters were formerly established at the point where now the steamers of the company drop anchor. An old church used to stand 240 yards out in the river, so large a portion of the shore having been here detached by the Amazons within the last century. Some detached portions of the coast and some ruins of private houses still exist on the river-edge, which bear witness to the growing sway of the currents at this point during the last twenty-five years.

Salvaterra and Souré, shown in another illustration, deserve mention. The former is built on the right bank of the Igarapé Grande at its opening into the Pará River, the latter on the left bank a short distance above. From Salvaterra, Souré may be seen, rising on a rocky strip of land, comparatively high above the prairie and the windings of the stream—altogether a charming bit of landscape. These are cool spots, too, and command a magnificent view of the river Pará. So much sea-water is brought by the tide to the Igarapé Grande that from August to January Souré and Salvaterra are abundantly frequented as watering-places by the Paranese, and would be still more so if they offered less meagre accommodations to visitors.

With the exception of Anajas, Cashoeira is the only village in the interior of the island. It is situated on the prairies along the left bank of the Arary, twenty-two miles above its mouth. It is a neat and well-built village, although not picturesque. The main trade of Cashoeira, like that of Souré, is the exportation of cattle—to the extent of 10,000 head per annum. Cotton, rice, mandioca, cocoa, and other commodities are also produced, but in quantities insufficient for the needs of the place, despite the fact that the soil is of the richest nature, and particularly adapted to all kinds of agricultural produce. Five or six square miles of this land in the hands of one or two hundred Americans would yield enough farinha de mandioca—the Brazilian bread—to feed all the inhabitants of the two provinces of Pará and Amazonas.

II.—THE CITY OF PARÁ.

Although the city of Pará is but seventy miles distant from the mouth of the Amazons, and the breadth of the Pará River varies from thirty-six to twenty miles, it is by no means an easy matter for vessels unacquainted with the locality to make their way up the great river to that city. Owing to the ceaseless alterations in the sea and river bottom—the work of the contending currents of the two elements—it is suggested by all books of "Instructions for Navigators along the Brazilian Coasts," that captains bound for Pará should anchor in front of the light-house at Atalaia Point, in not less than eight fathoms of water, and signal for a pilot, who is supposed to exist in Salinas Bay, near Atalaia, and the only port of entry to the vast regions watered by the Amazons. To secure a pilot at Salinas is, if less dangerous, even a more uncertain undertaking than to approach the coast. The light-

house is uninhabited, save when the keeper proceeds thither in the evening to light its mysterious lamp. This personage does not even own marine glasses, and is commonly unprovided with the means of making signals, which, as a matter of course, are of a wholly esoteric nature. Usually he pays no heed whatever to the messages of anxiously waiting vessels. There is often a pilot at Salinas, in which case the absence of a suitable boat is an absolute certainty; or, if the boat is convenient, a pilot can not be found. When the Emperor of Brazil, on his way to Pará, passed, some four years ago, near Atalaia, he was delayed two days before a pilot made his appearance.

The Pará River, though only a branch of the Amazons, first strikes the traveller with a sense of its immensity. Both of its banks are never seen in one view. A great number of islands, veritable "summer isles of Eden," contract the view, and only a narrow blue line far to the right is all that is at times visible of the island of Marajó. The islands multiply as one nears Pará, and are more and more enlivened by the vision of pretty cottages nestled in foliage, and factories that wear so little of our Northern aspect of brick and toil and smoke that they, too, harmonize with their environment of bright trees and glorious flowers. As if to bring to memory the old wars, and the monopolies that were not less baneful to the improvement of the empire, when the Amazons was closed by Portuguese greediness against foreign navigation, there stands on a rock lying in the river-bed an ancient fort of circular shape, which, whatever its efficiency in the past, is now about as redoubtable for warlike purposes as a pasteboard castle would be. Nevertheless, all vessels intending to sail up the Amazons are expected to exchange salutes, and ask from this rheumatic old Gibraltar permission to proceed further.

The appearance of Pará from the harbor is in the highest degree pleasing. The numerous spires, towers, and cupolas of the churches, the lofty palatial edifices of the government, the red-tiled roofs, and finally the white façade of the tall row of buildings separated from the river by a line of cocoanut palms with bulbous stems, low-drooping clusters of heavy fruit, and plume-like hanging flowers, and beyond the city one wide and towering forest, while the wharf re-



GOVERNMENT PALACE.

sounds with the noise of a crowd of Indians, negroes, and whites, and the harbor swarms with canoes, launches, and steamers—all this presents a most picturesque view. In no other locality, perhaps, are civilization and barbarism contrasted with so strong and agreeable effect. The houses in the commercial quarter of the city are usually two-storied, plastered, and whitewashed, or painted red, yellow, or blue; not a few are faced with variously tinted porcelain tiles. Balconies and glass windows abound; but the old lattice casements are retained in the poorer quarters. If we except some of the business thoroughfares, the streets of Pará are generally unpaved; one literally wades through loose sand, which, after a rain-storm, is gullied into innumerable rivulets that render locomotion any thing but pleasant. The keeping of a seat in a vehicle is a mat-



RUA DE SAN JOSÉ.

ter requiring considerable gymnastic ability. Of the forty thousand inhabitants of Pará, there is only one person who indulges in the luxury of a private carriage, despite the fact that the Paranese are as fond of driving as the Parisians, and the public drivers do an excellent business.

If the old part of the city offers no greater attraction to the tourist than any ordinary town, it must be acknowledged that the new portion is very beautiful. The Rua de Nazareth (Nazareth Avenue), which, at the time when Bates, Wallace, and Agassiz undertook their journeys up the Amazons, was only a suburban road embellished at rare intervals by country-seats, is now lined for nearly two miles with pretty residences one or two stories high, with spacious verandas, and surrounded by majestic natural parks or elegant little gardens, and has become the aristocratic quarter of Pará. The air along the avenue is heavy with perfume of orange and lemon trees and other rich tropical fruits, and the sidewalks are edged with magnificent silk-cotton trees—huge trees whose trunks taper rapidly from the ground upward, to radiate again into a thick foliage of perpetual green, ample enough to completely shade the street from walk to walk, and whose flowers, before opening, look like "red balls studding the branches." The streets closely adjacent to the Rua de Nazareth are hardly less beautiful, and are similarly ornamented by stately rows of almond, silk-cotton, and cocoa-nut trees.



A PARANESE BELLE.

The Rua de Nazareth has a tramway running direct to Marco da Legua, a suburb about five miles distant. At this point the land slopes into a marshy hollow, in which are situated the public wells. Here innumerable noisy negresses wash the linen of the city, and here are filled painted hogsheads on wheels and drawn by bullocks. In the early morning this locality is full of activity. Negroes and *Gallegos*,* vociferating and wrangling, fill the lanes and alleys with their water-carts, and assemble for morning

* *Gallegos* is a name by which the Portuguese contemptuously call the Spaniards from Galicia, who migrate to Portugal and pursue the calling of water-carriers. Brazilians avenge the Spaniards by applying the same name to the Portuguese, and no less contempt is attached thereto.

drams in unwashed taverns at street corners. The other extremity of the tramway connects with the business part of the city, and the crowded cars, at the hours when people go to or return from their stores and offices, remind one for a moment of our busy American cities—for a moment, I say, for the horse is replaced by his outcast relative the mule, and the illusion is quickly destroyed.

The inhabited portion of the avenue is bisected by the Largo de Nazareth, or Nazareth Square, which is a misnomer, as the reservation is circular. Here are located the church and chapel devoted to the worship of Our Lady of Nazareth. Skin diseases are extraordinarily prevalent on the Amazons, the warm, moist atmosphere often retarding the healing of wounds and sores, and converting them into serious matters. A beggar in receiving alms will express his gratitude by wishing that "Our Lady of Nazareth may protect you from all sores;" and it is customary with the lower classes, when in fits of passion, to give vent most emphatically to wishes of very different character. A panacea for all such afflictions was at length discovered by some ecclesiastical wiseacre in the image of Our Lady of Nazareth. The church and chapel just mentioned became in this way a shrine of highly vaunted efficacy, and every Wednesday sufferers from every quarter resort thither to hear mass and have prayers offered for relief. The chapel walls are abundantly decorated with offerings that have been made to Our Lady of Nazareth—proofs of the miracles which she has performed. They are painted models of heads and limbs, in wood or wax, purporting to have been the afflicted members of persons cured by this miraculous agency. In this way the sacred edifice has degenerated into an anatomical museum.

In October occurs the feast of Our Lady of Nazareth. From all places up the Amazons people pour down to Pará on that occasion. For two weeks Nazareth Square becomes nightly ablaze with lights and fireworks, and is metamorphosed into a ballroom, in which a crowd of inhabitants whirl in the most maddening dances.



A BRAZILIAN SENHORA.

It is difficult to imagine any thing more monotonous than the life of the Brazilian "senhoras." Wherever the old Portuguese ideas of propriety still prevail the lives of women are colorless as those of cloistered nuns, and without the relief of the religious enthusiasm. Many a lady passes her life day after day without stirring from the four walls of her house, either motionless in her hammock, or staring through her window-bars at passers-by. She is never seen in the street save when on her way to the theatre or to church, and in these cases always with a male chaperon, certainly a member of her family. She seldom receives calls, and consequently her in-door attire is a slatternly dishabille. It is sad to contemplate these stifled existences: without contact with the outer world, without the charm of domestic life, without books or culture of any kind, the Northern Brazilian woman shortly becomes as discontented as she is useless.

The men of the Amazons are, as a rule, illiterate, and imbued with all the prejudices and self-conceit of ignorance. They can see nothing beyond their stage of civil



NAZARETH SQUARE.

development; indeed, they boast that their country in beauty, culture, and progress surpasses any in the world. They are distinguished for mental indolence. To most of them all flowers are "flores," as Mrs. Agassiz well remarked, and all animals, from the fly to the tapir, are "bixos" (animals). So very vague were the replies made to my inquiries for the common names of insects and birds, that I was obliged to renounce the idea of adding the national to the scientific classification of my collections. In one thing, at least, are Brazilians in advance of other nations which boast of greater civilization, namely, in their actual acknowledgment of the equality of races. There is absolutely no distinction of color made in Brazil; a negro, supposing him to be free, is treated with as much consideration as any white man of his standing, and a black lady meets with as respectful recognition as a white one.

Be what may its beauty, when measured by the standard of Northern architecture, the prevailing style in private dwellings at Pará is well adapted to the needs of the people and the exigencies of the climate. The rooms are large, with high ceilings, and well ventilated. The furniture is generally of the simplest kind, the ornamental part thereof consisting chiefly of old mirrors, chandeliers, and huge vases of artificial flowers under glass covers. The arrangement of a sitting-room or parlor deserves particular notice, as it is unlike any thing found elsewhere. There are often more chairs in it than in a whole American house; they not only line the walls, but are also disposed in two rows half-way across the floor, at right angles with the sofa, as though Brazilians intended to create a small cozy room within the large one. Whenever the notable character of his visitors compels the host to abandon his hammock, the reception takes place within this inclosure, the owner of the house naturally reserving for himself the place of honor—the sofa. It is amusing to regard the ostentatious formalities that attend these visits of ceremony. The conversation is carried on in a subdued, frigid, but extravagantly polite manner, no motion of any kind being indulged in by the participants, and the position *de rigueur* being that of sitting mummies. Fortunate

ly foreigners are not bound by the same code of etiquette, and it must be said that Brazilians welcome them cheerfully, and will do any thing in their power to make them feel at home.

Among the public buildings at Pará the Government Palace, the Portuguese Hospital, and the Theatre of Nostra Senhora da Paz (Our Lady of the Peace) are the most remarkable. The marble staircase and vestibule of the government building are especially a work of art. The Portuguese Hospital is a most imposing building, and seen from a distance its whitewashed walls in the glittering sun seem to be of the whitest Parian marble. It is difficult to imagine an edifice more appropriate for the purpose to which it is devoted. Every thing bears witness to the cleanliness, cheerfulness, and order of the establishment. Some of the public rooms are very handsome, especially the eastern one, where there is a statue of King Louis of Portugal, and the western one, at the end of which hangs a magnificent full-length portrait of Emperor Dom Pedro II. The upper floor of the central building is occupied by a spacious lecture-room and rooms for the doctors' accommodation. One of the great features of this hospital is a well-selected library for the amusement of the inmates. This hospital was lately erected, chiefly at the expense of the pious brother of the Portuguese king, and is supported by contributions from the Portuguese colony of the city.

The Theatre of Our Lady of the Peace is undoubtedly the largest and finest building of its kind on this side of the Atlantic. The religious name given to the edifice, if it bears witness to the bigotry of the city, bespeaks also its patriotism, as it was erected at the close of the Paraguayan war, and in commemoration of the peace signed between Brazil and Paraguay. The exterior architecture is of the handsome Tuscan order, with alcoves on three sides, which are supported by beautiful marble colonnades. The interior is also in the style of Italian theatres, which may be briefly described as a series of private boxes disposed in five or six stories, one above the other, and which well replace the clumsy galleries of our theatres. And a magnificent sight it affords when the immense room is ablaze with countless lights, revealing the gorgeous dresses, jewels, glossy raven hair, and sparkling eyes of the Brazilian ladies peeping forth from their boxes all around. Between the acts of the performance it is the custom of ladies and gentlemen to leave their boxes and promenade in the alcoves, which are also profusely illuminated, and communicate with one another by means of a vast ball-room occupying the whole front of the building. All these figures of ladies dressed at their best, and passing to and fro in the glow of a thousand gas-lights, chatting, laughing, courting, and coquetting—in short, making the best of their few moments of freedom—while on the dark square below the immediate vicinity of the building is thronged with women of the lower classes in their neat white garments, afford a panorama of which no idea can be conveyed by words.



MARKET, PARA.



THEATRE OF OUR LADY OF THE PEACE.

Another picturesque view of life at Pará is shown at the market early in the morning. The market is a large building one story high, with an unroofed square in the centre, which is occupied by the stands for fish and meat. The corridor running around this space is lined on both sides by stalls, in which are disposed with artistic disorder fresh loads of bananas, oranges, and all tropical fruits; baskets of vegetables and flowers, trays of sweetmeats, rolls of tobacco, and bunches of pipes; pitchers of lemonade, plates of fried fish, chickens, parrots, monkeys—every thing. The crowd for a few hours is so great as to render progress almost impossible. It was a new pleasure to me to watch the picturesque negro groups selling their wares or sitting about gossiping, and the old Indian women, who, indifferent to every thing around, even to the selling of their vegetables, were smoking their long, straight-stemmed pipes. The negroes on the Amazons, although not such a fine-looking athletic race as those of the southern provinces of Brazil, are by far more powerful and handsomer types than we are wont to see in North America. The women especially are finely made, and have quite a dignified presence.

Santa Maria do Belem do Gram Pará—this being the full name of the city commonly called Pará—was founded in 1615, the year that saw the death of Shakspeare, by Francisco Caldeira, who was commissioned by the general government of Brazil to build a fort at the mouth of the Amazons, in order to close the river to foreigners, who had commenced trading with the Indians. Although indolent and seemingly unmindful of every turn of affairs, Pará has been more than once the scene of dreadful events. Almost from the year of foundation it has been the battle-ground of military and monastic factions, which have abandoned themselves to every species of disorder and retaliation. The unhappy natives were dealt with most cruelly by the highest office-holders under the Portuguese *régime*, the Jesuits having always advocated the slavery of the Indians. Hatred naturally having been aroused, the Indians, whenever opportunity offered, halted at nothing to satisfy their desire for revenge.

When independence was proclaimed in the province of Pará, the Portuguese authorities intended to hold the capital, but on the summons of the English Captain Grenfell, Lord Cochrane's lieutenant, the city was given up to a municipal commission, and the government of Dom Pedro I. was regularly installed. Surprised rather than vanquished, the Portuguese soon attempted what proved an unsuccessful insurrection. A great number of the rebels fell into the hands of the government; five of their leaders were shot, and 250 of the most prominent actors were imprisoned in a ship lying in the harbor. Packed in a hole in which they could scarcely breathe, nearly dying of thirst, the wretches attempted to gain the deck, but were driven back into the hole by the deadly fire of the Brazilian soldiers, who, to prevent further disturbance, nailed up even the windows by which the rebels received the little quantity of air that kept them alive. A number of these wretched beings perished from asphyxiation; others, attacked by madness, devoured one another after the fashion of wild beasts. During the whole night their desperate cries filled the air; then the noise gradually diminished, until the silence of death followed. On the morrow, when the windows were opened, it was found that only four, who had hidden behind some barrels, had survived.

The last great revolution of Pará occurred in 1835. On January 7 of that year, the guard of the palace having rebelled, the President of the province, the commander of the fort, and the captain of the port, as well as about thirty Portuguese residents of the city, were slaughtered. A well-known patriot, the worthy Felix Antonio Malcher, was taken from the prison where he had been secluded for a long time as having been the leader of the insurrection of Acará, and was declared President, after stipulating that he should obey no order from the general government until Dom Pedro II. was of age. Hardly had order been re-established when Pedro Vinagre, the newly appointed commander of the military force in the city, learning that he was to be arrested for a crime he had committed, aroused the majority of his men and the vilest crowds of the city against the President, and another insurrection commenced. The government palace was taken by storm. Malcher was taken, after losing about two hundred men. He was court-martialed, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Fort da Barra, but he was slaughtered on his way thither, as no one doubted by Vinagre's secret order. Popular instability rewarded the murderer by electing him to the Presidency.

The government, determined to quell the insurrection, dispatched Senhor Corrèa with thirteen men-of-war, with injunction to seize the city at any cost; but the thirteen men-of-war were sunk by the batteries of the then formidable fort. On June 24, 250 soldiers, under the leadership of the new President, succeeded in forcing the rebels to retire. Disorder continued, however, to reign over the province, and on August 14 a body of Indians, led by Vinagre, fell unexpectedly upon Pará, and took it by storm. The slaughter of the whites commenced anew, only a few foreign families escaping by taking refuge on the English and French vessels stationed in the harbor. This period may well be styled the "reign of terror;" dissension among the rebels themselves having doubled the carnage. This state of things lasted until January following, when General Andrea opened his way to the capital of the province by force of arms. Martial law was proclaimed, and by this man's energy and severity the rebellion was brought to an end. General Andrea has been accused of tyranny and inhumanity. Perhaps he overstepped the limits of justice. It should be borne in mind, however, how difficult, if not dangerous, moderation becomes on certain occasions. Better grounded is the charge of his having lengthened the civil war for the purpose of enriching himself. This policy was, at all events, but the continuation of the rapacious one instituted by the Portuguese.

The city and province of Pará still bleed from these wounds. Although the country has witnessed no further disturbance, agriculture and trade are still paralyzed. The ill government of the conservatives has checked the development of both city and province. During the last fourteen years, when they had control over state affairs, Pará has had nine Tweeds who have freely plundered the provincial treasury, one of them finally setting fire to the archives to destroy the proofs of his crimes, as well as those of his predecessors and confederates. Five or six years ago a high dignitary of the Church at Pará, who also held the office of Vice-President, obtained for his brother, a druggist, a contract to supply the city with quinine for the relief of the large number of poor people who were afflicted with intermittent fever. The druggist's bill represented ten times the amount devoted yearly to this purpose, though the disease had not circulated more widely than usual. The provincial government of Pará is now in the hands of honest, intelligent people, and though the treasury is empty, the city can not fail to greatly improve. Whoever shall write in ten years about the subject will doubtless have to register great changes both as regards the material and the intellectual life of the city. The Queen of the Amazons has such a splendid future before itself as few cities in the world, however favored by nature, will ever have.

MOONSHINERS.

ON an August evening Mr. John Norcross, fisherman and gentleman of leisure, was scrambling along the steep banks of a small tributary of New River, in Western Virginia—lost. The sun was just setting, and he had not the least idea of the road home. He knew the general direction, for the range of the mountains told him that. But a path was the mystery. The situation was unpromising. It was a hazy evening, and the sun, which resembled a red-hot cannon-ball suited to a gun of thirteen-inch calibre, was just balanced on the tops of a dense fringe of pines; night was coming fast, and the fisherman—you could see he was such from the rod upon his shoulder—was tired, hungry, and in a rather depressed mood.

John Norcross was a young New Yorker, with plenty of means, leisure, and a passion for fishing and hunting. He did not like Broadway or town life in the least. They seemed to bore him. He had been to Europe, and was not much interested in Paris, or Rome either. He came back gladly, and having heard that the New River region in Virginia was a wild and picturesque country, full of game, proceeded thither. At the station of the railway he procured a horse, and struck into the first road he saw, and this brought him to a small house covered with clapboards, with a well-sweep in front, in a gash of the mountain. At the door stood an old countryman with long gray hair and a guileless smile on his lips.

"I have come here to fish and hunt, friend," said Mr. Norcross, entering upon business. "Can you entertain me—for a month, say?"

"To be sure," Daddy Miller replied, emphasizing the "to be," and pronouncing it "*toob*-ee."

And all was soon arranged on an equitable basis. Mr. Norcross returned his horse, and his baggage was sent for. He was the lord and master of a neat, clean chamber with a snowy bed, some asparagus bushes in the fire-place, a gaudy print on the wall of a young lady with crimson cheeks, whose name, "Jenny," was printed beneath, and a fine view of the chickens in the yard, and the mountain, through the small window. In this to him highly agreeable abode Mr. Norcross set up his rest, that is, scattered around him some magazines and books on hunting and fishing, produced his meerschaum, and put together his breech-loading carbine and jointed fishing rod. Aunty Miller, in huge frilled cap, and resembling an amiable meal-bag with a string around the middle, looked after him in a motherly way, and all was precisely to his liking. He had broiled chicken and wheat and corn cakes, with coffee and country milk and cream, for breakfast; and then Mr. Norcross would sally forth, carrying gun and rod both, and quite content with all around him. He was twenty-five or twenty-six, and a tall, fine-looking young fellow. He was anything but foppish; but his hunting coat, full of pockets, and fair leather gaiters, were from the shop of the best artist in London, and his open face and general appearance were agreeable.

On this day he had been fishing from morning till night, solacing himself about noonday with cold meat and bread from his sachel. His luck had been indifferent; he had wandered on and on until he lost his way, and now as the sun was sinking he was indubitably lost. He could not even find the path along the stream which had brought him; and here was night at hand, with no habitation in sight.

He was standing on a pile of rock overgrown with a profusion of Virginia creeper in full pink bloom, when he saw fording the stream beneath him what seemed to be the figure of a girl on horseback. The dusk blurred the figure, for the sun had just disappeared; so he leaped down from his rock, went to meet it, and reached the bank just as the horse and rider came out of the water.

He was a venerable animal, with head depressed, a furry hide, and that air of being surprised at nothing which characterizes age in equines. Across his back lay a meal-bag, and in front was a worn side-saddle, on which was perched a girl of about twenty, wearing a cheap calico and a chip hat. Her complexion was brown, but fresh-colored, and her eyes black; her hair also, which she wore in a coil behind her neck. Her general appearance was decidedly rustic; but another glance showed John Norcross that this first comprehensive impression was erroneous, or at least did not accurately measure her individuality. Those familiar with the uneducated young female of the plainer class know their queer airs and graces—the sidewise toss of the head, the negligee bearing, and the stolen glances as they answer you. This one was different. She sat erect in her saddle, the handsome head poised firmly on the shoulders, and looked straight at Mr. John Norcross out of her calm black eyes. She was tall and rather slender like himself; the whole pose of her figure was grace and ease—no, she was not a rustic belle, the fisherman said to himself.

He came up and took off his hat to her as her horse walked up the bank.

"I have lost my way, miss—I am staying at Daddy Miller's," he said, politely. "Can you direct me?"

"Daddy Miller's? That is a long way down the river," the girl said, stopping. She had made a motion of her head in response to Mr. John Norcross's salute, which



"I HAVE LOST MY WAY, MISS."

he internally decided was quite *comme il faut*—not too slight or too marked.

"Still I must get back to-night if I can, miss," he said. "I am a stranger in this country—I came to hunt and fish. I don't like the idea of spending the night in the woods, though I've often done so."

She looked at him, apparently hesitating. There was light enough for him to see her bright eyes in the dusk.

"That would be very hard," she at length said. "No, I don't think you ought to sleep in the mountain. If you choose—"

She stopped; the hesitating look came again. Their eyes met, and his expression seemed to decide her.

"If you choose," she said, "you can come and spend the night at father's. It is not far."

Norcross was a young man who took

things as they came, and rather liked the unexpected. He was not wedded to his domestic lares at Daddy Miller's, and preferred to range now and then. He said:

"Thank you, Miss—Miss—"

"My name is Conny Neal," she interposed.

He laughed, and said, in the frank way which made him friends every where: "But *Conny* is 'short' for *Constance*, I suppose. I am too much of a stranger to be familiar, as I should be if I called you Miss Conny."

"Constance is my full name, but they call me Conny," she said. "There is no reason why you should not."

"Then I will accept your invitation, Miss Conny."

So they went along up a winding path leading into a gorge of the mountains, talking by the way. The girl informed him that she had been to the mill, some miles distant, for meal. They had one man-servant, but he was too old, and she did not mind going, as she knew every body—all in the same quiet voice, which John Norcross began to find more and more agreeable to him. Tone and expression both had a fresh charm which he had not found in cities. Her pronunciation and selection of words were both correct beyond criticism. Beyond this nature asserted herself. Norcross thought, "This girl is a young tree of the mountains, only with the straggling branches lopped off."

"This is father's house, Sir," she said, pointing to a small, weather-boarded farm-house on the slope of the mountain. They passed through a gate in a low fence, and crossing a grass-plat, stopped at the door in front of a little porch with a bench on each side, and reached by two steps. The house was of one story, with a garret and dormer-windows. The narrow passage ran from front to rear, and was furnished with two split-bottomed chairs, and a pair of deer's antlers on the wall, across which lay a fowling-piece. Some tawny deer-hounds were lying about, snapping at the flies, and a majestic sultan in the shape of a turkey-cock promenaded grandly in the midst of his family.

Norcross assisted the girl to the ground, and then proceeded to shoulder the meal-bag and place it on the porch. The girl had opened her lips to tell him that this was unnecessary, and in fact an old hobbling negro man was approaching slowly from the rear, but at that moment a man came out of the front-door, and Norcross, rising erect after depositing the meal-bag on the porch, bowed to him.

Norcross looked curiously at his host. His figure was striking. He was a man of about fifty, tall, very erect, powerful, with a high forehead, piercing eyes, and a heavy beard and mustache. He wore a velveteen hunting jacket whose white seams showed that it had served its owner for many a long year, and deer-skin leggings reached nearly to his knees. It was the dress of a hunter, and the host seemed to recognize the same proclivities in his chance guest.

He bowed, invited Norcross in, and the girl explained every thing in a few words.

"You are welcome, Sir. My name is Neal, at your service. So you are staying at Daddy Miller's?"

"For about three weeks. I came to hunt and fish, and have had a splendid time."

Norcross had moved about the world a good deal, and was off-hand with new acquaintances, which made him friends. His laugh and whole manner were frank, and his host, who had been rather grim at first, was plainly thawing.

"I live in New York," said Norcross, "but I like the country better than town. I get tired of streets and big houses. Daddy Miller's home is better—and yours too."

He looked round him at the white walls with an air of satisfaction. There were some silhouettes in plain oak frames here and there, and on a table in one corner were some books—not many, and much worn. The floor was bare and sanded, and a few split-bottomed chairs, upright and with rockers, were nearly all the furniture. Every thing was perfectly neat and perfectly plain, down to the tallow candles burning in tin candlesticks.

Conny Neal had disappeared as soon as she arrived, and now came in and said that supper was ready. It was excellent, and served in the opposite room by an old negro woman, who ducked her head to the guest and then retired. Conny presided, and talked easily; and after eating like a ploughman, Norcross smoked and talked in the other room; then he began to yawn, and his host rose and led the way up stairs to a bedroom closely resembling his own at Daddy Miller's, ushered him in, and left him.

Norcross was tired, but in spite of that fact did not go to sleep. He could not get Conny Neal out of his mind. As often as he closed his eyes her own dark ones began to glimmer in his mind, and he was wide-awake again, half expecting to see her near him. This insomnia went on until nearly midnight. Norcross was then aware that some people were talking below at the back-door of the house, and, curious to know who was stirring so late, he rose and went to his window, which was open. The moon was shining, and he saw his host come out, in company with another person in the rough dress of a mountaineer.

"Who sent word?" Neal said to his companion.

"Tony," was the reply.

"Do the men know?"

"I have been the rounds and seen some, and I'll see the rest before morning."

"Right. When will *they* be here?"

"To-morrow night, Tony says."

"Well, if we are pushed too close, we will fight. The war is over, but I am ready to begin again."

"So are the boys—so are the boys, captain."

"Well, give them the orders; they know the place. Every man armed."

They passed beyond hearing, into the shadow of some pines silvered by the light of the moon, which had just risen. Norcross came back from the window and went to bed, where he found sleep harder than ever. What did all this mean, and who were to come armed, to do what? He knit his brows, profoundly puzzled. At last the wrinkles grew smooth and his eyes closed. The day's tramp conquered his curiosity, and he fell asleep.

About three weeks after this visit Norcross wrote the following letter to a friend in New York:

"Dear Tom,—What you predicted would happen one day or other has happened—I am done for. The friend of your bosom is in the toils, or something like it. Her name is Conny Neal, and she is the daughter of a splendid fellow, who has only one drawback—he is an ex-rebel soldier, and an *enragé* one, I assure you. As a good Republican, believing in the depravity of all who differ with me, this, of course, is sufficient to ruin him in my estimation. But, after all, he is a noble fellow, and, above all, his daughter is a paragon. Imagine a girl brought up in a poor house in the mountains who is a lady, technically speaking, even to her finger-nails. I met her by the merest accident while out fishing one day, and looked upon her at first as only a rustic beauty without culture. Never was man more mistaken. She is better read than I am, and a person of the utmost refinement, with all the grace of nature; and such eyes—such eyes, Tom!.....

"I have given you thus a whole page describing her mind and person, and come to the main point—I am captured. I have not the least idea of how it will all end, and have really resolved on nothing. To speak seriously, I don't well see how I can get along without her in future, and foresee I shall have to tell her so. But then? Say she accepts me—which I assure you is by no means certain—not by *any* means. I shall be a hawk in a cage, and my papa-in-law will be a rebel hunter of the Virginian mountains! Decidedly I can't think of it—that is, I think of it all the time.

"There is something even worse—some mystery or other at least that I don't like. I am lodging with an old fellow named Daddy Miller, and people are constantly coming and going on some mysterious business. What does it mean? I can't divine, and, what is worse, can't discover. Silence seals every lip, and I am conscious that eyes are constantly upon me. It is the same at her father's house, where mysterious figures come and go at all hours of the night in the strangest manner. This is odd, and not agreeable. What does it mean, I say? As you are not able probably to answer that question, I will endeavor to send you a reply to it in a few days.

"I see Harry has given up chasing Indians in Idaho to come East and get married in October. Give my love to him and my little sister to be, and tell them I'll certainly be present at the wedding.

"Your friend, John Norcross."

This letter defines clearly enough the situation of affairs when it was written. John Norcross had fallen in love with Conny Neal, and the affair was serious. It was actually his first passion, and men enter upon their maiden campaign in love, as in war, with very different feelings from those of old battered soldiers tried in numerous encounters. As he knew the girl better and better, she quite charmed him. She had great force of character, a temperament as open as his own, and a warmth of heart under her calm exterior which quite fascinated him. She was not at all "sly," and entirely without finesse, that bane of female character; she concealed nothing—not even her growing fondness for Norcross. It is probable she did not realize this, or no doubt she would have schooled her face and voice when he came. She schooled neither, and was all the more charming to him as she came to meet him with a faint color in her cheeks, and eyes which caressed him as he approached.

This was imprudent in Conny, perhaps, but then it was natural, and she followed nature. Norcross was the first person she had ever met who could talk to her about books and the great world. Her father was by no means an uneducated person, but he seldom read any thing; and thus it happened that Norcross brought with him the first breath of the outer world, and they talked of a thousand things. His visits had been constant; he had become the friend of the family; and when Conny's interest and curiosity were satisfied, her heart began to mix itself with the affair. Norcross was a handsome young fellow, full of ardor and the zest of life. She was a woman, and read his fondness in every glance of the black eyes. Then what always or nearly always follows followed. The *vita nuova* began for Conny Neal, and Norcross's letter showed that it had begun for him also.

September had come, and the mountains were slowly assuming the magical colors of autumn. In August the slopes had been

clothed in deep green, over which the shadows of floating clouds moved slowly, or swept on at a gallop before the fresh winds. Now the green had disappeared. The maple and dogwood were as red as blood, and the hickories were like molten gold. These shaded off into orange and russet as the days advanced; and over this wonderful spectacle, over mountain and valley and river, drooped a dreamy haze, rounding every outline, and making the landscape a fairy-land to the delighted Norcross. He used to go off to the river sometimes with Conny Neal, and sit at her side on some granite shoulder jutting out from the side of the mountain, and they would talk for hours—about what? About every thing or nothing. It was the same. They were near each other, which was the great thing, looking at each other, and listening to each other's voices.

On one subject they never touched—the mysterious coming and going at Daddy Miller's and Neal's. This arose from delicacy in Norcross. He felt that he had surprised his host's secret—for secret there evidently was—on that first night at his house, and was a little ashamed of having listened at his window. Eavesdropping and covert action of every description were the young man's abomination, so he said nothing, defending himself in his own opinion by saying to himself that he had not meant to listen. Could he defend himself as successfully with Conny? Possibly, but not certainly. So he asked no questions, not alluding, even, to a mystery which was necessarily no mystery to her. That she knew all about it he was perfectly well satisfied: if she chose to speak, she would do so.

With Daddy Miller it was different. Norcross was not a guest there, only a lodger, and one day he said, "Who comes to see you often at late hours of the night? Do you know one thing, Daddy Miller?—if you lived on the sea-shore I should set you down for a smuggler."

"Smugglers?" said Daddy, scratching his head gently, and smiling in a guileless way. "Oh yes, I've hyeard about sich. But we're a long ways off from the sea, I'm told."

"Well, that is the difficulty. You and your friends are not smugglers. What are you?"

"Bless your soul, we're honest people," said the guileless Daddy Miller, with his sweetest smile—"plain country people a-visiting each other at odd times after work."

"One of your friends is named Tony; who is Tony?"

"Tony?—you know Tony? Oh yes, Tony Tummles is a neighbor of ours."

"What is his business?"

"Business? He's a poor man, and puts in his little crap and shoots game for his family."

Norcross mused, not satisfied with the reply.

"Look here, Daddy Miller," he said, "you're not talking to an outsider or an enemy. I am not a Virginian, but I like your people, if I *am* a Northerner. Something is going on that will get you into trouble. What is it? Are you Ku-Kluxes? That's a bad business, but none of *my* business, and I won't report you to Blaine or Conkling. But what are you about? I know more than you think. Make a clean breast of it—you can trust me."

Here a worthy, past middle age, in a scarecrow suit of clothes and heavy boots, came in. An old brown slouched hat was perched on his shock of hair, his eyes were piercing, and his thin lips smiled ironically. A stubble of beard surrounded them, and tobacco juice decorated the depressed corners.

"Why, Tony," said Daddy Miller, shaking hands, "we were just talking of you. My young friend here thinks something's going on hereabouts."

"Something a-going on?" said Tony Tummles, with an innocent air, full of mild inquiry, and ducking his head in a friendly way to Norcross.

"He thinks it's the Ku-Klux, whatever that might be," said Daddy Miller.

At this the new-comer laughed.

"Oh no! we're peaceful people. No trouble about here, though I'm told there is below yonder. Oh no! But I jest dropped in, Daddy Miller, to borry your screw-wrench. My ploughshare, the dratted thing, is broke agin."

Whereupon they discoursed on country matters, and repaired to a shed to hunt up the screw-wrench.

Thereafter Norcross felt that he was watched. This fact was plain to him in many ways. At Daddy Miller's chance visitors, or what seemed to be such, looked sidewise at him, and he caught their eyes. The mysterious night visits ceased, and the coming and going fell off perceptibly. Eyes seemed to follow him every where; and even Aunty Miller, the venerable meal-bag, would lower her spectacles until they rested on her ancient nose, and gaze at Norcross over them as she sat knitting a stocking in her wadded arm-chair in a corner. He was evidently the centre of general interest, and especially when he went hunting or fishing. Accidentally some one seemed always in his vicinity. Sometimes it was a mountain urchin, with a diminutive mule and a chicken-coop of a cart, hacking dry wood for the home kitchen. Sometimes it was a girl with tangled hair gathering sumac, or a hunter, gun on shoulder, who met him in out-of-the-way places, and looked keenly at him. These encounters had not taken place during the early part of his sojourn in the mountains. That they occurred so frequent-

ly now left no doubt that they were intentional. To repeat, Mr. John Norcross felt that all eyes were upon him, and his curiosity deepened to ascertain what it all meant.

He was soon to discover.

One autumn afternoon John Norcross and Conny Neal came at last to understand each other. They had walked out from the small house on the slope of the mountain to the river, and were wandering along the bank, talking only now and then, and rather vaguely. The sun was near the summit of a fringe of woods crowning the western mountain, and the gold of the leaves shaded off into the green-orange of the sky. The river brawled over its rocks, carpeted with moss and ferns of a hundred varieties. Here and there a huge pine or poplar, with a cavern washed away under the gnarled roots, bent over the current, dipping its tassels or tulip-like buds into the foam.

They sat down, and the old story, which has been told over and over again for the last six thousand years, was told in the autumn evening. Norcross poured out the whole burden of his thoughts in his frank, ardent voice, and Conny only answered in a murmur. As she turned her head slowly over her shoulder, however, and fixed her eyes upon his own in one long glance, shy, confused, but confiding, Norcross knew that there was no longer any doubt, and putting his arm around her neck, he drew her to him and kissed her.

"Now, Conny," he said, his face glowing, "we will go home and ask your father."

They went back hand in hand, and Norcross did not drop the hand as he walked up to the porch where Captain Neal was sitting. Conny went up stairs, and Norcross sat down and told his host every thing.

Neal listened without a word. He seemed to be musing, and his face was impenetrable. When Norcross had finished, he said, "So you wish me to give you the only human being that makes life worth any thing to me?"

"Yes," said Norcross; "I love her, and she loves me."

Neal said nothing. It was easy to see, under his soldierly coolness, that a storm was raging in his breast. His brows contracted, and he drew a long breath, his eyes fixed upon the ground. At length he raised his head, and Norcross was struck with something noble and imposing in his firm look.

"The time has come for us to speak plainly, my young friend," he said, in his strong, vibrating voice. "First, do you know who and what I am? I am an ex-Confederate soldier, and feel as I felt when I fought with Lee. The South is crushed, and all that is over, but the men of the South are not crushed, or ready to court her old enemies."

"So be it," said Norcross; "do not do so. The North does not expect it. You were a good Confederate, and went with your people: remain such still."

"I am more—or worse, if you choose—than an ex-Confederate; I am an illicit distiller of spirits in this mountain."

Norcross turned his head quickly, and looked at his host.

"Ah! that explains every thing," he said—"all the coming and going and mystery yonder and here. You are 'moonshiners,' as the cant phrase is."

"Yes," said Neal.

Norcross knit his brows. All was perfectly plain to him now—the looks of Daddy and Aunty Miller, the visits of Tony Tummles, the watching, every thing.

"It is a pity, a great pity," he said, involuntarily, "in a man like you."

"I am no better than my neighbors," said Neal, coolly; "a little better educated, perhaps, but they were Southern soldiers like myself, and fought as well, perhaps better. We are all poor alike now, though I was well-to-do once. We are honest men, and not ashamed of any thing we do."

"But this illicit business, Captain Neal—you are acting in open defiance of law."

"Yes, of Federal law; the State receives its tax. The Federal law is an oppression, and we disregard it. We make whiskey and dispose of it in this region without paying a tax to the general government. We are poor people, and harm nobody. They have only to let us alone."

"But how can that be? The law must be enforced."

"The revenue collectors can not enforce it."

"Then it is the duty of the government to send troops to see that the laws are obeyed."

"Let them send them."

"You will resist?"

"Certainly."

"With arms?"

"Assuredly. I mean that we will fight," said Neal, coolly.

Norcross drew a long deep breath. It was easy to see that he was troubled. It was impossible to look upon Neal as a vulgar law-breaker engaged in illicit pursuits from mere greed of money. Right or wrong, he was acting as he believed he had the right to do, looking at the matter from his own point of view. But then to marry the daughter of an illicit distiller! To take his bride, the mother of his children, from such surroundings! He was not much of an aristocrat, but the idea grated, and his feelings were perhaps reflected in his face.

"I have been frank, you see, friend," Neal said, in a few moments. "Let this end every thing. You can not marry my daughter. I am a law-breaker, and may be thrown into jail to-morrow as a common criminal, or shot if I resist the revenue officers."

Norcross knit his brows again, making no reply.

"You see all that must be forgotten," said Neal. "You will go back and lose sight of every thing here, and we will remain good friends. You are a fine fellow, and I liked you from the first. Let us part in peace. You will soon forget Conny—"

"I can not forget her! I can not give her up!" the young man exclaimed. "I can not live without her!"

"And yet you expect *me* to do so," said Neal, calmly, but with the same deep feeling evident under his coolness; "you ask *me* to give up all *I* care for on earth! What will my life be to me without her? I am alone in this world if she leaves me. She is my only child. I loved her mother more than man ever loved woman, I honestly believe, in this world, and when she left me I wished to die too. I was in despair—it is an extreme word, but a true one. I broke my heart longing for my wife, the only woman I ever loved, and all that made my life endurable was the love of my little girl. She has grown up at last from a rosy-cheeked child to a woman. She is my companion, my sole thought, all I value on earth—and you come and say to me, 'Give me Conny, because I love her.' Do I not love her too? What am I to do here in this lonely house without her?"

Before Norcross could reply to these words, a man on a rawboned pony came up a path leading from the river at full speed. He was a scarecrow figure with a ragged felt hat, and carried a gun in his left hand. Norcross recognized Tony Tummles.

"Look-out, captain!" he cried, as he reached the small gate; "they are coming!"

Neal coolly rose and walked to the fence. "Where are they?" he said.

"On the road, five miles off."

"How many?"

"A squad of fifteen—cavalry with carbines."

"Did you see them yourself? Your report last month turned out to be nothing."

"They were coming here then, but went to the Kanawha. They are after us now—I talked with some of them in the town."

Neal leaned on the fence for a moment, reflecting. He then said: "Give the men notice, and order them to be at the old place in an hour. No man is to show himself or fire at any body. They will have firing enough before morning."

"You mean to fight, then, captain?" said Tony Tummles, with an air of great delight.

"Certainly I do."

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Tummles. "You couldn't please the boys better, captain. They don't like the blue-coats. I eetched to git at 'em in town yonder; my gun burned my fingers. The boys 'll git the orders, captain."

With which Mr. Tony Tummles dug his heels into his horse and disappeared at full speed in the woods covering the side of the mountain. Neal then turned to Norcross.

"You see," he said, coolly, "the affair will be settled sooner than I expected. There will be a fight to-night, and perhaps this is our last meeting. You see the hand of the law is stretched out to clutch me, and that ends all discussion. You can not marry the daughter of a man who will be in jail to-morrow, perhaps—if he is alive."

"No matter!" exclaimed Norcross. "It is nothing to me. Give me Conny."

Neal looked at him mournfully, with a sudden softness in his bold eyes.

"You love her really," he said; "I can see that. Well, let us come to an agreement. I mean to fight to-night, and the matter will be no child's play. If I am killed, Conny will be alone in the world—"

"No; she will have *me!*" Norcross exclaimed.

Neal grasped his hand and said, "Then all is arranged: take her. Now I advise you to go home. The revenue guard will soon be here."

Norcross did not move—Conny Neal's steps were heard coming down the stairs.

"I am not going," he said—"back to Daddy Miller's, at least."

"Where, then?"

"Where you are going—into the mountain."

About ten miles from Neal's was the town of C——, a long straggling village with numerous stores, some private residences, a blacksmith's shop, and a tavern, the resort of idlers and quidnuncs generally, who solaced their leisure with drams of bad whiskey served to them by a bar-keeper with soap-locks and in his shirt sleeves.

On the afternoon of this day a crowd had gathered in front of the tavern. They were looking at a number of United States cavalrymen in blue coats who were going to and coming from the blacksmith's shop with their horses, or taking the animals to water at a little stream overshadowed by willows which crossed the main road at the edge of the village. On the veranda, which extended along the whole front of the tavern, a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant of cavalry was seated smoking a cigar. His appearance was rather foppish. His hair was long and curling, a delicate mustache shaded his lips, and the hand holding the cigar was covered with jewels. With his elegant riding boots elevated upon the railing before him, he leaned back in an attitude of careless ease, conversing with a personage in citizen's dress who was standing near.

"I will set out in half an hour," he said, carelessly. "You and your people are ready, I suppose?"

"At any minute, lieutenant," said the man in citizen's dress, who was a middle-aged personage with a black leather box swung like a sachel on his left side.

"It's a cursed business I am sent on," said the cigar-smoker, negligently, "and none of my seeking. Here I am, Lieutenant Harry Norcross, very much at your service, turned all at once into a revenue officer, and ordered to hunt down whiskey distillers in Virginia instead of Indians in Idaho. Never was there such infernal bad luck. I come East to Washington, and as soon as they lay eyes on me I am ordered here on this cursed affair, when I have my own private matters to attend to, I assure you."

He took a letter from his pocket and read it, oblivious of the man with the leather box. It was in the handwriting of a woman, and the contents seemed flattering. Lieutenant Norcross smiled.

"Jack is somewhere here in this outlandish country," he muttered, as he folded up the letter and replaced it in his breast. He then rose and said, with a yawn, to a cavalryman who was standing near, "Order the bugle to sound to horse. I will march in half an hour."

The man saluted with two fingers to his cap, and Lieutenant Norcross lounged into the tavern, from which he soon afterward emerged with his sabre and pistols. At the sound of the bugle the men had fallen into line, and the party now moved, with the lieutenant and the revenue officer riding in front. A personage in a scarecrow suit of clothes, who had been lounging about talking with the troopers, had meanwhile mounted his horse, which was tied near, and slowly ridden out of the village. This was the innocent-looking Mr. Tony Tummles. In going toward his horse he had reached his arm inside of a neighbor's door, and possessed himself of his gun. He now rode away slowly in a direction opposite to the mountain, but as soon as he was out of sight seemed to change his mind. He wheeled his horse, and digging his heels into the animal, went at full gallop toward Neal's, where he gave the alarm, as has been seen.

Night had now fallen, but the moon was shining, and it was easy to follow the road which wound before the troopers, white in the flood of light. The young lieutenant whiled away the tedium of the moment with a fresh cigar, and again communicated to his companion his views upon the subject of selecting army officers for police duty.

"Curse the whole cursed business!" he said. "There are enough stay-at-homes around Washington to send—why do they send *me?* What the devil do I care whether they make whiskey or not? If it's good, the more the better. Why can't you gentlemen in citizens' dress do your own fighting with these rebel moonshiners?"

"No, I thank you, lieutenant," the collector replied, with a laugh. "Every man to his trade."

"Humph!—well, here are two roads. Which leads to this man Neal's, who is the leader of your moonshiners, you say?"

"The road to the left. I have information that will guide us afterward; but these people are as cunning as Satan. If they are pushed hard they will fight, too."

"And you are going to get out of the way—eh?"

"Exactly, lieutenant."

"Well, that's right. Leave the fighting to the military, and take to your tree. I mean to make short work of them if they fire a shot."

"Well, yonder is Neal's—where you see the light."

The road wound down to the crossing where John Norcross had met Conny for the first time. On the slope of the gorge beyond twinkled a light: and splashing through the river, the troop steadily advanced toward it. In fifteen minutes Lieutenant Norcross halted his men at the low fence, and moving his pistol holster around to have the handle of the weapon convenient, he dismounted and walked up to the house.

The knock at the door brought out Conny. The lieutenant bowed and said,

"This is Mr. Neal's?"

"Yes, Sir," said Conny.

"I wish to see him."

"He is not at home, Sir."

Their eyes met, and the lieutenant smiled—his glance was full of admiration of the fresh face lit up by the tallow candle.

"Well, present my compliments to Mr. Neal when he returns, and say that Lieutenant Harry Norcross called to pay his respects."

"Lieutenant Norcross!" murmured Conny Neal, feeling a chill pass through her. The young officer had bowed, and was going back to his horse, so he did not hear this exclamation. He mounted, and said to the revenue collector:

"Well, which way now? Neal is 'not at home,' but has left a devilish pretty representative. I'm ready."

"This way," replied the collector. And he rode on, followed by the troopers, two abreast, by a bridle-path winding beneath heavy foliage into the depths of the gorge. No sooner had they disappeared than Conny Neal ran to the small stable in rear of the house and bridled the old animal which she had ridden to the mill when Norcross first met her. His slow, unwilling gait as she dragged him toward the house was a terrible trial to her patience. With venerable head extended horizontally and pulling against the bridle, he protested at every

step: but at last they were at the small back porch, and Conny threw on him her riding saddle, and hastily buckled the girth. Then, without waiting to get her hat, she leaped into the saddle, broke a bough from the tree above her head, and striking the horse violently with it, set off at full speed by another path, skirting the opposite side of the gorge.

The moon was soaring by this time above the top of the mountain, and seemed to peer down at her. Her long hair fell upon her shoulders, and her face was quite pale. Her eyes glowed, and at times a sort of shiver passed through her figure, swaying with the movement of her horse. She was going at a headlong gallop over the mountain path, leaping every obstacle—through the blackest masses of foliage, where she could not see a yard in front of her, as through the open spaces where her figure was lit by the weird moonlight. More than once her horse stumbled, but she lifted him with the rein and urged him on. If she could only arrive in time—only that—and tell *him* that his brother was coming! for she had divined that this was his brother.

Suddenly she heard shots in the gorge.

Just as the moon rose Neal and Norcross had gone on foot into the mountain. Nothing which the former could say would turn the younger man from his purpose. He only laughed and said:

"As there is going to be a fight, perhaps, I should like to see it. I have never heard the whistle of bullets, as I was too young to come and fight you in the war, and here is my chance."

"Do not go; you will expose yourself. Besides, these troopers are your friends."

"I have other friends besides. I will take no part on either side, but I mean to look on."

Neal could do nothing with him, and hastened to arm himself and repair to the place of rendezvous. Norcross followed, without regarding even the entreaties of Conny Neal. He was determined, he said, with another laugh, to see a night skirmish, if there was a skirmish; and leaving the poor girl a prey to anxiety and anguish, they hastened up the path afterward followed by the party of troopers.

This path was apparently made by cattle seeking spots of pasture on the side of the mountain, and was well defined. After following it for ten minutes, however, Neal obliqued to the right and clambered up a rocky footway over which the boughs of the mountain ash almost interlaced. Then the path began to descend into a smaller gorge, opening into the first, and a voice said, "Halt!" Neal gave the countersign, and continued to advance. A few moments afterward he and his companion were in the midst of about a dozen men armed with old muskets and fowling-pieces. Behind them a low hut leaned against an enormous mass of rock, beneath which it was evident there was a cavern. This hut was secured by a heavy door, and had no windows. It was the still.

Neal gave his orders in the brief words of a man accustomed to command; and the ragged figures around him, grasping their guns, listened as men listen to their superior.

"They are coming," he said, "and I mean to fight. But this is not the place; the barricade is the spot—but only to fall back on. Scatter on the rocks above the wood, and look out. No man is to fire unless he is fired at. Then give it to them!"

At these words the men dispersed, entering the heavy foliage at different points, in which they disappeared. Neal, followed by Norcross, turned to the left, went up a steep acclivity, and they emerged on a sort of pinnacle of rock, from which they looked down upon the main gorge. Across a cleft on their right one of the men was seen watching. From the road below came the hoof-strokes of the troopers as they steadily advanced.

Suddenly the foremost figures of the party emerged into the moonlight beneath and came to a halt. Lieutenant Norcross, who was in front, had looked up and seen the man on the crag not far from Neal.

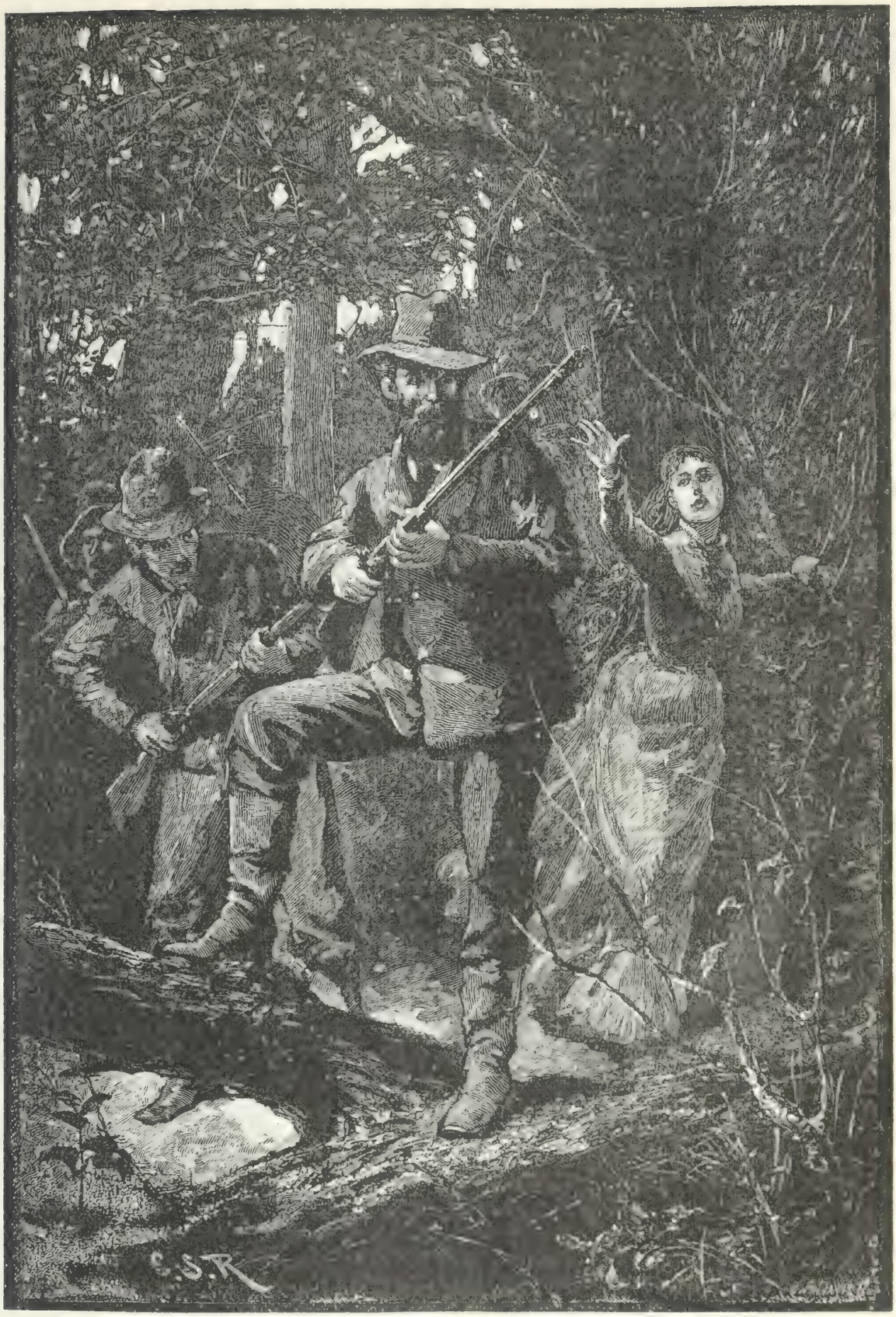
"Come down from there, you scoundrel!" he shouted, drawing his pistol as he did so, and firing at him. It was a mere random shot, but it struck the man in the breast. He dropped his gun and fell forward, exclaiming, "I'm done for, captain!" to Neal. He attempted to clutch some bushes near him, but the ball had done its work, and he fell dead in the road about fifty yards in front of the troopers.

"You see!" said Neal, with a flash of the eye; "this is war, you understand, neither more nor less. Well!"

He drew a hunting whistle from his pocket and blew upon it. As the sound rang through the gorge it was echoed from every crag by shots at the troopers. They scattered at once, but soon re-appeared on foot, advancing as skirmishers, and firing their carbines at every spot where the leaves moved or a puff of smoke rose. This fire was evidently accurate and deadly; the bright moonlight enabled them to take good aim. Groans were heard from point to point, and the troopers mounted the slopes, firing steadily with their repeating carbines.

Neal had looked on without firing. As to Norcross, he seemed to be in a dream. Had he or had he not recognized his brother? The voice was his, but it was incredible that he could be here. It was a fancy—a nightmare. He was aroused by a second signal from Neal's whistle.

"This is murderous," the elder said.



"OH! NO, NO! FATHER! FATHER! DO NOT FIRE!"

"Their arms are better than ours. To the barricade!"

He drew Norcross by the arm, and leaped down the declivity on the right. In two minutes he had reached a point where the smaller gorge debouched into the larger—a narrow mouth flanked by tall rocks. Here the men were assembling from moment to moment. Three were missing. Across the mouth of the small gorge a barricade had been constructed of felled trees. Behind this the men posted themselves, and they had no sooner done so than the troopers, deployed as skirmishers, advanced to the attack.

John Norcross had followed Neal, and was standing behind the barricade near him. His light mood had quite disappeared, and he looked on and listened with tragic emotion. For the first time in his life he wit-

nessed the spectacle of men putting each other to death. Too young to take part, as he had said, in the civil war, he had never for a moment realized the stern tragedy of the great grapple of the sections, or seen blood flow. He had now seen it, and his emotion was sombre and profound. Blackest of all was the fancy that he had heard his brother's voice.

"Attention!" Neal said to the men; "they are coming."

As he uttered the words a voice exclaimed: "Oh! no, no! Father! father! do not fire!"

Conny Neal, passing the gorge beyond, had dismounted, made her way along the slope, and now reached the smaller gorge behind the barricade, plunging down the steep bank, and only keeping herself from falling by grasping the pliant boughs of the trees. She was at her father's side, and it was her voice which besought him not to fire. She burst into tears, and wrung her hands, exclaiming to Norcross, "It is your brother!"

She had scarcely uttered the words when Lieutenant Norcross, in his gay uniform, was seen rushing forward at the head of his men, sabre in hand.

"Surrender, you infernal rebels!" he shouted.

Neal had mounted the barricade, and gave the order: "Fire!"

"Fire!" came at the same moment from the lips of Lieutenant Norcross.

A double volley rang through the gorge, and Neal, shot through the breast, fell forward on the outside of the barricade. At the same instant John Norcross, looking at his brother, saw him stagger. Without regarding the rain of bullets, he leaped over the barricade and ran toward him. It was too late. Lieutenant Norcross advanced a few steps, and fell nearly at Neal's side, dead, with a ball through his heart.

"Oh, brother! brother!" John Norcross cried, in his great agony.

Neal turned his head slowly. His eyes were already glazing. "Was he your brother?" he said, in a low voice. "It is a pity." As he said this, his head fell, and he expired.

As to the troopers, they were swarming over the barricade, and the moonshiners were scattering through the mountains.

Since the events above recorded many changes have passed over the New River region, and a number of citizens once prominent have disappeared. Among these the region mourns the upright Anthony Tummles, Esq., called by his friends Tony, who, in consequence of some difficulty with the revenue officials, has removed to Texas. Other well-known inhabitants deservedly esteemed and respected remain, however, and chief among these one affectionately styled Daddy Miller. Evil tongues connected him at one time with the illicit distillers of the mountains, familiarly designated as "moonshiners," but this scandal has now died out, and Daddy Miller is spoken of by his friends and admirers as the independent candidate for Congress, where he is expected to propose an act for the adjustment, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary, of the Virginia State debt.

All is bright and cheerful around Daddy Miller, but mournfulest of the mournful is another locality in this neighborhood—the house of the brave ex-rebel Captain Neal, who died a sudden death. The house is deserted, and weeds are growing around the porch.

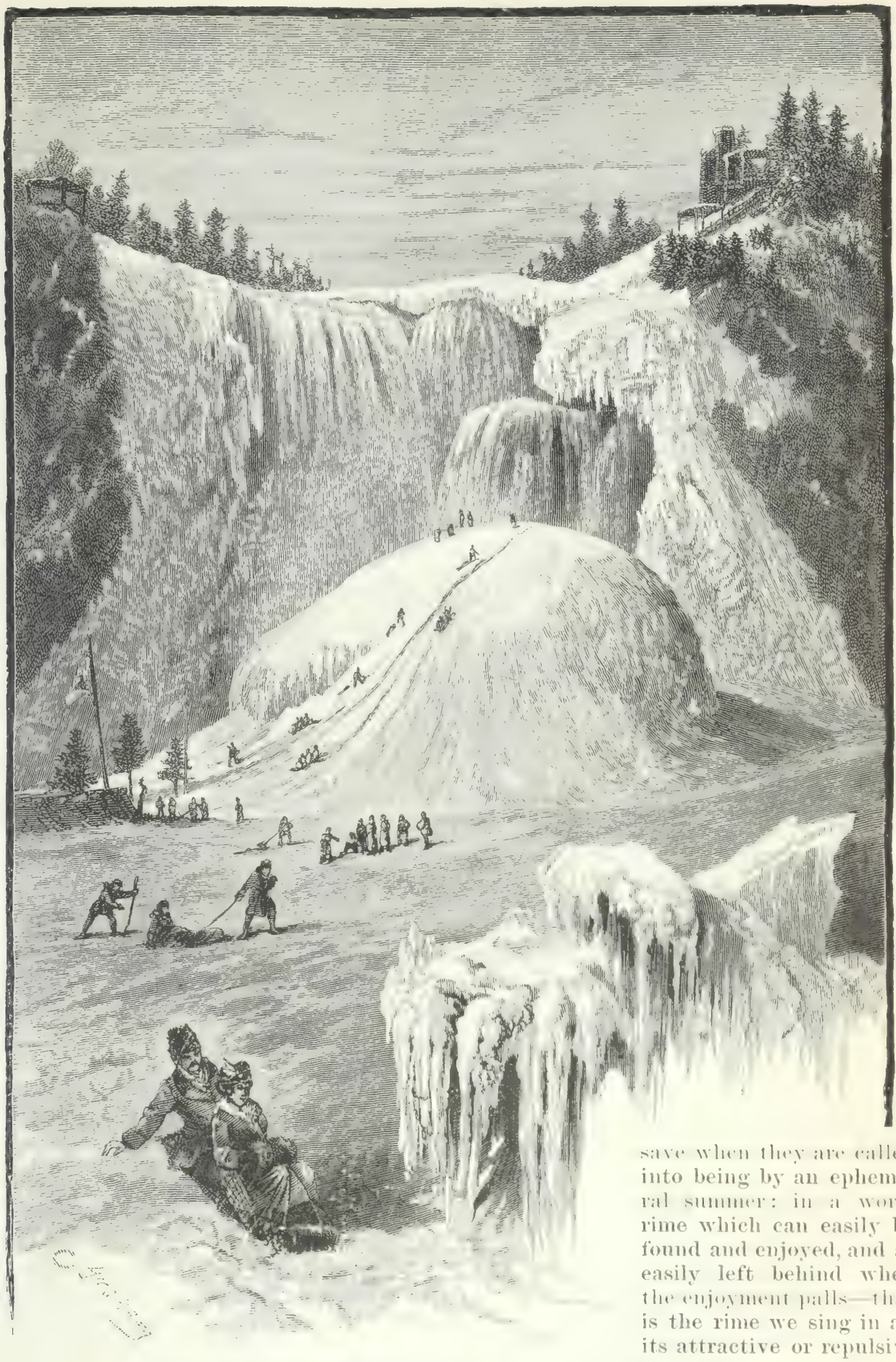
Conny Neal has disappeared, and so has Norcross. He returned to New York, and was absent for many months. Then he came back and found that the poor girl had gone to live with an aunt in a neighboring county. John Norcross followed, and spent the autumn in hunting and fishing there. It was a hard task to bring back the thoughts of the beautiful girl in her black dress from her trouble; but Norcross, too, had his own distress, and they could sympathize with each other. Besides, they loved each other, and a paper yesterday announced that they were married.

SONG.

The fire-light listens on the floor
To hear the wild winds blow.
Within, the bursting roses burn,
Without, there slides the snow.

Across the flower I see the flake
Pass, mirrored, mystic, slow.
Oh, blooms and storms must blush and freeze,
While seasons come and go!

I lift the sash—and live, the gale
Comes leaping to my call.
The rose is but a painted one
That hangs upon the wall.



FROZEN CONE OF MONTMORENCI FALLS.

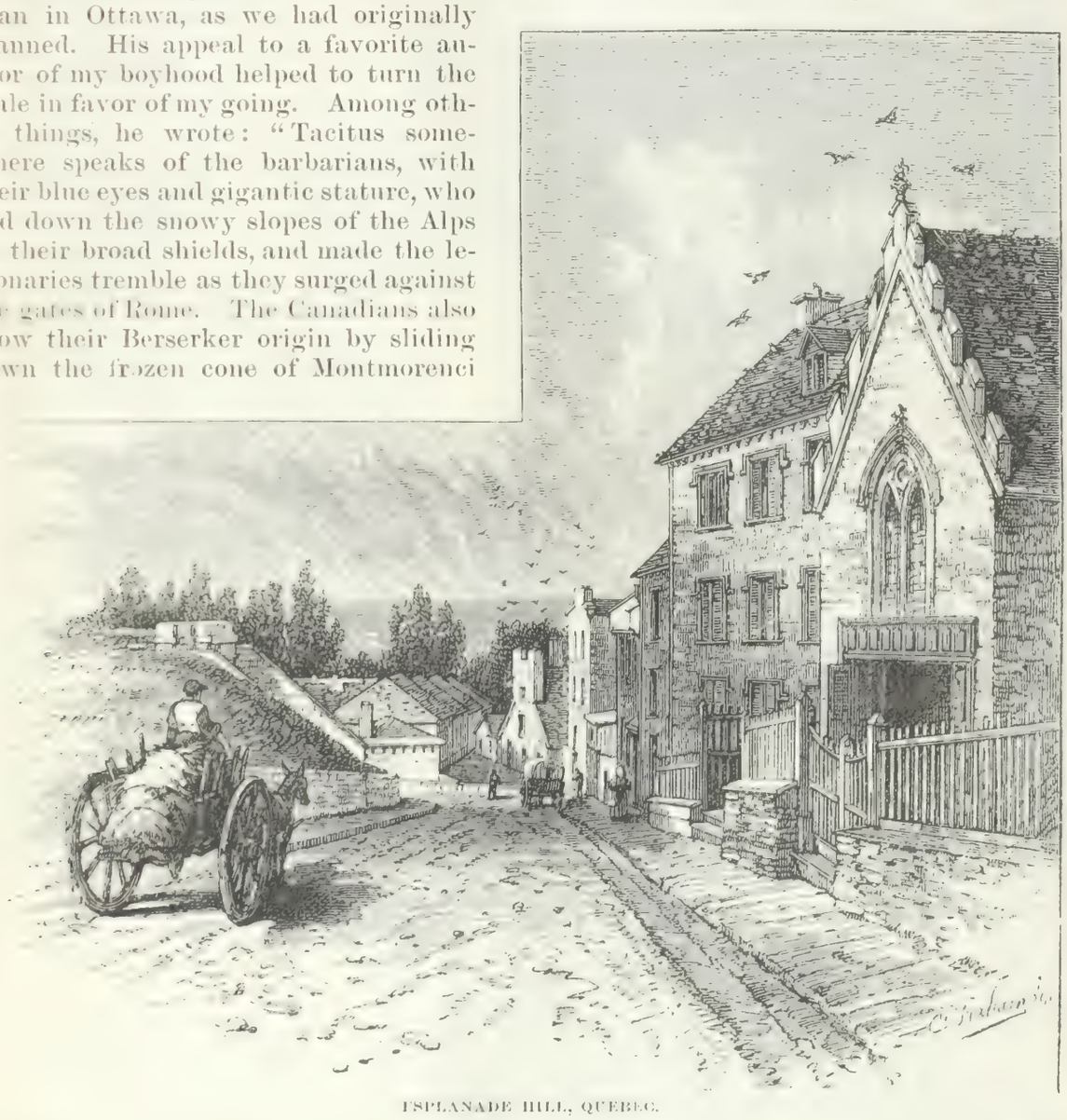
WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

RIME and its pleasures we sing. Not that rime which abides with eternal snow, and covers the dreary wastes of a frozen zone; but the rime of a comparatively southern latitude; rime that incloses forms of life in their normal condition of torpidity, save when they are called into being by an ephemeral summer: in a word, rime which can easily be found and enjoyed, and as easily left behind when the enjoyment palls—that is the rime we sing in all its attractive or repulsive shapes.

Our long-talked-of snow-shoe tramp had been finally determined upon. Wilkins preceded me by several days to the region about Quebec. Like most tourists, he had visited Canada only in the summer. He had passed many happy days upon the Saguenay and the lower St. Lawrence; had enjoyed the short-lived season among the limestone cottages and wooden ceilings of

Caconna: had surveyed with his lorgnette the occupants of the small piazzas while they made futile attempts to ape the Saratogians; had admired the capacity of the neighboring farmers for bargaining; and had mingled in many scenes of pleasure, *quorum magna pars fuit;* but Canada in the winter was to him a land all unknown and untried.

No wonder, therefore, that Wilkins became fascinated by the novelties which were daily revealed to his delighted gaze, and that he sent for me to join him in Quebec, rather than in Ottawa, as we had originally planned. His appeal to a favorite author of my boyhood helped to turn the scale in favor of my going. Among other things, he wrote: "Tacitus somewhere speaks of the barbarians, with their blue eyes and gigantic stature, who slid down the snowy slopes of the Alps on their broad shields, and made the legionaries tremble as they surged against the gates of Rome. The Canadians also show their Berserker origin by sliding down the frozen cone of Montmorenci



ESPLANADE HILL, QUEBEC.

with an ease and nonchalance worthy the ancient barbarians, or the modern natives of Madeira as they dash down the steep incline at Funchal."

"Dear old Quebec," said I, alighting from the miserable ferry-boat and fighting my way through a persistent crowd of carters, "the memory of heroic lives sacrificed on your hallowed ground will endure forever."

This rhapsody ended with a cordial greeting from Wilkins. We ascended the narrow and crooked streets of the Lower Town, and passed through a gap in the walls which until recently had been closed by the solid portals of Prescott Gate. Workmen were even then degrading the ramparts to simple retaining-walls for the adjacent interior street, and only as high above it as might serve for a dog to look over. Indeed, one might feel inclined to test their security by leaping upon and over them, like another Remus before his brother, the first legendary Emperor of Rome.

"They are beating their swords into ploughshares, and are also improving the sanitary condition of the city," said Wilkins, "by building these large stones from the fortifications into the new sewers. Why should the walls be kept in repair at such great expense? The English forces were withdrawn from Canada years ago, and the two hundred men in yonder citadel could not defend themselves against modern artillery. Besides all that, how are they going to cut those new streets through without destroying the walls?"

My antiquarian spirit was aroused against the iconoclastic tendency of the age. "Our countrymen of the United States take pride in their streets numbered from 1 to 100, and in their avennes labelled from A to Z. A grand old historical town like this does not



THE TOBOGGAN.

suit their practical ideas, and perhaps the city authorities here agree with them. I am glad to know that the walls are to be preserved as far as possible, and that towers are to be erected to break the uniform line of the ramparts."

Meantime we had taken a circuitous route past the Chien d'Or and the Université Laval, and stood upon La Grande Batterie—more formidable in appearance than any other part of the walls. Thence we passed through the Rue Port Dauphin, past the Archevêché, and stood at last upon the heights of Durham Terrace, with its great guns captured at Sevastopol. We looked down upon the roofs of the Lower Town, and into the very street where Benedict Arnold was wounded for his country in the earlier part of the Revolution. Below us was the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence River, stretching far away to the east, until its identity was lost in the horizon. On the right the quartz crystals of the promontory above us glistened in the morning sun, and gave their name to "Cape Diamond." Upon its rugged slope the battlements of the citadel converged at their nearest angle into the Prince of Wales Bastion, whence a lonely cannon frowned down upon us with the warning that we were at its mercy. So doubtless thought poor Montgomery, as in the dead of night he reconnoitred upon this very slope, and gave his life-blood for freedom with the closing hours of 1775.

The clear, bracing air of that height was the best of tonics. Why will travellers persist in visiting Quebec only in the summer? True, the winter is cold, but it has been reduced to a science. It is not the tricksy sprite, now warm, now cold, that it is 500 miles to the south; but its very uniformity makes it reliable. Its terrors are discounted in advance, and the proceeds are turned into pleasures of the hyperborean sort.

Where else in the world would you think of having a picnic with the thermometer at zero? Do not understand by this term a spread in the woods, but rather a combination like the following: a drive to Montmorenci, a short tramp on snow-shoes, an ascent of the cone of frozen spray (which rises 100 feet above the foot of the Falls), a ride on a "toboggan," and a night in an adjoining ball-room.

Or a "tobogganing expedition" is pro-

posed, and your party can start for the hills in calèches, towing their toboggans at the rear. These toboggans are peculiarly Canadian, and were first used by the Indians for the carrying of furs. They are made of long and thin boards or pieces of bark, bent up at one end and prevented from splitting by cross pieces on the upper side. Their seating capacity varies from two to ten persons. If ladies ride, they are placed in front, as in the picture. The vehicle is guided by the gentleman at the rear, with a stick, or, less gracefully, with the feet. A toboggan runs easily and rapidly down any hill-side which is covered with a thin snow-crust, and the effect of a "bump" at such a time can not be readily described.

If you are piscatorially inclined, you can spend a night on the St. Lawrence, and screen yourself from the severity of the weather within one of the temporary houses upon the ice. Comfortably seated in a chair and warmed by a stove, you almost lose sight of the fact that a splendid fish is nibbling at your hook. You pull him up through a hole in the ice, light a fresh pipe, and drop your hook for the next favor.

Then we might walk to the St. Louis Gate—or rather to the gap where the gate once was—whence Montcalm marched forth to give up his life, and the French supremacy in America as well.

Just outside the walls we might enter the Glaciarum, or rink, and enjoy some of the numerous contests. There will be races of all kinds—snow-shoe, three-legged, hurdle, and flat; but most amusing of all, the wheelbarrow and barrel races. The human wheelbarrow is made by one skater sitting upon his left foot, then extending the right foot forward, and finally turning the arms upward for handles. In this position he is trundled off by a companion. When the barrel race opens the contestants skate at full speed across the rink toward a number of headless barrels. Partially sliding for the last twenty feet, they endeavor to dart through, but the refractory barrels persist in rolling over and over the mirror-like surface, while the display of anatomical extremities is something remarkable.

From the rink we might walk down the Esplanade Hill, admiring on the way the interior slope of the walls. By an abrupt turn to the left we can pass out beneath Quebec's only remaining gate—the one known as St. John's. This is the most prosperous suburb of the city, and the street leads us to the Indian hamlet of La Jeune-Lorette. Should we choose for our exit the gap where Palace Gate once stood, we shall pass the endless rows of Normandy cottages called Beauport; but, alas! the pretty *petites Canadiennes* of the summer are not visible to offer their



ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.



SLEIGHING IN MONTREAL.

flowers or a cup of cold water. A few bright blossoms even now beam their gladness upon us through small double windows, and in the background it may be that we recognize the countenance of our summer flower girl, saying, like the roses at her side, "Ne m'oubliez pas."

If our pleasure does not consist so much in out-of-door exercise, we may confine ourselves within the square mile of territory which limits the Upper Town, and wander through the splendid library of the university, attend the Provincial Parliament, sup with Père La Gacé at the École Normale on bread baked in the solid jail of the old Château St. Louis, visit the seminaries and enjoy the paintings in the chapel, or wander through the cathedrals—both French and English—and examine the bijouterie in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent. Whichever way we turn we are greeted with, "Bonjour, monsieur;" or the more inquisitive, "Restez-vous longtemps dans cette ville?" from some expectant carter, whose "Où logez-vous?" shows not only his wish for a job, but also his determination to follow you to your abiding-place. One need not be long upon the street to feel that an appropriate sign for an occasional shop window would read: "English is spoken here."

Amid this variety of entertainment weeks might be spent at "the Gibraltar of America," and the pleasures would not pall. They certainly did not pall to us, for it was with sincere regret that we turned our backs upon the citadel, and took the prosaic cars from the opposite bank of the river named after the gridiron saint.

"I think," said Wilkins, "that we Americans will have to yield the palm of endurance to the 'Canucks,' as they are often called. Statistics show that in the hardihood of their inhabitants Norway and Sweden stand first among the nations. Then come, in order, Canada, Germany, the United States, England, France, and Ireland. I recall a passage from Charlevoix, the historian, which describes the ancestry of the Canadians: 'A healthy though rigorous climate, frugal modes of life, protracted marches in war-time, hard work on the lands—to which combined all the feebler constitutions suc-

BURLINGAME PUBLIC



SKATING, MONTREAL.

cumbed, leaving as the real founders of the race only the robust, the acclimated, and the long-lived — are the intelligible causes of the excellence of the ancient Canadians with respect to courage and physical qualities.' And another authority says: 'The French of Canada are well formed, active, vigorous, and capable of great endurance. Owners and captains of ships will pay one-fourth more to French Canadians than to laborers of old France.'"

"All that is undoubtedly true," said I. "Why should it be strange that the exposure to severe weather should in the course of several generations develop extraordinary powers of endurance? And then, Old Trask notwithstanding (poor soul, he is now dead), the short pipe and pigtail tobacco are a part of every Canadian's outfit, and they help in the curing process which makes his flesh hard and firm. Then you will notice that although he may use costly furs or fabrics, yet the style of his garments is of secondary importance to their usefulness."

As we conversed there tumbled into the car a number of passengers clad in huge fur coats, and resembling immense 'coons walking upright. They divested themselves of their outer skins, revealing heavy undercoats of wool or lighter ones of deer-skin with the fur inside. Several had deer-skin boots with the fur still upon the exterior. There were also long outer coats of Irish frieze, or the shorter capotes of Hudson Bay cloth, with the inevitable hood in the neck, rosettes for buttons, and sashes of silk or worsted for holding them together. Boys of four years old and upward were dressed like the men, thereby affording assorted sizes of the same style in any well-regulated family. Every man in our car wore a fur cap. Of women there were none. The air was heavy with smoke, and the hours of the night resounded with song. Gradually we became oblivious to the idioms of those around us, and finally we awoke to hear the train dashing through Victoria Bridge.

In the gleam of the morning we are glad to step upon the broad and level streets of Montreal. Here the gas lamps do not hang from the houses across our path, for there is more room than in Quebec. The streets are blocked with a recent fall of snow, and the bright tin roofs suddenly precipitate their loads with a rushing sound not to be mistaken by any one who has heard it. Woe to the person who does not heed this warning! If he does not wish to be "bonneted," he must dodge either close to the building or toward the middle of the street. There is real danger in the crowded thoroughfare, since the movements of the dodger are not so free, and his feet are sure to catch in the ridge upon the sidewalk (made by former droppings of snow), just in time for the descending mass to dump itself "most emphatic" upon his devoted head.

Arrived at the hotel, we are ushered into a room which opens into a small court roofed with glass. This arrangement retains and utilizes the heat from the kitchen—a necessary economy now that wood is but little used, and most of the coal comes all the way from Pennsylvania.

Out-of-doors every moving thing is on runners. Wheels are nowhere visible, and huge sliding boxes have taken the place of cars in the streets. This is a very paradise for those who enjoy sleighing, because the

tariff of the carters is the same the year round, whether for runners or for wheels. The more pretentious establishments, with panoplied drivers and a wealth of black bear robes, move in a stately procession up and down the Rue St. Jacques, or glide rapidly around "the Mountain," or out to Lachine. Such is the ordinary winter-day appearance of Montreal.

"Those ladies look very well in their sleighs," said Wilkins; "but one should see them in the morning as they shop. Then they come out in all the glory of quilted skirts, black hosiery, and Arctic shoes. Their fur caps are well pulled down, and their heads are wrapped in clouds, Nubias, Abyssinias, or whatever else you choose to call them. The *tout ensemble* may show utility, but neither elegance nor grace. It is 'positively shocking,' as Dundreary would say, and is enough to spoil the fairest face and the finest figure. Why, even their back hair—"

"My dear Sir," I interrupted, "you have proved yourself a man of observation as well as a misogynist. But you must remember that the ladies of Canada believe in training the mind rather than in decorating the body. In their apprehension of the ex-



THE MOOSE-HUNTER.

act sciences they far excel their sisters of the United States. They even dispute with their own countrymen the pre-eminence in such studies, while the acquisition of the French language is a rudiment and not an accomplishment. Canadian social life, therefore, differs somewhat from the American. The basis is confidence and sincerity; and these being assured, the ice is at once broken. Acquaintance with a stranger may be sought in a dignified manner, requiring a dignified manner in return; but if that acquaintance passes to a state of friendship or intimacy, it will be found that there are many jolly ways about those same Canadian ladies of whom you have so poor an opinion."

"You are altogether a woman-worshipper," was the reply. "Look at those two men with their fur great-coats as they are

drawn by small mouse-colored horses recently clipped. They look like two cubs drawn by rats; and the fur should be on the animals, and not on the men."

The sight was extremely ridiculous, but the air was keen. We stepped within our hotel, in order to enjoy the rest of the cavalcade from a more comfortable spot.

Thus the days passed, with a drive, a tobogganing expedition, or a snow-shoe tramp about the Mountain. Occasionally we visited the rink, to which strangers are so generously admitted—a place made famous by the visit of Prince Arthur several years ago.

On Sundays and festal days we listened to elaborate music at the old parish church or the Gesu, attended the preaching of the Word by the most popular divine in the city—a young American—or allowed ourselves to be amused with the choral service in the Church of St. James the Apostle, but more especially with the medley of waltzes and galops which the sweet-toned organ gave forth after the service was over.

By advice of our friends we determined to hire a calèche which should convey us to Ottawa in the course of two or three days. Having prepared ourselves for the journey, we were glad to hear the porter announce, "La caleche est à la porte."

Our route lay along the bank of the St. Lawrence, past the rapids, and toward the town of Lachine. The drive is only nine miles in length, but it is one of the most enjoyable in the whole Northern region. The keen and invigorating air of the morning touched a chord in our breasts responsive to that described by Sangster, the leading poet of Canada:

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Merrily, merrily, O!
Life is but a sleigh-ride
Through the frost and snow.
Ever we are learning
This one truth while we go—
All sadness without sunlight
Is like winter without snow."

Our first halt came, alas! too soon, at Lachine, where we paused to equip ourselves more fully for the expedition. The inner man and the innermost recesses of the calèche having been filled with refreshments, we turned northward and followed the Ottawa, now on the river itself, and now on one of its banks. Onward we went over the snow-drifts, until the deepening shadows of the afternoon warned us that night was at hand. Occasionally the cabin of a *habitant* appeared, but the accommodations were so small that we did not dare to ask for shelter. Luckily for us, Baptiste, our driver, knew of a friend who would take us in, and with whom he had had the forethought (so unusual in one of his race) to plan that we should spend the night. Still on we passed through the deep stillness of the forest; mile after mile of leafless loneliness was passed, and each mile seemed to add to the impressive silence. The ancient Greek, with his numerous gods, could not have had one to represent that awful grandeur, that sense of the infinite, which broods over the solitary wilderness of the North in the dead of winter.

At last we came to a cabin of the better class. The host was Xavier Croteau, and he welcomed us as friends of Baptiste. We supped on peas and poultry, and sat down to enjoy that source of never-ending jollity, the pigtail tobacco.

When friend Xavier had visited his root-house and attended to his horse, we again gathered round the fire. We told him who we were, and for what purpose we had come. We then asked him about the Indians, whom we had expected to see in considerable numbers. Xavier informed us that we might meet one or two Indians on our way, but that we would scarcely see more until we reached Ottawa. "And even then," he said, "you will not see many, although it is the fur mart of this section."

"Of what tribe are these Indians?" we asked.

"They belong mostly to the Algonquin nation, and are of various tribes—the Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Missisauquas, Chippewas, and others."

"Does not Mrs. Jameson in one of her books speak of the Chippewa tongue as being the court language of the Algonquins?"

"Yes. It was the court language as long as they had a nationality; but the poor Algonquins were overcome by the Iroquois more than one hundred years ago. Even the Hurons, who dwelt on the lake of that name, and who were related to the Iroquois, were destroyed by the latter, on account of their proximity to the Algonquins."

"But that was some time before."

"It was about the year 1650 that the tomahawks of the Iroquois made an end of the Jesuits and their most promising mission in New France, the one among the Hurons. Have you ever been in Lorette, La Jeune-Lorette, the Indian village on the St. Charles River, near Quebec?"

"Oh yes, we have been there."

"Well, the Indians who live there are all who are left of the Hurons, or Wyandots, except a few who live on the Detroit River near its mouth. The ancestors of these Lorette Indians were a mere handful, conducted thither by the Jesuits after they, with their protégés, had been driven away from the far West."

"But have they not become mixed with the whites?"

"So much so that, according to one of the professors in Toronto University, they will soon have to prove their Indian descent from the baptismal register. The professor

says he heard a French Canadian lamenting that although his family were most loyally French, yet they were fast becoming Hurons in physique; while, on the other hand, many of the Hurons are already closely resembling the French in their appearance. These facts would please old Brant, the Mohawk chief, if he were alive, for he always said that his people would become civilized only by amalgamation with the whites."

"I now recall the fact that Mrs. Schoolcraft, the wife of our distinguished authority on the Indians, was of Indian descent,



SHANS-KO-NAR.

and often accompanied her husband on his excursions to the Great Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron. By-the-way, whatever became of that project which Sir Francis B. Head (so lately deceased) commenced to execute about forty years ago—that of colonizing all the Indians on that island?"

"The experiment was tried for twenty years; but the Indians remained each year just long enough to claim their gifts and to barter them for liquor. This finished the project, for the island had acquired the name 'Dwelling of the Spirits' in more senses than one."

"Are the numbers of the Indians decreasing?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, after 250 years of warfare, they seem to be slowly increasing. Civilization has not brought the ruin and depopulation to them that it has brought to the natives of Australia and Tasmania."

Thus we found Xavier to be far beyond the average of his class not only in knowledge, but also in his readiness to express that knowledge in the English language.

But our evening was not entirely spent in this sober manner. Xavier's goodwife brought forth an immense *boudin*, or "blood pudding," and placed it by the fire, while Xavier himself produced from a cupboard a liquid of such a peculiar nature that we could not tell whether it was fermented or distilled. With many blessings the hospitable couple sent us off to bed, to dream of Indians with fiery tails, and of long men who peered in upon us through the small gable windows which lighted our room.

The next morning we decided to visit an Indian village, leaving Baptiste and his friend to visit together, and then to overtake us. Tying on our snow-shoes, we started forth. Let no one imagine that it is an easy thing to tramp when the feet are spread from fifteen to eighteen inches apart, and with such a *chaussure*, too! Even with the experience we had already acquired, we were not yet proficient in the art of waddling gracefully, for the peculiar motion required does not come naturally to those who live in a more southerly latitude.

As we trudged along we thought of the various hardships which the early Jesuit missionaries were obliged to undergo as they practiced with snow-shoes, and took their full share, with other beginners, in diving and plunging into the drifts.

We reached the Indian village, and were disappointed. Scarcely a soul appeared at the windows of the miserable cabins. At last we hailed an old creature; but we could not understand his *patois*, and so he shook his head, and we passed on until Baptiste overtook us.

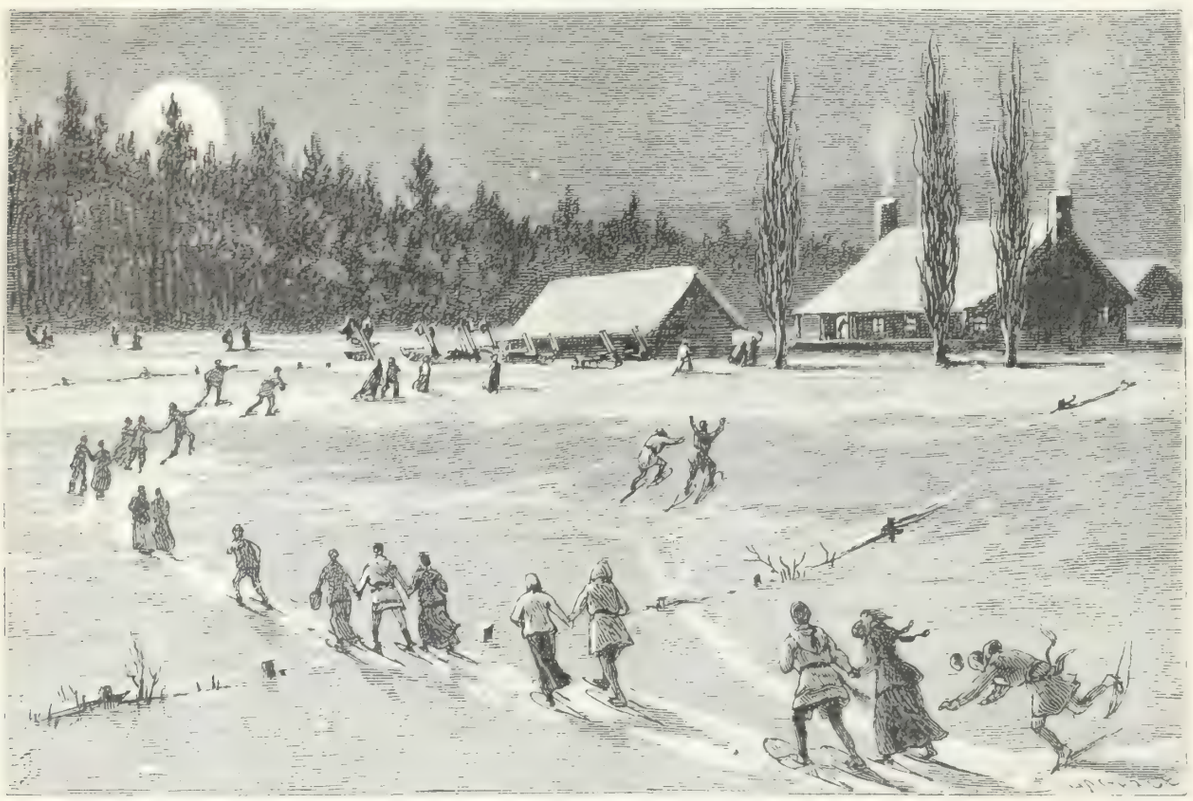
We drove all that day, and occasionally drew our physical supplies from the depths of the calèche. Those were our *munitions de bouche*, after the manner of the old voyageurs. Toward night we entered a village of respectable size, and put up at the tavern, as tired as travellers could well be.

The next day passed without adventure, save that we came across an old trapper, with whom we managed to converse after a fashion. Curious instruments for trapping game dangled from his clothing, and gave a weird appearance to his spectral figure. Not knowing his name, we evolved one from our innermost memory, and called him "Shaus-ko-nar," or "the moving shadow."

At length, before the third day of our journey had ended, the spires and turrets of Ottawa came in view. We passed by the beautiful fall, so graceful in its lace-like descent that it was not strange the early French called it the Rideau. A little farther on the grander falls of the Ottawa, named the Chaudière, were enveloped in an icy shroud. The constantly accumulating crystals of frozen spray had taken the form of strata, through which a small opening revealed the boiling waters of "the Kettle." Down they rushed and struggled and flew into and out of caverns and about the sharp corners of the rocks, their olive-green hue in marked contrast with the snow, and their reverberating echoes causing us to forget the extreme record of the thermometer as we paused to listen and to admire.

Aside from the novelty of the trip, we had come to Ottawa for the purpose of seeing the trappers, and gaining information about the fur trade. Imagine our disappointment when we discovered that more satisfactory knowledge might have been gained at our own firesides, since very little of the fur trade comes to Ottawa nowadays, and most of that little comes in the spring. We were so fortunate as to see two or three trappers; but the great bulk of both trade and trappers is at Winnipeg, in the region of the Red River of the North.

After all, our disappointment was only a surprise—the suddenly acquired knowledge of a fact hitherto unknown and unknowable. We therefore, with profound philosophy, addressed ourselves to the pursuit of still other of those pleasures which can be enjoyed only in this part of the world. Most of our time was spent at one of the rinks on the Ottawa River—for the word "rink" stands not only for a building on the land, but also for a fenced inclosure on the ice. Here we saw various Indian games adapted to the glassy surface. Less exciting, but more scientific, was the Scotch game of "curling"—a game in which his Excellency Lord Dufferin, the late Governor-General, often took a hand. He was an excellent player, and was fond of an occasional game with his subjects for a trivial stake, as a donation to some charitable purpose.



A MOONLIGHT TRAMP.

VI.—ROGER VANDER WEYDEN.

THE mantle of Van Eyck descended upon Vander Weyden, his pupil, and distinguished by the same qualities as was the first Flemish master. Vander Weyden is often called Roger of Bruges, and, as is inevitable in tracing out the lives of the early painters, two places contend for the honor of being his birth-place; in this instance Brussels and Tourney.

Vander Weyden was born in 1400. He was married in 1425 to one Elizabeth Goffaerts; but whether at this time his appointment to decorate the Town-hall at Brussels had been received or not can not be ascertained. From the size of his pictures for the Town-hall, and the faithful work he always bestowed on his pictures, the four must have occupied him some years, and it is likely he did other work for the city, though there is no direct mention of any. That he was a successful artist, as far as accumulating money is a proof, is evident, for in 1431 he was, by records, in receipt of rents from property owned both in Brussels and Tourney. In 1435 the city authorities decided that the expenses of government must be curtailed, and that they could no longer afford to pay for a city painter; and that though Vander Weyden should retain his title and office, he should no longer have a salary, and after his death the office should be abolished. What money he received from the authorities is not stated, and there is no record of any thing paid to him save an indemnity for the purchase of the robe required to be worn on state celebrations. In 1444 he bought a large house in what is now Emperor Street, which he left to his children, of whom there were four, three sons and a daughter. The gratuity of 400 crowns which he gave the Carthusians at Herinnes, when his eldest son Cornelius joined their order, is an additional proof of his being rich, as is also the fact that by his will he left a large legacy to be applied in aiding the deserving poor of Brussels.

In 1450 Vander Weyden went to Rome to join in the jubilee, and found his fame had preceded him, and that by the enthusiastic Italians he was ranked with Van Eyck. On his return he received a commission to paint an altarpiece for the Abbey St. Aubert at Chambray, but all trace of this work, which was highly esteemed in its day, is now lost.

He evidently led an uneventful, laborious life, and there are very few details that even the most patient research has been enabled to gather concerning him, and one of his best known claims to remembrance has been and will be the fact that he was the teacher of Memline and Martin Schongauer, or "Le Beau Martin," as the French term him, whose rare wood-cuts are now as highly prized as those of Dürer.

Vander Weyden died in June, 1464, and was buried before the altar of St. Catharine in the Church of St. Gudule, at Brussels, and this inscription was engraved on the stone which covered his grave: "Under this stone, Roger, thou liest quietly—thou, whose pencil excelled in reproducing Nature. Brussels weeps thy death, and fears she will never again find so skillful an artist. Art also mourns thee, deprived as she is of a master who never had an equal."



ROGER VANDER WEYDEN.

Vander Weyden's second son, Peter, was an artist of little merit, but his son Gosuin seemed to have inherited more of his grandfather's talent, and some of his pictures, notably the "Marriage of the Virgin," at Lierre, have been erroneously attributed to Roger Vander Weyden.

With the exception of the portrait of Philip the Good, at Antwerp, and a miniature which adorns the manuscript, "The Annals of Hainault," painted in 1449—of which Laborde says, "The painter has represented the duke seated on a dais receiving the work, and Vander Weyden was at that time the only artist able to conceive and execute such a masterpiece, worthy alike of his master and his hand"—there are but two authentic pictures of Vander Weyden's known to be in existence; all others attributed to him are conjectural. Both of these have gone through various perils by sea and land ere they reached their present havens. One is a triptych, now one of the ornaments of the Berlin Museum. The central panel represents "The Virgin holding the dead Christ;" on the right, "The Virgin and Child;" on the left, "The Resurrection, and Christ appearing to His Mother." As far

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back as 1431 there is a record of this picture, so it must have been painted when Vander Weyden was young; but even then he had gained a reputation, for the old manuscript record in the Carthusian convent of Miraflores speaks of the picture as painted "by Master Roger, a great and famous Fleming." Pope Martin V. gave the picture to John II., King of Spain, and he in 1445 presented it to the convent. During the Peninsular wars, between 1800 and 1814, it was bought by M. Nieuwenhuys from some despoiler, sold by him to William II. of Holland, and at his death was transferred to its present abode. Waagen praises "the great energy of the conception, the vivid coloring, the delicacy of finish," though he condemns the lack of anatomy shown in the figures.

The second picture is at Madrid, and was painted by Vander Weyden for the "Chapel beyond the Walls" of Louvain, and a century later Maria of Hungary bought it of the Gunsmiths' Guild of that city (the owners of the chapel) for a copy by Coxie and organs worth 500 florins. The ship which conveyed the picture to Spain was wrecked during a storm, but the picture escaped uninjured. The subject is "The Descent from the Cross," and the painting justifies the high praise bestowed upon Vander Weyden by the old art critics, according to Michielis.

Of the four large works painted for the Town-hall of Brussels—"The Act of Justice by Trajan;" "Pope Gregory informed by a Vision of God's Grace to the Emperor;" "Herkenblad punishing his Son, convicted of Theft;" "The Last Communion of Herkenblad," of which Dürer, when he visited the Low Countries, spoke in eulogistic terms, calling the painter "the great Master Roger," and Lamponius, on seeing them, exclaimed, "O Master Roger, what a man thou wert!"—there is no record after the bombardment of Brussels in 1695, and it is generally believed that they perished then. Calvert of Estrella, who saw them in 1549, and Jacques Bollard, still later, wrote lengthy descriptions of them; and M. Pinchart has discovered that among the hangings captured by the Swiss from Charles the Bold at Nancy, still preserved at Berne, are reproductions of these famous pictures. The tapestries are twenty-six feet long, thirteen feet six inches high, and are said to be faithful copies of the paintings as described by Calvert and Bollard.

VII.—JACQUES JORDAENS.

According to Michielis, Jordaens has not received the praise he merits. He says: "No writer, no critic, has ever appreciated the character of his works. They have been praised in a feeble, vague way. No Frenchman has written his life, which is to me strange, for he is better represented in the Louvre than in any other gallery." He then describes the famous picture, "The Money-Changers in the Temple," and exclaims: "The power of Shakspeare breathes in this canvas; here one finds his depth and his bitter strength;" and gives Timon's soliloquy, where he finds gold—*Timon of Athens*, Act IV., Scene 3. Michielis also asserts that this picture was intended as a protest against Catholicism. Under the guise



JACQUES JORDAENS.

of the money-changers Jordaens represented the Simonaics and the papal court; the avenging Messiah is Luther overthrowing the Catholic clergy.

It is true Jordaens has not met with much notice; Rubens overpowered his pupils; they are merged in him, and, with the exception of Van Dyck, comparatively little attention has been bestowed upon them; in fact, in many of the accounts Jordaens is spoken of as being merely an "imitator" of Rubens. Jordaens resembles his master—for such Rubens was—more than any other of his pupils in the brilliancy of his coloring and vigorous execution, though he sometimes carries to extreme his fondness for glowing tints, as in the "Vocation of St. Peter" at Antwerp, which is startling in its vivid coloring.

Jordaens was born at Antwerp, May, 1593, of Catholic parents, and was the eldest child of a large family. His father was a linen-draper, and, like Rubens, our artist was "one of the people." When fourteen he entered Adam van Noort's studio; how long he remained there is not stated, but the registers of the brotherhood of St. Luke's show him to have become a member in 1615, and opposite his name are the words "water-painter." It was the custom in those days to hang rooms with painted linen draperies when the owner could not afford to purchase tapestries or Cordova leather, and Mechlin was the great market for such wares. Jordaen's father being in the linen business, and furnishing such stuffs brought

from Mechlin, was desirous to manufacture them at home, and intended to employ his son's talents in painting linen for him, which was why he had the young man taught distemper painting, but the son soon broke away from this purely mechanical branch of art.

Adam van Noort* was a man notorious for his brutality and vicious ways; his pupils were always glad to leave him, but Jordaens, as a recompense for the abuse he suffered at the hands of the father, was consoled by the tender love of the daughter, and he and Catharine van Noort contrived to meet after he quitted her father's studio. On the 15th of May, 1616, the young couple were married, and in consequence Jordaens was obliged to relinquish a journey to Italy which he had intended to make. He always regretted that he could not have studied in Italy, and the few who have criticised him have repeated the remark, except Michielis, who says, "I do not see wherein this Flemish artist could have gained by a residence in the papal domain; he would have returned less liberal, less original: his style seems to me perfect."

Jordaens had three children, two daughters and one son, the records of whose baptisms can be seen in Notre Dame, the last bearing date October 25, 1629, showing at that time the painter was still a Catholic. The precise date at which he became a Protestant is rather obscure, but it must have been some time between October, 1629, and July, 1630; for this reason: Gustavus Adolphus, wishing to have twelve paintings representing the "Passions," and being a zealous Protestant, ordered the works of Jordaens, on the twofold ground of his being a great painter and also a Protestant. Now, though Gustavus did not die until November, 1632 (on the field of Lutzen), yet it was on the 4th of July, 1630, that he embarked from Rugen with his troops to fight against Wallenstein, and it is scarcely possible that during that eventful struggle the king had time to bestow thoughts upon painters or paintings.

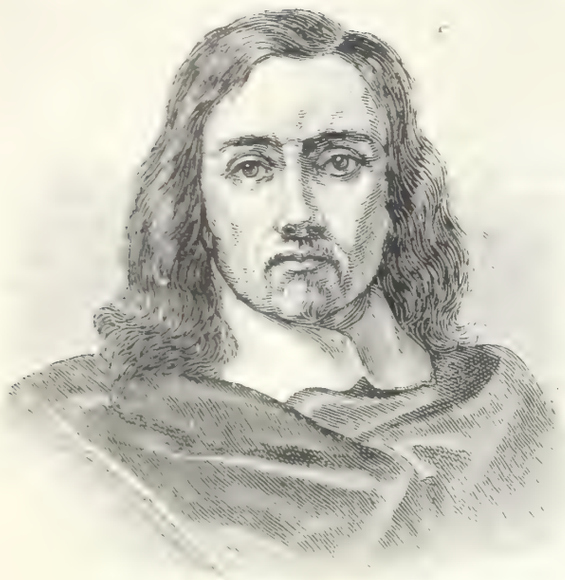
Jordaens painted as rapidly as Rubens, and was as diligent a worker; according to Weyerman: "His brush was so skillful that he filled with his pictures not only Belgium and Holland, but the neighboring countries, which caused them to be less valuable, for rarity enhances the value. In order to give a list of his pictures a volume would be necessary."

Even if their number diminished their value, Jordaens's pictures brought him in a large fortune, for in 1639 he bought a house in High Street, now numbered 2593, which he remodelled after a design of his own, spending two years in the reconstruction. The entrance hall was in the shape of a Greek cross, on the walls and doors of which Jordaens painted pictures, among them the twelve apostles, the signs of the zodiac, etc. There were many pieces of sculpture and pictures by other artists, and the house was



"THE FAMILY CONCERT."—[JORDAENS.]

* A portrait of Adam van Noort, painted by Van Dyck, was given in the paper on Van Dyck in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1878.



ERASMUS QUELLYN.

intended to equal, if not excel, Rubens's. In 1708 the house was sold by Jordaens's grandchildren. One of the purchasers, Van Heurck, owing money, gave in lieu the larger number of the pictures, which now ornament the Gunsmiths' Hall. Since then the house has so often changed hands and been so altered that there now remain no traces of its former splendor. Jordaens's collection—a valuable one—of other artists' pictures was sold at the Hague in March, 1734.

Though a swift, steady worker, Jordaens gave his evenings to enjoyment, and generally spent them with friends at a tavern, and it was from the habitués of the inn that he obtained his models. After the death of Rubens he was the recognized head of the artists; and Gerbier, writing to Murray, the keeper of Charles I.'s pictures, says, "Sir Peter Rubens is deceased three days past, so Joardens remaynes the prime painter here."

The widow of Frederick Henry, Stadtholder of Holland, commissioned Jordaens to paint in the Maison au Bois, near the Hague, the history of the great general, intending to have a gallery equal to that which Rubens executed for Marie de Medicis; and doubtless the religious belief of the painter was an additional reason for his employment, for the princess in the decoration of the rest of the palace had only Dutch painters. Jordaens was the only stranger. His eminent position saved him from the petty persecutions that the Protestants underwent in the Netherlands; his house was always an asylum for those who needed protection, and every year he had the wedding feast at Cana celebrated with great pomp.

Jordaens lived to be eighty-five, and died in 1678, on the same day with his daughter, of the epidemic called "the sweat."

VIII.—ERASMUS QUELLYN THE ELDER.

Under a portrait in the *Golden Cabinet* is this inscription: "Erasmus Quellyn, born in Antwerp, November 19, 1607; he was a pupil of Mons. P. P. Rubens, having first



"YOUTHFUL SATYRS."—[E. QUELLYN.]

been a professor of philosophy; he was also an excellent master in painting both for large and cabinet pictures; he studied perspective assiduously, and was also a fine designer and architect."

It seems that Quellyn turned from philosophy and the pursuit of abstract subjects to painting, attracted thereto by the genius of Rubens and the affection he had for the great Fleming, at whose houses he was a constant and welcome visitor. The great master, however, did not teach his friend the rudiments of his new profession, and Quellyn first entered the studio of Verhaeghe, an obscure painter but excellent teacher, remained there a year, and in 1634 was admitted into the Guild of St. Luke, of which his father, a sculptor, had become a member the day of his son's birth.

Quellyn married a rich wife, painted for his pleasure, not for his support, and it was at first owing to Rubens's persuasions that he exhibited and sold his works. The friendship between the two artists remained unbroken, and each estimated highly the other's genius. Quellyn decorated several churches, and St. Michael at Antwerp held many of his works. Michielis declares his paintings bear comparison with those of the great masters without excepting one, and mentions with great praise an "Adoration" at Munich, in the cathedral; a "Holy Family" at Ghent; and the famous picture at St. Jacques, Antwerp, illustrating the story of "St. Roch," once so familiar (and which Mrs. Jamieson relates in her *Sacred and Legendary Art*), bearing date 1550, which was evidently painted in commemoration of the fearful ravages of the plague, which raged in Antwerp from 1658 to 1631.

Whenever there was any celebration at Antwerp, Quellyn was the one to design the triumphal arches, etc. And on the entrance of Castelroderigo, Governor of the Netherlands, the wedding of Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa, the death of Philip IV., Quellyn painted descriptive pictures of these scenes, all of which have been engraved. After the death of his wife, Quellyn entered the monastery at Tongerloo, and there staid until his death, November 11, 1678, at the age of seventy-one. Michielis thinks that a large number of his works have been attributed to Van Dyck, their styles being similar, and that careful investigation would disclose many of his pictures now unknown; that as he was a patient, persistent worker, he must have painted many more works than are recognized as his, and though it is surprising his merits should have been so long overlooked, yet it is in part owing to his often omitting—in fact, rarely remembering—to sign his name to his pictures.

IX.—FRANZ SNYDERS.

It is not without justice that Michielis complains of the "desperate laconicism" of the Flemish writers, and says, "It seems sufficient to them to give a few dates and note a few events; but the feelings, the moral characteristics of the artists, the details of their daily life, their joys, their sorrows—all one would like much to know—seem to them of no interest, and on these points they all preserve an obstinate silence."



FRANZ SNYDERS.

Of Snyders there is but scant information. We learn that he was born at Antwerp in 1579, two years after his famous master and friend Rubens. He studied his art under Pierre Breughen, and later of Henry van Balen, and in 1602 was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, which fact shows that even then he was an artist of merit. He was speedily chosen by Rubens to paint with and for him, and in many of Rubens's compositions the animals are by Snyders, and in the latter's hunting pieces Rubens painted the figures. Rubens at his death appointed Snyders, together with Jean Wildens and Moermans, to appraise his pictures and take charge of and sell them.

As far as is known, Snyders never travelled out of the Netherlands. The rumor that he studied in Italy under Castiglione, and there acquired his style, is a mistake, for Snyders was thirty-seven when the Italian artist was born, and certainly did not wait until past middle life to copy from Castiglione. Ere the Italian had acquired any fame, Snyders had been nominated court painter by the Archduke Albert, who admired his works, and presented several of them to Philip III. of Spain, and they now adorn the palace of Buen Retiro. Leopold of Austria was also a firm patron of the painter, and his pictures were eagerly sought after.

He was accounted the best animal painter of his day; and Blanc asserts that his



"THE BOAR-HUNT."—[FRANZ SNYDERS.]

"chases are executed with a vigor and fire that Rubens alone could equal. The abounding life that Rubens depicted in his men and women, Snyders has depicted in his animals. He transports us to the open country, to the full chase; the prey and the dogs are the actors. We can imagine, so vivid is the representation, that perchance the panting fugitive will escape the cruel teeth of his pursuers and the knives of the hunters." Yet Blanc allows that Snyders was often faulty in his perspective and in the "clair-obscur," frequently careless in the disposition of his groups, and taking no pains to throw the light on the central point of his picture and subordinate the rest; but spite of his faults, Snyders's works are full of "the movement, the warmth, and the breath of life. 'Tis these qualities which gained him the greatest honor desired by the painters of his day, the admiration and love of Rubens."

Weyerman contends that the best pictures of Rubens and Snyders were those they painted together; but this is extravagant praise of Snyders. Though his pictures possess the same qualities as those of Rubens, yet he is not the great painter's equal, for his colors are harsher, less harmonious, and his shadings are more abrupt. In later years Snyders returned to the painting of fruit, flowers, and game, with which he began his career, but his best works are his animal pictures. He is known to have executed sixteen etchings representing animals, which are of very great rarity, and a few of his paintings have been engraved by Zaal and Réveil. Snyders died in 1657.

EDUCATION BY HAND.

WHEN Benjamin Franklin made his will, in 1788, he inserted a provision by which the sum of one hundred pounds sterling was to be put out at interest, and the earnings of the money devoted each year to the purchase of silver medals to be given as honorary rewards in the free schools of Boston. "I was born," he says, "in Boston, New England, and owe my first instructions in literature to the free grammar schools established there." The investment has proved very productive. Not only has the fund more than doubled since Franklin's death, but over four thousand boys have received, in token of diligence and exemplary conduct, the Franklin medal, and every year hundreds have before their eyes this old-fashioned prize, worth perhaps a dollar if sent to the mint, but constituting the symbol of a boyish aristocracy of merit and scholarship. The schools which Franklin remembered with gratitude have increased in number and appointment, until the system of Boston public schools has become a great organization, occupying the attention and thought of teachers, supervisors, superintendent, and a citizens' committee, and watched over with interest and solicitude by all who have the welfare of the city at stake. The same spectacle is seen in all

parts of the country, and there is little doubt that were Franklin alive to-day, he would give his shrewdest observation to the common schools of America.

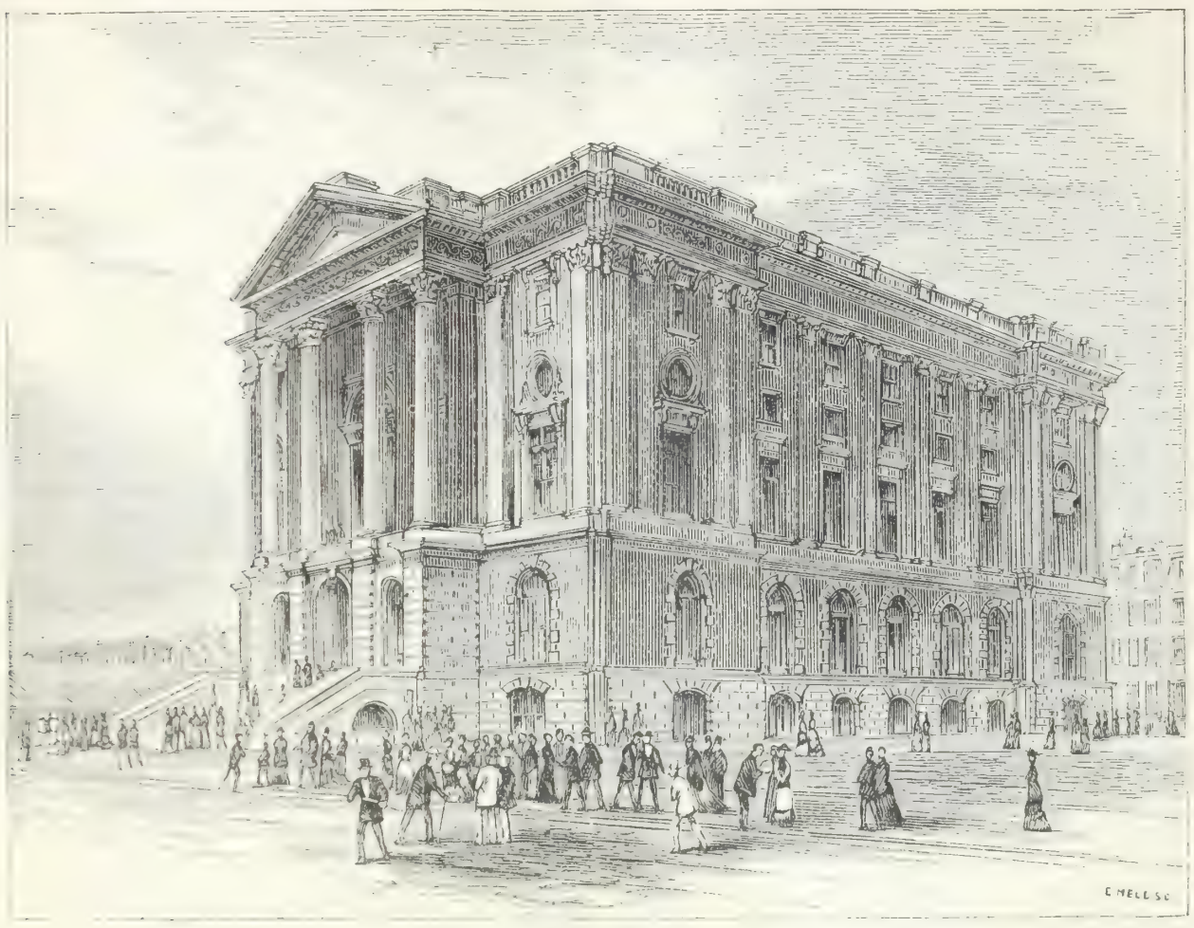
There was another interest which Franklin had much at heart. The Library Company of Philadelphia, of which he was one of the founders, became in his lifetime, as he said, "the mother of all the North American subscription libraries;" but Franklin and his contemporaries had no conception at that time of the free public library, which has outstripped the subscription libraries, and divides with the common schools public interest and concern. If he could visit his native place now he would find, in place of the few facilities which he describes so pathetically in his autobiography, a collection of books, the largest in America, free to all boys and girls in Boston. He would not be surprised to learn that it was popularly regarded as the cap-sheaf of the public-school system.

Marvellous indeed has been the increase, even within one generation, of the literary appointments of education. Text-books have been refined upon, systems of teaching and of examination have been studied, discussed, made the subject of learned treatises and solemn commissions, and the whole science of pedagogy has been subjected to the minutest scrutiny. Grades have been regarded, discipline established, and the public-school system invested with something of the mechanism of a rigorously ordered army. From primary school to high school the child is pushed from behind and pulled from before, and all manner of rules and regulations hedge him about. Great sums of money are expended, and so far is the solidarity of the school carried, that associations exist for perpetuating the company which has been brought together in this or that grammar school or high school. During the hours not spent in school, and especially upon the half-holiday, the Public Library is thronged with pupils searching for books to read at home, or crowding about the tables where the current literature offers immediate attraction. Surely one would expect from this highly organized literary system a community, if not of Franklins, yet of intelligent, prosperous citizens capable of using their wits, and, within the necessary limits, what one might call an educated class.

But if Franklin could inspect all these appointments, and could be present when the ingenuous youth came forward to receive the medals which his hundred pounds had provided as a perpetual incentive, I suppose his next questions would be, What has become of the thousand pounds which I gave at the same time for the benefit of apprentices? and where are the young married couples who are using it? For in the codicil to his will, dated a year afterward, is this clause:

"I have considered that, among artisans, good apprentices are most likely to make good citizens, and having myself been bred to a manual art, printing, in my native town, and afterward assisted to set up my business in Philadelphia by kind loans of money from two friends there, which was the foundation of my fortune, and of all the utility in life that may be ascribed to me, I wish to be useful after my death, if possible, in forming and advancing other young men that may be serviceable to their country in both those towns. To this end I devote two thousand pounds sterling, of which I give one thousand thereof to the inhabitants of the town of Boston, in Massachusetts, and the other thousand to the inhabitants of the city of Philadelphia, in trust, to and for the uses, intents, and purposes hereinafter mentioned and declared." The sum thus bequeathed to Boston was to be let out upon interest at five per cent. "to such young married artificers, under the age of twenty-five years, as have served an apprenticeship in the said town, and faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures, so as to obtain a good moral character from at least two respectable citizens, who are willing to become their sureties." Sums not exceeding sixty pounds nor less than fifteen were thus to be let out to applicants, and Franklin anticipated that as the principal increased it would be borrowed on similar terms by other towns in Massachusetts. He provided, moreover, for the increase of the fund by establishing that at the end of one hundred years, when, as he calculated, the fund would amount to £131,000, £100,000 were to be expended on public works, and the remainder again used as before for another century, when a final distribution was to take place of the accrued $4,610,000, which, by Franklin's arithmetic, would then be at the disposition of the trustees.

This fund has been accumulating, the amount on the 1st of February, 1878, being $229,726 40, and at the present rate of interest the amount anticipated by Franklin will very nearly have been reached in 1892. But the immediate use by the persons for whose benefit the fund was established is very small, at the last account only nine persons availing themselves of it; for the conditions imposed by Franklin had regard to a state of things fast disappearing. When he was a young man, and apprenticed, he knew how far a few pounds would go in starting one in business; but where are we to find now "young married artificers" in Boston, who have served as apprentices there, and can find sureties for a loan of $300, one-tenth of which, with interest, is to be repaid annually? Where are the apprentices?



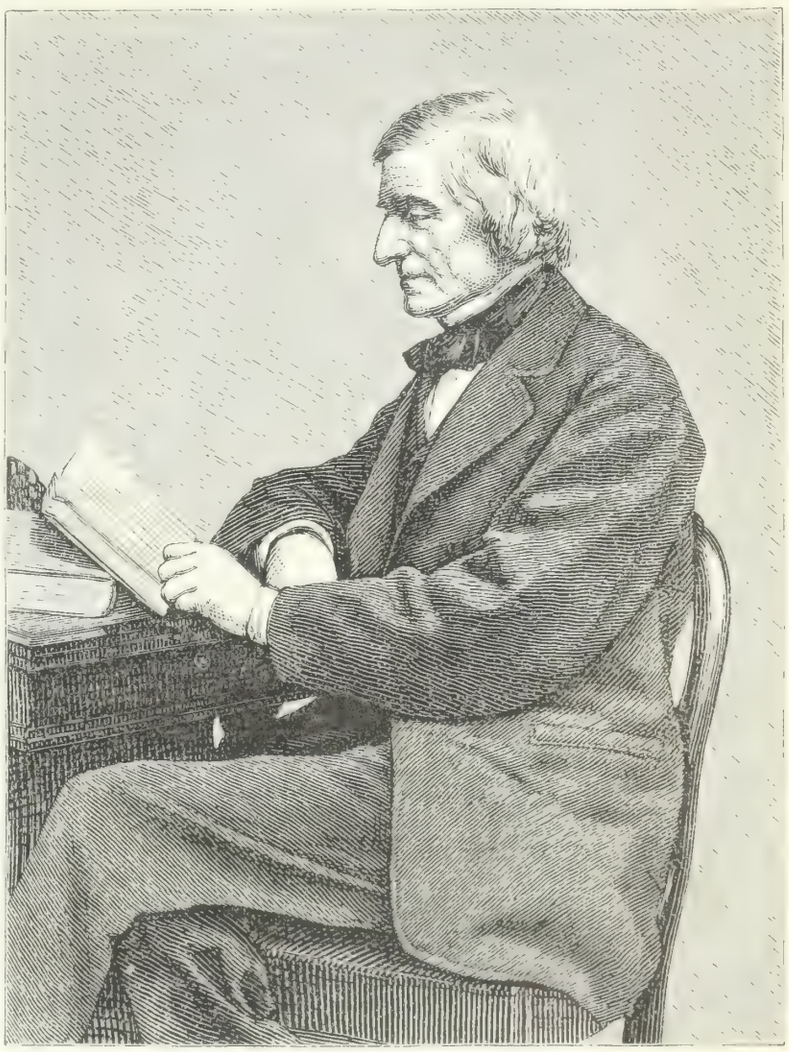
THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, BOSTON.

The old system of apprentices required a boy to be bound to a master for a term of years, during which time the master was to board and clothe him, to teach him his trade, and to give him such other education as was possible; in return it was expected that the apprentice would spend the last part of his term in labor which would remunerate the master. The ideal master kept the apprentice in his house and treated him as one of the family; the ideal apprentice served his time faithfully, was obedient to his master, and learned thoroughly his trade. But this has all changed. One still finds apprentices here and there, but the system has disappeared. The greater subdivision of labor, consequent upon the introduction of steam-power; the increasing luxury of the master, separating him from the apprentice by greater social distance; "the existing constitutional aversion of the race to being bound to any body to do any thing"—these and other changes in our more complex society have caused the system to melt away. In place of it we can only say that children remain longer at the public schools, and then pick up their knowledge of trade almost fortuitously. The ranks are partly filled by foreign workmen, and mechanic employments are avoided if possible. So it is that skilled workmen in any trade seem to be fewer and fewer, while half-educated young men are clamoring for places as clerks or salesmen.

Franklin did not foresee this condition of things. He never dreamed that in his native city a great public library would be resorted to by crowds of school-children set free from an elaborate system of education, and that the mechanic arts would go begging for workmen capable of building thoroughly the houses in which the school-children were gathered, of making the desks at which they sat, and of printing the books which they read. All attentive observers have been aware of this change, and about ten years ago a committee was appointed by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association—the highest representative body of the class—to consider the relations of apprentices to their masters, including the decay of the apprentice system. I only notice this report for a single point. It takes up the suggestion of one of the members that a mechanical college would cure the evil, and disposes of it by two considerations: first, that this could be possible only with the very simplest trades, and then that it would not be practicable to dispose of the articles made by the students who were learning the trades. In the wide diversity of occupations, and in the fact that labor was greatly subdivided, seemed to lie an insuperable objection to any systematic instruction in trades at an educational institution; and then suppose, for example, that watch-making were to be taught at such a school, how expensive the educa-

tion would be, and how unmarketable the product!

When this committee reported, there had already been in operation in Boston for five or six years a technological school — the Massachusetts Institute of Technology — which, in common with similar schools in other parts of the country, was trying in its own way to bring education distinctly to bear upon the mechanic arts through the application of scientific methods. It had long been shown that the very simplest occupations of industry — agriculture, that is, and the mechanic arts — exacted a knowledge of chemical and physical science before they could be pursued with intelligence and success, and that the old empirical methods must give place to scientific laws. The Institute was established in part for this purpose, and began at once to operate upon a broad basis, the scheme of which was mainly laid down by the eminent Professor William B. Rogers, who was the first president of the Institute, and, though soon compelled by ill health to resign that office, has always been an active member of the corporation. He has recently resumed the position of president. In this scheme schools were to be established in Mathematics, Design, Physics, Chemistry, and Geology. These schools have since been more minutely subdivided into courses in Civil and Topographical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Geology and Mining Engineering, Building and Architecture, Chemistry, Metallurgy, Natural History, Physics, Science and Literature, Philosophy. Indeed, the practical development of the school has gradually caused it to broaden its scheme and to aim at a comprehensive preparation for active life — a combined collegiate and professional school, with the omission chiefly of the ancient languages.



WILLIAM B. ROGERS.

In so far as the Institute agrees with similar schools, I do not purpose to describe it, but to point out a certain special work which it has undertaken first in this country. The steps by which it reached the interesting experiment it is now carrying on are worth noticing, especially as they indicate characteristics of the school almost peculiar to itself. Every one familiar with the development of the methods in teaching chemistry is aware how much greater part the laboratory plays in instruction than formerly. Once a class listened to lectures, and saw them illustrated by experiments performed in their presence by the teacher of the class; gradually special students were admitted as assistants in these experiments and in the laboratory; then it became evident how important to the student was the actual performance of the experiments by himself; now the experiments, the tests, and the working out of problems begin almost immediately upon the presentation of the elements of the study, and constitute a very large share in the course of chemical study, so that wherever the science is taught thoroughly, provision is made for the entire class, together or by sections, to perform laboratory work. By this means a sharper impression is made of the principles, and the student, whether or not he ever becomes a professional chemist, understands chemistry with a precision and intelligence unknown under the old system.

The inexpensive character of materials for illustration in chemistry has rendered this method a familiar one, but there is nothing else in the science which serves to separate it from other and cognate ones in the employment of the manipulatory method. To the Massachusetts Institute of Technology belongs the credit of introducing the

same method in other departments, which had hitherto depended, as chemistry formerly did, upon text-books, lectures, and the spectacle of experiments. The discovery that this method was practicable was not an accident, but the legitimate result of applying the principles laid down lucidly by President Rogers in "Objects and Plan of an Institute of Technology"—a pamphlet issued when the school was first proposed. The following paragraph taken from that pamphlet indicates how well the author grasped an idea not before put into practical operation:

"In this laboratory it is proposed to provide implements and apparatus with which the student may be exercised in a variety of mechanical and physical processes and experiments. Thus he may learn practically the methods of estimating motors and machines by the dynamometer, of experimenting on the flow of water and air or other gases, and of testing the strength of the materials used in construction. He may become familiar with the adjustments and applications of the microscope, be practiced in observing with the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, and, in a room fitted up for photometry, may learn the mode of measuring the light produced by gas and other sources of illumination, and the value of different kinds of burners, lamps, and their appendages."

To Edward C. Pickering, for ten years Professor of Physics at the Institute, and now at the head of the astronomical observatory of Harvard University, belongs the credit of carrying out into regular class-work the plan suggested by President Rogers. Under his direction a laboratory was fitted up, and experimental work made a constituent part of the student's work. *The Elements of Physical Manipulation*, published by this author, contains in detail the work of the laboratory, and is, indeed, based on the manuscript directions to students in performing their various experiments. Professor Pickering's own estimate of the value of the course pursued is one of emphatic confidence. "A student," he says, "accustomed to learn merely from books acquires a new knowledge of physical phenomena when he himself proves the correctness of theoretical laws by actual experiment. Facts thus learned are also far more easily remembered. An interesting feature of this method of teaching is the rapid improvement, especially with classes that have had no previous laboratory practice. Such a class during their first hour accomplish almost nothing, and almost discourage both themselves and their instructor; the next hour shows an improvement, and before many weeks experiments are readily performed without question which at first were quite unintelligible to them." As a more definite statement of the application of this method in the work of the more advanced students, I quote one further passage from a report made by Professor Pickering when he closed his connection with the school: "The students in civil engineering and architecture devote two hours a week to work in the physical laboratory for half of their fourth year. The work during the present year serves as a type of that previously done. This year two students planned and built a truss of a form suitable for a roof, and measured its change of shape under various loads. It finally broke under three hundred pounds, while the bars of which it was formed would not have borne a tenth part of the weight. Others studied the laws of continuous girders, and compared the deflections with those given by theory; others tested a water motor, measuring the flow, the pressure, the work done, the speed, and other elements, and from these computed the efficiency; others, again, measured the strength of wires, the force required to strip a nut off a bolt, and compared the effect of impact, as in a pile-driver, with a dead-weight. In former years several excellent models of bridges have been built by students, and these are now used for tests of change of form with varying loads, and for other purposes." This statement, it is true, applies to the study of professional physicists, but the course is based upon the previous experimental one which aims at general culture. The same principle which applies to professional education is regarded in the study of general students, on precisely the same ground, it may be said, that drawing constitutes a means of general culture, while on the basis thus laid is built the professional work of the artist. The brilliant success attending Professor Pickering's development of physical manipulation as a means of teaching physics has led to the introduction of the system elsewhere.

Now leaving those departments, like chemistry and physics, where the introduction of the system of laboratory work may be regarded as mainly for the purpose of illustrating and fixing theory, there are others in which such work seems to have a more directly economical value, and no considerable demonstration is required to make clear the value of experiment as a part of the student's education. The courses in civil engineering and architecture have already been referred to as receiving benefit from the physical laboratory, and here the advantage is obvious. The student who takes the course of mechanical engineering, besides entering the physical laboratory, is provided also with a mechanical laboratory, fitted with steam-boilers, superheaters, engine, calorimeter, indicators, pressure gauges, thermometers, an accurately constructed mercury column, and all the usual apparatus for

producing and using steam and for testing its nature and action. This apparatus is handled by the student as a part of his regular work in connection with his studies, precisely as in chemistry and physics he goes into the laboratories and confirms his theoretical knowledge by manipulation. The student in mining and metallurgy, in connection with the usual lectures illustrated by models, is sent into laboratories where he has the practice of working of ores in quantity, and on a small scale subjects them to the same modes of treatment as have been adopted at the best mining and metallurgical establishments. The apparatus for this purpose is extensive, and permits full illustration of all important processes. A sufficiently large quantity of ore is assigned to each student, who first examines it for its component minerals, sorts and samples it, and determines its value and character by analysis and assays, and makes such other preliminary examinations as serve to indicate the proper mode of treatment. He then treats the given quantity, makes a careful examination of the products at each step of the process, ascertains the amount of power, water, chemicals, fuel, and labor expended, wherever practicable, and thus learns approximately the effectiveness and economy of the method adopted. Each student is assisted in working his ore by his classmates, who have an opportunity in this way to run the boiler, engine, machines, and furnaces; and the whole work is carried on under the immediate supervision of an instructor, so that no student is allowed to experiment idly, but all his work is a direct educative process.

In all these respects, in laboratory instruction in physics as a part of the required course of each candidate for a degree, in architecture, in the mining and metallurgical laboratories for the working of ores in quantities, and in the laboratory for teaching the nature and use of steam, the Institute claims to have led the way. The system involved runs through all practicable courses, and rests upon the doctrine that the education of the hand is co-ordinate with the education of the mind. The application of this doctrine in chemistry was early made, and shown to be most economical both to teacher and student when carried on in classes. Physics followed chemistry, and in any scheme of technological education these two sciences would be regarded as necessary bases both for general culture and for professional knowledge. The steps naturally followed by which the same method was applied to professional studies in architecture, mechanical engineering, civil engineering, mining, and metallurgy. Here more time would be expended upon head-work and less upon hand-work. What if we were to go back to the rudimentary education? What then would be the natural relation of hand-work and head-work? Plainly, as the faculty of observation precedes that of reflection, the student in the earlier part of his course would use his hands and his eyes more—that is, would give a larger proportion of his time to any manipulatory work than in the later processes.

Now, after this examination of a school which recognizes the relation of hand-work to head-work in its various courses, and has carried the system in directions hitherto untraversed, I return to the questions with which the paper opened. Does such a course meet the practical difficulty presented of a decline in the mechanic arts? If the apprentice system is fading out, does such a system of technical education take its place? In a degree the systematic study of technology arrests the decline in the mechanic arts by bringing into the complex order of modern manufacture a trained intelligence capable of discovering new applications of scientific laws, and of taking advantage of unexpected changes in conditions of material life. The system, too, helps to determine more rapidly than apprenticeship could the aptitude of the individual for the higher technical pursuits, although under both systems mastership is necessarily determined in great part by moral considerations.

So then, while the apprentice system furnished the skilled mechanics, and out of this body rose, by selection, the master mechanics, the technical education furnished by such a system as I have outlined tends to the higher education of the mechanic and to discourage the common artisan. The apprentice system can not be revived; the technical education does not make the body of ordinary mechanics. From what source, then, are we to look for them? The trades themselves, so far from encouraging learners, rather slam the door in the face of those who ask admission; the public schools give a mental training which ought to make one a better workman who waits until he has passed through them before applying himself to an art, yet the public schools foster also a disinclination to manual labor, and the boy who has figured colossal fortunes in his arithmetic examples is more eager to make the same through the commercial transactions which those examples suppose than by the patient labor and economy of a wage-receiving workman.

I have asked this question persistently, because I think the answer is at hand, not yet conclusively shown, but with great probability, and it comes with propriety from the very Institute which we have already seen to be active in its trial of new methods in scientific education. That the Institute has found the answer has been in this case, also, no hap-hazard or fortuitous circum-

stance, but the result of a concentration of interest upon this very subject. The Institute has an impersonal sound: let me now substitute with justice the name of the late president, Mr. J. D. Runkle, who has been the enthusiastic organizer of the new system which is now on trial at the Institute. He considered that the establishment of the school originally through the appropriation to it by the State of funds derived from the sale of public lands by act of Congress in aid of instruction in agriculture, the mechanic arts, and military science and tactics, rendered it eminently proper that the Institute should expend its greatest force upon instruction in the mechanic arts. Agriculture was already provided for by the State Agricultural School, and military science and tactics formed a regular part of the instruction in both institutions. The whole plan of the Institute, including as it does a society of arts, a school, and a museum, lent emphasis to this view of the function of the school, and he watched with special care experiments carried on in this direction in other parts of the country. It was with this in mind that he went to Philadelphia, in company with other officers of the Institute and with a large portion of the students, and visited the Exhibition in 1876. There he saw what he at once felt to be a practical solution of the most important problem of practical mechanism for engineers. The question as he put it to himself was, Can a system of shop-work instruction be devised of sufficient range and quality, which will not consume more time than ought to be spared from the indispensable studies? And the answer which he found in the exhibit made by the Imperial Technical Schools of St. Petersburg and Moscow—consisting entirely of collections of tools and samples of shop-work by students—seemed to be an affirmative.

"The Russian system," in Mr. Runkle's words, "is a fundamental analysis of the problem of practical mechanism, and consists in teaching the theory and use of tools to classes of students in the same orderly and progressive way in which any other subject is taught, with the same supervision and instruction of a specially qualified teacher holding each student to the same account, and giving him the same credit as in other studies." It would be possible to give in detail the history and practice of the system where it has been carried to its best results, in the school shops of Moscow and St. Petersburg; but since the system has been incorporated with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I content myself with a statement of its operation there. Apart from the opportunity given to mechanical engineers to acquire manual instruction, there is a regular two years' course in the School of Mechanic Arts, the students in which—coming, say, at the age of fifteen years—are required to pass an examination in arithmetic, including the metric system, geography, spelling, punctuation, English composition, and American history. A table of the two years' course will assist the reader in understanding the aim of the school:

FIRST YEAR.	Number of Exercises.	Hours per Week.
Shop Instruction	120	12
Algebra (first half of the year)	75	5
Plane Geometry (second half)	75	5
English Language	90	3
Mechanical Drawing	90	8
SECOND YEAR.		
Shop Instruction	120	12
Algebra finished (first half)	45	3
Solid Geometry (second half)	45	3
Elementary Physics	60	2
English	90	3
Mechanical Drawing	90	8

By reference to this table it will be seen that in each year twelve hours a week are given to manual instruction, eight hours to mechanical drawing, and the remainder, thirteen and eleven respectively in the two years, to mathematics, elementary physics, and English. The training of the hand holds the larger place. Now let us see in what this shop instruction consists. It will help us, to understand, first, that it is not designed to instruct one in trade, but in art: that a graduate of the school is a carpenter or founder only as a graduate of a law school is a lawyer. The law student must still acquire the practice of law in the courts, as a student who has completed his course here in mechanics is equipped with principles, and so familiarized with the alphabet of mechanism; he is then able to apply his knowledge in construction. But in learning these principles he has learned them through his fingers as well as through his brain.

The Institute has provided a one-story building for its school shops, in one portion of which, by-the-way, is an apartment fitted up for the interesting woman's chemical laboratory now in successful operation. The art courses are as follows:

In Wood.	In Iron.	In Textiles.
1. Carpentry and Joinery.	1. Vise-work.	1. Designing.
2. Wood-turning.	2. Forging.	2. Pattern-weaving.
3. Pattern-making.	3. Foundry-work.	3. Dyeing.
	4. Machine-tool-work.	

One course will suffice to explain the process of instruction, and I take that in vise-work, as having been most fully worked out. It was the first to be established, and has thus had the longest trial, so that results can be more confidently affirmed of it. Of its practical character, it is enough to remind the reader that it applies in the trades of blacksmith, tool-maker, gunsmith, die-sinker, iron-mould-maker, lock-smith, machinist, tinsmith, brass-finisher, jeweller, and of the makers of philosophical, nautical, musical, and engineering

instruments. The shop contains four heavy benches, each eighteen feet long, and to each bench eight vises are attached. At each vise there are four drawers, each large enough to hold all the tools needed by the student at any one time, so that the shop is equipped for four sections of thirty-two students each. Thirty-two is as large a class as a single teacher can properly instruct.

To recur again to what has been said in another form: the students are not taught the trades of blacksmith, tool-maker, etc., but they are taught the fundamental processes which apply in vise-work to all these trades. These processes are filing, chipping, sawing, scraping, breast-drilling, tapping, etc. In learning to use the tools required the students are furnished with typical forms, carefully provided and arranged to exhibit the progressive steps of the art.



THE DRAWING-SCHOOL.

His attention is given not to constructing a piece of work, but to studying the processes by which a whole class of similar work is constructed, by means of a typical form. In performing his work the student is supplied with the necessary tools required from time to time—files of various degrees, hack saw, file card, squares, calipers, and cold-chisels. The first course in vise-work, which includes filing, chipping, and sawing, consists of thirty lessons of four hours each, three lessons per week. A series of twenty-two designs is prepared, graded from filing to line in cast iron to free-hand filing with hand-vise, the material being steel wire.

The arrangement of the series is made with reference to the educative value of the steps taken. The student having learned one process, is not kept at work repeating that, but is led forward to the next process based upon that which he has acquired. Herein lies the marked difference between the education which the student receives in such a school and that which he receives in a shop—a machinist's shop, for instance. There, once he has learned to do a thing well, he is kept at work upon it, because his labor is useful to his employer; here, once he has learned a process, he is advanced another degree, because his education, and not his availability, is the primary consideration. The master's work is like that of a teacher in drawing—moving about among the pupils and correcting defects of method and practice. His inspection of the work done must be the means of determining the progress and success of the pupil; and here has been introduced an ingenious and notable scheme for determining with great exactness the results in each case. An analysis is made beforehand of each piece of work to be done, and certain points established, which determine the several qualities of the student's execution, and these points are posted, that the student may know what excellence he is to work up to. For example, the first piece of work given the class is a rectangular piece of cast iron, which is to be filed to line. Each student has for use a ten-inch hand bastard file, a ten-inch hand second-cut file, an eight-inch hand smooth file, and a four-and-a-half-inch try square. The design of the task is to teach the use of the three large coarse flat files only, as they follow each other in obtaining a plane surface; and at the same time not only the use of these tools is taught, but the utmost care and accuracy of finish are required: the files are like the pupil's pencils in mechanical drawing; the excellence of his work is in its precision. The inspection of the work is based on this analysis:

Point No. 1.	Filed to line on one side ...	20 per cent.
" No. 2.	Filed to line on other side..	20 "
" No. 3.	Filed straight lengthwise...	20 "
" No. 4.	Filed straight crosswise....	20 "
" No. 5.	No cross-marks	20 "

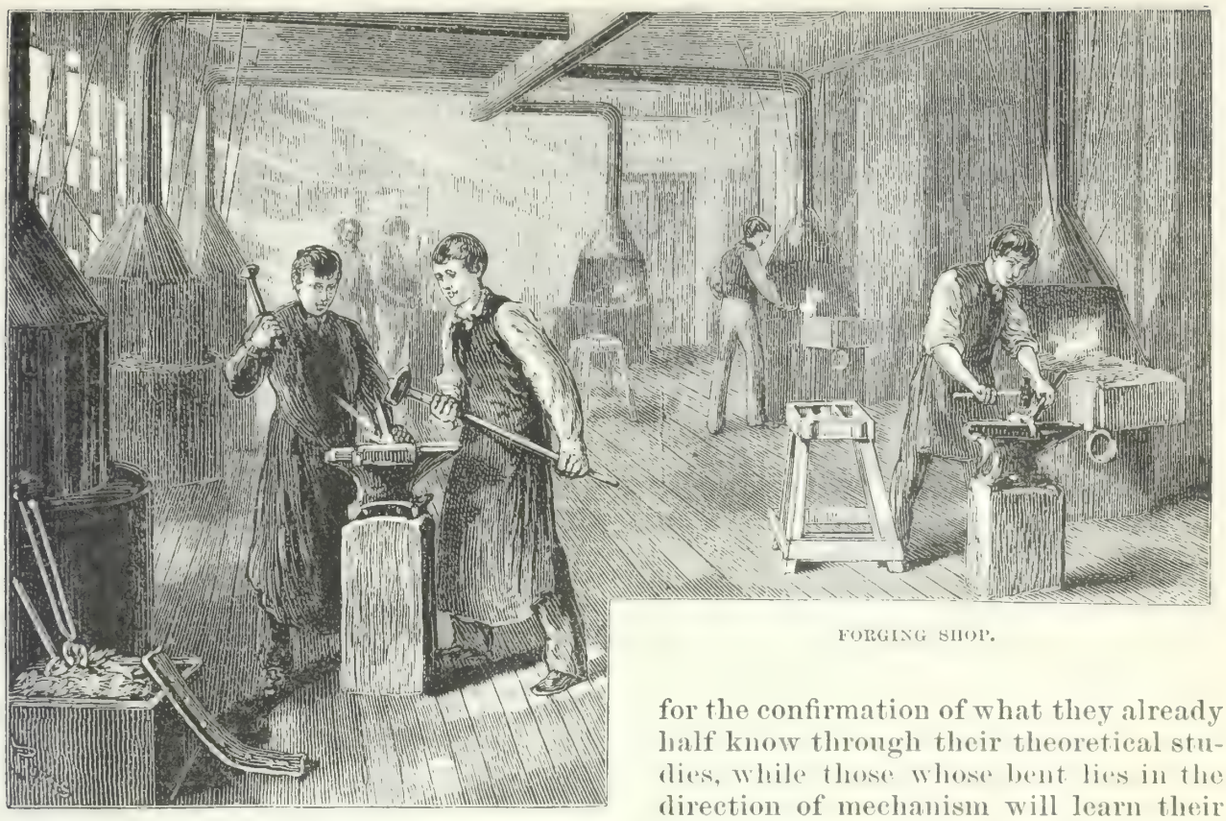
The student, in this case, sees that the five movements, so to speak, by which he executes his task are equally important, and his work is judged in detail by the perfection which he has attained in each point. This is a very simple illustration, as it is the first step in a series. The first lesson in the shop has been taken, and a single piece of work completed. If we take the student when he has had fifteen lessons, extending over five weeks, we find that he has passed from filing to line to templet-work, sawing and filing to free-hand filing, and now has reached the fourth general division, that of fitting. Here he has a piece given which will occupy him a week—three lessons of four hours each.

Finally, the last exercise in the course, requiring five hours, is to make a screw from steel wire, and the tools given him are a hand-vise and calipers and these files: ten-inch hand second-cut, five-inch half-round smooth, five-inch three square, six-inch half-round superfine, seven-inch hand superfine. The analysis is made up of six points:

Point No. 1.	Threads equal distance apart.	30 per cent.
" No. 2.	Threads of equal depth	30 "
" No. 3.	Point in centre	10 "
" No. 4.	Threads not to lean either way	20 "
" No. 5.	Sides of threads straight bevelled	5 "
" No. 6.	No bunches or grooves	5 "
		100 "

Now in the selection of pieces of work regard is had to a regular progression in elaborateness, each process built upon the previous series, and at the close the student has to show twenty-two pieces of work as specimens of his skill. He has become familiarized with the use and powers of twenty-nine different tools of fundamental value; and through the whole he has, by these analyses of his work, been steadily and scientifically trained in the perfection of parts and in the relative value of all the processes of his work. The inspection is ostensibly to establish the rank of the student's work, but its greatest value is in constantly keeping before the student an absolute standard of perfection, and in opening to him the perfect parts which make up the whole.

The same principles of a progressive series and an analytical inspection are carried out in the other shops, and by this means there is a concentration of educative force just where it is most required in the mechanic arts, training the eye and the brain and the hand at one and the same time to patient, intelligent, economical, and skillful labor. Moreover, the tasks upon which this energy is expended are typical tasks, which disclose the grammar of mechanics, and furnish the student with a basis of observation upon which to erect afterward substantial theories and computations. The apparatus in connection with the shops is especially valuable, as it comprises a unique collection of models



FORGING SHOP.

sent to the school by the directors of the imperial school at Moscow. These models are exquisitely finished, and a number of them have peculiar value as displaying upon an enlarged scale the construction of instruments, and serving admirably to explain the direction and the angles of the incisive portions of instruments.

In describing this school of mechanic arts at the Institute of Technology, with its two years' course and its forty-five students, attention has been called to it as a distinct department, but the fact should not be overlooked that the school shops, which form so important a feature in the instruction given, are open to the students in the regular full courses of the Institute. Just as the student in chemistry has recourse to the chemical laboratory, the student in civil engineering, mechanical engineering, and mining engineering to the physical laboratory, so the student in mechanical engineering, besides his mechanical laboratory, where he practices in the nature of steam, uses the shops for practice and study in the nature of metals, and the student in architecture for practice and study in metals and wood. As a matter of fact, the great majority of students belong to the special school of mechanic arts. Out of forty-four named in a recent list, thirty-two are from this school, six are students in mechanical engineering, and six from other engineering courses. The natural discrimination would be made by and among students that those who aim at the position of a mechanical engineer will pass more rapidly over the manual course, using it, as intellectual men will use a manual exercise, for the confirmation of what they already half know through their theoretical studies, while those whose bent lies in the direction of mechanism will learn their lessons mainly through the finger-tips; yet the discovery is made here, as in so many other cases, that the boy who seems incorrigibly stupid over his brain task not only discloses an unexpected manual dexterity when set at this work, but is induced by this very practice to use his mind more, and goes back to his books with sharpened wits.

As a constituent part of a liberal education in technology, the school-shop system, as described above, may be looked upon with doubt and circumspection chiefly as regards the extent to which it should be carried. The value of the training which a merchant may get who begins with sweeping out a country store, and rises step by step to the counting-room and the head of the business, is frequently exaggerated. In a limited business it no doubt renders one more alert and quicker at a bargain; but in the case of a business having great scope, its tendency is to magnify the importance of subordinate details, and to narrow the vision of the person thus trained. A young man generously educated will quickly master such details as are necessary for him to know, and will grasp the principles of his business more firmly, and have a more comprehensive outlook. There have been men who have risen by all the degrees to places of honor and trust, and there have been liberally educated men who have been visionaries in business, but the credit in the first case is not to be referred to the training, nor in the second case is the collegiate training to be charged with the defect. One thing may be confidently affirmed —that the best education for a servant is not the best education for a master. It will, then, be understood that the skill and

wisdom with which we arranged a course in mechanics for one who was always to be an artisan by the very limitations of his nature, and for one who was to make combinations, to superintend, to use his head more than his hands, would consist in giving the former a hand education, liberalized by a mental culture associated with it, and the latter a head education, fixed and illustrated in certain details and typical processes by a culture of his hands in the actual management of tools.

The educational problem which the Institute has assumed lies in this direction, and every one will wish it good luck in its experimental solution; but, after all, we can not help feeling that the chances for a high education in mechanical engineering are not likely to diminish; there are always active minds engaged in adjusting the best courses of instruction in that direction, and active minds seizing upon the means thus offered. The problem which appeals most strongly to our interest is that which lies at the basis of education in the mechanic arts. Again we come back to the question which has been asked more than once in this paper: Apprenticeship having disappeared, what can our enlightenment offer in its place? Was there any thing better than the old relation of master and apprentice, and can we show any substitute now worth considering, a substitute which shall give us skilled mechanics instead of ignorant, half-trained, and incompetent workmen?

The old relation of master and apprentice at its best was a good and sound one, but will any one assert that the apprentice learned his trade in the most economical and most thorough fashion? How could he, when his education was not the first, but a secondary, consideration? Take, for example, the condition of an apprentice in a printing-office. Is it to be considered that he will learn his trade as quickly as if he were actually going to school to learn it? If he were at school learning to set type, he would not, for example, be occupied hour after hour with picking over type, or doing the sundry petty offices which bring in him no return of education. He is able to move only so fast as the convenience of the office permits; and when the relation is not at its best, the apprentice was and is very ill placed for learning a trade. But the apprentice system has substantially disappeared, and it becomes necessary to discover a substitute which shall harmonize with the existing order of society and trade. Certainly nothing in the country has yet been offered so practical and reasonable as such a course of study as we find laid down in the school of mechanic arts. It presumes, indeed, a completion of the grammar-school course in the city, but the delay in entering upon one's trade thus caused is more than compensated by the thoroughness of preparation obtained.

The course introduced at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology may be taken, then, as a solution, so far as it goes, of the problem presented. Yet it is reasonable to suppose that the experiment there tried under favorable auspices will not be confined to a single Institute, nor to the class of schools to which the Institute belongs. If I am right in my measure of its place in technical education, it may be doubted whether the school shop is most appropriate in a school of technology like the Institute. We may heartily thank the Institute for leading the way, but if we are wise, we shall relieve it of a care which is in danger of withdrawing it somewhat from its higher work. The School of Mechanic Arts has the advantage at the Institute of an existing organization devoted so far to similar ends that material and teachers can be economically supplied. Yet the system is not dependent upon these helps, and we are able to call in illustration from another independent source, singularly useful in confirming the necessity and advantage of such a course of manual instruction.

There exists in Boston an Industrial School Association, which was organized in December, 1876, as the result of experiments which had for some time been carried on. Since its formation it has made some very interesting trials in the direction taken by the School of Mechanic Arts. It was resolved to undertake a course of instruction in the use of the common wood-working hand tools, which would teach primary arts of the carpenter, the joiner, the ship-builder, and the cabinet-maker. A competent committee has drawn up a series of primary lessons, and these lessons are undergoing the test of actual use in the school. The city has allowed the use of a ward-room, and there, on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, the school has been held. The room is provided with work-benches, allowing to each boy a space for his work four feet in length and two and a half in width. Each bench is furnished with a vise with common wooden jaws and an iron screw, a drawer with lock and key, in which the tools are kept, and a gas-burner with movable arm. The bench regulations for the conduct of the boys are as follows:

1. Be at your bench at seven o'clock, according to your number.
2. Do not leave your bench without permission.
3. Give all your attention to your own work. Do not notice any thing others are doing, unless requested to do so.
4. Make no unnecessary noise, such as whistling, etc.
5. Keep your bench neat, and do not deface it in any way.
6. After work place all your tools and other equipments in your drawer, according to your number, and return the key to teacher.
7. Every boy will be held accountable for the tools

placed at his bench for his use, according to his number.

The first eleven of the primary lessons cover the following points in the use of elementary tools:

1. Cross-cut saw.—Sawing to line.
2. Hammer.—Striking square blows.
3. Splitting saw.—Sawing to line.
4. Jack-plane.—Smoothing rough surfaces.
5. Hammer.—Driving nails vertically.
6. Splitting saw.—Sawing at exact angles to upper surface.
7. Jack-plane.—Setting the plane-iron.
8. Hammer.—Driving nails horizontally.
9. Bit and brace.—Boring in exact positions.
10. Mallet and chisel.—Mortising.
11. Jack-plane.—Producing surfaces which intersect at exact angles.

The system of analyses, as explained in the vise-work at the Institute, is followed here. The Russian system holds in both cases, and the entire class is instructed simultaneously in each lesson. If space permitted, it would be interesting to give in detail the first lesson, devoted to sawing to line. It is enough to say that it intends the analysis of every movement made in this apparently simple process—measuring, placing of trestles and board, lining with try square, holding saw, placing saw, drawing stroke, pushing stroke, finishing, with all auxiliary matters, such as watching the saw, pressure, and correction of deviation.

Here, then, is a similar experiment carried on by a philanthropic association, taking boys in their leisure evenings and giving them the mechanical instruction which they are, as a rule, so eager to acquire; while the attendance is voluntary, it is also necessarily limited, as the experiment is carried on in a single room. Before this school was started, however, and before the Russian system was introduced into the Institute of Technology, many of the movers in the enterprise had already carried on what was popularly known as the "Whittling School," where, by a similar series of lessons, instruction was given in wood-carving, and so successful was the experiment that it resulted in the establishment of a day school of carving and modelling, under the auspices of the Woman's Educational Association, where instruction is now given in modelling, casting, and carving for five hours a day for five days in a week during eight months in the year.

To what, now, does all this tend? The members of the Industrial School Association make no secret of their desire that in some form this element of manual instruction should be incorporated into the system of public-school education. Nor are the signs wanting that public sentiment looks in that direction. There has been of late years a growing disposition to criticise our public schools on the ground that they attempt too much, and offer a course of instruction out of all proportion to the practical use of the graduate; that knowledge and not training is made the end sought, and that in the desire to secure a high organization, individual powers and tastes are disregarded. Certainly the machinery of our public schools has grown more complex and costly, and it is to be feared that the children who leave them are confused oftentimes with knowledge rather than athleticized by training in elements of mental power. To a too intellectual training certain offsets have gradually been introduced. The introduction of drawing as a regular part of education has been a marked advance in the right direction, although the best methods of teaching it are still under discussion. The introduction of music in more systematic form came earlier, and was a very important sign of educational progress. Latterly sewing has been introduced with marked results for good, and the chief regret of its friends has been that there was not some universal implement like the needle in the use of which boys might be trained.

Now, in sewing, a twofold advantage is secured. The training of the hand and the eye follows, much as it does in drawing. Of the great number of boys and girls who leave our schools with a fair use of the pencil, how few ever add to their livelihood by drawing, yet the capacity to draw has been something more to them than the acquisition of a new power; it has been a training of the eye and the hand. Then the child who passes in our public schools through all the stages from threading a needle to cutting out a dress is supplied with an economy of power far more useful, in the lower sense, than the art of drawing is to her.

It is this twofold advantage which would be secured for boys could the sewing which their sisters are taught in the public schools be represented in their case by the more complex instruction in the use of tools. There is no simple tool for them like the needle—the jackknife hardly answers—and therefore the problem is a more difficult one; but the principle is the same, and the practical solution of the problem is to be found in the direction of the experiment which I have described in this paper. The School of Mechanic Arts at the Institute of Technology is now supplementary to public-school instruction; the school of carpentry carried on by the Industrial School Association is an evening school, to which public-school boys may go. It may be that the experiment must be continued by volunteer associations—the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association might well undertake the charge—but it is very likely that the claims of the school shops will be urged one of these days upon the attention of the public to a constituent place in the public-school system. It is noticeable, by-

the-way, how clearly it already fits into the department of drawing. Children resorting to the Whittling School, who had been trained in industrial drawing in the grammar schools, were quite competent to make their own patterns. As an illustration, one of the teachers said that he took some of the patterns from the drawing-book of his own child.

Whenever this question arises for final answer, it will be found closely connected on either side with two questions which people are beginning to ask. Manual instruction as an element in common-school education finds a singular alliance with the Kindergarten method, which is also passing through its experimental phase, and demanding recognition in the public schools. On the other hand, it is claimed that the State should not be burdened with the task of giving high-school education to the select few who can avail themselves of it. By a fiction we speak of our system of public schools ascending from the primary to the high school, and crowned by the college and university; we are misled by this specious grade into assuming that the instruction in the primary schools should be made preparatory to that in the grammar school, and that in the grammar school to the instruction in the high school. But in point of fact, while with few exceptions children in the primary schools do pass into the grammar schools, the grammar schools represent the end of education to the great majority of those attending them, and should be treated as finishing, not as preparatory, schools. When it is claimed, therefore, that children should have the rudiments of technical knowledge given them in school shops at the expense of the State, there will be many to ask, On what ground should the mechanic be given a training for his trade which will exclude the professional student from claiming a like privilege for himself? These questions will come together, and the best practical result will be in a public-school system so adjusted that the common school, including the primary, should stand as the meeting ground of all alike, and the high school on one side, the school of mechanic arts on the other, should be open to the diverging stream of life, whether wholly, partially, or not at all at the charge of the State, city, or town is a question in which both may stand or fall together; but the main question will be in the adjustment of the common-school course to the two special courses, the one looking to higher education, the other to artisanship.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

CHAPTER I.

"I THINK, mother, I will go abroad, after all."

He who said this, suddenly and just a trifle sharply, had been sitting reading at the farthest end of a very handsome, not to say gorgeous, drawing-room, where a group of four ladies, whose clothes well matched the apartment, sat conversing: for I have no doubt they would have called it "conversation"—of a highly interesting and improving kind.

The young fellow in the distance, however, did not seem to find it so. He was at that age when men are very critical of women, especially of their mothers and sisters, unless these happen to be sufficiently beautiful ideals to remain such unto son and brother from the cradle to the grave: an exceptional happiness which befalls few; and it had not befallen Roderick Jardine.

The stout lady, who, the instant he spoke, pricked up her ears with a cheerful, "Eh, my dear?" was (eccentric Nature will sometimes have it so) very unlike this her youngest child and only son—as unlike as it was possible for mother and son to be. Light and dark, fat and lean, large-boned and slender, phlegmatic and nervous, they came of two diametrically opposite types physically and mentally. Morally—yes, there was similarity there; for Mrs. Jardine was a good woman, and Roderick was, as she ceaselessly declared, being very outspoken as to her feelings, the best of sons, though he was a little "peculiar," like his poor dear father, of whom he was the very image.

This was true. Her three daughters—now married and settled, except the last, who was just about to be—all took after herself. Not her present self, perhaps, but the comely lassie she must have been once—fair-haired, round-cheeked, with a wide mouth and slightly projecting teeth—though possessing sufficient good looks to be a belle in Richerden. Roderick alone "favored" the other side of the house: the tall, dark, rather sad-looking father, who came of old Highland blood, and not being in business like most of the Richerden folk, had led a rather retired life, keeping himself very much in the background even amidst his own family. Nobody really knew him, or thought much of him, until he died, which event happened just before his son went to college. Since then his widow had gradually blossomed out into great splendor; married her two daughters, taken her independent place in society, Richerden society, as a woman—I beg pardon, a lady—ought to do who has a large fortune, a fine

family, and a great capacity for managing both. People had said that she managed her husband; but those who knew Mr. Jardine questioned this. Gentle as he was, he was not exactly a man to be "managed" by any body.

"What were you saying, Rody, my lamb?"

Now if there was a pet name the young fellow disliked, it was his childish diminutive of "Rody." And no man of five-and-twenty is altogether pleased at being called "a lamb."

"Can you spare two minutes from that very delightful conversation of yours to listen to me, mother?"

"Ou ay, my dear."

The young man winced a little. "Wouldn't 'yes' do as well as 'ou ay?' But never mind, it doesn't matter, mother dear," added he, with a sigh, more of weariness than impatience. There are so many things in family life which people never ought to mind, and right-thinking people try to persuade themselves they do not mind. But of all the small sufferings of existence there are few more trying than a continual sense or dread of being "rubbed up the wrong way" by somebody whom you are bound to love—nay, do love, in a sort of tender apologetic fashion: that affection without sympathy which becomes at times an actual anguish, instead of a rest and a delight. To conscientious people this is always a sad position, especially when it unluckily happens to parents and children, who did not choose one another, and yet are bound to put up with one another to the last extremity of endurance.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" is a command nobody doubts. "*Love* thy father and thy mother" is a different thing, for love can not be commanded. Roderick did love his mother deeply and sincerely; but they were so exceedingly unlike by nature that only her extreme warm-heartedness and his strong sense of duty kept them from drifting asunder—and did not prevent his shutting himself up in a hopeless panoply of gentle reserve, as his father had done before him. For he and his father had been all in all to each other. The world had never looked the same to Roderick since Mr. Jardine died.

I should like to describe Roderick Jardine as he stood reflected in the huge mirror—the drawing-room seemed all mirrors and gilding, with a few pictures stuck in between, large "furniture pictures," as I once heard them described by an Edinburgh upholsterer, who was in the habit of providing such for the wealthy inhabitants of Richerden. Roderick was not a "furniture picture," but more like a Vandyck portrait—tall, dark-skinned, aquiline-featured: the true Celtic type as distinguished from the Lowland Scot. He had also slender, well-shaped hands and feet, another Celtic peculiarity, and dark eyes, which practical people might denounce as "dreamy." A long, soft, black beard, which had never known razor, completely hid his mouth: which fact had been a real comfort to him, as it is to many, born with a sensitive and nervous temperament, which it is the effort of their lives to overcome, or at any rate to conceal.

Such was this young man—not at all a young man of the period, since he neither smoked nor drank, betted nor talked slang. Yet that he was really a man the other "men" of his college had pretty well found out by this time. Quiet-mannered and refined-looking as he was, nobody attempted either to tyrannize over him or to take a liberty with him—not even his own mother.

"Rody, my boy," said she, coming to him half deprecatingly, "were you saying you wished to go abroad? It's late in the year, to be sure, but I'll not hinder you. Only you must promise me not to be climbing up Alps and tumbling into glaciers." *Glaziers*, she called them; and her voice had the high-pitched shrillness which Richerden ladies seldom quite get out of, even when they fancy they have merged their native accent in the purest of English. "Wherever you go, remember you must be back in time for Isabella's marriage."

"Certainly—and, mother, don't be afraid of my tumbling into a glacier, or of an avalanche tumbling down upon me. I shall only see the Alps at a distance. At this time of year one must content one's self with towns."

"That's hard, laddie, when you are so fond of the country. But do as you like—do as you like; only don't forget the marriage. You will have to give away the bride, Rody. —Ah! your poor father!"

The widow's eyes filled with tears. If she had not understood her husband, she had loved him—certainly, and more perhaps after his death than before it.

"Girls, for all your persuasions, I would never have put off my black gowns if it hadna been for Bella's marriage. I hope people will not think I am showing ony disrespect to poor dear Mr. Jardine," added she, relapsing, as she always did in emotion, to the broad speech of her youth, now toned down into an accent just a degree stronger than that of her daughters.

"Mamma, nobody could ever imagine you forget papa," said the eldest, with a glance at the only remembrance left of him—a mere photograph. He had always refused to be painted, though portraits of his wife and daughters, in startling costumes and varied attitudes, adorned the room. The likeness stood, scarcely more silent than he had been in life, regarding his affectionate and loquacious household: a grave, stately Highland gentleman—every inch a gentleman. How he came to marry into the Paterson fam-

ily was always a mystery, and remained so. Not for money, certainly: he had a small patrimony of his own, and was, besides, a man who cared little for wealth, having amidst his wife's luxurious style of living maintained the very simplest tastes—so simple that she with her love of show had been often aggravated thereby. Nor was it a marriage for position: his was much higher socially then hers. Could it have been for love? Certainly during the twenty-five years of their married life he had never given her or the world reason to suppose that he did not love her. At last he died, and the secret, if secret there were, died with him. It was best so.

"You may think thus, girls, but Rody would not, I am sure," replied the mother, in a complaining voice. "Rody always thinks different from us all."

"Mother," said Roderick, with that look in his eyes which was so like his father's—sad, tender, half-reproachful, and yet with a sweet appealingness, as if so long used to be misunderstood that he had learned to pardon it and pass it by—"mother, indeed I see no objection to your dress; and if you would like me to stay at home, I will. I have done with Cambridge, you know, unless I cared to go in for a fellowship, which I do not. Shall I put off going abroad till spring, and we will then go together, you and I, to Italy, Greece, Egypt, perhaps even ending with Jerusalem?"

"Oh, preserve us! such a journey would kill me. Fancy me on the back of a camel, crossing the desert, and not getting any thing to drink. Not even cold water, though I don't like water: even your poor father could never persuade me to it, you know. Nothing like a good glass of sherry, or even a wee drap toddy. I beg your pardon, my dear boy. I know it vexes you that your mother does not give in to your odd ideas. But never mind, Rody. Go where you will, and do what you like; only take care of yourself, and don't forget your old mother."

He was not likely, while there was that sweet expression, "the kind look that's in her e'e," as Burns puts it, implying the strong personal devotion which is to men in all relations of life most alluring, and, as in this case, makes amends for many contrary things. Things absolutely inevitable, as the son often said to himself; and tried to think of his mother's early education, or no education; nay, to remember as kindly as he could the old grandfather, once a working blacksmith, who had made such heaps of money in the iron line that his only child was able to marry a gentleman and become a lady.

But old Paterson remained exactly as he was. All his horses and carriages, his splendid house and magnificent dinners, could never make him any thing than honest Sandy Paterson, well-meaning and kindly, but utterly uneducated, boastful, imperious, coarse of speech and manner, with an extreme delight in good eating, and—must it be confessed? only nobody minded it much at Richerden—good drinking. Nevertheless the old fellow had his fine points, and his grandson knew them. Still, now that he was gone, Roderick never spoke more of him than was quite necessary. It was not unnatural. There is a vast difference in one's respect for the man who has made himself, and the man who has only made his money.

I am playing chorus to my story in a most digressive way, but it was necessary. Beginning a tale is like entering a family. Some households express themselves so potently that in the first half hour the visitor is acquainted with all their characters and ways; in others the under-currents run so strong that it takes weeks to discover them, and be able to form a fair estimate of persons and things. Had I described literally, without comment, the scene in Mrs. Jardine's drawing-room, it would have conveyed an utterly false impression—as false as that we sometimes carry from many a house, and which unconscientious writers are tempted to make amusing stories out of. It is so easy to laugh at follies, to mock at weaknesses, to condone agreeable sins; but to trace the root of these things, and to believe that our neighbors are, if occasionally worse, often a good deal better than we suppose them, is quite another matter.

This is why, instead of letting the Jardines speak for themselves, I have, at first, spoken for them; but there is no need to do it any more.

"Well, we'll talk the matter over another time," cried Roderick, who saw looming in the horizon that cloud of "conversation" under the shadow of which he had often shivered, when his clever mother and somewhat feebler sisters discussed a thing for hours together in every conceivable shape, and came to no conclusion after all. "At this moment I'm busy—I mean, I—I have an engagement. Good-by, every body. I'll be back at dinner-time."

"A little before dinner-time, please, my dear. Remember we have company—twenty at least—a regular dinner party."

"Oh yes, a 'meeting of creditors,' as my father used to call it," said the young fellow, somewhat bitterly. "No fear, mother; I'll be back in time, and do my duty to all the old fogies."

"They're not old fogies; there are some as nice girls as you could wish to see, if you'd only look at them, Roderick," said Bella, who, going to be married herself, quite lamented that her only brother seemed determined against matrimony.

"Well, I will, Bell, I promise you, only

let me go now." And snatching up his hat —a Glengarry bonnet, which he persisted in wearing, though his sisters told him it made him look like the Highland porters at the quay—he fairly ran away.

Out of the house he breathed, if one could be said to breathe in that dense and murky atmosphere which hangs over Richerden, with very exceptional intervals, from October till March. And he had become used to English skies, English views and ways, the stately surroundings and old-world quiet of English university life. Richerden, with its oppressive atmosphere, its dirty, noisy streets, where rich vulgarity and squalid poverty so closely alternated, was becoming to him not merely repellent, but obnoxious. He felt he should soon begin to hate it, long familiar as it was, with the fierce hatred of youth, which can not see the other side of things, nor believe that to every thing there is—there must be—two sides.

Rapidly the young fellow walked on through park and square, through street and wynd, or "vennel," as such dreary dens are often called here, shrinking from and detesting alike the poverty and the riches, the splendor and the rags. It began to rain heavily, but he heeded not. Though brought up in luxury, he was not luxurious by nature, could stand a good deal of hardship, and had a young man's instinctive pride in "roughing it." Still "an even-down pour," as his mother would have called it, is not an agreeable thing; and as in reality his only "engagement" was with himself, whose company he felt free to enjoy as much as any body else's, he stopped his walk and turned into a railway station, where at least he could sit down quietly and read his letters, which he had snatched up from the hall table on going out.

But having no very interesting correspondence—for he had left behind at Cambridge few intimates and no duns, also being, I fear, of a rather dilatory turn of mind, and given to the bad system of *laissez-aller* —Roderick left the letters unopened in his pocket, and sat idly watching the passengers gather for a train just about to start.

The town—or city, its inhabitants call it —of Richerden has one great merit: it is a capital place to get away from. Trains at all hours and in every direction will carry you from it into as glorious a region as you need wish to see on this side paradise—nay, I have sometimes thought paradise itself may be a little like it. Roderick had done the same in his childhood, always associating it with the land of Beulah, the "everlasting hills," and the river spoken of in Revelations, as "flowing from the throne of God." His young imagination, materializing and yet idealizing every thing, could not imagine aught more beautiful than this river and those hills, as they looked sometimes, and had looked ever since he could remember. When a mere baby, old enough to escape his nurse, but still small enough to be carried in the father's arms, he had often been taken by that tender father, in boat or train, for a day's holiday together. How they had enjoyed it! hiding themselves in heathery solitudes, by silent glens and merry burn-sides, dining off oat-cakes and milk bought at some cottage, or bread and cheese carried in the paternal pocket, the taste of which seemed more delicious than all the grand dinners eaten nowadays.

Afterward, when Roderick grew to be a big boy, it was just the same, only instead of playfellows they were companions, his father and he; for there was between them that which is the root of the only true and permanent relation between parent and child—entire respect on both sides. Mr. Jardine had the rare quality of not only loving but *respecting* childhood—its innocence, its keen sense of justice, its passionate and yet sensitive affections. In all their intercourse Roderick could call to mind no instance of his father's having been unkind, or, worse, unfair to him. Their life together had been one of entire confidence and pure delight from beginning to end.

Too soon had come the end—the cruel blank: and though in the strong interests of his college life he had somehow got over it, and felt no longer a boy but a man, still, "on revient toujours à ses premiers amours!" So sighed this poetical fellow of five-and-twenty; and thought when he was five-and-seventy the sight of the river and the hills would be dear and delicious still. And when he heard the guard calling out the name of a place where he and his father had spent many a happy day, on a sudden impulse he sprang into the train without a ticket ("just like Rody, silly fellow," they would have said at home), and was borne away.

Away, out of the smoke and fog and soaking rain; away, mile after mile along the shore of the gradually widening river, till the hills began to show their distant outlines, vivid and lovely as mountains always look after rain, especially in October. Nowhere is there such heavenly clearness, such spiritualized sunshine, such delicate and delicious coloring of earth and sky, as is often seen in these regions during the month of October. It felt to Roderick, who after the long vacation had patiently shut himself up with his mother and sisters at Richerden for weeks, like coming out of this world into the next—that heavenly country to which, consciously or unconsciously, we all look for the healing of many mortal woes.

He had none, though he often thought he had; but he was of that sensitive and poetic temperament which rather enjoys sadness—

in the distance. As he swept along in the train, and quitting it, started on an old familiar walk along high cliffs which gave him a view of the country, land and sea, for many lovely miles, Roderick's heart was very full. Not only of his father, but of himself and his own future, which lay before him like a map; the map of an untravelled country—untravelled but yet not undiscovered, for there were in it more certainties than lie in the lot of many young men of his age. He knew he would be well off, even rich, would never need to earn his bread unless he wished so to do, and would always be able to indulge any pleasant tastes, of which he had many, being, though not exactly a genius, of that appreciative nature which is next door to genius, and, combined with hard work, often does duty for it, not unsuccessfully.

Also, he could marry as early as he liked, the only difficulty being to find and choose the "fair and inexpressive She," who had not as yet expressed herself in any way. The queen of his soul was yet *in nubibus*. He had never in the least compromised himself with any of the young ladies he met. Indeed, he found them all too much of "young ladies" and too little of women, for his taste, and so was as perfectly fancy-free as any young man can be who has an ideal mistress clearly defined and painted in his head, to whom he is ready to bring all the devotion of his heart, if only he is lucky enough to find her.

Toward this unknown damsel he felt something like Endymion on Latmos top before the moonrise, and had already painted several ideal portraits of her in oil and water-color, and written a good many sonnets to her; but, fortunately for himself and the world, neither portraits nor sonnets had ever been exhibited or published. Nevertheless, alternating with the dear remembrance of his father, which hallowed every beautiful thing that they had shared together, was this dream of a lady—his future wife—whose sweet companionship was to perfect all life for him. What he was to do for her, I am afraid, never entered his mind. The whole thing was to be pure felicity—his felicity, of course. As to hers, *cela va sans dire* (Roderick liked French phrases, and was rather proud of his familiarity with the language, acquired through several walking tours in Normandy and Brittany).

Poor fellow! so young, so ignorant of life and its burdens. Yet he thought himself quite wise and quite old, and felt his burden very heavy indeed, and himself a most unfortunate fellow, on being obliged to go back to that "meeting of creditors" which he detested.

"But I'll enjoy myself here to the very last minute," thought he, and sat down on a heather bush—for on that high ground every thing looked as dry as if it never had rained and never would rain again, till the next time, which would probably be within twenty-four hours. Wrapping his plaid about him, he felt perfectly happy. That lovely outline of hills—he must just put it down; so, hunting in his pocket for the pencil that was always a-missing, he turned out the letters which he had crammed in there, and looked them over.

None attracted him, except a black-edged one; which, opened, he found was one of the "intimations" of death, customary in Scotland, acquainting him that there had died "at Blackhall, aged sixty-nine, Miss Silence Jardine."

Silence Jardine! Surely a relation. Who could she be? For he knew that his father and he were the last of their family.

However, thinking a minute, he remembered that in the business arrangements after his father's death, which, he being under age, had been managed entirely by his mother, she had told him that Blackhall, the ancestral property, "a queer tumble-down place which nobody would care for," was to be inhabited, as long as she liked, by Miss Jardine, a second cousin. This must be she who had now died.

"I wonder ought I to go to her funeral?" However, consulting the letter, which had travelled to Cambridge and back, he found this was impossible. She must have "slept with her fathers" for some days already. "Poor Cousin Silence! What a queer name, by-the-bye! I wonder what she was like, or if I ever saw her?"

And then, by a sudden flash of memory, he recalled a circumstance which in the confusion and anguish of the time had entirely slipped away: how, not many hours before his father died, there had crept into the sick-room a lady—an old lady, nearly as old as Mr. Jardine, and curiously like him. At sight of her a wonderful brightness had come into the dying face. "Cousin Silence?" "Yes, Henry," was all they said; but she knelt beside him, and they kissed one another, and he lay looking at her till the last gleam of consciousness faded away. After that—for he did not actually die for some hours—she sat beside Mrs. Jardine, watching him till the end. And after the end Roderick remembered she had taken his mother out of the room and comforted her, staying a little while longer, and then leaving; no one thinking or speaking much about her, either at the time or afterward.

Now, recollecting his father's look, and hers too, the whole story, or possible story, presented itself to the imaginative young man in colors vivid as life, and tender as death alone can make them. And when, carelessly opening another letter, he found it was from the lawyer of this same Miss

Jardine, stating that she had left him—"Roderick Henry Jardine, her second cousin once removed"—the whole of her small property, as also a diamond ring "which his father gave me many years ago," he was deeply touched.

"I wish I had known her. I wish I had had a chance of being good to her—poor Cousin Silence!" thought he.

And as he sat watching "the light of the dying day," which died so peacefully, so gloriously over the western hills, he, with his life just begun, pondered over the two lives now ended, the mystery of which he guessed at, but never could know, except that they were safely ended.

Doubtless he was rather a sentimental fellow, this Roderick Jardine; and there are many fellows of his age, entirely without sentiment, very good in their way. Still they are the sort of young fellows that some people—and, I own, this present writer—would not very much care for.

When the sun set, going down like a ball of fire which dyed the river all crimson, and the sudden gray chill of an October twilight came on, Roderick started up, a little ashamed of himself, and still more ashamed when he found he had entirely neglected to ask the time of the return train to Richerden.

"Just like me, mother will say," and, half laughing, but vexed—for it always vexed him to vex his mother—he tore along as fast as his long legs could carry him, to the railway station. The train was just going, and it was at the risk of his life—to say nothing of a penalty of forty shillings—that this foolish young fellow contrived to leap into it, breathless, exhausted, having nearly killed himself in his endeavor to "do his duty."

So he represented to himself, at least, and felt a most tremendous martyr all the way to Richerden. It did not occur to him that simply looking at his watch and the time-table would have saved all. But at his age we are so apt to overlook the little things on which, like the coral islands of the South Sea ocean, our lives are built. How far we build them ourselves, or Fate builds for us, God only knows.

Tearing up in a cab to his own door (or rather his mother's—he already began slightly to feel the difference), ringing as if he thought the house was on fire, and being met by the imperturbable butler with the information, "Yes, Sir, dinner is served. Mrs. Jardine waited half an hour, and then asked Mr. Thomson to take the foot of the table"—all this did not contribute to Roderick's placidity of spirit. When he at last walked into that blaze of gas-light, that dazzle of crystal and plate, that strong aroma of dainty dishes and excellent wines, and clatter of conversation, which make up a Richerden dinner party, he was not in the best frame of mind to enjoy the same.

During his father's lifetime these entertainments had been limited; but since, his mother had gradually fallen into the ways of her neighbors, and taken great pride in surpassing them all. She herself, sitting at the head of her very handsomely spread table, looked gorgeously hospitable, beaming all over with satisfaction, and talking in her somewhat loud but good-natured tones to every body around her.

Large, comely, richly if not quite elegantly dressed, her broad fair face always a-smile, and her "lint-white locks" with not a gray thread in them—you could not help liking this warm-hearted, good-natured woman, though you might not have wished her for a mother, or even a mother-in-law.

She was so busy talking, and the silver-gilt épergne was such an effectual barrier between the upper and lower ends of the table, that she never noticed how her son-in-law elect quitted his place and her son slipped into it, till the deed was done. Then Roderick might have received a good hearty scolding, not undeserved, had not something in him—was it his father's look?—repressed the ebullition. She merely said, "Oh, my son is there, I see. Better late than never." And the dinner went on.

Roderick, conscience-stung, which he was rather apt to be, set himself to talk as politely as possible to his mother's guests—the "creditors" to whom she owed a dinner, and felt bound to give an equally grand one in return—nay, a grander if possible.

Hers certainly was a magnificent "spread," and she watched its progress with undisguised satisfaction. Course after course succeeded each other. There was set before the company about six times as much as they could possibly eat, and ten times as much as they ought to drink, though they did their very best to do both. What else could they do, when every thing to tempt appetite and destroy health was lavished upon them with a cruel kindness worthy of Heliogabalus?

Young Jardine, who was by no means an ascetic, and had the wholesome enjoyment of youth in all things reasonably to be enjoyed, yet felt, though he had been used to them all his life, that there was something in these feasts which jarred upon him extremely—more and more the older he grew. They were not given from hospitality—it was merely paying a debt owed; nor from friendliness—there was scarcely a person at table of whom he had not heard his mother and sisters speak slightingly, mockingly, even contemptuously at times; nor for social and intellectual companionship, since the talk was of the most vapid description, mere gossip, chitchat, or badinage.

Roderick, who was unfortunately a young man with an ideal, a sense of right, of fitness, of beauty, born in him, and also put into him through constant association with that dear

father who had died with his ideal unfulfilled—poor Roderick sat at the end of this uncongenial board, feeling not so much like a death's-head at the banquet as a living man among death's-heads. For what a death in life it must be—an existence whose sole aim was good eating and drinking, splendid horses, and elegant clothes! Not that these things are bad—in moderation—and with something higher beyond. But, with nothing beyond?

The young fellow—full of hope and aspiration, with a keen, intelligent enjoyment of life, schemes for making the very best out of it, and yet not wasting it: liking to be happy, and yet liking to make his fellow-creatures happy too, so that he might leave the world better than he found it—felt, at the end of that luxurious dinner, as if he had been feeding for the last two hours on Dead Sea apples.

When, the ladies having retired, he still had to keep his place and "pass the bottle" —which he loathed—to elderly gentlemen, ay, and young ones too, who evidently did *not* loathe it—listening meanwhile to talk in which, whether it was his own fault or not, he could not get up the smallest interest, this young Cantab, who for three years had lived in what was a little better atmosphere than that of Richerden—socially as well as physically—was a good deal to be pitied.

So was his mother too, when, having succeeded in luring the guests up stairs, he—her only son—went and hid himself in the back drawing-room and "sulked," as he overheard her say, lamenting over him as a black sheep, in the loudest of whispers, to a lady he particularly disliked.

But it was not sulking, for he had his father's sweet temper. It was only the utter weariness of spirit which, in uncongenial circumstances, comes over the young as well as the old—oftener the young than the old: since these latter see beyond it: the former never do. To them their first despair is a despair eternal.

"How in the world shall I bear—this—sort of thing!" Roderick could give it no more definite name. Outwardly, his family life was quite satisfactory—nay, most enviable. He had all this world's good things at his feet—a mother devoted to him, and whom he loved very sincerely: his sisters too, though he saw little of them, they were so engrossed in their own affairs, were good and kind. Why was it that home was not home? that he felt infinitely more solitary, more dull, in this gay house than in his two poky college rooms? that in his pleasant and affectionate family he was regarded—and knew it—something like Andersen's "Ugly Duck," whom every other duckling swims away from, and even the mother mourns over and scolds at?

While smiling over the comparison he blushed; for he was not a conceited fellow, and had no idea of ever turning out to be a swan.

"But I wish they would leave me alone in some quiet corner of the duck pond," thought he. "And still more I wish I could find a creature or two like myself to swim or fly with—wild ducks I suppose they must be. Oh, if I had any excuse for flying right away!"

And then, with the habit he had of passing over things at the time and recurring to them afterward, there came into his mind a sentence in the letter from Miss Jardine's lawyer, explaining that in making her will she had said to him that her only other kindred were some distant cousins, living she believed in Switzerland, whom, if they were poor, she "left to Roderick's kindness."

"Capital idea! I'll go straight to Switzerland and find them. It would at least be something to do."

And the mere notion of this brightened up the young fellow's spirit and warmed his heart—he was, I fear, but a foolish young Quixote, after all: so that when his mother called him to do civility to the departing guests, he came forward with an air of cheerfulness such as he had not worn all the evening. Ay, even when he had to escort the most honored guest to the very carriage door, from an unsteadiness of gait politely ascribed to gout, but which Roderick, with a contempt so sad to see in the young to the old, even when the old deserve it, soon perceived to be—something else.

"Mother," cried he, indignantly, as he returned to the drawing-room, where the two ladies stood on the hearth-rug of their "banquet hall deserted," hot, weary, a little cross, and not a little glad that "it was over"—"mother, I wonder you let that old fellow enter your door. He has not an ounce of brains, and less of manners. Didn't you see he was drunk?"

"What an ugly, vulgar word! And to say it of Sir James, who holds such a good position here, and is Mr. Thomson's father too! Rody, I'm ashamed of you!"

"And Bella is more than ashamed, angry. Oh, Bell," and with a sudden sense of brotherly tenderness, half regret, half compunction, he laid his hand on her shoulder, "have you thoroughly considered this marriage? Are you quite sure of the young man himself? These things run in families. Suppose he should ever turn out a drunkard—like his father!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Bella, sharply. "And even if Sir James does enjoy his glass—why, so do many other gentlemen. It isn't like a common man, you know, who never knows when to stop. Now Sir James does. He is not 'drunk,' as you call it, only 'merry.'"

"Roderick," said his mother—and when she gave him his full name he knew she was seriously displeased—"the Thomsons are one of the first families in Richerden, and live in the best style. Isabella is making the most satisfactory marriage of all her sisters, and I desire you will not say one word against it."

"Very well, mother." And with a hopeless sigh Roderick changed the conversation.

He had the one weak point of gentle natures—he could not endure strife—would do almost any thing for peace' sake. Often he let a thing pass—a matter of taste, sometimes almost of principle—rather than hold his own and fight it out. Only when driven to extremity could he really turn at bay, like a wild stag of the forest, and show his sharp horns.

"Mother, have you thought over what I said this morning about going to Switzerland?" asked he, impelled by the sad longing of much-worried people—to run away. "Because since then I have found an added reason for my journey." And he gave her the two letters which had come on from Cambridge. "I suppose you had not heard of Miss Jardine's death, or you would have put off the dinner party?"

"Why so? She was only a poor relation. Nobody knew any thing about her here. Her death was not even put in the newspapers."

"Then you did know of it? But, of course, one could not mourn for a person whose death was not important enough to be put in the newspaper."

Mrs. Jardine looked puzzled, as she often did when her gentle-speaking "lad" spoke in that way; she could not make out whether he was in jest or in earnest.

"My dear, I don't see why we should notice the death of Cousin Silence. It would be very inconvenient just at the wedding. She was a very good woman, no doubt; but she was only your father's second cousin, though he was always most kind to her, and let her occupy his house at Blackhall for years. Besides, she was a great invalid, though she never made much fuss about it, and hardly ever stirred from her own fireside. When I got the 'intimation' I couldn't help thinking she was well away."

"Yes, well away," said the young man; and with a young man's chivalric tenderness he henceforth buried in his deepest heart this dear dead woman, whom he had seen his dying father kiss. But he did not name her again to his mother or to any body.

It was quite late that night before he succeeded in explaining to Mrs. Jardine, or in making her at all comprehend the necessity of it, his wish to start off at once to Switzerland in search of these distant relatives, who might be poor, and therefore would have much more right to Miss Jardine's little property than he had.

"I don't see that at all, Rody. She left it to you, and I'm sure it was very kind of her, though you will never want money."

"And they may."

"But why can't you inquire about them—send out a confidential clerk, for instance?"

"That would be a much more business-like proceeding, I allow, mother, and you are the best woman of business imaginable; I know that. But still, 'If you want a thing done, go yourself. If you don't care about it, send.' Was not that my grandfather's maxim, mother? And it generally succeeded."

"Ah, you're a coaxing laddie," said Mrs. Jardine, one of whose fine qualities was affectionate pride in her low-born father. "Well, go, if you like. But it's just a wild-goose chase; that's what I call it."

"So do I, mother. Only I'm not the hunter; I'm the wild goose, and I want to take a good long flight and stretch my wings. Then I'll come back as tame as possible, and settle down in the dullest and smoothest of ponds."

"Oh, I wish you would settle down," said the mother, earnestly. "There's plenty of girls in Richerden—nice girls too, the Miss Bannermans and Miss Fergusons, and little Maggie Marjoribanks that's *so* fond of you!"

"Don't tell me that, mother; you ought not;" and the young fellow blushed all over his face. "It isn't fair to the girl, or to me. She's a very charming girl, of course, and she has got heaps of money"—again the sarcastic ring in his voice—too sarcastic for so young a man; "but you know I don't care a pin for Maggie Marjoribanks, or any of Bella's fine friends. They're all too much young ladies for me."

"You don't mean to say you want a young person?" answered Bella, satirically. "A dress-maker, perhaps, or a governess, or somebody that earns her own living. Mamma, take care!"

"I don't want any body. I want to be free. I have plenty to do, and to enjoy also, before I 'settle down,' as you call it. Can't you leave me alone to manage my own affairs?"

"Ah, do let the poor boy alone!" cried Mrs. Jardine, yawning. "Don't let us sit up talking any longer. Rody, my dear, go where you like, do as you like; please yourself, and you'll please me."

"I have no doubt he'll please himself, mamma," added Bella, who dearly liked to have the last word. "And I can imagine the sort of wife he is sure to bring home some day."

"Can you?" said Roderick, biting his lips. "At any rate, she will not resemble Maggie Marjoribanks, or you." And then his conscience smote him for his sharp words—he

had such a tender conscience always! "Oh, do let me go away, mother!" with almost piteous entreaty. "Perhaps I may come back a better fellow, so that you have not always to find fault with me, as seems the case now. But I don't mean any harm. Really, the de'il is not as black as he's painted—by his sisters especially."

"Black, my son?" said Mrs. Jardine, fondly, as he bade her good-night and kissed her—he was not too proud to kiss his mother every night and morning still. "You're just the very best son that ever mother had, and so I tell every body."

"I wish you didn't, mother dear; but I suppose you can't help it." And so half laughing, yet slightly sore at heart, Roderick sprang up stairs—three steps at a time—to his own bedroom, where at least he could shut out every body and every thing, and "his thoughts call home" to the fancies and crotchets that pleased him best.

It was a small room, almost in the roof; but he had chosen it, much to his family's surprise and remonstrance, as soon as they came to this grand new house, because from it on very clear days you could see right across the park and suburbs of Richerden to the "blue hills far away," which are the unacknowledged blessing of that wealthy but unsanitary town. Now, in the still moonlight of midnight, with the early snow on their tops, they were plainly visible, if you only took the trouble to undraw the curtains and lower the gas.

Roderick, being a sentimental youth at best, did so, and it comforted him. The vexation of his spirit melted away bit by bit. These were, after all, such mere trifles to be vexed about, when all life, with its grand aims and large ambitions, lay before him—nay, in his very grasp. Talk as they might, his womankind could do nothing. Even his mother had no real power over him. He was of age, and free to come and go as he chose. As to money—well, it must be confessed, money was the last thing this young fellow ever thought about or inquired into. He had a sufficient allowance, paid regularly, and spent honestly, though certainly spent, up to the very last half-penny, and that was all he knew or cared about it. Blackhall, he understood, was now his own—rather a weight on his mind—and then there was Miss Jardine's touching bequest, just heard of.

In the quiet moonlight, looking at the dim white outline of the "everlasting hills," his mind went back to its musings of a few hours back—over those two finished lives, the real history of which neither he nor any one would ever know. It was all peace now.

He determined to go, the very next day, to visit Blackhall, which he had never yet seen, and knew little about, for his father rarely named it, though it had been the home of the Jardines for many generations. Also, they must have had a burial-place, for he had some recollection of his father's having once expressed a wish to lie there, only his mother had overruled it in favor of the grand new cemetery on the outskirts of Richerden, where she had afterward erected a beautiful white marble sarcophagus with an urn at the top. What matter? Henry Jardine slept well. And far away, somewhere beyond those moonlight mountains—near the very places where they might have played together as children or walked together as young people—slept also Cousin Silence.

But the waking? If it be possible that the life to come shall heal some of the wounds of this life—oh, the heavenly waking!

MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS TO MADAME MOSCHELES.

EVER since the publication of Mendelssohn's letters he has been known to his readers as a charming writer, describing his wanderings with a ready pen. In his visit to Goethe at Weimar, although young in years, we find him ripe in his conception of the great master. He is an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature, as well as of the works of the old masters and the creations of his contemporaries, whether in his own or the sister art. Filial affection lends a particular charm to his descriptions; his advice to his brothers and sisters commands our respect, while his wit and humor are ever entertaining. Then, if music is the subject on which he writes, he shows himself one of the most profound musicians of his time.

Thus we know him under many different aspects, but never have we come upon a series of letters written to a lady friend, a simple musical amateur, such as we are now offering to the public.

It is the man, the affectionate friend of the house of Moscheles, including the children, which we must look for in these pages; the intimate description sometimes of his work, at others of his social life, which does not always escape satire; and the ever-recurring expressions of gratitude toward his friends the Moscheleses, so vividly depicted that it has been thought necessary to suppress them every now and then.

The letters being intimate, names have for the most part been indicated by ——, and some explanatory remarks annexed to each letter as a clew for the reader.

LONDON, *June*, 1878.

"*January* 6, 1829.

"DEAR MADAM,—I hardly know how to ask your pardon for my sins, for I have a load of them on my conscience; yet were I to trouble you with a string of excuses, you might think that a new sin. Truth to say, my writing thus late is unpardonable, considering all the kindness and friendliness you showed me in the spring, but it is true also that these last few days have been the only quiet ones since we parted. First, there was our Highland tour[1] in any thing but favorable weather, with bad roads, worse conveyances, still worse inns and landlords, and the richest and most picturesque scenery—all of which so entirely engrossed us that we could not collect our thoughts for even a single day. Then I returned to London, and just as I was finishing some work, and getting through all manner of business before starting for the Netherlands to meet my father, I had the mishap to be upset in a gig, and was obliged to be six weeks in bed and two months in my room. At last I was able to travel home, but my injured foot being very weak, the journey proved both painful and dangerous, and I felt so prostrate when I did reach home that I was condemned to another imprisonment of several weeks. A few days ago we celebrated the silver wedding of my parents, for which I was obliged to finish some work;[2] so you see I had a most busy and varied time of it, the happiest and the most disagreeable days of my life following each other in quick succession. Of course I feel rather upset by all this. Witness this careless, confused letter, yet I would not put off writing lest I should add to my sins.

"And now I do not know how to thank you and Mr. Moscheles, for words can not sufficiently express my gratitude. You know what it is to visit a foreign land for the first time,[3] and to be a stranger among strangers. This feeling, perhaps the most terrible of all others, I have been spared through your kindness, and it is you who have lessened the painful weight of my first separation from my family. If England has made a favorable impression upon me, it is to you I chiefly owe it; and now that I have got over the most difficult part of my tour, I augur favorably for the remainder of it. I am not going to thank you for each individual act of kindness, or for all the trouble you took about me: if I did, there would be no end of it; but I may say to you and Mr. Moscheles that I appreciate from my heart your friendly feelings toward me, and the kindness with which you received me, making all things easy that were difficult to a foreigner. As long as I remember my first entrance into the wide world, so long shall I also remember your goodness. I do not know when I may be so fortunate as to *say* all this to you instead of writing it down in these formal cold characters, but I do hope for the pleasure of another meeting before long, and for a continuance of those friendly feelings, for which I shall ever remain, yours gratefully,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

[1] The *Highland tour* was made with his friend Klingemann, of the Hanoverian embassy, whose lovely verses were often composed, always admired, by Mendelssohn, and who proved his friend through life. When the accident befell Mendelssohn the Moscheleses were in Germany.

[2] The *work* alluded to was the operetta *Son and Stranger*, in which every member of the family wished to take part. The painter Hensel, who had married Mendelssohn's eldest sister, being totally unmusical, had the part of *one and the same note* composed for him.

[3] Mendelssohn's visit to London in 1829 was his first, and his *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, then performed, the beginning of a series of triumphs. His father had previously written to Moscheles asking his advice as to whether Felix, setting out on his travels, should go to London first, or later on. Moscheles strongly advised the former, and in conjunction with their mutual friend Klingemann made all the necessary arrangements for him. The tone of this first letter, written some time after Mendelssohn's return, shows there subsisted then less intimacy between him and the Moscheleses than in later years.

During this first and all the subsequent visits to England, Mendelssohn was a frequent guest at the Moscheleses' house, and many notes relating to their respective plans and engagements passed between them, only one of which is here translated, as showing in a few simple words his attachment to his old master, Professor Zelter, whose death he had just heard of, and his affection for the friends to whom he turned in his bereavement:

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—If you are quite alone at dinner, and also in the evening, I should much like to come to you. I have just heard of the death of my old master. Please send a line in answer to

"Yours, F. M. B."

"BERLIN, *July* 25, 1832.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—If this were only a note, and the servant waiting below to carry it to you in an instant, instead of a letter travelling by post, steam, and sea in such a serious, business-like manner, whilst I have nothing serious to say! I merely long for a chat with you, indulging in a little innocent abuse of the world in general, and a special attack upon phrenology;[1] a weak-fingered pupil down below in Moscheles's study playing all the while a slow presto, and being suddenly startled by a few brilliant notes from another hand[2] to relieve her dullness: in short, to go to Chester Place;[3] for if I wish to talk to you, it is you I want to hear, and not myself. Now all these wishes are vain; but why have you strictly forbidden me to thank you ever so little? for that is what I really want to say, but dare not, feeling that you would

laugh at me. And, after all, there is no way of showing gratitude for happy days. When you look back upon them they are already past and gone, and while they last you think all the pleasure they bring most natural; for I did think it natural that you and Moscheles showed me all the love and kindness I could possibly wish for. I never thought it might be otherwise; whilst now I do sometimes feel that it was a piece of good fortune, not a matter of course. All this seems stupid; but if you only knew how strange I have felt these last few weeks, and how unsettled is all I say and think! When I left you on Friday night to go on board the steamer,[4] I pictured to myself how very much changed I should find our house and the whole family—two years' absence, married sisters, and so on; but I arrive, and after the first two days there we are as comfortably and cozily settled as though there had been neither journey, absence, nor change of any kind. I can not conceive having ever been away, and did I not think of the dear friends I have made meanwhile,[5] I might fancy the whole intervening time a lively tale I had been told. That, however, is not the way I can get on. Every step I take brings some fresh recollection of my journey, which I dreamily pursue for some time, being far away; then I meet my parents and sisters, and with every word they say and every step we take in the garden[6] another recollection from *before* the journey starts up and stands as vividly before me as though I had never been away, so that the most different events become intermingled, and unsettle my peace of mind. Whether all that will subside again I can not tell, but for the moment I feel as one thrown hither and thither, not able to find any support. The past and present are interwoven, and yet I must learn that the past is past. Never mind; the best part of all this remains, and that is why I write this letter and send it off, little as it may be worth. You have sometimes forgiven my 'unbearableness,' and even pretended it was owing to my genius. Now there you were mistaken. But 'the heart is black,' says the beadle (Klingemann must tell you that story if you don't know it).[7] Only fancy, I have not been able to compose a note since my arrival! That is the cause of my troubles, I think, for could I settle down again to work, all would be right. Haven't you got some German or English words for a song which I might compose? Of course for a voice down to C and up to F,[8] and I could play the accompaniment in 1833 on the Erard,[9] while from below was again heard the 'slow presto.' But I think I could not even write a song just now. Who can sing praises to the spring when shivering with cold in July—when the green leaves drop, flowers die, and fruit perishes in summer? For such is our case. We have fires; the rain pours down in torrents; ague, cholera, and the last decision of the German Diet (Bundestagsbeschluss) are the topics of the day; and I, who played my part in Guildhall,[10] am compelled to be guarded and conciliatory lest I should be considered too radical. To-day the cholera is announced again, although not by desire; this Russian gift will, I suppose, settle down amongst us, and not leave us again in a hurry.[11] I am glad there are no quarantine laws, as formerly, or else the communication between Hamburg and Berlin might be cut off, and that would be inconvenient to me for certain reasons. Although when I first mentioned to your sister in Hamburg that you or Moscheles might possibly come here, I suddenly fell into disgrace. She looked at me very angrily, and asked what was to be got in Berlin, and who took any interest in music *there*. I named myself, but found little favor in her eyes: I was detestable, growing more and more so, the very type of a 'Berliner,' she thought; next I became a stranger, then yet more, a strange musician, and lastly she turned severely polite. But I changed the subject, remembering your good advice to try and win her favor; so I said that, after all, it was not likely you would go to Berlin, and that quite reconciled her. Secretly, however, I say come—do come! We shall do every thing to make Berlin as agreeable to you as it *can* be made; and if Moscheles were to tell me that you intended coming on the 1st of October, I should begin this very day to think with joy of that date. There is comfortable room for two in the 'Schnellpost-coupé,' and the journey is a most easy one. You should make up your mind to come. I will not tease you any more to-day, but will only beg you will let me know when you go to Hamburg, that I may write you a letter in sixteen parts, with every part singing out, 'Do come!' It is true, you will be charmingly situated in Hamburg, and I know how difficult it must be to leave it. Your father's new house is a most delightful one; the exterior close to the 'Alsterbassin,' and with a view of the steeples of your Hanse town; the interior light and cheerful, well furnished, and not crowded, and every comfort to be found by those even who have just left London; besides which, the owner, all the rooms and furniture, and, above all, the large music-room, plainly show how anxiously you are expected. No doubt, then, you will find every thing charming and comfortable; but although we have no fine view and no comforts to offer, we should one and all rejoice to see you, and that, indeed, is the main point. By-the-bye, Madame B—— is here, and has met with little success. She intended giving a concert, and the bills announced that Mr. O——, her husband, was

going to assist her; but the Berlin people would not be attracted, so she gave it up, and performed at the theatre between two comedies. People said there was no soul in her playing, so I preferred not hearing her, for what a Berliner calls playing without soul must be desperately cold. Take it all in all, I am *blasé* with regard to Hummel's septet and Hirtz's variations, and the public was quite right to be *blasé* too. Then, again, Madame B—— is not pretty, so I prefer Madame ——. But how ill I have behaved to her! Do apologize for me; but, above all, take my part with your sister if she calls me disagreeable and abuses me for what I said about Berlin.[12] Tell her it was from sheer selfishness I spoke, and that I chiefly thought of my own pleasure in wishing to see you both and the children again—that I am selfish altogether; for so I am, and do want you to come. My love to Emily and Serena, and may you and Moscheles be as well and as happy as I wish you to be! Yours,

"Felix Mendelssohn-Bv."

[1] Phrenology was then considered with great interest, but always laughed at by Mendelssohn, who would not believe in it.

[2] The room in which Moscheles sometimes received pupils was directly under the drawing-room, and Mendelssohn, when on a visit to Mrs. Moscheles, used often to feel amused at their vain attempts to produce quick movements such as *he* understood them, and such as Moscheles would teach them by throwing in some bars at the right time.

[3] Chester Place, No. 3, in the Regent's Park, was the Moscheleses' residence.

[4] The steamer took him from London to Hamburg, whence he proceeded to Berlin.

[5] His London friends were numerous and distinguished. I would only name the Grotes, the Alexanders, the Taylors, the Kembles, and I might add many others, to whom the man was as dear as the musician, and who at that time received him as a friend.

[6] The Mendelssohns' house and garden, situated in Leipzigerstrasse, No. 3, in Berlin, at the present time forms part of the building in which the Reichstag is held.

[7] A certain beadle in a country church being reprimanded by the clergyman for wearing a scarlet instead of a black waistcoat, called out: "Never mind, your worship, if only the heart is black."

[8] The voice alluded to was that of Mrs. Moscheles, to whom he sometimes gave a singing lesson.

[9] The Erard was a splendid instrument, presented by the then head of the firm, Pierre Erard. His uncle had invented a new mechanism and taken out a patent for it, which allowed the key when struck to repeat the note, although but half-way down. Mr. P. E. wanted Moscheles to play on these new instruments, but he found them stiff and uncongenial, and for a long time preferred the Clementis. At last, when many changes had been made upon his suggestions, the day arrived when he declared them perfect, and consented to play upon one of them in public. After the concert Erard offered him a precious ring (an emerald between two diamonds) in remembrance of the event.

[10] Mendelssohn used to delight in attending meetings at Guildhall to hear Liberal speakers.

[11] He had a slight attack of cholera in Paris, but soon recovered.

[12] Mrs. Moscheles's friends living in Hamburg, they greatly objected to their spending their short holidays any where but with them; hence the joke about Mendelssohn's quarrel with the sister.

"Berlin, *September* 3, 1832.

"Dear Mrs. Moscheles,—Truly I am a sinner to have kept such a dogged silence after all the pleasant and friendly things you wrote; but I need scarcely say how truly grateful I feel for your letter, and that its arrival seemed to bring a holiday. All else concerning myself is as uncomfortable as a 'drifting fog.'[1] There are times when I should prefer being a carpenter or a turner, when all things look at me angrily, and when gladness and happiness are so far removed as to seem words of a foreign tongue wanting to be translated for me. Such times, in their dullest shape, have haunted me for the last few weeks. I feel unspeakably heavy. And why, you will ask, write all this to me? Because Neukomm[2] last night treated me to a most beautiful lecture that did me no good, and proposed all manner of excellent remedies, which I am not inclined to apply, preached to my conscience, which I can do just as well myself, and lastly asked why I had not yet answered your letter. Because I am in an ill temper, I said. But he would have it that every body ought to write exactly as he feels, and that he knew you would not be offended at it, but consider it quite natural; so it is upon his responsibility I do write; and should you be angry, I am a better prophet than he, for I wanted to wait for a more favorable moment to send you a merry letter, while he pretended you did not care for *that*.

"As for your journey to Berlin, I have written Moscheles a regular business letter, telling him how matters stand, according to *my* notion and that of others. I will not repeat my request and wish on that score; it might appear selfish and encroaching, and being thoroughly averse to either, I would avoid even their semblance. If you, however, say your sister has half pardoned me because you are not likely to come here, that is but poor comfort, and I would much rather it were the reverse. You would pacify your sister on your return, and I would give you *carte blanche* to tell her the most awful things about me, to paint me as black as any negro, for then you would have been here, and what harm could all the rest do me?

"If —— flirts, I can only consider it just and praiseworthy, for what else are we born for? But should he marry, it would make me die with laughing, for what figure is —— to cut as *paterfamilias?* Yet you predict it, and I know you can always read people's thoughts in their faces — did I wish for bread at dinner, you at once whispered, 'Some bread to Mr. Mendelssohn;' and perhaps you might make a guess at the bride also. On the other hand, I too am a prophet in matrimonial matters, and uphold exactly the reverse. —— is a Knight of the Order of Bachelors, and so am I. Who

knows but we may both wish to marry thirty years hence? But then no young lady will care to have us. Pray cut this prophecy out of the letter before you burn it, and keep it; in thirty years we shall know whether it proves true or not.

"You want to know how the dresses[3] pleased? But do you not know it was you who chose them? And must I assure you that they play a prominent part on all festive occasions, and are much admired and envied? Moreover, a professor of chemistry expressed his astonishment at the beautiful brown of my mother's shawl, saying it was dyed so much finer than he thought it *could* be. Now whether every thing is cut out right, and according to the newest fashion, I can not tell, and that is one reason why you should come, just to enlighten me. But oh! how I should like you to lecture me as you used to do.[4] For indeed I do not know how to bear up against my low spirits.

"Excuse this stupid letter—it is the type of my mind—and give my love to all around you. Ever yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTH."

[1] He was subject to moods of depression like the one here described.

[2] Neukomm, the composer, was a mutual, much-valued friend, advanced in age.

[3] Mendelssohn was most anxious to bring beautiful presents to his mother and sister, and got Mrs. Moscheles to go and choose them with him.

[4] She was allowed the privilege of "lecturing" him, and used to be called his grandmother, although but four years his senior.

"BERLIN, *January* 17, 1833.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—It is unpardonable to reply thus late to so kind a letter as yours, and moreover on an unceremonious half sheet of paper,[1] and that is the very reason why I rely upon your forgiveness, for, says the proverb, 'small thieves are hung, great ones allowed to escape.'

"How I enjoyed all the nice details of your letter! I felt comfortably at home in sight of your fireside, Moscheles's siesta, and that whole snug household of yours. I rejoice like a child at the thoughts of approaching spring, my dignity as a godfather,[2] green England, and a thousand things besides. My melancholy is beginning to vanish, I have again taken a lively interest in music and musicians, and have here and there composed some trifles; they are bad, it is true, but they give promise of better things—in fact, I breathe more freely, and things look brighter. Whether I shall be able, after all, to bring some creditable novelty with me to London, Heaven only knows; but I hope so, for I would cut a figure not only as a godfather, but also as a musician; the former, however, comes first and foremost. I will make the most serious face possible, and bring the very best wishes and all the happiness I can gather together to lay down as a gift at the christening.

"And so Moscheles is busy again? Klingemann[3] mentions a septet, and I caught it up joyfully. What instruments is it for? In what key? Is it fair or dark? He must let me know all about it; and will other honest people be able to play it, or will it be again for his own private use, like the last movement of the concerto in E flat, which all amateurs stumble at and sigh over without being able to master it? Do let me hear all about this septet, for I am longing to know, and almost envy those who can watch its gradual progress.

"I am most truly grateful to the Philharmonic directors for wanting me to write for them at the very time I felt so low-spirited and cross; it made it all the more valuable. But you do not say whether Moscheles too is to compose for them. Will he accept, and what will he write? I shall bring the whole of my symphony, one more work besides, but hardly a third one.

"Do not for a moment think I am put out about the Cologne affair.[4] I have enjoyed a good many of the same kind in Berlin that were at first rather bitter to the taste. As I am giving my third concert to-morrow, I know what it is to be a great Berlin man. After it had been settled, not without difficulty, that the whole of my receipts should be made over to them, my first concert was well filled, and Berlin enthusiasm prevailed, which means that the words 'divinely and heavenly' were used as much as 'pretty well' is in ordinary language. My symphony in D minor and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* were performed, and I played my concerto and a P. F. sonata of Beethoven. And now you should have heard how very polite the same people turned who had been so stiff before; how my noble heart, my philanthropic views, my only reward.....It was fit for a newspaper, but it came just a month too late; at one time it would have pleased me, now it was a nuisance, and indeed so is the whole place, with its parade and sham.

"At the second concert we had 'Meeresstille.' I played a concerto by S. Bach, a sonata of Beethoven, and my capriccio in B minor. Madame Melder sang some scenas by Gluck, and the concert began with a symphony by Berger.[5] This I had performed to gratify him, but he found its success so short of his expectations, and the execution so bad, that it was only by dint of great exertion I escaped a complete quarrel with him. At the third concert there will be my overture to the *Isles of Fingal*, the *Walpurgisnacht*, a concerto of Beethoven, and a sonata by Weber for P. F. and clarionet, with Bärmann, of Munich, and then an end of the honor and pleasure. Excuse all these lengthy details, but indeed there is not much

else to report in the way of music. Bärmann[6] has lately given a concert and enchanted us all. (I mean all of us who live in the Leipzigerstrasse, and all Berlin besides.) Lafont is shortly expected; M—— too—it makes me cold to think of him. Mademoiselle S—— has appeared, and with moderate success. Her father is chapel-master, her brother a singer, her uncle in office, her aunt the wife of the father of the waiting-woman of some princess. That kind of thing is necessary in Berlin. Count —— has lately taken me under his wing, saying that something might be made of me, so he would patronize me and get me a libretto by Scribe. Heaven grant it may be a good one, but I don't believe it. Besides, we are on the road to improvement, going to have telegraphs like you. By-the-bye, the two Elslers, whom they here call the Telegräfinnen,[7] are going to London. Should they bring letters to you, and should you have to receive them also, I shall die of laughing, but present I must be. What will your John say, who thought Schröder-Devrient not a lady? And how is Mademoiselle Blahetka? and is Madame Belleville again in London? Spontini means to sell his instrument for no less than 1600 thalers. If you see Erard, and wish to return him *one* compliment for ever so many, do tell him that my instrument is excellent, and that I am delighted with it, for that is the truth.

"And now, dear Moscheles, I answer your outside postscript in the same way. Many thanks for it. Write soon again, and let me hear at full length from you. The 'Sing Academie' has not yet chosen a director, and there is as much small-talk about it as ever.[8] The V——s are here for the winter; I see but little of them, as I scarcely go out. Thank you for your list of the Philharmonic concerts, but I shall be glad if I can come to the last four; quite out of the question to hear them all. But when must I be godfather? or rather a witness to the holy rite? That is the question.

"And now I send very best love to all Chester Place, wishing every body joy and happiness and music and all that's good in this new year, in which we mean to meet again. Until then and ever your

"Felix Mendelssohn-Bv."

[1] It was the custom at that time to show respect for the person addressed by taking a large-sized sheet of paper.

[2] Mendelssohn had promised to be godfather should a son be born to the Moscheleses.

[3] The septet was written for the Philharmonic Society, Moscheles being requested, as well as Mendelssohn, to write something for these concerts.

[4] The Cologne affair was some unpleasantness about a conductorship, magnified by the papers.

[5] Berger was his piano-forte teacher when a boy.

[6] Bärmann, the most celebrated clarionet-player of his day.

[7] Gräfinnen, the German for countesses. One of the Elslers being particularly tall, he would have it that her long arms resembled those of the old-fashioned telegraph.

[8] The Sing Academie, it was thought by Mendelssohn's friends, ought to have chosen *him* as director, but such was not the case.

"Berlin, *February* 27, 1833.

"Dear Mrs. Moscheles,—Although I can send you but a few lines to-day, I want to offer you my congratulations, and tell you that I enter heart and soul into your joy at the happy event [the birth of a son]. How pleased I am to think I shall soon see the little stranger, and that he will bear my name! Do wait till I come, that I may in reality be able to accept your former invitation to the christening. I shall certainly hurry as much as I can, and arrive as soon as possible. I rejoice in its being a boy. He must become a musician; and may all such things as we wish to do and can not attain be reserved for him! Or if not, little does it matter, for he will become a good man, and that is of most consequence. It is true, I see at this distance how the two grown-up Misses Emily and Serena will tyrannize over him when he is fourteen years old; then will he have to suffer many a side glance, his arms being voted too long, his coat too short, and his voice very bad. But when he becomes a man he will patronize the two, doing them many a kindness, and bearing the tediousness of parties to chaperon them.

"I am sure you have been a little offended (or maybe a good deal) at my laziness in writing, but do pardon me now. I promise to improve, particularly so when in London, where I can be my own letter-carrier, and improvise my questions and answers; but improve I shall at any rate.

"Kindest messages.....

"I must now begin the last movement of my symphony (the Italian); it is burning at my finger-ends, and spoiling them for letter-writing. Excuse, then, these hasty lines. You know how they are meant.

"Yours,

"Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."

"Berlin, *March* 17, 1833.

"Dear Mrs. Moscheles,—I wish you were not at home when this letter arrives, and that he who is to be named Felix plays with a rattle or screams lustily in English, which means that I hope you and the new member of the family are as well as I could wish and hope for. Klingemann gave such a good report in his last letter that I could only rejoice, and must now again congratulate you with all my heart.

"Let me try ever so, I can't help thinking that such an important event, such a change in the whole family and its most intimate relations, such an increase of happiness as well as of cares, must work a thorough alteration in people, and I shall soon find out whether I am right. But if you do not let

me hear to the contrary, maybe with a scolding for not writing, or rather for my last bad letter, or with a slight satire on my genius, or any thing of that kind, I shall feel shy in Chester Place on my first London evening, and timid if asked to play to you. Do you happen to be engaged on the 21st of April? If not, I should like to come to you with Klingemann, who is going to fetch me, and I fully intend being in London on the 20th. A 'Schnellpost' is just driving past, and reminds me that I shall soon sit inside one. Strange to say, since I have begun to work hard, and have attained the conviction that Berlin society is an awful monster, I should like remaining here some time longer. I feel comfortable, and find it rather difficult to set out travelling again. All the morning there is constant knocking at my door, but I do not open, and am happy to think what tediousness I may have escaped, unknown to myself. But in the evening, when I go across to my parents, we can enjoy many a merry laugh and hot debate. I feel a pleasure, indeed, that it is not easy to run away from, as not knowing when it may be met with again. But why write? We shall talk it all over. I shall have an answer much sooner, or rather it is I who should give it, since I own that you have heaped fiery coals on my head. To-day it is to Moscheles I am writing to ask him a favor. I want him to send me some of the information he has to give all the year round. (It might be photographed à la ——.) The brothers ——, violin and violoncello, wish to go from Paris to London for the season, if they had a certainty, or at least a chance, of paying their travelling and other expenses; that is what they want to question you about, dear Moscheles, and I volunteered to write to you, as my father did for me about three years ago. Now, however, I have clean forgotten the matter for the last few weeks, and would beg of you to send me a few lines for them by return of post; but pray let it be by the very next return, as they are dreadfully offended, and have left off bowing to me. They are quite right, moreover, as the time is drawing near, *en cas que*—

"A most gentlemanly Russian called upon me some few days ago, and told me a good deal about Madame B——. I wish you could have heard him, dear Mrs. Moscheles. The Russians seem to be more thorough-bred than our Hamburg towns-people. She can not succeed with them, much as she tries; *she* would, but *they* won't, and all my gentleman had to say about her pretensions and affectation seemed incredible. Any body passing for affected in Moscow or Petersburg must be so indeed; *that* even the Berlin people allow.

"The other day I heard a Berlin pianist play the worst variations on 'God save' that I have ever listened to, and that is speaking volumes. The man had great technical ability and good fingers; and yet his performance was hollow and lifeless, and his banging about made me feel miserable. Where in all the world has our Berlin good taste hidden itself? Then, again, I have lately heard the *Zauberflöte*, the best performance, I believe, that is to be met with nowadays. It is evident that each individual is doing his utmost, that they one and all love the music, and that the only thing wanting is an *ensemble*, which I fear will not be met with in Berlin whilst the sand remains sand and the Spree river. This conviction brought on my low spirits last autumn, but by this time I take the matter more easily, and think that spring will bring us a return of warmth and verdure; that is the best opera we can see and hear. *Au revoir* then in the spring.

"Ever yours,

"Felix Mendelssohn-Barth."

"Düsseldorf, *April* 25, 1833.

"Dear Mrs. Moscheles,—Should this sheet of paper turn red by the time Klingemann arrives, it would but show the reflection of my face, covered with blushes, for I feel so ashamed! But when a man has once taken to hard-heartedness, he becomes insensible to kindness and friendliness, and remains hardened, and goes on sinning without compunction. That is *my* case. And this does not even pretend to be the answer to your most kind letter, but my own accusation, bearing witness to my having truly received that letter of yours, and nevertheless having remained deaf and dumb, after which you would be warranted in refusing to read all this. The truth is that since I have got used to this place I feel comfortable; my mind is at ease, and I do a good deal of work both at home and abroad, consequently am very happy. This I ought to have described to you at full length, but could not (maybe Klingemann can do so verbally), and so kept silent; but toward Christmas I mean to send you some musical novelties and a letter as well, and then Moscheles must give me his opinion of the music, according to his promise. He will by that time have conducted my overture in F, and will report about it, so that I shall have a letter spite of my sins. Now that is being hardened indeed. Better change the subject.

"Here comes the book of songs, formally made over to you; and should Klingemann not give it up, he is worse than a 'gazzoladro.' I do intend sending you a proper book of MS. songs at Christmas; but you won't believe me, so I'll set about writing it first.

"And how goes on Moscheles's sonata for two performers?

"After all, this is but a note, and I ought

to conclude by saying, 'I am truly sorry I can not dine with you this day week, because I have a previous engagement at Mrs. A——'s.'

"Would this were the only impediment to our meeting!

"All love to Emily and Serena, and every good wish for your welfare. Should little Felix show his content by saying *Ba!* or otherwise prove his friendly disposition, you must tell him all about his godfather, and give him his love. *Fare*well and *remain* well. Ever yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

"DÜSSELDORF, *May* 31, 1833.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—Repentance *only*.

"But I have been more beleaguered than ever; have dropped down on my bed at night unable to write, think, and scarcely speak. That sounds touching, but is true, nevertheless, so do not be *too* angry with me. This is the first leisure day, and I write:

"That I shall, please God, be back in town on Wednesday the 5th, ready to christen, play, conduct, and even to be 'a genius.'

"All else verbally.

"So farewell till we meet.

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BY."

"*September* 13, 1833.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—Here is Berlin, September 13, and my father[1] once more safely lodged in the Leipzigerstrasse, and feeling quite well. I should write you a long and detailed letter did I not wish you to hear at once from this place, which we reached yesterday, and which I must leave again the day after to-morrow, so you may fancy how the whole day passes in my family, and that I have neither time nor inclination for letter-writing. But to recollect the whole of the sad time which lies behind me, and all the kindness I received in it, to feel relieved from a great responsibility, and to think of those who assisted me to bear it, *that* I have ample time and inclination to do, and that is what these lines are meant to convey to you. All my Berlin belongings are well and happy, and send best love. My father had the mishap to drive a nail through the shoe into his foot. It was on the Rhine, at my uncle Professor Mendelssohn's place, and on the very day the steamer brought us the Dirichlets.[2] He was laid up again for several days, and had to perform the whole journey to Berlin stretched out in the coupé. This little accident caused him a greater depression than his serious illness in London, so that he felt excessively impatient to see his own home again, and almost despaired of it. This made the whole journey, and in particular our necessarily slow progress, with so many inns and nights' lodgings, most irksome, and my own impatience became the greater for having to be kept profoundly secret. But then I felt happy indeed as we were driving through the well-known court-yard entrance and I knew that journey was safely over. The foot had been but slightly injured, and to-day my father is allowed to walk about.

"I should have written to you from Cologne or Düsseldorf, but not knowing where you had gone to, begged of Klingemann to let you have the few lines I addressed to him, and now hope you will let him know of our arrival. I am not sure whether he is in Paris or London, and can not possibly make up my mind to write unless I feel sure of the place my letter is to go to. You, I fancy—perhaps erroneously—to be again in the Regent's Park.

"Excuse haste. I shall write properly from Düsseldorf,[3] where I must be in a few days. And now farewell to you both. My love to Felix, Emily, and Serena. Wish I could send her two carnations.[4] Pray give them to her in my name, and be you happy.

"Yours, FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BY."

[1] Mendelssohn's father had accompanied him to England. On their viewing the Portsmouth dockyards he knocked his shin violently; it became an open wound, which Sir Benjamin Brodie at one time despaired of healing, but a change for the better occurred at last. The devotion of Felix in nursing his father is not to be described: it was touching.

[2] The Dirichlets were his younger sister and her husband, a professor of mathematics.

[3] Mendelssohn was at that time Kapellmeister at Düsseldorf.

[4] Carnations and lilies-of-the-valley were often interchanged between him and the M.'s second daughter, as being favorite flowers of both.

"DÜSSELDORF, *February* 7, 1834.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—I do not venture to begin this letter until I have written to Moscheles for the last two hours. I am sure I have never deserved such a scolding, for give it me you won't, that I know. Yet all my other discrepancies, such as talking German at table with English friends, not being able to carve at the H——'s, having defective coat buttons, not paying H——l the proper compliments, are mere nothings to what I deserve. But does it, perhaps, give you satisfaction to hear that I have a very bad conscience? or that I have some kind of feeling like a naughty child about to confess? or that Klingemann has left off writing to me? To speak seriously, there are many minutes in the course of each day when I think of your dear home, wishing I were there, and when I enjoy the recollections of the time I have spent in it. That much you must believe, and now, whether such thoughts bring forth a letter or not, that depends more or less upon chance. Alas! I am not coming to England this year. I mean to make the best use of my time,

trying to produce something before I begin to travel again. You can hardly imagine how much better and brighter I feel for the last few months' work, and how much easier I get on with it; so I must keep it up, that I may get into proper trim. My birthday reminded me of that at the right moment. I have told Moscheles a good deal about the life I now lead. We gave *Egmont* with the Beethoven music a little while ago, and I had the joy to hear something of his for the first time, which has not happened to me lately.

"By-the-bye, you are rather against Goethe in some things, so I recommend you to read a newly published correspondence between him and Zelter, in which you will find plenty of matter to confirm your opinion, and yet I should oppose you bravely, and defend my old favorite as formerly. Do you know the chorus on Lord Byron which occurs in the second part of *Faust?* It begins, 'Nicht allein.' Should you not know it, pray read it quickly, for I think it will give you pleasure. This is English tea-time coming on, and my fear vanishing more and more. To-day there is a *grand déjeuner dansant*, of all the Berlin ways I hate, the the most hateful. The lazy set! They meet at half past eleven A.M., and pass their time with dancing and eating until one o'clock in the morning. There are few things which I think so ugly, no matter whether the sunlight is allowed to shine upon them, which is one way of arranging them, or whether the shutters are closed about mid-day and the chandeliers lighted, as they do at court. Then, again, they have danced almost every night for these last two weeks, and that until five in the morning, —— being at the head, giving and accepting no end of balls. I have been saved all these splendors by a bad cold, which has confined me to my room for the last week, and which is now nearly gone, but which will serve me as an excuse for keeping shut up until the end of the Carnival. You see we live in grand style here, and were I to enumerate all our dinner parties, you would feel still more Berlinese and countrytownified than on the last page.

"I wanted to send you some new songs, but must again postpone it, as I have a great deal to do to get ready for this parcel. I should like to know, too, how goes on the singing, whether you practice sometimes according to the wise rules of your wise professor.[1] You want to know whether I have got quite out of sorts here, whether I stand in awe of any one, as I did of you, with regard to elegance, or rather neatness? Madame H——, whom you must have seen at Berlin, does sometimes give me a set-down, and perceives on my first entering the room what I should not have found out in six months; but she is not quite as much up to it as you are, so that I fear you will find me most uncivilized should I venture again to quit my virgin forest, and as to my taste for settling a cravat, that will be completely spoiled here. I promise, however, to learn again.

"Love to E. and S., and to my little godson. The little creature can not yet understand it, but never mind. Adieu then, and be well and happy. Ever your

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BY."

[1] Meaning himself.

"DÜSSELDORF, *May* 15, 1834.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—On the very day I received your dear kind letter and the beautiful present, I was going to answer at full length, and with best thanks, but there arrived at the same time the news of my mother's dangerous illness; and although a better bulletin followed, I could not bear writing for fear of inflicting my low spirits upon you, if but for a moment, since *your* letters always make me feel happy for the rest of the day; so I preferred to put off answering. To-day there is excellent news, thank God! My mother has been walking in the garden, and is quite herself, and, of course, so am I; and in this happy mood, when a great load has been taken off my mind, when I can breathe more freely, I sit down at once to write and thank you.

"Not being able to get across this year, I do beg and pray of you to let me have a few lines now and then, for while I read them I am in Chester Place, and live through it all with you—rejoice in —— keeping away from the party, make fun of Miss M——'s note in which she 'couches her refusal,' threaten —— with my displeasure at the Beethoven sonata, admire Miss U——'s beauty without ever having seen her, and so on, just as I follow your descriptions.

"And how grateful I am to you, dear Moscheles, for doing my rondo the honor of playing it at your concert! You may believe that I fully appreciate it, and feel greatly flattered; and now if any body abuses it ever so much, I shall still love the piece, and hold it in high consideration. Please write me word if you like the orchestral accompaniments, or if you find fault with any part of them. I may, perhaps, write something of the kind in the course of this year, when I would wish to avoid former faults.

"The cravat, however, dear Mrs. Moscheles, I put on at once, and, so adorned, went out for a ride. You must know I have bought a nice bay, and that it gives me immense pleasure. When I went to the H——'s in the evening, Madame H—— asked if that cravat were English too. I gave her your message, and she returned it very sincerely. But you have not told me what composition I am to write in the time saved by this cra-

vat which does not require tying.[1] It is to you I owe this spare time, and you ought to say how I am to employ it. Shall I write P. F. pieces, songs, or what else?

"And did the people at the Philharmonic not like my *Mélusine?*[2] Never mind; that will not kill me. I felt sorry when you wrote it me, and quickly played the whole overture through, to see if I too should dislike it; but it pleased me, and so there is no great harm done. Or do you think you would in consequence receive me less amicably at my next visit? That would be a pity, and I should much regret it; but I hope it will not be the case. And perhaps it may please somewhere else, or, if not, I write another one which pleases better. On the whole, what I like best is to see such a piece on paper, and if, besides, I am so fortunate as to hear such kind words about it as those I had from you and Moscheles, it *has* been well received, and I may go on quietly doing more work. I can not conceive your telling me that Moscheles's new concerto was not well received. I thought it clear as sunshine that *that* must please the public, the more so when he plays it himself. But when is it to be published, that I may pounce upon it? Pray do excuse this confused style of letter-writing. Ries, the violin-player, is here (you may remember his accompanying Moscheles's trio at Berlin); he is going to give a concert to-morrow, and so I have been constantly interrupted by all sorts of people employed in the arrangements, and have to rehearse every day, in consequence of which my poor bay has not left its stable for the last three days (this, you see, is the principal subject on which my mind turns).

"At Whitsuntide I must go to Aix-la-Chapelle to the music festival, and am not the least inclined to do so, since they perform pieces which my musical conscience revolts at; but go I must, for a quiet life, as the people of this place will consider Ries[3] and myself as pope and antipope, and Ries happening to conduct, they fancy me jaundiced with vexation, and think I shall not go. I, however, drink 'Maitrank'—a good beverage, with white wine, aromatic herbs, and sugar—and do go. This reminds me of S——.....

"And what kind of a figure does De V—— cut at a dinner in Chester Place? Stop. By-the-bye, have you heard of a Mrs. ——, who has gone with her father from here to London to play the piano? She must, at any rate, pass in review *once* before Moscheles, and I should like above all things to hear of her doings in London. The father *would* set me up here as his daughter's rival, and has tried to abuse and vex me in every way, and finding that I took no notice, is going to try what he can do in London.

"Lovely weather we have had for some time, and there is every temptation to be perfectly idle, saunter about all day, and try for the title of an inspector of nightingales, which they have conferred upon an old lounger of this place. Warm days, and so delightfully long, and I have already begun my oratorio, which is the reason I can not go to the Westminster festival, but must keep to my work. I have made a few capriccios, or fantasias, or.....for the piano that I like vastly well, but an abominable *étude*. I have made a pun on Ghys, but a bad one, and I see you knitting your brows should you hear it. This morning, for the first time after a long interval, a little song has come into my head[4] that is always a treat. Oh! I must write it down for you, although I am sorry to say it is not at all for your voice, but for a tenor. You need not even play it; yet I write it into this letter. Moscheles will hum the voice part to himself.

"*May* 18.

"This letter was begun three days ago, and I have not yet been able to finish it. Ries, the violin-player, has left again. We played Beethoven's grand sonata in A flat, dedicated to Kreuzer, at his concert, and that by heart, which was great fun. I do not know whether I told Moscheles that the scores of my three overtures, 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Meeresstille,' and 'Isles of Fingal,' will appear in a few days at Breitkopf and Härtel, which makes me unspeakably proud. As soon as they are to be had they shall be presented, and I only wish I could have again dedicated them to you, dear Moscheles. That being impossible,[5] my friends at home wished me to inscribe them to the Crown Prince, who has shown himself extremely gracious to me this last autumn. For my own part, I wanted the Philharmonic, and so I don't know yet. It is a weighty question.

"And do you know, dear Mrs. Moscheles, that Varnhagen is going to be married again—six months after his inconsolable book about his wife[6]—and that to my cousin —— .....A young musician has just left who brought me an atrocious fugue to look through; also another native genius that feels an impulse to write chorales, till I turn yellow with impatience; and yet he writes chorales ever since I have been here, the last always worse than the preceding one. As we go on being vexed with each other, there are some lovely scenes, he not being able to understand that I still find them bad, and I that he has not improved them. I am, however, the very type of a 'Cantor,' and preach so much to the point that it is good fun to hear me. Here are lilies-of-the-valley—how pleased I should be to send Serena some! but even without them she is to thrive, and Emily and Felix as well. And how goes on Emily's tune? Now there

is an end to my paper; indeed, I have talked nonsense enough. Farewell.

"Ever yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

[1] Mendelssohn used often to complain that he was a bad hand at tying his cravat, and that it took him an immense time to do it; so Mrs. Moscheles sent him a "stock."

[2] The *Mélusine* was a failure at its first performance, and so was Moscheles's "Concerto pathétique."

[3] Ferdinand Ries, who had lived many years in London, and then retired to Godesberg, near Bonn, conducted some of the Rhenish music festivals, and so did Mendelssohn, which was the reason of the papers setting them up as rivals.

[4] The "little song" which he sent in the letter was the "Mailied: Leucht' heller als die Sonne."

[5] He speaks of the dedication to Moscheles as impossible, having just dedicated several pieces to him.

[6] Varnhagen's first wife was the celebrated Rahel.

"DÜSSELDORF, *January* 10, 1835.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—I ought to be kneeling on peas[1] all the time I am writing this letter, sinner that I am! And indeed in my heart I *am* kneeling on peas and doing penance for my long silence. Such a shocking return for your kind letter after the Birmingham festival! Only the courier who is to take my long-promised sketch to you leaves to-morrow, or I should scarcely have written to-day. This, however, ought not to increase my sins and iniquities; it must rather lessen them, for, you know, there are times when I feel but a poor mortal, and avoid speaking or even thinking about myself. Such times will come upon me every now and then; and not having a confidential friend in this place, they attack me more severely than any where else. And now fancy my getting a letter like your last at such a moment! I am taken right into the midst of your busy, interesting life, and, of course, doubly feel the monotony of my own, which puts a stop to all letter-writing; for were I to speak of myself and my work, I should only increase my low spirits. In short, I feel a predilection for the spleen as well as for any other English commodity, and it (the spleen) returns me the compliment. Why, then, should I bore you? Better leave letter-writing alone. Thus stood matters; to-day there is a change for the better. I am to present my picture to you, and that in due form, with a deferential bow, which I beg you will see with your mind's eye.

"My sketch,[2] taken at Venice in October, 1830, represents the Bridge of Sighs. Should it be out of drawing, you will not set that down to me, but fancy the Doge's Palace just tumbling down, consequently leaning on one side. The water is the 'partie honteuse.' I have labored the whole morning to make it a little clearer, but it only became the muddier; so there again imagine the tide happens to be out, because then the water throughout Venice gets thick and muddy, and might look as ugly as mine does. My sky, again, is rather murky; but a certain Nicolaï of Berlin has just published a stupid book meant to prove there is nothing worth looking for in Italy—the country devoid of beauty, the pictures too dark, the people dull and heavy, no white beer,[3] no oranges, and the sky overcast like our own. Should he speak the truth, it would make the color of my sky right. Anyhow, should you not disdain my sketch, do let me make you another. I am improving, and my next will be better—maybe a Swiss landscape, with meadows and houses, for that I delight in doing. How I wish I could take this to you myself, and have the chance of listening to your improvements!

"I shall be glad if I can get to you in the spring; though, much as I want to, I fear it will hardly be possible. I shall have done my work by then just as I planned it, but the question is, ought I to begin something fresh, instead of taking a holiday? One thing, however, I do know, that if I treat myself to a visit to England this year, I will lead a very different life in London to what I did before—try to keep as quiet and retired as I do here, and not go into society unless really obliged; but as to you, I shall pester you with visits till all your patience is exhausted. Until then I must work hard at my piano, for I fear I have lost a good deal. The other day, however, when telling a friend how Moscheles and I used to improvise together, and showing him some of the passages, I could have given any thing to start for London at once to enjoy the same pleasure over again, for in this place I never get to hear either myself or any one else. On the other hand, there are what I call good days, and most enjoyable ones, when the work prospers, when I have a long morning to myself in my own quiet room; then life is charming indeed.

"And pray how do you all get on? Is there already some 'miss' playing her scales down stairs in Moscheles's study? or is he allowed a little leisure to compose and make music? Does little Felix cry very much? Has Emily grown? for of that, you know, I am sadly afraid. I was going to send you another song to-day, but could not get on with it, which annoys me, so you must even rest satisfied with this dull, unmusical letter. And now farewell, and may you all be happy and merry in this new year! May it bring you every blessing, and me a happy meeting with you and Moscheles! All my belongings keep sending messages, which I never give you, although my father is always mentioning your kindness to him and his regard for you. Ever yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BY."

[1] Kneeling on peas was a way of punishing naughty children, now gone by.

[2] The sketch is in water-colors, and now in Mrs. Moscheles's possession.

[3] Berlin white beer is famous, and a favorite beverage.

"Leipzig, *October* 11, 1835.

"I can not forego the pleasure of sending you, dear Mrs. Moscheles, an account of the last two days, although necessarily a short one, being beset by professional and unprofessional visitors. It was really too delightful, and only a pity you were not here to enjoy the treat Moscheles gave us all. Those two days were indeed thoroughly musical ones, with every body in a state of excitement, and full of genuine enthusiasm.

"Let me begin with the concert the day before yesterday: you know the programme, and you also know how Moscheles plays. Well, then, directly after his 'concerto fantastique' the shouts of applause began, and the noise lasted throughout the evening, continued at yesterday's rehearsal, and promises to make this evening's concert one of the most joyous, the Leipzig people being half crazed. Besides, you know, the room was the most crowded we have had for years; but the intense interest and delight which pervaded the audience pleased me most.

"When we got to the end of our duet[1]—and it did go well, I assure you—the most deafening acclamations broke forth, so that we played the last eight or ten bars without any body, not even we ourselves, being able to hear whether we did it correctly; nor did they leave off clapping and cheering till they had us out again to perform a duet of—graceful bows. And now you may fancy how madly they went on after Moscheles's 'extempore playing.' It is true, he produced some things bordering on witchcraft, which to this day I have not been able to understand, although he pretends they were mere nothings; and as to the audience, it was so excited, so appreciative, and in such glee as to give a bright tinge to the whole production—*that* was the most delightful part of it. An English lady, rather blue, wanted to be introduced, and vented her enthusiasm, whilst a score of Leipzig ladies of all colors waited for her to make room. (And here is the proper place to inform you that Moscheles twice admired a Leipzig lady, and told me so in whispers; whereupon I threatened to let you know, which I am now doing.) Well, then the Leipzig ladies came to the balustrade of the orchestra, and Moscheles bowed down to them; then came the dignitaries of this place, then one or other of the art critics, who gave detailed reasons for their praise, and lastly the committee of our concerts (consisting of twelve gentlemen—not one lady), to beg they might hear Moscheles's overture to *Joan of Arc* once more at this evening's concert. A work of that kind has too many novel and striking points to be at once understood by the band and audience, so that its repetition is just the right thing. They have now played it four days running, and it will go to perfection; even at yesterday's rehearsal it was quite a new piece, and much more beautiful. The duet too has to be repeated *by desire*, and as Moscheles had already promised to play his concerto in G minor, we shall, I think, have a splendid night of it. You remember he has styled the first movement 'Malinconico,' which I in my illustrative sketch[2] for your album have turned into blue-devils.

"Let me just add that at yesterday's rehearsal Moscheles played his concerto in a more masterly manner than I believe I have ever heard him, which is saying a great deal, and that the unanimous applause must have given him some pleasure. It was the last piece of the rehearsal; the overture had been played beautifully, and now we all—the unoccupied—formed a large circle round him. Madame Graban, our prima donna, turned over, the other singers standing close by; a 'Kammerherr' who had come from a distant place in the country, and fancied himself a good pianist, kept his eyes fixed on Moscheles's fingers; the band exerted itself to the utmost; and so he played the piece charmingly, and to every body's delight. I only wish you and he could have seen the smiles and nods of the band and audience, their secret looks of astonishment, and the panic of the 'Kammerherr.' Accustomed as Moscheles must be to such demonstrations, yet I fancy that in this instance they pleased him afresh. As to myself, I can not sufficiently tell you how I enjoyed his visit. Alas! it is coming to an end, as he is returning to you the day after to-morrow; but it was a happy time, long to be remembered, and ever with delight.

"I am again interrupted, and expect Moscheles in an hour to take me to his mother,[3] where I am to play; so I am obliged to conclude, leaving him to tell you verbally all the Leipzig news, which I should have preferred writing here, did not the Hambro' mail leave at ten o'clock.....

"Ever yours,

"Felix Mendelssohn-Bartii."

[1] Moscheles was on a visit to Mendelssohn, then conductor of the "Gewandhaus concerts," gave a concert of his own, and played at the "Gewandhaus," where his new overture to *Joan of Arc* had to be repeated. The "duet" was his "Hommage à Handel."

[2] The "illustrative sketch" is a kind of musical catalogue of Moscheles's works, Mendelssohn's pen-and-ink drawings, as well as the names appended to them, delightfully comic. They form the border of the sheet, whilst in the centre there are four lines of poetry by Klingemann set to four parts by Mendelssohn, and sung on Moscheles's birthday by the then German opera company—Schröder-Devrient, Haizinger, Hauser; the second soprano by Madame Haizinger, who was a celebrated German actress.

[3] Moscheles's mother had come from Prague to meet him at Leipsic.

Postscript of a letter to Moscheles for his wife, and an unpublished song[1] sent to her:

"*December* 12, 1837.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—Though I don't know whether you still care for me or my songs, yet I have put this one in, from old habit, whether you sing it or not, but I wish you would. Oh, if we had not missed each other this time in England![2] I could not get it into my head, and every day that I spent in London made me more conscious of my loss. My wife thanks you herself for your kind words. It was horrid to leave her behind me in Germany. It would have been my greatest joy to show her England properly; at any rate, I have made up my mind not to leave her again at Düsseldorf when I have to go to Rotterdam. It was too abominable.

"I have only this corner left to bid you good-by, and to beg for a sign of life and friendship when your time permits. May we soon have a happy meeting. Yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

[1] The unpublished song bears the title "Im Kahn," is in E major, the words by Heine, the melody full of charm, with a striking harmony in the accompaniment.

[2] The "missing" in England was equally painful to both parties, but unavoidable, as family matters had kept the Moscheleses in Germany while Mendelssohn was in England.

"LEIPZIG, *July* 2, 1840.
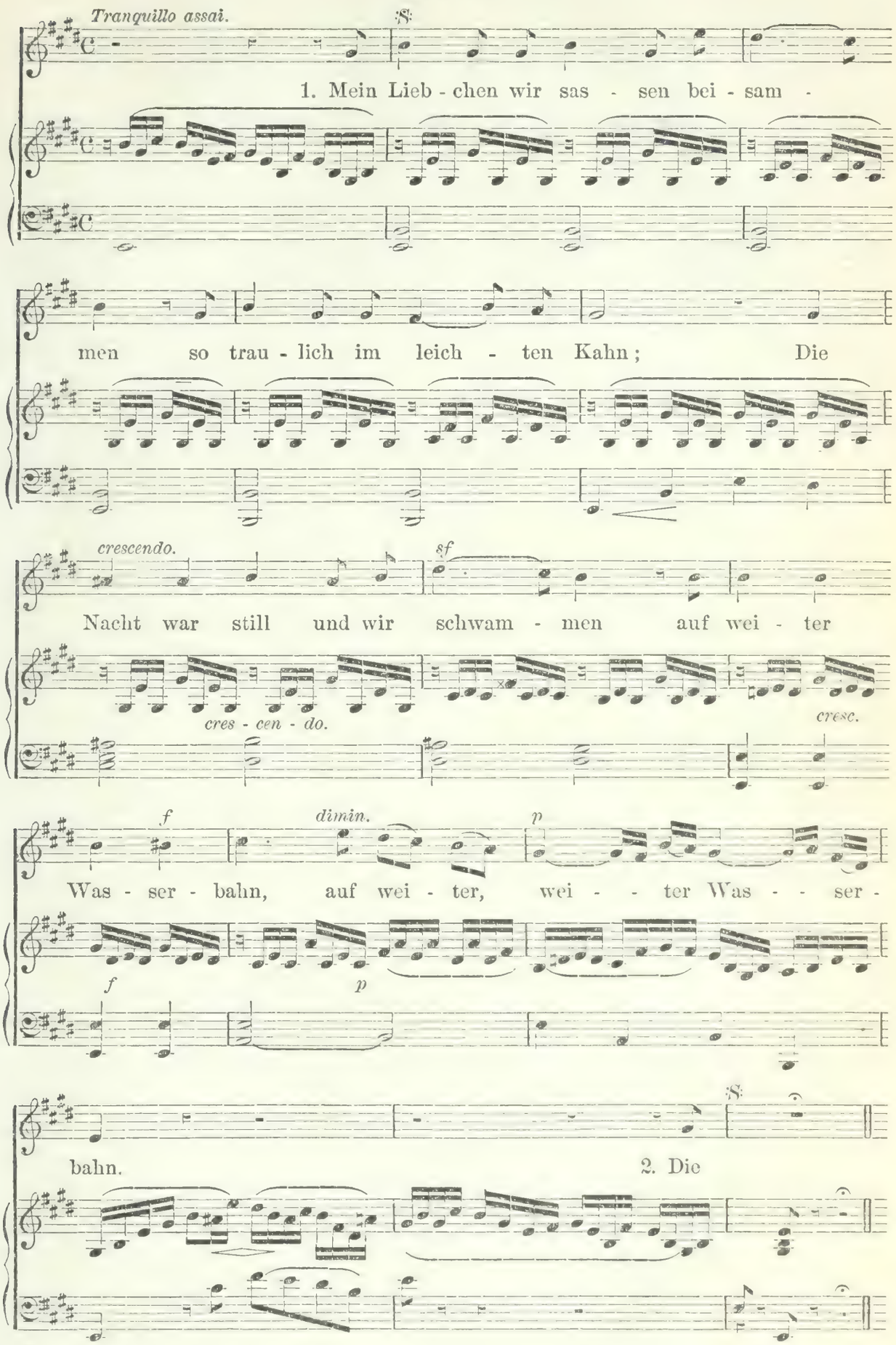
"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—I should have thanked you for your kind, friendly letter by return of post had I only known how to answer your question about our visit to England; but to this day I do not, and it is only to thank you that I write at last, without being able to say any thing decisive. I have for some time felt so tired and unstrung by the constant conducting and performing of music that my doctor seriously advises some few months' rest previous to the beginning of our busy season in October. Of course I shall not follow this advice unless driven to it by dire necessity, so whilst *one* day I hope to go to England, I fear the next that it may not be possible. To-day I must leave for Mecklenburg, where I had promised this long time to conduct a festival, and my coming or not must depend upon the effect this may have upon my health. Should it not tire me more than usual, or should I feel able after it to endure the great fatigue of an English music festival, nothing shall detain me, and come I will. I shall let you know the *when* as soon as I can clearly see my way to the *if*. Pray do not mention all this to any one, for in England every thing becomes so dreadfully public, and goes into the newspapers. I except Klingemann and Chorley, to whom pray mention it, with a kind message from me. You will find that my uncertainty in a matter of such consequence is the best excuse for not having answered such kind letters as yours for so long a time. Do pardon also these unsatisfactory lines; I must make sure that I have no chance of a verbal chat before I can take to letter-writing. A few lines to Moscheles by Mr. ——, in which I gave a preliminary sketch of all this, and sued for my pardon, have safely arrived, I hope? And now farewell, you and your dear ones, and do give Moscheles the very heartiest greetings I have to bestow. Yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

"LEIPZIG, *August* 8, 1840.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—It is to you I owed the first news of my coming to England, and certainly I should not have owed it long had I not been put on quite a wrong scent by a newspaper article which I chanced to lay my hand on. It said you were at Baden, and that Moscheles had played there, whilst Novello, who arrived here the day before yesterday, knew nothing of the sort. He certainly could not give me the last accounts of you, but assured me you were in England; and presuming you really are, I must write to you this very day to ask your pardon for not having done so long ago, and, besides this, say little more than that I hope for a happy meeting. I can not precisely tell the day of my arrival, for I still hope to bring my wife;[1] and if so, should start in about a fortnight. Should I have to come alone, I shall be in London on the 8th of September, and remain till the festival time, to return immediately after it. I should, in that case, forego my greatest and most coveted joy—that of showing my wife my favorite country and my dearest friends. I fully rely upon your promise of remaining in London during the autumn, and going to Birmingham[2] if possible. What a pleasant, happy journey that might be! How pleased I shall be to hear and see Moscheles again, and to hear and fully enjoy his newest compositions, of which I only get half a description or half a bar doled out to me by some traveller just arrived from London! Sha'n't we make a quantity of music? For *my* part, I am more hungry and thirsty for it than ever. And with my godson and the two amiable, now quite grown-up misses, I shall have to befriend myself anew, but still in the old way, I hope; and perhaps Emily may have a faint recollection of her old piano lessons, and Serena of her old carnations. I even require my godson to remember me at St. Pancras's Church,[3] and call me by my name. But as to you, you will find me sadly degenerated,[4] my English and my gentlemanly manners turned into German countrified ways; and pray do not be angry if I appear unchanged and not improved in other respects. If such thoughts sometimes trouble me, I also think that you too will be pleased to see an old friend again, whether improved or not, whether more or less clever, and that you will continue to bestow your

IM KAHN.



2. Die Geisterinsel, die schöne,
Lag dämmernd im Mondenglanz,
Dort klangen liebe Töne,
Dort wogte der Nebeltanz.

3. Dort klang es lieb und lieber,
Es ward uns wohl und weh;
Wir schwammen leise vorüber,
Allein auf weitem See.

friendship and your good nature upon him as of old. And how the old friend, for *his* part, enjoys the idea of a meeting with your whole house! *That* you know without being told. May it be a happy meeting, then! and do continue to be kindly disposed toward your

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

[1] He had to come without his wife, from family reasons.

[2] The Moscheleses went to Birmingham, where Mendelssohn conducted his "Lobgesang" with the greatest success. Other friends of his had come from Manchester and London, and it was "a happy journey" indeed. He was not overtired, and after the last concert of the festival played the organ to his assembled friends in his own masterly and bewitching style.

[3] His godson, Felix Moscheles, was christened at St. Pancras's Church in his presence in 1833; and when Mendelssohn came to London in 1840 he made it a point to have "a game of romps" with the boy, then seven years old, whenever he came to see his parents.

[4] On his first visit to London, in the year 1829, he had to be initiated into many little English ways differing from the Continental ones—an office which Mrs. M. undertook with delight; and although but four years older than himself, took the title of his "grandmother." Ever after, there being no longer any need for it, he delighted to look to her for advice in these small matters.

"LEIPZIG, *November* 18, 1840.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—I fancy Moscheles once more comfortably installed by your fireside (this not in any way to be expressed in German). So now I must write and send greetings, and say how often and with what heart-felt gratitude I remember our late meeting.[1] After our separation at the post-office there followed some pleasant days, which Moscheles's and Chorley's letters have long ago described to you. Now, however, that Moscheles has left us by train, Chorley by 'Schnellpost,' a quiet time has set in, with scarcely any thing to describe, for happiness itself is indescribable; and, indeed, I should neither form nor express a wish when I enjoy, as I do at present, health and contentment with my wife and children, and have plenty of work to do; yet we were truly sorry on receiving Moscheles's letter definitively putting off his return to us. He had become quite a member of the family during his short stay, and as such we parted from him. He seems to have become fond of my wife, for such feelings are generally mutual, and I know she took to him the very first day. But when will my prophecy be fulfilled, that you too will love my Cécile, and will at once feel at home and intimate with her? Not this next spring, I fear; and whether Moscheles is so favorably impressed with Germany that he wishes soon to repeat his visit, that too remains to be proved; but I hope he did feel what we all had at heart, what every one of us would have liked to show in word and deed, if not the very showing and saying had been our weak point, but what he will nowhere find more strongly developed—the most heart-felt reverence and love for himself and his work, and the most sincere gratitude for the great and exquisite enjoyment he has procured us. That is still our daily talk, and even little Carl[2] never passes a day without asking papa, 'How does my uncle Moschenes play?' Well, then I try to imitate it with my fists in a flat six-eight time as well as I can, but the result is miserable. [Here follows a song.[3]].....

"I will give the pen to my wife, and only add love to the dear children, to whom pray remind me. That the letter is for Moscheles too, I need not say. How I enjoyed his success at Prague! and how I wish he would sometimes think kindly of us! We hope he will not let us wait too long for the news of his safe arrival at home. Farewell, dear Mrs. Moscheles. Ever yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

[1] The "Lobgesang" was performed at the Birmingham Music Festival of that year with immense success, the Moscheleses present enjoying their friend's triumph, and he returning with them to London for a few days. Then Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Chorley travelled together to Leipzig, and Moscheles had half promised to renew "the pleasant days" spent in Mendelssohn's house after having paid his mother a visit at Prague, but had to put it off, being detained not only by family ties, but by having to give a concert in his native town at the unanimous request of his friends and the musical authorities.

[2] Little Carl was Mendelssohn's eldest child. Moscheles was able to amuse by the trick of *appearing* to play with his fists, while only the edge of his thumbs invisibly touched the keys.

[3] The song mentioned was the "Winter's Hirtenlied," just composed.

"LEIPZIG, *March* 14, 1841.

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—What an amiable letter of yours that was I received the day before yesterday, written beside the hissing tea-urn, letting me share in the T——'s soirée, and taking me right into Chester Place! The only way to thank you properly for it would be by a song written into the letter; but I can not manage it to-day, and you must take this unmusical, prosaic, dry thanks for your musical, poetical, merry letter. Now is the time when our season draws to a close, and you know by experience how worn out it leaves a man—and a poor musician too (to keep up the usual distinction). Since January we are making music in uninterrupted succession, besides which the Leipzigers are so very sociable that at this time one is scarcely ever allowed a quiet evening at home. Our own house, too, is most merry and lively. S—— H—— has arrived, seems to be pleased with us, and to become a friend to my wife; and now we invite our friends, and they invite us. We speak German, French, and English, all mixed up together; and all the while the orchestra is fiddling, trumpeting, and drumming every day, whilst one is expected to sit an hour and a half at supper and sing four-part songs with roast meat.[1]

As I said before, it is the Leipzig season. The only thing I regret in your charming letter is that you should have taken part in the strange comparisons and 'cock-fights'[2] which have most inconceivably, and to my sorrow, been started in England between Spohr and myself, whilst I never had the slightest idea of such a competition or comparison. You will smile or feel vexed that I write so seriously on such a silly quarrel, but there is something serious about it; and the lengthened competition thus carried on —Heaven knows by whom!—is no pleasure to either of us, but, as I believe, does harm to both. Never could I appear as the opponent of a master whose greatness has been so long tested, for even as a boy I had too much respect for Spohr's manner and himself, and this in my riper years has not decreased a jot. Do pardon me, I repeat, this stupid tone in answer to so amiable a letter; but nothing else will occur to me when I think of that disgusting —— and all his goings-on. And so the Philharmonic Society[3] seems tumbling to pieces. Oh dear! oh dear! how sad that sounds! It is true, they have worried me a good deal of late, still I have a sort of predilection for the old familiar institution, and I still wish they might put the conductorship solely into Moscheles's hands; that would be still their infallible remedy (see Chorley's M. S. receipts). And how are your children? Does Emily keep up her playing? Does she compose? Can Felix still perform his trick of 'dead man,' suddenly dropping down? With us, all is going on well, thank God! My wife has been so well all this time, so entirely without even the shadow of indisposition or complaint, that I can not be sufficiently thankful. There is, however, much to manage and arrange with three little soprano singers in the house, and that is why she asks your pardon for not returning your kind messages herself, but rather through me. S—— desires her very best love, and repeats it three times, emphasizing alternately one of the three words; and I say, should you ever feel inclined to write such a dear letter by the side of the tea-urn, so enjoyable to your distant friends, drawing them into your family circle, then do not quite forget your

"Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."

[2] Every musical family wished to receive Mendelssohn with due honors in a musical as well as a culinary way; that is why he speaks of four-part songs with roast meat. They were his own songs, all the musical amateurs had studied them, and it was meant as an attention shown him to sing them at table. And as to the "culinary" honors, the following anecdote was told: A lady sent for the best waiter, well known as such, and employed at most parties, and calling over the "menu," she ended by saying, "And a lemon cream tart—Dr. Mendelssohn's favorite dish." "Oh, ma'am," exclaims the waiter, "any thing but *that*; Dr. M. has had it three times last week at three different houses."

[3] The *Spectator* was edited by a gentleman who in his reverence for Spohr thought that he could raise his fame by lowering Mendelssohn's. The performance of Spohr's new oratorio, *The Fall of Babylon*, was the occasion of his freely venting his feelings on that head. Other papers took Mendelssohn's part, and that brought on the "cock-fights," which so seriously annoyed Mendelssohn and his friends.

[3] The Philharmonic Society of that year had but two-thirds of its usual subscribers, and many musicians and amateurs thought that reform was wanted to raise it again; that it would be beneficial to do away with the custom of each member of the society conducting in turn, instead of having one and the same conductor for all the concerts; and Chorley, editor of the *Athenæum*, strongly recommended Moscheles as worthy to hold that post. It was, however, not till after many reverses that it was offered to him, at first refused as coming too late, and at last accepted for the sake of conducting the Ninth Symphony, which, after having been laid aside as "impossible," met with the greatest success in May, 1841, under Moscheles's conductorship, calling forth much praise in the public press.

"Berlin, *October* 8, 1842.

"Dear Mrs. Moscheles,—I am back again these three days, and write on this broad sheet of paper—*you* know what; but I write it in fear and trembling, for my mother assures me she knows from yourself that you intended leaving Hamburg the beginning of October to return to England, without stopping either at Leipzig or Berlin. That would really be too bad! But I can not quite believe it, and so venture to write you a regular letter of invitation:

"'Mr. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy presents compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Moscheles and family, and is most greedily longing for Mr. and Mrs. Moscheles's visit to Berlin for at least a fortnight. Fine country views, music, and that sort of thing, he can not, it is true, offer them; if, however, a most hearty welcome can make the sandy soil appear fruitful and the musicians fiery, they might find an improvement even in *that* way. The whole population of No. 3 Leipzigerstrasse joins in this most humble invitation. Dinner on the table at three o'clock. *Il y aura un violon.*'

"I wish you would say 'Yes,' and come. How happy we should be!

"But, joke apart, dear Mrs. Moscheles, and your dear friend, should you still be in Hamburg, and these lines reach you there, then do not break our hearts by passing us by. Had I but known a little sooner when I should be here again, I should have written ere this, but we returned only four days ago from our tour in Switzerland and the south of Germany; every thing was uncertain, as it is still. However, here we are, and shall certainly remain for the next fortnight, and so I repeat, Come, come, come. I wish I could inclose a starling that could say, Come. The only musical novelty that I should have to show you, dear Moscheles, would, it is true, be the melody ['Lied ohne Worte'] in A major, which you heard more than enough last spring. Since then I have not been able to write any thing new

for very eating, drinking, walking, sketching, laughing, and leading an idle life. But you, I am sure, will have to show me the most lovely new things, and that will be better for us both. But supposing even we were to make no music at all, if we could but spend a little time together in Germany more quietly, seeing and hearing more of each other than is possible in a London season—with you because of too much work, with me because of too much idleness. You would meet Klingemann too; I am daily expecting him to announce his arrival. He must have been in Hanover ever so long. As I said before, if you did but come! Now that our wanderings are concluded, we feel all the more what a happy summer we have spent, what English[1] comfort we have enjoyed, what happiness, what never-to-be-forgotten kindness, we have experienced. It was delightful indeed! And then, on our return home, we could not help saying that in the whole five months in which we wandered over land and sea, by steam or on muleback, across roads and rocks, we could not remember one unpleasant moment, not one dull day, but that we had been able to enjoy every thing in undisturbed delight and health. Then I felt as though we never could be thankful enough, as though we ought never to pray to Heaven for any thing but a continuance of it, and as though it was a kind of ingratitude to talk of making 'three crosses' over it, or fearing to destroy the spell by mentioning one's happiness, for such thoughts would be foreign to real deep gratitude. This joy and these thanks have been alive in us ever since the beginning of our tour, and can not be extinguished all our livelong days. In Switzerland—oh, about that I could talk for whole evenings, till you were quite worn out—how very pleasant it was there! Then came a delightful fortnight with the S——s at Frankfort, then Leipzig and the first subscription concert. They flattered themselves you would have come to it, dear Moscheles, for David told me they had asked you particularly. Hauptmann had his first mass performed at St. Thomas's Church; three new violin quartettes by Schumann were played to me, the first of which I liked exceedingly. Madame Schumann played in public Weber's *Concertstück* and some Thalberg with as much beauty and fire as ever. Here, thank God, I found all my dear ones well; music, sad to say, very unwell. They are performing *William Tell*[2] for the wedding festivities, curtailed into three acts, and call it 'the composer's arrangement for the Parisian stage,' racking their brains to discover whether Rossini had any call to write operas or not. The white beer, the hack carriages, the cakes, and the officials are wonderfully good, but not much besides.

"I have petitioned the king for an audience to say if he will be graciously pleased to let me leave Berlin again, but have not been able to obtain it this week on account of the marriage, his journey, etc.[3] Should he grant my wish next week, I shall hope to be in my well-known Leipzig abode in another fortnight; but my dismissal must be a gracious one. I love him too much and feel too grateful to him to leave in any other way.

"Oh, how I am running on! Can you forgive me? I dare not touch the next page, which Cécile claims. Then let me add on this one love to the children and my wishes for your welfare, but, above all, the wish for an early and happy meeting. Ever your

"Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Mendelssohn had spent some time in London in the spring of that year, where they met with all that friendship, kindness, civility, and admiration could procure for them. They were staying with *her* aunt, Mrs. B——, at Denmark Hill, but also spent a few days with the Moscheleses. There were numerous public concerts, at which Mendelssohn and Moscheles played together; private parties at the houses of musical friends, where they delighted their audience by the music of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, arranged for two performers on one piano, and other duets where Miss Kemble sang Mendelssohn's songs; but the most intimate evenings, where he and Moscheles improvised together, were enjoyed particularly by Mendelssohn. How they managed to do it they scarcely knew themselves. One of them would start a subject from the other's works, but before he had ended in varying it he would be interrupted by his friend starting one of *his* subjects; passages were invented by *one*, accompanied by the other; and if some jarring harmony did occur, Mendelssohn was so convulsed with laughter that he could scarcely continue.

[2] Mendelssohn had a high opinion of Rossini's *William Tell*.

[3] He *was* graciously allowed by the king to leave Berlin for Leipzig.

"Baden-Baden, *June* 9, 1847.

"My dear Mrs. Moscheles,—When I received your dear kind letter, and could not answer it at once in the hurry and scurry of the last London days, I pictured to myself the pleasure of writing to you in a cheerful, pleasant tone from some favorite place in Switzerland, perhaps with illustrations or something of the sort. Now all that is changed. You know the heavy affliction which has befallen us, and how our inward and outward life has been shaken in the most distressing way, and to its innermost depths, for this long, long time, perhaps forever.[1] I am sure you have sympathized with us in our irreparable loss, although you and Moscheles knew but little of my sister. You can fancy, however, what I feel, to whom she seemed present at all times, in every piece of music, and on all occasions, good or bad. Indeed, such is the case with us all; words are nothing at such a time; and yet I can not speak of any thing else. Forgive me, then, if these lines contain little else than hearty thanks for the

letter above mentioned, which was another kindness added to the many which followed every step of my last visit to London.

"We shall not go to Switzerland under the circumstances, for we could not enjoy ourselves, and probably I shall return to the North sooner than I intended. I often feel forcibly drawn to Berlin, where my youngest sister is now all alone. My brother has been here for the last week, and, it is true, nothing can do us so much good as our walks in the woods and being a great deal with the children. He has brought his own with him, and they as well as mine are in excellent health and spirits, and delight every body who sees them. Cécile, too, is quite well, thank God, but deeply afflicted, like ourselves.

"I hope to hear a favorable account of the result of your present visit to England,[2] and do not, pray, remain too long, that the Leipzigers, and, above all, those P. F. pupils, who are most anxious for improvement, may not lose their chance. The Londoners will, I believe, say the same thing; but you have spent so many years with them that you must now do something for the German cockneys, or country cousins, or whatever you may choose to call them, whose faults I know as well as any body, but who have also their good and admirable qualities, provided one can get over their cockneyism and their antiquated ways. But that requires time, and it is for this reason I wish you would not stay away too long. To become used to these oddities? you say. To help more and more to destroy them, say I. Remember me kindly to all our dear English friends. I need not say that this letter is meant for Moscheles as well. Heaven grant you and yours health! and remember kindly your

"Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."

[1] This letter was written after the death of his eldest and favorite sister Fanny, married to the artist Hensel. She is said to have composed some of the "Lieder ohne Worte," published under his name. It was she who, musically considered, understood him best, and it was thought he never quite recovered the shock caused by her death, which was a most sudden one, rendered doubly painful by occurring in his absence from Berlin, and at one of her own musical matinées.

[2] The Moscheleses were in London to receive their first grandchild, but returned soon after the happy event, Moscheles having become, some nine months before, Professor of the P. F. at the Leipzig Conservatorium.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

SOME time in the first twenty years of this century one of the Van Horns of New York, with an Irish gentleman named Daly, made a tour of the Southern States. The men were friends, young, shrewd, and energetic; they had each a moderate capital to invest in manufacturing purposes, and were strongly tempted to try the South as an unbroken field for their enterprise. They were so hospitably welcomed every where as to make their journey a kind of triumphal progress. Being young, they drank, diced, flirted, and went with equal zest alternately to camp-meetings and to races; but, being shrewd, they brought their money home again to invest.

"It will never do, Daly," said Van Horn. "It is the wagons for these very plantations which we mean to make. Here is the lumber, the water-power, cheap fuel, and cheap labor; but, for all that, we must go a thousand miles away to make the wagons."

Daly nodded and laughed. The end of the matter, as far as he was concerned, was that he invested his money in the Northern wagon factory, but that he married and settled in Alabama. There was something that reminded the Irishman of home in the establishments of these lavish land princes of the Gulf States, in the great wooden cabins in which they lived, with the rain dripping through leaky roofs upon magnificent beaufets heaped with silver plate, where dogs, naked negro babies, and fleas ran riot over the bare floors, and beautiful women with ill-fitting gowns and rivers of diamonds about their shapely throats looked lazily on. Back of this dirt and splendor was the negro background—hundreds of half-worked slaves, and a nature tropical, rank, sensuous. Daly relished with keen appreciation every feature of this life—the gambling, duelling, lavish generosity, devout church-going, passionate love of family. To Van Horn it was all alien and distasteful.

"I tell you," he said, vehemently, one day, as they discussed it, "there is a stupor in the moral atmosphere, like malaria in a sunny air. It is rather agreeable, I confess, in the rich planter. It is a virtue when it shows itself in his princely hospitality and good humor. But see what it does for these poor whites in towns, the same class that with us would be mechanics, shrewd tradesmen, or—"

"Shrewder thieves?" suggested Daly.

They were walking, as they talked, on the wharf of a border town on the Ohio—a town which has since been converted by Northern capitalists into a mass of iron foundries, but which was then a drowsy village. The pigs tramped leisurely through its one long muddy street, or rooted under the porches draped with roses and red honeysuckle; black puffs of smoke from the low stern-wheeled boats at the wharf drifted lazily up against the hills that walled in the town with ramparts of splendid autumnal color. The wind, blowing from off the river, was cold and bracing; there was a smell of bitumen in it. The red brick of the houses was streaked with sooty shadows. The same bitumen colored the clouds

until they lay in masses of intense crimson and emerald up higher and higher against the blue roof overhead.

Van Horn glanced critically about him. "Just look, Daly!" he said. "Nowhere is nature more prodigal. These hills are full of coal and minerals; the soil is rich as that of the West Indies; yet nowhere will you see such contented poverty. See that fellow!"—touching lightly with his foot a lazy fat lout who lay stretched on a pile of hogsheads. "That's a fair specimen of the class—ignorant, ragged, and brutal. I'll wager any thing you choose that he will go on sleeping in the sun until the end, and die as much of a brute as ever."

Daly glanced at the boy, and the generous color rose to his cheeks. "Nothing of the kind," he said, hastily. "This lad has as good stuff in him as you or I, and he means to be a man. Come on; it is nearly time for the boat to start. You ought to be careful, Van Horn," he said, when they had passed up the wharf. "That boy was not asleep, and you cut him to the quick."

Looking back, they saw that he was standing watching them. A few minutes later they came down from the hotel to go on board the little steamer which lay puffing and snorting at the landing, and Daly caught sight of the boy, again standing apart from the crowd, looking eagerly at him.

He was Zack Nealy, a "bound boy," who drove a dray for Pettit and Clay, a forwarding house upon the wharf. He wanted to see this gentleman again who had said he had the stuff in him of which gentlemen are made. Zack probably had never thought of himself before as any thing but the driver of a dray. He was keen, eager, and, like Daly himself, he had a drop of Irish blood in him. There was not a point in this good prophet's face, figure, or bearing which he did not note—the gallant carriage, the steady eye, controlled voice, even the set of the long, rich, fur-trimmed surtout.

The boy's heart was beating like a drum hard against his chest. "As good stuff in me! Be a man like that—like that!" He did not open his lips, but it seemed to him that he was shouting aloud with excitement.

Daly stepped over the gangway, and then as the boat shoved from shore looked again in the crowd for the boy. He had said what he did from mere compunction and the good-natured wish to atone for Van Horn's heedlessness; the same kindly pity filled his mind now, and made him, when he caught the lad's eye, smile and raise his hat as he would do to an equal.

Zack stood stunned for an instant, then he took off his old hat.

"He shall never be ashamed of having done that to me!" he muttered, walking down the wharf to keep the boat and the fur-coated figure on deck in sight. He followed it for a mile or two, until it swept around the bend and was lost. Then he sat down among the papaw bushes on the shore, his hands clasped about his ragged knees, his face red, his half-shut eyes speaking new thoughts.

An American "wharf rat" would have been immensely flattered by this thing, and have forgotten it in a day. But there is a good deal of germinating power in hot Irish nature. Put a live idea into it with a kindly touch, and you will be sure to hear of it years afterward.

The live idea had come to Zack.

The sun went down behind the Ohio hills on the other side of the river; now and then there was a plash in the shallow, dun-colored water as a greedy pike chased the minnows up to the bank; a black beetle toiled painfully over the red and yellow bed of pebbles at his feet; a brown squirrel peeped out of the purple iron-weeds behind him. Zack winked back to the tiny shining eyes. "Even that darned little rat wishes me luck," he thought. He sat thoughtfully shying pebbles into the water, and chuckling aloud now and then. A few rods further down the river were the sheds under which the Pomeroys were trying to make window-glass. Some of the workmen had come out half naked from the furnaces, and were lounging about. Zack knew them all; he often ran for their drams, and drank with them.

"Here, Zack!" one of them called, holding up a stone jug.

He shook his head. "They're as good friends as I've got, but I'm a-goin' to take another track now."

His new purpose seemed like fire burning in him. He got up and walked restlessly up and down.

The men went into the mills. The sun had gone down; a damp twilight was gathering. Only a pale yellow glaze lingered above the line of Ohio hills, and a red pillar of flame rose from the chimneys of the works. For the first time in his life the boy felt quite alone in the world. This desperate venture seemed impracticable in the night; it took his breath to think of it. It would be so much easier to go on to-morrow driving the dray, boarding at Mrs. Taggart's.

At that moment there came from the other side of the river the sound of music—an air played on a violin. It was a Highland call to battle, full of rough vigor, and a strange melancholy underneath. At another time the lad probably would not have noticed it, but his Irish imagination was at fever-heat now. It seemed like a voice calling to him. "Come up higher," it said—"higher."

He listened, without moving, until the

last note died away. Then he rose slowly and went back to the town. He used to say, for years afterward, "It was an air on a violin that was my salvation. I'd give five years of my life to hear it again."

The road upward before an ambitious poor boy was broad and easy enough among the generous Southern people at that time. It was only necessary for Zack to go, as he did the next day, to his master and employer, and say boldly that he wanted an education, and the chance to make a man of himself. Colonel Pettit looked at him with lazy astonishment, then clapped him on the back.

"By gee, Sir, I didn't think it was in you! I'm deuced proud of you, Zack, by gee!—pervided it lasts overnight. Well, Sir, if you really mean the thing, you kin count on Josiah Pettit."

The colonel gave him half of his time and a wheelbarrowful of old school-books. Every body helped the boy, every body advised him. A boy who actually wanted to study, to work, to push himself on, was a black swan in the little town, of which it was lazily proud.

Through this sunny, sluggish atmosphere, therefore, young Nealy urged his way for seven years. Colonel Pettit cancelled his indentures when he was sixteen. He was by turns clerk on a river boat, a teacher, and shipping overseer for Pettit and Clay. Finally he took the course usual then with lads in the smaller Southern towns. He set out for the river cities, armed with a sheaf of "circular introductions" from business men, and money enough to support him for a month. In those halcyon days this was enough outfit for a boy going into the world to seek his fortune. The larger towns were ready and glad to absorb the vigorous young blood of the provinces. Zack had situations offered to him in Cincinnati and St. Louis, and accepted one in the house of the Chouteaus in the latter city. While there he studied medicine in his spare hours, and saved money to pay for two winter courses of lectures in Philadelphia. After that he practiced in the hospitals, and settled at last in a growing town of Western Pennsylvania. He was strongly minded to go back to his old home. Every man in it was his friend. He would rather have tramped over its muddy, sooty streets than have trod on fields of thyme and roses elsewhere. The very smell of its greasy smoke was sweet to his nostrils. But Colonel Pettit advised him not to come.

"A doctor must have a certain prestige," he said. "He must be the social equal of his patients. Now we're all mighty proud of you, Zack; but—"

"I understand. That's all right," interrupted Nealy, biting the end of his mustache nervously.

"That thar dray, you see? It's ondyin', that sort of remembrance, with Virginians."

So Nealy, not without a certain angry ache at his heart, settled among strangers. One or two lucky hits soon discovered to the public of Finnburgh that he was far in advance of its two old physicians as regarded modern science. He showed an old-fashioned, distant courtesy toward women, too, very winning in a young man. With men, on the contrary, Zack was an inveterate talker; the Irish gift of telling anecdotes was an unknown art in slow old Finnburgh, and Zack, having knocked about a good deal in the world, had a capital story to fit every occasion. Before a month had passed, every man in the borough felt himself in some sort a partisan of this jolly, stout, Jewish-faced young doctor. He was asked every where to dinner, to tea. Most of the eligible young women of the county were discussed as suitable wives for him. You heard his gay, infectious laugh every where. The truth is, the fellow was thoroughly happy in his new quarters. This friendly recognition was the success which he craved. At heart he was still the homeless boy, hungry for companionship and affection. As for money, he took no account of it—not even enough, his enemies said, to pay his debts; which, by-the-way, I am afraid was true. Nealy was Irish.

When he had been settled in Finnburgh for a year, the Shiras family came into the neighborhood. They were of English extraction, and belonged to a race of scholars. There did not seem to be much money in the family, yet the men belonging to it took no means to add to its income, but went on with their leisurely researches into the life of ancient Greece and the habitat of spiders calmly as if they had been millionaires. It was a new idea to Nealy—as it would be to most Americans—that men of straitened circumstances could find other and higher employment for life than the making of money. It pleased him immensely. He went often to the plain little cottage back of the pines. The repose, the unfathomed culture and wit hinted under their careless, trivial talk of every day, the mere fact that the stock of this family had been honorable gentlefolk for centuries—it was all a glimpse into a new world to Nealy. This was the Brahmin class which he had longed to enter. He watched the daughter of the house, Priscilla, at first with a kind of reverent awe and wonder, she being, as he thought, the highest type of this high class. She was naturally as clever, probably, as the young girls of the town; but she had not an idea in common with them. Their talk was of house-work, of vulgar finery, and vulgarer flirtation. Priscilla knew no more of these things than of the squabbles of the fish-women on the river-bank. She had spent

most of her life in travelling through the beautiful places in the world; her companions were men who dealt with great facts and ideas. They had hedged the girl in from all rough unseemliness with a fine courtesy. In Zack's view she dwelt apart upon a height; it did not, indeed, at first occur to him that he could ever climb to a level with this young gentlewoman. Her father and uncle made a companion of Dr. Nealy. They found a genuineness and delicacy of feeling in the young fellow which were different from the other Finnburghers.

"He is undoubtedly a man of good breeding and birth," said Mr. Peter Shiras one day.

"On the contrary, he has hinted to me that he has struggled up from extreme poverty," replied Priscilla's father.

"That may be," retorted Uncle Peter, taking off his eyeglasses. "There were many scions of good families who landed penniless in Virginia. I never am mistaken in the species of a man, any more than of a spider."

For three or four months young Dr. Nealy's mind was full of his new friends, whether he was in market, or in church, or at the bedside of a patient. He thought, probably, that he was studying them as a species, Miss Shiras being the best specimen. He had that sense of ownership in them which we have in a fine landscape which we alone have discovered. He could not tolerate the mention of them from any ordinary Finnburgher; and when once a decent old farmer spoke of "that daughter of Shiras's," though he did it respectfully enough, Zack could scarcely refrain from striking him.

He did not know what this meant until one day late in June. He had gone out with a night moth to Mr. Peter Shiras: he had fallen into the habit of taking out specimens after his last round of visits was over. It only needed a few moments for Uncle Peter to prove to every body that the specimens were worthless, and then they would have tea under the pines, while Priscilla, in her pale blue dress, sat at a little table and filled the cups.

This evening she was not at the table. Nealy glanced quickly around while he was talking of the moth. He saw her riding down the road, a tall, soldierly-looking man beside her.

"That is Henry Shiras," said Uncle Peter, following his eye, "a cousin far removed. There was some plan when Miss Shiras was a child of a betrothal between them. But the young people settle such things altogether for themselves in this country. No, no, Dr. Nealy, you are quite mistaken about this moth. Look at its antennæ."

Then it was that Dr. Nealy first knew what had happened to him. He went home, promising to come back later in the evening. It was a very comfortable, even luxurious, home to which he went. A little money could command much in that cheap neighborhood. In a city the house, with its slopes of lawn and forest about it, would have been reckoned a stately dwelling. Nealy went restlessly up and down the halls and chambers, trying to reason to himself. What had he to do with the Shirases, or their marrying and giving in marriage? He had filled up his thoughts and life with them lately, but he was apt to be vehement in his friendships. He had even furnished this house as he had fancied Priscilla would have done had it been hers, but that was because she was the only woman of her class that he had known, and he wanted to raise himself to her level.

Was that what he wanted?

No, a thousand times no! He wanted her —*her*—the woman herself! Soul and flesh and blood.

He saw his abject folly now, and the extent of it. Presently he went down to a hedge bordering the road where they must pass. When he saw them coming he crossed it and stood out on the wagon track. It seemed to him as if he could wrench the secret from her by a look, and know what he was to her, whether all or—nothing. He could not wait an hour to know it. Other men might woo gently and slowly the women they loved, but Nealy had the instincts of his progenitors, who carried off their wives by one fierce assault. Besides, he never had loved before, and there was all the force and depth in his passion which other men spend in fancies and flirtations from their school-days up to middle age.

Miss Shiras, as she came up, was looking down, shyly listening to her cousin. She glanced at him when he paused, an admiring smile lighting her delicate face.

"She has listened to me with her head drooped in that way a thousand times," muttered poor Nealy, "and smiled in just that fashion when I had done. What does it mean?"

It only meant that Priscilla was a well-conducted young woman; deferential to all men as her natural superiors; of an affectionate, dependent disposition, too, and apt to cling to the last person who talked to her.

Mr. Henry Shiras naturally was startled by the apparition of this stout, haggard young man in the middle of the road, who took off his hat as Priscilla passed, and forgot to put it on again. Zack was torn and controlled by this feeling which had broken bounds as absolutely as if he were a boy of sixteen.

"Most extraordinary behavior!" exclaimed Mr. Shiras. "Who is that person, Priscilla?"

Miss Shiras flicked her horse's ear nervously with the whip. "Oh! that is Dr.

—a man whom papa has noticed a good deal lately. A very nice person indeed, Henry," in a stronger voice. "Uncle Peter thinks him an admirable judge of moths."

"Better judge of moths than of manners, I suspect. What does he mean by staring after you like a maniac? Another specimen of that insolent American familiarity which you all seem to relish so much."

"I do not relish it, Henry," said the gentle Priscilla.

"Why, you were commending this fellow just now."

"Oh no! I said he was very clever as to moths. But his manners, of course— He *is* an American, you know. He has had no opportunity of discovering the difference between himself and a thoroughly well bred man." Her soft eyes were fixed thoughtfully on her cousin's face. They gave the meaning to her words.

They stopped at the cottage just then, and when the soldierly young fellow lifted her from her horse, she smiled confidingly back to him. Yesterday Nealy had lifted her from her horse and received the smile. Not that there was a grain of coquetry in the girl. But her cousin Henry was so soldierly, so friendly, so English, while Nealy —yet really Nealy's only fault was that he was out of sight.

Not out of hearing, however. The hot-headed doctor had followed them down the dusty road, and heard much of their criticism on himself. It did not hurt nor even surprise him that Priscilla spoke thus of him. Wasn't it true? What was he but a bound boy, a drayman aping the gentleman? She knew it—she, standing on her height. As for Henry Shiras, he did not think for a moment of the man. He—all other men were nothing to him. The world was empty but for himself and this girl.

Nealy stood hidden by the lilac bushes while young Shiras took leave of her and cantered down the hill. She stood irresolute a minute in the doorway, and then, turning into the library, she sat down by the piano and began to sing softly to herself. Her conscience feebly troubled her. She should not have ridiculed Nealy, who was—was— What was he to her? She smiled in a faint, decorous way as she asked herself the question.

The twilight had fallen. Zack, from outside, could dimly see the neat, slight figure, the fine, fastidious face. Great God! the gulf between them! She was to him just then all that was rare, high, unapproachable; as for himself, all his old poverty, ignorance, brutality, as Van Horn had called it, were present, and hung about his neck like a millstone. He groaned and turned away, when she struck the keys again and played an old Highland air. He stopped; he had heard it once before. It was the music which had long ago seemed to say "Come up higher" to him. Zack listened, hesitated, then it seemed as though new blood had rushed into his body. Pushing through the bushes, he entered the house.

If Nealy had wooed Priscilla after the conventional fashion of Mr. Henry Shiras and his like, he would have failed. He could not speak any alien tongue. But the poor fellow, being desperate, bared his heart to her, and, what was more, bared his life. The Irish hovel, the dray, the barefoot boy on the wharf, the long struggle upward— he told the whole story, and, as we know, he could tell a story well even when his life did not hang as now upon the words. Priscilla was gentle, affectionate. She had, too, a little cool spark of imagination somewhere; it kindled and burned. This was no ordinary man; it was a hero. This was the old story of Cophetua and the beggar-maid reversed. The idea of her marriage to Dr. Nealy was not new to her. She had considered it frequently in her calm, systematic way. In all probability she must marry an American; Dr. Nealy's present position was equal to her own; his house was very handsome, and he himself— She glanced at him, and blushed in a way that maddened him afresh. Henry Shiras? But Henry could not marry for years, and she was not, indeed, at all certain that he wished to marry her then.

All this while Zack poured forth his honest passion, his humility, his adoration of some goddess of a woman.

"Does he really mean me?" thought Priscilla. "He will always regard me in that way, our social positions being so different."

Then it being time for her to speak, she told him, with a proper shyness and blush, that she preferred him to all other men as a friend, but that if he wished for more he must talk to papa, "though" (this with an arch smile) "papa is so involved in business with the ancient Greeks that he will not be likely to oppose *our* wishes."

When he caught that emphasized word, Zack took the cool little hands in his and kissed them, and could have cried over them, his heart was so full.

Two years later Dr. Nealy sat, one warm evening in July of 1832, on the porch of his house. His wife was beside him. Her chair was placed so that the vine of pale pink roses trailed over her delicate head, with its neat crown of chestnut hair. It was Zack's fancy to always place it there.

"So absurd!" Priscilla said to herself. "Just where the bugs can drop on to my collar!" But to him she said nothing. These whims and fancies, even his hot Irish affection, were the product, she thought, of his vulgar condition in boyhood. She would

not waste her wifely authority on trifles. When the vulgarity showed itself more offensively, it would be time to interfere. She was very fond of him, but she was always on the watch for it to show itself.

As for Zack, his boyhood or his old age troubled him very little just now. He had just eaten a good dinner, and begun a new pipe; his eyes were on his wife; his home was comfortable, his pocket was full; in the village he had all kinds of friends and jolly companions to make his life secure and happy. There, according to rule, we ought to leave him. But there is one short chapter more to give, and it began that day on the porch.

"I don't see," he said, reflectively, "how God could do any thing more for me, Priscilla, or bring me any higher up. Unless—well, I should have liked to see a little fellow skirmishing around here. I've often thought if I could only see a baby's head on your breast, Priscilla, as on other women's—" There was a grave, eager longing in his face.

His wife pursed her thin lips. "You often make a strange choice of subjects, Dr. Nealy. This is especially distasteful to me. I suppose Providence orders our lot for the best."

"Oh yes, Providence— By George! there's Lloyd! I thought he was in Virginia. I'll go to the gate and meet him." He hurried away, glad that Lloyd had appeared just then. His bursts of enthusiasm usually received little dashes of cold water such as this.

"I'm a rough brute, after all," he thought. "But God knows I meant well."

Lloyd, who was a physician in Finnburgh, did not come in. The two men stood at the gate talking a long time—so long that Priscilla grew uneasy.

"The dew is falling, and he has no hat," she said, and found it to take to him. As she came down the path she saw that both men looked grave and anxious.

"Not a word to my wife," muttered Zack; and they turned smiling to meet her.

"You are discussing some serious case?" she asked, putting Zack's cap on his head.

"Yes, Mrs. Nealy."

"Then you do not want me. Come in soon."

When she was out of hearing, Zack said, "There is no doubt as to its being genuine Asiatic cholera?"

"None whatever. It has swept through the lower part of the town. You know where I mean?"

"By Pomeroy's mills. Yes, I know every foot of ground and every man in that town. I was a boy there, you know. Well?"

"Every body who had the means to go, fled weeks ago; but the poor whites and negroes are there, and they are dying by the hundreds every day. No boat stops now. I heard the account from Clapp, who escaped on foot, and boarded our boat at Steubenville. He says their condition is horrible beyond belief: the dead lying unburied for days, until they are carted off and thrown into a pit together; want, starvation, among the living."

There was a gathering horror, even fear, in Nealy's face. "Why, Lloyd," he said, "those people were like my brothers once. Want—starvation?"

"Oh, I mean the lower classes—mill hands, workmen."

"So do I."

"The well-to-do people, I told you, have fled. There are no nurses, Clapp said, and but one physician."

"But one physician!"

Nealy, who never could keep still when greatly moved, walked abruptly away. It was some moments before he came back. Dr. Lloyd was watching him anxiously.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"Good God! what can I do? Go to them, of course. But one physician!—and I here, swilling my sherry and smoking my pipe!"

"But your wife?"

"Priscilla! Yes. I—I had not thought of her."

"Of course you have not. You have not thought at all. It is a noble, generous impulse, Nealy, but not your duty. Think it over, and you'll see that."

"There is a stage at midnight to Pittsburgh?"

"Yes; but you will not take it. Tut, tut! Do you suppose the town here can spare you, or your friends, or your wife? Go in and talk it over with her. I'll call on my way back. It's not your duty to make yourself a martyr for these wretches. Their houses are filthy, and they are drunkards; so down they go. Let them go."

As the old doctor rode down the hill he looked back and saw the stout figure motionless at the gate. It was late when he returned. Seeing a light in the office, he made his way there. Nealy met him at the door.

"You have determined to go?"

"Yes."

The old man was greatly agitated, while Nealy was quiet.

"You will never come back, boy. Going from a pure atmosphere into that polluted air—"

"Nonsense! I will be at home again in a month's time, please God. There are some papers I will leave with you. My—my will. Something might happen, you know. It is all arranged for Priscilla. She will be comfortable as to money. I should not think it right to go else."

"Money! What is money compared to the loss of—"

"Of me?" Nealy passed his hand over his

face. "Don't unnerve me, Lloyd. It's right for me to do this thing. I can't turn my back on these dying people. I've thought it all over."

"What are we to do without you, Zack?"

Nealy smiled. "Yes, I know I'll be missed in old Finnburgh." Then his eye fell on his wife's closed door. He began to gather up his papers, his lips turning pale. "It's right for me to go," he said, roughly. "Don't make me think of what it costs me."

There was a pause. "Does she know?" asked Lloyd.

"No. I can not say good-by to her. There is a letter for her with the other papers. Now go, Lloyd. Wait for me at the inn until the stage comes." He went with Lloyd out on the porch; then he unclosed the shutter of his chamber, and looked in at his sleeping wife. If he opened the door it would waken her. The moonlight shone softly on the fine, somewhat hard face. Zack saw no hardness there.

"Dear little tender heart!" he said, the tears running down his rough cheeks. He had been too coarse for her. When he came back he would try harder than ever. When he came back? What if he never entered that room again?

An hour later the stage going south stopped at Finnburgh and took in a single passenger.

It was the 1st of September, and the plague was over in the little river town. The smouldering fires of tar still burned along the streets, but the houses were flung open, young girls were singing inside, children playing; the gardens were gay with prince's-feather and fall roses. There was but one case reported to-day—the young doctor who had come to their help weeks ago. A crowd had gathered on the porch of the inn, most of them mill men and negroes whom he had nursed and cured. They stopped Colonel Pettit as he was going up to his room.

"How is he, colonel?"

"Tanner thinks he's sinking. But he'll pull through. There's no justice in Heaven if he doesn't pull through!"

Tanner, the one physician who had staid to fight the pestilence, met him on the landing. "Well, Sir—well?" cried the colonel.

The doctor shook his head. "Reaction with fever. You know what that means."

Pettit nodded, groaning. "It's God's work, I suppose. But *I* don't understand it. Why, Tanner, Zack Nealy has pushed his way up and up, since he was my bound boy. He is a man of education and means; he has a wife that loves him; he came here and saved hundreds of lives, and he's shoved off—dies like a dog! By gee, Sir, I don't understand it!"

"He's a merry, affectionate fellow," said the doctor, who was not given to abstract discussion, "joking between the paroxysms. He talked of his wife to me to-day with that awful tenderness which a mother has for her child. You'll stay with him until I come back?"

"Yes." The colonel went in and the door closed behind him. Hour after hour passed, and the crowd still waited, carrying the reports of his condition out to the town. Zack, who had left them long ago and came back to die for them, was the hero of the hour. About sunset an ominous silence fell on the place. The crisis had come; there was a chance that he would recover. A band on a passing boat played as they floated down the river an old air, a Highland call to action. It must have reached the dying man. A few minutes later Colonel Pettit came out.

"It's over, boys," he said; "Zack Nealy's gone—gone higher than I can follow. God help me!"

FRENCH FARMERS.

IN the summer of 1878 I boarded for a time, not one hundred miles from Lyons, with a family of that class who themselves follow the plough. I call my hostess, in the French style, Madame Widow Lesmontagnes. Her only daughter was married, but her three sons were at home. We will call them Pierre, Charles, and Henri. Pierre was a soldier in the Prussian war, where he lost his health, and is no longer considered fit for severe labor. The greater part of the farm is rented, and only a small portion kept for Charles and Henri to cultivate. They are people at ease in their circumstances, the grandfather of the young men having been enterprising—a merchant of wood, hay, and cattle. He made money and bought this house, which once belonged to a noble family, the De Bresoles.

Like almost all the farm-houses that I saw in France, that of Madame L. was of only one story, the garret being the granary (*grenier*). There is a large kitchen, and four other large rooms, all with brick or tile floors. The walls of the house are about twenty-eight inches in thickness, and the ceiling of my room is about twelve feet in height. The house was probably a grand one in the time of the De Bresoles. Now there is a bed in the dining-room, one in my great ground-floor room, and two in Madame L.'s. There is not a piece of carpet seen in the house. There is no looking-glass in my room, and when I venture to speak to madame about it, she says that she has a large one and will let me see it. I go into her room, and there is an ancient one, about two feet one way and fifteen inches the other, set in the wood-work above the chimney-piece, with a narrow gilt frame. Paris is

wonderful in the display of looking-glass, but the Parisians look down on the provincials. The front of the house opens upon a yard. To call it barn-yard, well-yard, wood-yard in one will describe it. We enter at a great gate on one side, and as we come in, the house is on our left. On the side that we enter is the barn, in which is also the wine-press. The other two sides of the yard are formed mostly by low buildings, all the buildings being of stone, with tiled roofs, the predominant color of which is red. These low buildings are the pigs' pen, the hen-house, the wood-shed, the smith's shop, stables, etc. The well stands before the front-door, walled and hooded with stone; inside is a heavy chain for drawing water, and I remember Rosa von Tannenburg, how the story tells that she went down into the well to save the life of the child of the knight who kept her father a prisoner. That short stone trough beside the well—the horses' drinking trough—is, perhaps, the oldest utensil about the place. Several trees are growing in this court-yard, but all are trimmed in the French fashion, except that shady English walnut, as we call it, which is spared on account of its fruit. Going up the broad stone steps and standing on the high gallery or front porch, what a beautiful view we have on the left of the plain below, of the village with its church steeple, the cream-colored stone houses, with their pretty red roofs, in the green of this wet season! Going out of that great gate through which we entered the yard, at a little distance behind our house is that of the farmer, or granger, as he is called; madame the granger and others come to our well for water. We call him a granger because he rents the farm on shares; if he paid his rent in money, he would be called a renter. I suppose that these expressions are local, however. The farmer's house is a stone cottage, the right end being the stable, where we find three thrifty calves tied. Near the entrance is the decent-looking bed of one of the men, who sleeps here and can thus guard the animals during the night.

The morning after my arrival Madame Lesmontagnes gives me my breakfast, about seven o'clock, at a clean table of heavy cherry-wood. We sit down together—the mother, three sons, and myself—the young men wearing their hats. Madame L. gives me a bowl of hot milk, into which she pours coffee. She has toasted two slices of bread made of dark flour; it is entirely sweet, but they never put salt into it. In one corner of the kitchen where we are sitting is the hanging shelf or rack where the loaves are ranged on their edges. They measure about half a yard across, and one of them weighed more than sixteen pounds, although not fresh. They bake once a fortnight. When they farmed themselves they baked eighteen loaves at once. Madame afterward buys white bread for me from a village baker, the family frequently eating rye. The subject of butter having come up once or twice, I get it during the latter part of my stay to eat on bread. At this breakfast just spoken of madame also gives me a boiled egg, while the family eat their soup of vegetables and a little pork, and then have a little wine, but I did not see madame take it at this time. At dinner she had the table set in the next room, or dining-room. No one sits down to this table but myself and the eldest son, and I begin to be afraid that madame will trouble herself too much on my account. All these rooms show the antiquity of the house, the large one in which I sleep, which communicates through a small entry with the dining-room, being the handsomest. There are also several small rooms on this first floor besides those mentioned. The large bed in one corner of the dining-room is covered with a neat quilt of crimson cotton. Madame had a seamstress to quilt it, who brought her frames. Over the mantel in the dining-room is a collection of engravings, etc. Here is a little crucifix, and an image of Mary with the infant Jesus on her arm, a colored engraving of "Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows," photographs of different members of the family, and certificates of the first communion of several. One of these bears the saying, "He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood remains in Me and I in him; I will raise him up at the last day." Here, too, is something quite new, which began since the fall of the empire. It is a certificate given to Henri, the youngest, stating that he had been judged worthy of receiving the certificate of primary studies, comprising moral and religious instruction, reading, writing, elements of the French language, calculation and the metric system, and the history and geography of France. All these things do not make a great deal of show in the large old dining-room, which is not much furnished, and has a high ceiling and a brick or tile floor.

Pierre kept on his hat at the dinner table, but was very pleasant otherwise.

When the family are speaking together they talk patois, which they also call *jargouin*, but to me they talk quite good French; and as they speak it more slowly than the Parisians, it is easier for me to understand it. I think that I can gather the subject too when they speak patois, probably, however, because pure French words are introduced to help it out. I suppose its forms are not numerous and strict, like those of the written language. At four o'clock in the afternoon of this my first day the two youngest sons, who were at work, come in and want a taste of *goûter*, which is, I believe, bread and a little wine, and madame brings

out a piece of a plain pie or tart. At supper we have vermicelli, which is good; a piece of beef warmed up, also good; and a half of a little cheese made of goats' milk, or a pat of cheese with cream poured over it—very good. You will see hanging up at houses what look like large rustic bird-cages, but which are cages in which cheeses are drying. At supper we also have excellent cherries, which one of the boys has gathered. This year they are about four cents a pound, for the rains have made them scarce, but usually they are about two cents. I also have a bowl of milk, and there is wine on the table. Madame gets me to taste piquette—a drink which is not bad, and one of which I afterward make great use as a substitute for wine. It can be made of various kinds of fruit—of cherries, of huckleberries, or of grapes after the pressing. This that I am drinking is made of dried apples, with, perhaps, a few dried pears. About fifteen or twenty quarts are washed and put into one of their large casks, which hold forty-four gallons. The cask is then filled with water, which will be ready to drink in eight days. It remains sweet for about twelve, and then becomes piquante, or a little sharp. If it grows thick, add water without putting in more fruit. Madame lately added about ten gallons, and the same quantity may be put in again.

I sleep in linen or hemp sheets of madame's own making. This careful mother, I fear, confines herself to low diet. She complains of rheumatic pains in the head, and I wonder whether they can be caused by brick floors. She wears a neat white cap, and beneath the border she has thick black hair. She is a neat housekeeper—more orderly than I should be. I see her eating a slice of bread with a little bit of cheese which is rather old—"un peu passé," she says. I say to Pierre that at her age she might be willing to allow herself a little luxury. He answers that she will not. She does most of her cooking on the hearth, the chimney being much like our ancient ones, but not inclosed at the sides, so that there are no chimney-corners. A strong chain hangs down, to which the pot is hung, and other pots sometimes stand around the small fire.

For my breakfast coffee she makes a little charcoal fire in one of the small grates of a range which has five such. They buy their charcoal. In the winter they live in madame's sleeping-room, which has a little stove. Fuel is a weak point in France. They rise at four, milk the cow and goat, attend to the ducks and to other matters.

I was much impressed, on coming here from Paris, with the candor of the people; I was sincerely glad to get the place, which suited me admirably, and I did get a little looking-glass in my room too.

On Friday, madame asks me whether I will take a meagre dinner, as they are Catholics. I say "Oh yes," and Pierre invites me to the little pond to see him take out carp. The water has been drawn off, and he takes four of these fish from the mud and water in the bottom. Again Pierre and I sit down together in the dining-room, and I am surprised at the excellence of my Friday dinner; for we have, first, a very nice omelet, dressed with a quantity of butter. (She has a pot of butter for cooking—butter which she has carefully melted and skimmed, that it may keep sweet.) Then I have a carp, and Pierre one, sweet and fried in oil. Then I have blueberries from a hill near, and the girl brought a piece of that large pie which had appeared before. There were also cooked prunes, and a plate of mixed cake from the pastry-cook's in the village; and then madame wanted to give me Malaga raisins from a jar of wine, or brandy with sugar and water in. I have laughed with them at my fears in coming here, and have told them that I had written that one thing which the French want is to tell the truth, but that I find them candid. The next morning madame went to market in the village, taking eggs and a couple of ducks: she walked, and is quite warm when she gets back. She waits a while and then takes the inevitable bowl of soup, which has in it some sugar peas and carrot, and bread, probably rye. She moves her lips and crosses herself before eating. She does allow herself one little luxury, her pinch of snuff. I had a mind to call the chapel her great luxury, but since it was repaired and the paintings retouched, I suppose that it does not cost much.

On Sunday morning she walked to early mass at the village church; the warm air, the smell of the vines in bloom, and the sound of the church bells are pleasant to me this morning. Madame lets her servant and little niece go to ten-o'clock mass, and is getting dinner herself with no one to help her. Sunday is a feast-day, so we all five sit down in the dining-room. She gives us, first, a potage of vermicelli, then boiled beef and carrots, then cabbage stewed with one or two little pigeons taken off of the nest, and, fourthly, a chicken, the preposterous woman taking the neck and head for herself! There is also some sweet cake, and some cherries for me, and then they have black coffee, with which they take rum!

One morning at breakfast I told them that it had been said in my country that every step in the dance is a step toward hell.

"And there are people here who say so," one of them replied.

"Who are they?" I ask.

"The curés," says Pierre, by which he means the parish priests—"the curés, the bigots."

"I say so," says Madame L.

"Then," I add, "I may say that it is the curés, the bigots, and Madame Lesmontagnes." At which they laugh.

"Hell is full," says Pierre; "there is a big devil behind the door with a stick, who will not let any one else come in."

"You may say," says she, "that Madame Lesmontagnes and her sons are not of one mind." She tells me once that she likes to read when she has time; that she sometimes reads *The Propagation of the Faith*, a missionary journal.

I find one afternoon that she has been up on the hill-side to get some green broom to make a broom to sweep with. She had, indeed, a very large one made of broom-corn, with which my room is swept; but then that cost twenty sous.

While speaking of dancing, I remarked to them that I had not yet seen the gay grandsire of the English poet, him who,

> "Skilled in gestic lore,
> Has frisked beneath the burden of fourscore."

Whereupon they tell me that one of their villagers married his third wife at eighty, is as deaf as an iron pot, but dances still. "You should see him jump!"

Not long after my arrival I asked madame what would be her charge for my board, and she agreed to take me for twenty-seven francs a week, adding, "You will, perhaps, be willing to give something to my son." This was the eldest, Pierre, who accompanies me on most of my walks. I have already told of his having lost his health in the Prussian war, when he must have been quite young. He thinks that the trade of a soldier is not a bad one when there is no war; it gives men an opportunity to see the world. He says that the French liked the war with Prussia in the beginning, because they thought that they were going to conquer; they went out singing the "Marseillaise" and "Ninety-three," even when going to slaughter at the cannon's mouth. He adds that this war cost France the lives of three hundred thousand men, of whom more were killed by disease than in battle. Since Pierre lost his health he has been a considerable reader, and the farmer's mother calls him learned; but he went to no higher school than that of the village. Although Madame L. has so few luxuries, Pierre has two—the hunting dog, lean and hungry, and his horse. He does not need a buggy, like our Pennsylvania boys, for in this part of France, if in any part, it is not consistent with good manners (or good morals) for young men to invite young women to ride. Pierre is a republican; but before the war I suppose that the family was Bonapartist. He and I are so much together and have so much talk that we can scarcely fail to find out our differences. Thus he would not like to eat bread with salt in, because it is not good. I did not see why he should take half a day to render lard, when I can do it nicely in less time. He does not see why we should keep the bodies of the dead two days, when they only keep them twenty-four hours, except in special cases. He favors a large standing army, and, worse, he argues that our republic will not flourish long, but will decline by civil war.

On private occasions we get upon difficulties more profound, as when he explains to me why they prefer Jews to Protestants. He brings me also a Protestant Testament, and tells me that there are ridiculous things in this version; but I do not learn that he ever saw theirs complete. One of our most remarkable arguments, however, is called out by a statue over the church door in a neighboring village—a statue which, he tells me, represents the Eternal Father—to which, when in private I bring some objection, he replies at length, one argument being—

"You say that you have the liberty of the press, but it seems that you have not the liberty of making images."

"But of God!" I suggest. "Does not the Scripture say that God made man in his image? I find that your idea is superstitious, and I do not like superstitions myself."

Charles, the second son, has also been a soldier, and tells how the women and men work together in field and house in that part of France where he was stationed, near the Pyrenees. The French soldier gets his board and clothing, and one sou a day (not quite a cent). In the artillery and cavalry he gets two sous. He does not consider himself very highly fed on about four-fifths of a pound of meat daily, and about a pound and a half of bread, besides that in his soup. In the country he receives, at five in the morning, a cup of coffee with a little sugar and no milk. At nine he has beef soup, with bread and meat. At four in the winter and five in the summer he again receives soup, meat, and bread. This meal on Thursdays and Sundays is more of a feast, for he has a stew, made, perhaps, of potatoes and mutton. His usual drink is water, but in summer he adds to it some sirup of Calabria—a sort of preparation of chocolate.

Charles Lesmontagnes, however, seems fond of wine, and says that it would not do for him to sign the pledge against it, for he should break it. A friend explains that he does not often drink to excess, but sometimes, when he is with his companions. Being the strongest person in the family, it is he who kneads those large batches of bread.

Henri, my pretty, brave boy of sixteen, is the third son. It was he who received the certificate of primary studies which I have

before described, the primary schools of France corresponding with our grammar schools. When Henri was examined, there were eleven applicants from this village, and only four passed. There was no girl among these applicants; yet one girl passed from an adjoining township, the daughter of the teacher. Pierre says that he can take me to visit that school.

A good deal was said about wine during my stay, as I had told them of some in America who did not drink it. The eldest son declared that it is a happiness for our country that we do not produce it. Although money may be made by it, yet people get drunk, and sometimes that results in madness. He adds that the Frenchman is not boastful or vainglorious unless he has been drinking, but at the same time he urges me to take wine, saying that it does not intoxicate if drunk while eating. On another occasion madame declares it to be a good thing not to drink wine, and says that there are a number of women who get drunk. In the mind of young Henri, however, a difficulty arises as to how they are going to sell wine if every one gives up drinking it. And he maintains that those who do not drink wine have not so much vigor; they may be as strong, but they are not so active. "Oh, madame," he says, "when you drink wine, you are lively and active." He is quite handsome, and looks very well when I see him, as now, without his hat. On the point of strength, I tell him that I should like to have him tried with some of our harvest hands at home, who do not drink intoxicating liquors.

There are two other members in Madame L.'s family—Toinette, the servant-girl, and little Jeannette, the daughter of a deceased relative. Toinette calls herself a *bonne*. Our New England people have been ridiculed for calling their servants "help," but is it not quite as ludicrous to call a female servant a "good one?" Often, however, the French say, a "domestic." Toinette looks healthy and strong, but I do not perceive that she feasts much. Our hired women at home would expect more. She comes in to dust my room wearing short black woolen socks inside of her wooden shoes. She calls the socks *bottines*, and tells me that in cold weather they wear woolen stockings too. All the family wear wooden shoes at home. Toinette's and some others are cut low, and supplied with a broad leather strap over the instep that helps to keep them on. These straps cost ten sous, and will last for several pairs, the shoes themselves costing eleven sous. Toinette's shoes last her three weeks, but Madame L. tells me that she can wear a pair about three months. Toinette was hired at Christmas for the year. She is sixteen, and does not get the highest wages. Madame tells me that a good girl can get one hundred and fifty francs a year, but she pays Toinette one hundred and ten, or about twenty-one dollars.

During my stay occurs the village festival, or the fête of St. Peter, our patron saint. It had been held on the previous Sunday and Monday, and we keep it up on this Sunday too. Toinette wants to go a while in the evening, but she tells me that it is not so beautiful as it was last year, for some of the young men have gone to the war, and some of the others said that they would not go to the festival. She thinks that she will not dance, because her father has died, and I see that she wears black. When Sunday evening comes madame does not want her to go, but she says that she wants to get a share in the lottery, and escapes. Henri, our youngest boy, gets home about half past ten, and Toinette about one o'clock, with a party coming here—Charles and the farmer or his brother, and the farmer's domestic and her brother. Then Toinette is indulged a little, being permitted to lie until five in the morning.

Little Jeannette, the boys' cousin, is much younger. She has been staying at home on account of the hay-making, but now begins again to go to the village school—I suppose I may call it the public school. It is kept by "Sisters of St. Joseph." She is a quiet little girl, and can help to tend the grazing animals, to tramp hay in the barn, and to do other things. It is not kept a secret that her father was intemperate, and ruined his health by drinking, although he did not spend his possessions.

I have before alluded to the farmer who cultivates most of the farm, and who lives in a large stone cottage behind our house. He is a bachelor, and his family consists of his mother and brother, his uncle, and a domestic. The uncle is a "good boy," who has always lived with them. You can marry your brother-in-law in France, but you must have a dispensation and pay money, as Madame L. frankly tells me. She speaks highly of the family of the farmer on account of their business habits, but tells me that they are quite ignorant, having come from a mountainous district. The farmer's brother has to go for a soldier, but he drew a favorable number, and has only to stay one year. His mother tells me that at this time a first-rate hired man must be paid four hundred francs a year. I learn, however, that the farmer can put by something every year, and that he can lend it in the neighborhood at five per cent., government securities paying four and a half. He rents about eighty acres from the Lesmontagnes. His mother is sixty-six. She is one of some ten "good old women" who wear wooden shoes to church. She can not believe that I have come from America so far. "And is that a part of France?" she wants to know.

I think she can neither read nor write, and her sons can not write, nor their uncle. Once, when Madame L.'s sons are away, I ask what officers they have the right to vote for. She can not answer, and I propose to inquire at the farmer's.

"No," madame says; "they are ignorant. When voting time comes my sons have to tell them which are the republicans." She shrugs her shoulders and adds: "It is not possible to get information there." But she tells me afterward how they worked one night—the night of the fête of which I have spoken—a night when it rained. They had left three loads of hay out in the field, and they hurried and hitched up oxen and cows, and got one load in, but found the rain come on so that they could not get in the rest; so they took out straw to cover it, and were up all night, said madame. They have four working oxen, but it is not uncommon here to see cows drawing loads for small cultivators.

While I was on the farm the farmer's family were baking one day in Madame L.'s great oven; the farmer or his brother kneaded the dough and the uncle heated the oven. The farmer gets some of his wood from the trimmings of the trees of the Lesmontagnes, besides, he has bought a bit of ground on the hill with oak saplings on it, and he has permission to cut broom or *genêts*, which suffice to heat the oven, to kindle the fire, and cook potatoes, which, after being mashed, are fed to the hogs. For a while the farmer was very busy, and had extra hands. One young hired man was in Madame L.'s yard naked from the waist upward, which looked very strange to me when the young hired women were about. I asked whether he was going to take a bath. No, it was on account of the heat; but if they had such suns as ours, would he not want a shirt to protect his skin? They do not go barefoot, however. When I spoke of it, madame thought it would not be wholesome for Toinette on the tile floor, and Pierre thought it would not seem very nice. How Jeannette's wooden shoes clatter on the stone steps and tile floor when she hastens!

On Sunday the farmer's mother comes into the yard and wants me to sit down with Madame L. and herself for a little gossip. She wants me to wear a cap. She says that I am thin, and I reprove her for not being complimentary. She offers me a pinch of snuff, and again wants to know whether America is a part of France. She does not work in the garden, like our "Pennsylvania Dutch" women, but hers are working hands. One day her son is very busy cutting a large field of rye, and they have eleven extra men. I see none of our great reaping and mowing machines here. Madame the farmer has a great deal to do this day. Her domestic is in the field in the morning guarding the oxen, cows, and calves that are grazing. While she is thus acting as shepherdess she sews, knits, or spins for the family. To see her going out with a distaff of hemp was quite novel to me. At eleven o'clock she comes in to help madame the granger with the dinner. Madame will give the men vegetable soup, or occasionally rice soup with milk in it. After the soup there will be omelets—I am told that it will take three or four for so many men—and there will be bread and cheese, salad and wine. The cheese is made from milk after the cream is taken off, or from goats' milk, pure. The salad is dressed with vinegar, walnut oil, salt, pepper, and a little garlic. Madame L. tells me that they are not ill fed. At noon the domestic milks the cows and the goat, for she does it three times a day. At three she will go to the fields again with the animals. This care must be used, as there are no fences. At four o'clock the men will have a lunch in the field; some one will come and help the mother take it out. They will have bread, cheese, and salad.

"And wine?" I ask.

"That is a matter of course. They drink wine at the four meals; but if they are thirsty between, they take piquette. They do not drink water; they don't like it," says Madame L.

Harvest hands get meat once a day—at breakfast there is a bit of bacon in the soup, except on Friday—say something more than a pound for so many men. Then there are bread and cheese at breakfast. The supper is at eight, and is soup, bread, and cheese again. (Madame L.'s cheeses resemble "Dutch cheeses," or little pats, made in Pennsylvania from smearcase, or cottage cheese.) After harvest is finished they will have the revel (*rivolle*). This is a supper where madame the farmer will have a ham or shoulder boiled—for they call shoulders hams. Then they will have some other meat; if there are so many men, perhaps there will be a couple of rabbits—rabbits stewed with wine; and there will be, moreover, bread and salad and wine at the *rivolle*.

The farm is planted in the following manner: in vines, about ten acres; in meadow there are twenty; in rye, twenty; in wheat, five; in potatoes, five; in oats, two and a half. Maize or Indian corn is also sown, but only to be fed green to cattle. It is cut at the height of about two and a half feet, when quite tender, and is given to the animals in their stables. Grass seeds are never sown in this district; but when a field has been cultivated and the harvest gathered, whether of wheat, oats, or any thing else, then they do not fatigue the ground, even in the plain, the second year, but allow the natural grasses to grow, and there animals graze,

under the care of a shepherd or shepherdess, and generally of a shepherd's dog. Pierre values their shepherd dog at one hundred francs; but his mother tells me that he is worth about half that sum; that her son puts that value on him because he loves him; he was worth it once, but now he is getting old. The shepherd dog is only taxed one franc a year, the others five.

I have spoken of there being twenty acres in meadow on the Lesmontagnes farm, and Pierre tells me that meadows in France are never tilled. They endeavor to water them, and if there is no stream, they try to find a spring, where they will make a deep hole or pond, and thence conduct the waters by means of little ditches or canals. You can see meadows on the sides of the hills crossed lengthwise by these ditches. These meadows are rarely manured, the manure being wanted for the vines, which pay better. One-third of the manure is put upon the wheat, and two-thirds on the vines. Generally by the beginning of June the water ceases to flow through the meadow ditches. There are usually two cuttings of grass taken from the meadows, one in June and July, the other in September and October; but if not well enough grown, it can be pastured. I have said that these meadows are never tilled. Pierre thinks that theirs has not been ploughed for three hundred years, and conjectures that some in France have not been broken up for a thousand.

Vineyards I see laid out in wide lands made to heave up in the centre, to shed the water. They are so happy here as not yet to have suffered from that destructive insect the phylloxera. A plantation of vines in the plain, I am told, will last one hundred years, but here on the hills only about twenty-five. At the age of three years the vines must be staked, the stakes being generally taken up at the end of autumn, and, if good enough, sharpened and set out in the spring. The vines are cut down to about a foot in height, and are manured once in two or three years, the younger vines being preferred, which give more fruit. I saw a little girl one evening with basket and shovel taking up manure from the road, which was supposed to be for the vines. The vines on the hills are supposed to be as profitable as those on the plains, but not so the grass and grain. At the age of seven years the vine is strong enough to sustain itself; but before the vines clasp around each other in the summer they must be tied. All the branches belonging to one vine are tied together with wisps of straw. This is considered to be women's work, and, with haymaking, is, I believe, the only farm-work that women do in this part of France.

The vines must be worked four times a year. The produce of wine here is about three hundred and fifty-two gallons to the acre, as I am told; worth, when newly fermented, about twenty-five sous a gallon, by the cask. This would come to four hundred and forty-two francs the acre. The expense of cultivation and vintage is eighty francs. If this estimate be correct, an acre in bearing vines would pay seventy-two dollars a year. When the grapes are gathered they are put into vats, some of these being very large. In a few days they will have fermented, and then several naked men will jump into a vat to tread them. This method is probably very ancient, as we read: "I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none to help Me." I am told that there is never a season that men are not asphyxiated or suffocated by the fumes of the wine when they are treading the grapes, especially when the vats are not full. After the grapes are trodden, the wine still remains in the vat for twenty-four hours, when it is drawn off, and the grapes are pressed. Four or five men work the great press of the Lesmontagnes; then some of the pressed grapes are taken to make piquette, the farmer's family making several casks. Then the distiller comes, and from the remainder of the pressed grapes distills brandy, white like water. Generally the wine is sold as soon as possible, because it evaporates in the casks; but all that is left over must be changed in the spring, or the lees in the bottom will ferment, and spoil the wine. At supper on the day that the grapes are pressed there is another *rivolle*. There is another ham, but as fewer men are needed, one rabbit may suffice. Then there is always a good leg of mutton when the wine is drawn—a leg of mutton with potatoes around it. And sometimes the women make a *brioche*, or large unsweetened cake, and a pie.

I have said that women do not work the gardens here. These well-to-do farmers have neither tomatoes, cucumbers, nor melons; it is said that to have them would cost the labor of another man; and I see that a large part of the garden is in vines. I hear that cucumbers and tomatoes will grow here without glass, but not melons.

Having now given a little account of farm labors, I will endeavor, before closing, to tell of some of my walks and talks with Pierre. Our first walk is to the village, about a mile distant. Pierre has put on his neat dark blue linen blouse and his leather shoes. Going through the lanes, the short way, we see many orange-colored snails, and a few of those with shells, called *escargots*—those that the French eat. In the spring you can gather a basketful along the lanes, beneath the vineyards and among the vines, and under the cabbages; they love the cabbage much. But now it is July, and I save two. Growing along the stone walls that support the vineyards we find various wild flowers,

and wild currants, small and nearly sweet, wild gooseberries and plums, and brier bushes resembling blackberries, but some of the blossoms are pink. The people do not appear to prize the fruit. Toinette afterward tells me that some gather them for the chickens. She does not like to eat them; they are so sweet they give her pain in the heart, which I understand to be French for what Americans call pain in the stomach.

Pierre and I pass the village church, and he expresses the opinion that it is about three hundred and fifty years old. "The curé talks about it, and says that we ought to have a new one; but they don't listen to him; the expense is too great."

"But does not the government pay?"

"Only one-third; the commune has to pay the rest."

The commune is the township.

We hear music in one of the village restaurants. It is a wedding, and we step in and look on a while, Pierre taking a turn in the dance. On this walk I notice the full bloom on the chestnut-trees. Chestnuts and walnuts are planted out in the fields, but not until they are too large for the cattle to hurt them. Walnuts (English) are worth about thirty cents the half bushel, and large assorted chestnuts about seventy cents. One of my friends here says that she does not like chestnut-time, for then the fine days are coming to a close. After we get home madame is good enough to fry the snails for me. They are not so good as fried oysters; these are tough: suppose I have them stewed next time.

A neighboring hill is the object of our next walk—a hill whence we can see a number of villages, and the large town of R—— in the valley of the Loire. We come to a belt of small pines where the ground is never cultivated, and we see quantities of ferns mingled with the purple fox-glove which grows wild and fine. Before climbing the hill we met a little party who had come out from the village to "taste the country."

Having climbed to some height, we hear singing, and Pierre says that it is a shepherdess, whom we find near the top, where she is tending several cows and calves and a couple of goats. She has her knitting, and I am surprised to see how tidy she is. I can not persuade her to sing for me, but she joins us, and they pick low huckleberries, and kindly supply me with some. They are very low, and less sweet than ours. We get to talking about the dancing on Sunday, and they agree that it would be no use for their curé to talk to them about not dancing on Sunday, for they would not mind him. They incline to think that the Catholic is the least severe religion. When we get home, supper is ready, and I find myself very happy among these people.

Another day we follow the course of a pretty little river which comes tumbling down its rocky bed to join the great river. I suggest to Pierre that the rivers of France are unsung, and he does not give me an instance to the contrary. We meet on the road a government agent, whose business it is to superintend the construction of a new road; but he is going away because the workmen are "making the wedding" this Monday afternoon—that is, they are drinking wine.

Pierre tells me that almost all the men who work by hand in France, although paid on Saturday, work until Sunday noon. They are at liberty to stop before, but very few do. On Sunday afternoon they begin to drink, and keep it up until Monday evening. This is called, in jest, keeping Holy Monday. But on this same walk we found other persons who were not keeping Holy Monday.

Another day Pierre accompanies me to the village schools. The public are not allowed to visit the public schools of France, but we obtain admission here. The boys' school is supported by the commune, which pays four "Little Brothers of Mary," or Marist monks, about five hundred dollars a year to keep it. It is open ten months, and the Little Brothers are not like to indulge to excess in eating and drinking. However, they have the use of the house as a residence, lodging, I suppose, in the third story. Entering the yard, we see through a basement window the Little Brother who "makes the kitchen," or cooks for the four. On the next floor we find the principal, and Pierre tells him respectfully about this being an American lady, and, after some parley, we are allowed to enter. The Brother wears a greasy skull-cap, a long robe of black cloth, by no means new, and an image on a string around his neck. He is not a little brother in person; he is rather jolly-looking, with a round, reddish face, and he smells of snuff. He does not invite us to sit down—I see that there are not enough chairs. He hears that I am a Philadelphian, and turns to the map of the world, but seems to have a difficulty in locating me, and I point it out. He asks the boys what ocean lies between, and they answer. I remark that I see intelligent eyes here, and I understand him to answer thus: "Why not? They are French." Pierre tells me afterward that the Brother did not understand what I said about my native city, for he is well taught. I am not shown any further exercises, nor asked to put any questions; and then we go into the next room, where there is another Brother, with another worn robe and another image. He is younger, and more shamefaced at receiving me. Am I the first woman to visit their school? There is the same want of chairs; and we go down to the third class, in the basement, presiding Brother telling us by

the way how crowded they are in the winter, when they have one hundred and eighty pupils. In this lowest class we find a young Brother more shamefaced than the other. The head teacher has a little fellow to read to me, and he brings out painfully something about Solomon's Temple in a story-book from the Holy Bible. Another, however, reads more glibly from the same on a subject of equal interest. Then we go out into the yard, the head Brother asking whether I am acquainted with bees, and showing us his nice rows of straw hives; also their little bit of well-cultivated garden ground. Poor Little Brothers, who have taken the three vows! Pierre tells me that a curé gave eight thousand francs to build this school, on condition that it was taught by these Brothers.

We walk on but a little way when we come to the house where the Sisters of St. Joseph keep the girls' school. Pierre obtains admission for me, but goes himself to a restaurant. For the highest class the Sisters get five francs a month for each pupil; in the second, three francs; in the third, two; and in the fourth, only one. In this last they are obliged to take the poor for nothing. In the highest class I am shown embroidery and other sewing. They sew three hours a day, and it is probable that they spend at least one hour daily in moral and religious instruction, as at Paris. I am invited to put questions, and I ask what are three-fourths of sixteen. One pupil suggests five; another, perhaps seven; but after a little questioning they give the right answer. I tell them whence I came, and ask what ocean I crossed. Silence. Then a delicate voice says, "Arctic Ocean." I turn to a map of the world which hangs in a corner. Another says, "Pacific." I tell them that I could come by the Pacific and Indian oceans; and the answer rests.

Madame Lesmontagnes was kind enough to give me a description of the wedding of her daughter. When a young man here wishes to become acquainted with a young woman, he mentions it to some friend of the family, who applies to the parents for leave to introduce him. If this is granted, and the parents afterward conclude that he is not suitable, they tell him not to come any more. When a young man comes to demand a young lady in marriage, the parents first interest themselves in the family, whether it is a respectable one, and in the young man himself, whether he is *sage*, or well-behaved. The young people are never left together without one of the parents being present, even when there is a talk of their being married.

At last the parents of the two young people will meet to plan the marriage, this parlement being held at the house of the young woman, where, after having had a good dinner, after having drunk well, and talked upon a quantity of other subjects, the rest of the family will leave the parents together, understanding very well what business is in hand. Then the young man's father will speak in this manner: "We have not come here to do nothing; we have come to speak of the marriage of our children," adding, if he is a rich enough land-holder, "I give twenty-five thousand francs to my son; how much can you give your daughter?" If her parents do not give about as much, the marriage agreement will not be made, and the parties will separate. However, about one time in ten it will be found that the young people are too much attached to each other for the parents to continue their prohibition, and they are allowed to marry. And sometimes it will happen, when the young people are of age, and the parents entirely refuse their consent, that the former will make to them the three respectful summons, and then they can marry without the parents' consent. Such a case will happen in this commune perhaps once in three or four years.

Madame L. gave her daughter, on her own part, and from the father's estate, a vineyard of the value of eighteen thousand francs, and she is to receive more. The young man's parents gave to him a piece of land worth twenty thousand francs, and the young pair occupy two rooms in his parents' home, where they can keep house, if they should prefer it. Madame L. added that the young man's mother gave him a furnished bed, and of sheets, table-cloths, towels, and napkins, each a dozen; also three dozen shirts of hemp and flax. "I gave my daughter," she added, "two dozen sheets, two dozen table-cloths, two dozen napkins, and two and a half dozen towels; with a furnished bed, a cupboard, *armoire*, and a night table. The young man's parents gave him a large bureau, and he bought the rest of the furniture. The young people are well set out, well matched, and both are industrious. He is, besides, a merchant of sabots, buying these shoes from the makers; and as he has wood of his own, he employs people to make them; and twice a week he goes to —— to sell them."

The only legal marriage in France is that at the mayor's office, and there is a mayor in every commune. Madame L. tells me that this marriage does not cost any thing, but at the mass the curé marries them, and puts the ring over the first joint of the bride's finger. For this marriage he receives twelve francs. (All the religious and all the fashionable world have this second marriage. Free-thinkers in Paris—I met none in the country—make a merit of opposing it.)

Madame L. tells me that there were about eighty guests at her daughter's wedding, and

all these go to the mass, coming to dine at the house at noon. She herself did not see the ceremony; she heated the oven while the others were gone, "for somebody must take care of things." There were three women, however, to do the kitchen work, and three to wait upon the table.

"And what did you have for dinner?"

"I can not tell you—all sorts of good things—perhaps twenty courses."

"Did you invite the curé?"

"Some do; we did not. We had ham, and beef bouilli—we took forty pounds of beef—we had calf's head, stewed chickens, ducks with turnips, roast leg of mutton, chickens with rice; we had eight ducks, eight turkeys, four geese; and Pierre and one of his comrades, who was invited to the wedding, went hunting the day before, and I suppose altogether we plucked a hundred birds. We had a course of little birds—fig-peckers, sparrows, larks; and we had three pies (*vol-au-vent*) made from the livers of the poultry and the little birds. We had food enough for a week after, besides giving to the relations. The pastry-cook of the village prepared a complete dessert, and we made pies. They give splendid entertainments here at weddings. There was a *pièce* of wine drunk [about forty-four gallons]. We also had Champagne and Bordeaux, but there was not much used, and we had other liquors, but nobody got drunk. That is all, madame, I believe. There are people who don't make weddings, on account of the expense; perhaps only one-fourth make weddings."

This great amount of food was necessary, on account of the guests staying to three meals.

The two musicians were paid by the young men guests. Dancing was kept up until about three in the morning, when the party sought a little rest wherever they could get it; some going to the barn; the little children and the hired women went to bed; and Madame L. got two hours' rest. She added: "On Wednesday we had the breakfast, and then all went away about ten."

A Parisian gentleman desired me to visit also the north of France, where he said that farming is different. My visit to the north may form the subject for another article.

Editor's Easy Chair.

LAST May we quoted from the *Magazine of American History* a pleasant allusion to Franklin Square and the building in which the Easy Chair has long been planted. The editor of that magazine mentioned that the square was named in honor of Benjamin Franklin. But a correspondent of the *World* insisted that the name was given in honor of Walter Franklin, a noted merchant of the earlier day, who lived for many years on the square, at the corner of Pearl and Cherry streets. A correspondent of the *Magazine of American History* asked an explanation of the editor, and he responds by publishing from another correspondent the following resolution of the Board of Aldermen, passed on the 17th of March, 1817, which removes all doubt:

"*Resolved*, That the square now called St. George's Square, at the intersection of Cherry Street, be hereafter named and called Franklin Square, as a Testimony of the high respect entertained by this Board for the Literary and Philosophical Character of the late Dr. Benjamin Franklin."

It was about half a century later that in the same city it was proposed to honor the illustrious services of William M. Tweed by erecting a statue to perpetuate his memory. The names of the subscribers compose an edifying list, but let sterner censors than the Easy Chair print it. The two facts are significant, and they both belong to the minor civic traditions which are full of interest, but of which there is little record in New York. The romance of the city has been much neglected, and is to be found in occasional discourses and desultory sketches which come to light only by chance. Something survives in Valentine's *Manuals*, and Miss Booth's and Mr. Stone's histories of the city; and Mrs. Lamb in her larger work will doubtless gather and preserve much of the floating tradition and reminiscence of old New York. Chief Justice Daly, in a memorial discourse upon a familiar New York figure, the late General Charles W. Sandford, delivered before the Historical Society, gives some very pleasant sketches of the New York of forty and fifty years ago, of days and men and militia which Halleck sang in his lively verse. The militia of that time was exceedingly independent, and the Judge says that in his boyhood it was not unusual to see privates who could not or would not bring a musket attending the parade with a cane, and sometimes the handle of a broom, for attendance, at least, was compulsory.

When the Erie Canal was opened, General Sandford foresaw the destiny of the city, and that the marshy region about Canal Street would be reclaimed for building. Lispenard meadows—the name still surviving in the street—stretched, a great swamp, from what is now Worth Street to Spring Street. A canal drained the waters of the Collect, a pond on the low land east of Broadway and north of Worth Street, to the Hudson, and when the Collect was filled up and the Lispenard meadows drained, the bed of the canal was made the present Canal Street. General Sandford built the first store upon Canal Street, and put up blocks, and chiefly the Lafayette Amphitheatre or Circus, in Laurens Street. Subsequently he was one of the real-estate pioneers in a very attractive quarter, a street running from Broadway to the Bowery, and called, from a fashionable London thoroughfare, Bond Street. That the fancy for decorating our cities with such

names is still as fresh as ever is shown in the names of new streets in Boston—Berkeley and the rest—and of hotels in New York—the Buckingham, the Brunswick, the Windsor, the Albemarle, which have an invincibly second-hand sound.

The Easy Chair was recently looking at the old volumes of the *Talisman*, an annual miscellany which was published in New York in the years 1827, 1828, and 1829, and which is interesting as almost the exclusive production of Bryant, Gulian C. Verplanck, and Robert C. Sands. Verplanck was apparently the editor, and wrote the prefaces, which were signed, with a fine scorn of anonymity, with the name of Francis Herbert, whose sketches and poems the miscellanies were assumed to be. Sands was one of the most fertile of the writers. When he died, in 1832, Verplanck edited two large volumes of his works, and Bryant praised him and them warmly. But they are gone down the stream now, and the name of an accomplished and diligent man of letters is scarcely known to the generation which personally knew and honored his two associates.

Two of the pleasantest papers in the *Talisman* are "Some Reminiscences of New York," in which the writer, playfully exaggerating its metropolitan character, says: "A learned and untravelled medical friend of mine who has dwelt in New York for fifty years, during a considerable part of which I was wandering in various countries, has anticipated me in seeing every thing I went abroad to see except Mrs. Siddons, Madame Catalani, Mount Etna, and St. Peter's." His father, he says, used to show him when he was a boy, which was at the beginning of the century, the spot on the North River just above the Barclay Street Ferry where Jonathan Edwards, when temporary pastor of the Wall Street Church, used to pace the solitary pebbly shore—a fact which adds a new and striking figure to the old associations of the city. But with singular inaccuracy the writer, who was evidently a born New Yorker, says that as Edwards walked there "fell upon his ear the murmurs of that ocean which is the symbol of eternity and power." But even Jonathan Edwards could hardly have heard upon the shores of the Hudson the roar of the ocean. There was a little church back of the John Street Methodist Chapel where Whitefield preached. General Oglethorpe, on his philanthropic way to Georgia, lived in Stone Street; and General Wolfe for a time had his head-quarters at the corner of Broadway, looking upon the Battery. The pleasant gossip describes the inauguration of Washington at the old City Hall in Wall Street, where the Treasury building now stands, "commanding a view of the wide and winding avenue of Broad Street;" and adds—with a strong side light upon the origin of the name of our square, even if the resolution of the Aldermen had not been discovered, for the bank was probably named from Dr. Franklin—that after his inauguration Washington held an afternoon levee, but "I forget whether it was held at the fine old house at the head of Pearl Street, occupied by the late Franklin Bank, or the other spacious mansion in Broadway, now Bunker's Hotel."

The writer celebrates a host of famous people who lived for a longer or shorter time in New York, and some wholly domestic heroes, like the Hewletts, dancing masters for four generations, and contemporaries of the successive Vestrises, the first Vestris having taught the first Hewlett. They taught dancing to the belles who captivated the members of the First Congress, and "tried to teach some of the members," Roger Sherman, perhaps, or Fisher Ames, or Benson, or Boudinot, or James Madison, Jun. But the French Revolution threw new men, new dancing masters, new manners, and new steps upon our shores, and the dapper legs and silken hose of the last of the Hewletts pirouetted and pigeon-winged out of fashion and history. The Duke of Clarence skated on the Collect Pond, where the old arsenal in Franklin Street stands, and his Royal Highness fell into a hole. The future William the Fourth preferred our oysters also to "the copper-flavored productions of the British Channel."

There are graphic sketches of some of the *émigrés*, and among them of Pierre de Landais, who fought under Paul Jones, and who died after a long life of genteel poverty. His income was one hundred and five dollars, which, as he said, gave him just two dollars a week for his living, and an odd dollar for charity at the end of the year. His head-stone stood in the church-yard of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and his French epitaph stated that he disappeared in June, 1818, aged eighty-seven years. But no personal reminiscences were richer than those of a fine mansion at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, built in the middle of the last century by "a gallant British officer," where John Adams lived as Vice-President during the time that Congress sat in New York, and where Aaron Burr during the whole of his Vice-Presidency kept up an elegant hospitality. It was in this house, doubtless, that Burr gave a breakfast to Volney, which Burr's nephew, the late Judge Edwards, described to the Easy Chair as the most brilliant and delightful repast in his memory. Here at an earlier day Lord Amherst had sat at dinner; and Sands, if he be the writer, describes a later dinner given by Vice-President Adams, who sat in the centre of the table "in full dress, with his bag and *solitaire*, his hair frizzed out each side of his face as you see it in Stuart's older pictures of him." Baron Steuben was at his right; Mr. Jefferson, fresh from France, in red waistcoat and breeches, at his left. Mrs. Adams sat opposite, with the Count du Moustiers, the French minister, in red-heeled shoes and car-rings, on one side, and the learned and formal Dutch envoy, Van Birkel, on the other. There, too, sat Chancellor Livingston, so deaf that it was hard to talk with him, but so full of wit and eloquence and information that his deafness was forgotten.

The Easy Chair is itself becoming the gossip, but it remembers that the mass of its readers are not New Yorkers, and know nothing of Charlton and Varick streets, of Richmond Hill, or the Collect. But they do know the famous names which it has recalled, and it is in the association of such names with a city that much of its charm for the imagination lies. It was the fate of New York to be in the hands of the British during the Revolution, and the Tory element was strong. Its great historic interest in our heroic period is therefore less than that of Boston. It has no tales like those of Paul Revere and the march to Lexington and Concord, no tea ships with Sam Adams and his Mohawks, no lurid spectacle of Bunker Hill battle. But it was always metropolitan. The stranger took to it kindly, and the variety of its life, of its characters, and of its

local incident, as they appear in some such chronicle as that we have recalled, invests it with a charm which "palatial stores" and elevated railroads can not destroy.

Difference in manners among civilized and closely related nations is conspicuously shown in the fact that M. Gambetta in France recently felt himself constrained by public sentiment, like Alexander Hamilton in this country nearly seventy-five years ago, to fight a duel. It would be incredible that General Garfield, or Senator Bayard, or any political chief in this country, should feel that public opinion compelled him to take the field. Indeed, if any such leader should engage in a duel, instead of satisfying public opinion, it would undoubtedly prevent his further high promotion. No duellist could be elected President, nor fail most seriously to injure his influence. Yet Gambetta felt that his influence was in peril if he did not "go out." M. De Fourtou asserted in the Chamber that M. Gambetta had made a speech which declared war on every Frenchman not of the old republic. It was undoubtedly very exasperating to hear such a falsehood, and Gambetta shouted, "That is a lie!" The words were retracted, but apparently he would not apologize, and when De Fourtou challenged him, he accepted, and they fought. So that rather than apologize for words which, by retracting, he confessed that he ought not to have used, Gambetta exposed the cause which he believes to be that of his country, and infinitely superior in importance to all personal considerations, to the risk of his death and a consequent immense injury. No doubt Gambetta thought that De Fourtou did lie, and although acknowledging that he ought not to have said so in the Chamber, he could not honestly say that he was sorry to have said what he believed. But in a sounder condition of opinion he would not have felt obliged to give De Fourtou a chance of killing him for saying so.

Such scenes in Parliamentary assemblies are well known. One of the most noted is that between Canning and Brougham in the House of Commons. Canning had joined the ministry of Lord Liverpool, when it was agreed that the question of the Roman Catholic claims should be left open, because it was practically impossible to form a ministry which should be unanimous upon that subject. During a debate upon the question, which had become very warm, Lord Brougham indecently said that Canning's conduct in joining a divided cabinet was "the most incredible specimen of monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining service that the whole history of political tergiversation could furnish." Canning rose in the midst of Brougham's sentence and said, emphatically, "That is false!" There was profound silence for a few moments. The Speaker then said that he hoped Mr. Canning would withdraw the words. Canning replied that nothing on earth should persuade him to do so. There was more silence. Then a motion that both of the offenders—the most eminent minister and the leader of the opposition—should be committed to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. But a dexterous gentleman, Sir Robert Wilson, evidently versed in the etiquette of "honor," relieved Canning, Brougham, the Speaker, the sergeant-at-arms, the House, and England, of the dilemma. He suggested that what Brougham had said referred to Canning's official character, while Canning had erroneously supposed that the imputation was meant to be personal! A statement to this effect from each of the honorable members he was very sure would be mutually satisfactory. Canning and Brougham assented, and the matter ended. The latest narrator of this story, Mr. Spencer Walpole, says that this was the event which Dickens afterward heard from his fellow-reporters when he went into the gallery, and which he reproduced with all the richness of his humor in the celebrated quarrel which was composed because of a timely agreement that offensive words had been used only in a "Pickwickian sense." Had some friendly Sir Robert Wilson been present in the French Chamber he might have saved Gambetta the necessity of fighting a duel, which, as the distance was thirty-five paces and the exchange of shots harmless, cost him more in ridicule than his refusal to fight could have cost him in influence.

Two or three years before, Sir Francis Burdett had spoken of Canning as a champion, "a part for the whole," of those who opposed Parliamentary reform on the ground that it has been sometimes supposed that office-holders in this free and happy land have supported the party that put them into place:

> "For 'tis their duty, so the learned think,
> To espouse that cause by which they eat and drink."

The imputation that his views were venal was so plain and offensive that Canning sent Sir Francis a challenge. But Burdett disclaimed all personal intent, and, with mutual compliments, the affair was settled.

In the good old time of Clay and Jackson and Randolph and Benton "the code" was in high favor in our Congress. There were several memorable duels, and Bladensburg is quite as famous as a field of private as of public honor. The last important duel in Congress was that of Graves and Cilley, and the shock which that gave to the moral sentiment of the country hastened the general opprobrium which has finally settled upon the duel. The bowie-knife challenge of Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, was a satiric criticism upon the practice, although there is no doubt that Mr. Potter was equal to the contest had the offer been accepted.

As the code has declined in honor in Congress, it has disappeared from the editor's office. When Mr. Bryant died it was stated that he had once been challenged. But he replied that his opponent was laboring under an unsettled challenge, and Mr. Bryant declined to consider any proposal until the earlier affair had been settled, and wrote a very civil note to his antagonist saying so. It was intended of course not to convey any acknowledgment of the obligation of the code, because, as he said, he knew nothing about it, but it effectually silenced the opponent who had appealed to it. The first editor of the *Post*, however, William Coleman, was principal in a very tragic duel. He and a Mr. Thompson quarrelled, and a challenge passed and was accepted. The combatants fought in Love Lane, now Twenty-first Street, and Thompson fell. He was brought to his sister's house in town mortally wounded. The bell was rung, he was laid at the door, and the family came out to find him bleeding to death. But he would not mention his antagonist, nor the

cause of the quarrel. He said only that every thing had been honorably done, and that he did not wish to harm his opponent in any way. He died, and Mr. Coleman quietly went on with his duties.

It is hardly possible that responsible men will wear much longer the yoke of so false an honor. Gambetta's is likely to be among the last of the duels of statesmen. The tradition may survive somewhat longer in the army, but elsewhere fortunately it has become ludicrous. The later performances of the kind in New York have been extremely comical, and they were felt to be as mere imitations of another day and another feeling as the wager of battle would be. There are, doubtless, philosophers in the clubs who think that it was an excellent thing to let men know that they were responsible for their conduct and conversation toward others. Undoubtedly it was; but they never knew it so fully, nor was there ever so little offense of the kind intended, as now. Duelling may be regarded as one of the means to that result, but a code which required a man to give a rascal a chance to kill him because the rascal had thrown a glass of wine in his face was an exceedingly indirect influence of civilization. Nothing more truly and more pleasantly marks the progress of civilization than the disappearance of this form of barbarism, not only from the practice of what is called "good society," but of its defense from the conversation of gentlemen.

We showed last month how a tradition may be saved by careful inquiry and truthful telling, and it will be worth while to show how so venerable a story as that of William Tell and the apple is disposed of by comparative criticism. The incident is supposed to have occurred about 1307, and it is first recorded in the old Swiss chronicles. Justinger, who died in 1426, is one of the most ancient chroniclers, and Melchior Russ, of Lucerne, copies in his chronicle word for word the narrative of Justinger describing the tyranny of the Hapsburgs which produced the insurrection of the Alpine peasants. In illustration of this tyranny, Justinger speaks in general of the ill treatment of the peasants; but Melchior Russ, in 1482, two centuries after the event, says specifically that William Tell was forced by the seneschal to hit with an arrow an apple placed on the head of his own son, failing in which he himself was to be put to death. He then proceeds to describe the adventure of the storm upon the lake of Lucerne, when Tell leaped ashore from the boat and shot the governor dead with his cross-bow. Another chronicler, Peterman Etterlein, whose work was published at Basle in 1507, tells in detail the story of the apple and of the governor's treachery. He also describes the storm upon the lake, but Tell shoots the governor in ambush as the governor passes to his castle. Other chroniclers repeat the legend in various forms.

M. Delepierre, a Belgian scholar, to whom we are indebted for these facts, holds that there are evidently four different views of the tradition. First, that which asserts the authenticity of the old Uri legend; the second admits the existence of Tell, the homage to the hat, the lake voyage, and the shooting of Gesler, but rejects the apple; the third concedes the existence of a Swiss hero named Tell, but nothing more; and the fourth rejects the whole story. The two earliest existing Swiss chronicles that mention it are those of Russ and Etterlein, and they differ. But there are allusions in other writers to works contemporary with Tell, which, however, do not mention the story. Franz Guillimann, in his *Helvetian Antiquities*, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, repeats the tradition, but in a letter written in 1607 Guillimann says that the more closely he inquires, the more fabulous the tale becomes, and he adds that this conviction is confirmed by the fact that he finds no writer before the fifteenth century who alludes to it at all; and Guillimann is of opinion that it was a tale told to foster the hatred of the Swiss states against Austria. In 1760 Uriel Freudenberger published at Berne a small volume in Latin called *William Tell: a Danish Fable.* The canton of Uri condemned the book and its author to be burned, and urged the other cantons to pass a similar sentence. The work was accordingly burned, but it was reprinted in *Breyer's Historical Magazine.* It was also reproduced at Delft in 1826 in Hisclep's *Of William Tell and the Swiss Revolution of* 1307; *or, the History of the early Cantons up to the Treaty of Brunnen in* 1315.

Meanwhile Rahn, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, regards the legend as fabulous or very suspicious. Iselin, in 1727, thinks it doubtful, because the old annalists say nothing of it, and because Olaus Magnus tells the same story of a certain Toko in the reign of the Danish King Harold. Schneller, a later editor of Russ's chronicle, seriously doubts not only the story, but the existence of Tell; and Kopp, in 1835, shows by precise historical citations how slight is the foundation of the tradition, and that with all the mediæval love of the marvellous the contemporary chronicles are silent. In 1836 the professors of philosophy at Heidelberg proposed a still more careful inquiry into the sources of the legend than that of Kopp and Iselin. This resulted in the complete and valuable work of Ludwig Häusser in 1840, who decides that there is no reason for the historical importance of Tell—a man who had made himself famous by some exploit not connected with the history of the Confederation—and that the particulars of the tradition are not authentic, the story of the apple being of Scandinavian origin.

There are many Tell legends of the North. *Endride Pansa; or, the Splay-footed*—a saga of the tenth century—recites that Olaf, King of Norway, converted Endride, a young pagan, by shooting with an arrow a chess-man from the head of Endride's nephew. The saga of Heming describes King Harold hitting with his arrow a nut on the head of Heming's brother Biorn. The legend of Toko is of the tenth century. The wicked King Harold ordered him to pierce with his arrow an apple on the head of his son. Toko told his son to turn his head so as not to see his father aiming at him, then took three arrows, and with the first hit the apple. When the king asked what the others were for, Toko answered: "The second should have pierced thy heart, and the third that of any man who stirred." The king forced him to other trials, and at last Toko shot the king with his cross-bow. An Icelandic saga of the fourteenth century tells of King Nidung, who commanded the famous archer Egil to shoot an apple from his son's head. Egil took two arrows, and with one struck the apple. Nidung asked him why he had taken two arrows. "I will tell

the truth," said Egil: "the second was for you if I had wounded my son." The spectators applauded the brave man, and King Nidung agreed that he had given a very cruel order. There is also the old English ballad of William of Cloudesly, the date of which is supposed to be far older than the oldest copy, which describes the proposal of the bold outlaw to pierce an apple on his son's head at a hundred and twenty paces as the price of his own life.

"he prayed the people that were there
that they wold still stand,
'ffor hee that shooteth for such a wager
had need of a steedye hand.'

"much people prayed for Cloudeslee
that his liffe saued might bee;
& when hee made him readye to shoote,
there was many a weepinge eye.

"thus Cloudeslye claue the aple in 2,
as many a man might see.
'now god fforffbidd,' then said the king,
'that thou sholdest shoote att mee!'"

So the story of William Tell vanishes into a vague tradition common to different times and countries. Modern students compel us to renounce much. We can no longer believe that the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey. Yet that is the kind of historical story that remains fast in the memory of early study. How noble the picture of Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughters! But unluckily, as M. Delepierre points out, Dr. Johnson says that he never allowed them to learn to write. And why have patriotism and heroism and poetry and oratory always celebrated Leonidas and his three hundred at Thermopylæ, if Diodorus says that he had seven thousand men, and Pausanias twelve thousand? Nathan Hale, we hope, is yet left to us. But since Mr. Holland shows that so much of our poetry is wrong about Paul Revere, and Mr. Sheldon has turned the white-haired leader of Hadley into a wraith, who can feel sure of Putnam's break-neck ride, or Warren's *decus et decorum est?*

The volume of verses by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman which the Easy Chair mentioned last summer as in preparation is now issued in a neat and attractive volume. It was her last wish that this should be done; and the only quarrel that those who knew the author will have with it is that the portrait will give to those who did not know her a very inadequate idea of the rare delicacy and feminine charm that characterized her, and which the verses themselves are very sure to suggest. Intense feeling, a spiritual glow, a singular elegance and sense of fitness and symmetry, will impress every reader of this book. It has not, indeed, the touch of a commanding genius, but it is throughout exquisitely womanly and practical, with great freedom and fullness and richness of expression—an emotion that sweeps the reader along. There is nothing excessive or grotesque in expression, nothing which is not refined and inwardly melodious and unaffected.

There is a deep and pervading pathos in them all, a melancholy murmur of music, like the sound of the sea. This is not strange to those who knew the writer, and who knew also the sorrows of her life, the extreme sensitiveness of her nature, and the essential sadness of her temperament. This, however, was in no sense obtruded, nor indeed always perceived. She made no show of sorrow; and indeed her quick, clear, sweet sympathy for others, and her true self-respect, would have prevented any thing but the simple and delightful social intercourse which will be always remembered as singularly fresh and inspiring. Certainly no American woman has written verses which can take precedence of these of Mrs. Whitman for pure and tender sentiment, for womanly depth and truth of feeling, and for a strain most musical, most melancholy.

Editor's Literary Record.

PROFESSOR TYLER'S *History of American Literature*[1] is an imposing work by the extent of its field, the dignity of its subject, and the excellence of its execution. Its plan embraces the history of the literature of the United States from the earliest settlements to the present time, a task which its author hopes to accomplish in four volumes, each covering a distinct period and forming a complete and independent work as to its particular epoch. As the first installment, Professor Tyler now presents us with two generous octavo volumes, the first covering the period from 1607 till 1676, during which the impulse of popular immigration spent itself in that group of colonial enterprises which began with Virginia and ended with Pennsylvania. The men who produced our literature during these years were immigrant authors of English birth and culture; and while their writings preserve the ideas, moods, efforts, and style of the men who founded the American nation, they represent also the earliest literary results flowing from the reactions of life in the New World upon an intellectual culture formed in the Old. The second volume comprises the years of our second colonial period, when a new race of men had sprung up who had never seen England; and its literature differs from that of the preceding period in that it transmits a body of writings produced in the main by Americans by birth, the children of the immigrants we have spoken of, and represents the earliest literary results flowing from the reactions of life in the New World upon an intellectual culture that was also formed there. This marks the natural close of the second period, and prepares the way for the next step onward, when, in his future volumes, the author will give us an opportunity to witness the colonial literature as it tended to a common centre, and was marked by a common national accent. After a preliminary chapter exemplifying the conditions that operated upon the literature of our first colonial period, Professor Tyler, beginning with the

[1] *A History of American Literature.* By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. Vol. I.: 1607–1676. 8vo, pp. 292. Vol. II.: 1677–1765. 8vo, pp. 330. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

celebrated Captain John Smith, gives a synoptical account of the writers of this period in Virginia and Maryland, with a descriptive analysis of their writings, and reproductions of specimens so interwoven as to form a connected outline of each. He then makes a transition to New England, and, after a chapter on New England traits, proceeds to give an account of its writers after the same general method as was pursued with Virginia, though on a far more minute and elaborate scale. The second volume continues the literature of New England in the later period, together with that of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia, and concludes with a summary of the general literary and educational forces that were in operation in the colonies at the close of the times treated of. The execution of the work generally is excellent. Its analyses are full, and give a fair idea of the works described; and its critical estimates and judgments are judicious and impartial. Candor, however, obliges us to say that while fully recognizing the limitations within which it was imperative that Professor Tyler should confine himself, unless his work should be allowed to degenerate into an indiscriminate bibliography, and while cordially admitting that generally he has observed these limitations with sound discretion, it is yet apparent that a number of authors have escaped his attention whose writings come fairly within the scope of the conditions which he lays down as indispensable, namely, that they should possess some "appreciable literary merit," and throw "helpful light upon the evolution of thought and style in America" during the periods under consideration. Among these omissions we may name Gilbert and William Tennent (1703–1764), eminent and influential divines in New Jersey; Samuel Newman, of Rehoboth, New England, the compiler of a concordance in 1500 folio pages, which was published in 1658; David Brainerd (1718–1747), the eminent missionary to the Indians; Aaron Burr (1714–1757), the second president of the College of New Jersey; John Archdale, and Jean Pierre Purry (sometimes written Parry), of South Carolina, whose works were published respectively in 1702 and 1731; and Thomas Bellamy, of Bethlem, Connecticut, whose works were published in 1750 and 1759. Others might be named, of whom there is no mention, whose writings possess every requisite to make their record desirable. It is also to be noted that the volumes are exceedingly bare of references to works illustrating the literature of the period in the departments of medicine, surgery, legislation, law, and jurisprudence.

The latest publication by the Long Island Historical Society is a volume of unusual interest by Mr. Henry P. Johnston, on *The Campaign of* 1776 *Around New York and Brooklyn.*[2] It contains not only a minute, painstaking, and accurate account of the events preceding the battle of Long Island, but also carefully prepared maps and plans of the scene of the action and of the adjacent country, and an authentic description of New York, its society, government, business, old landmarks, and prominent citizens as they then existed. The first portion of the volume opens with a comprehensive view of the significance of the campaign inaugurated by this battle, and of the plans and preparations for it, including the fortification of New York and Brooklyn, and an exhibit and comparison of the composition, organization, officers, and strength of the opposing armies. This preliminary view occupies three chapters, and those that follow are severally appropriated to a connected narrative describing the battle of Long Island, the retreat to New York, the loss of New York and the battle of Harlem Heights, the battle of White Plains and the fall of Fort Washington, and the close of the campaign with the events of Trenton and Princeton. The second division of the book is a collection of important original documents and letters derived from conspicuous actors in the campaign re-enforcing the statements incorporated by Mr. Johnston in his narrative, to which are added brief biographical sketches of officers who figure prominently in it. The volume is an exceedingly interesting contribution to the history of a most important campaign, its maps are a valuable aid to a just understanding of it, its picture of the struggle is clear and distinct, and its delineations of the times are graphic and circumstantial.

The history, condition, and prospects of *The Races of European Turkey*[3] are set forth in a timely volume and in a sympathetic and hopeful spirit by Mr. Edson L. Clark. Dividing the subject in three parts, in the first he traces the social, political, and commercial history of the Byzantine Empire, from the fall of the Roman power in the East in the reign of Justinian, through its rise under Leo the Isaurian and its decay under Basil, until the conquest of Constantinople and the extinction of the Greek Empire by the Turks. In the second he first relates the history of the modern Greeks and Albanians, indicates the good and bad qualities of their character, estimates their population and analyzes its distribution by classes and races, and describes the state of learning and religion among them; and then outlines the course of the Greek revolution, reviews the causes which led to the interposition of the Western powers and the erection of the kingdom of Greece under their protectorate, and summarizes the recent history and present condition and prospects of the Greeks. The concluding division of the volume is a brief historical and ethnographical account of the Turkish Sclavonians, the Wallachians, and the gypsies, and includes a recital of recent events affecting them prior to and during the late war between Russia and Turkey, down to the Congress of Berlin.

While the biographies of Mary Somerville and Sara Coleridge are still fresh in mind we are favored with the *Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson,*[4] another gifted Englishwoman, possessing the sweet womanly graces of gentleness, refinement, purity, and fortitude, a faculty for patient and unremitting application under the incitements of love and duty, and mental powers of that rare stamp

[2] *The Campaign of* 1776 *Around New York and Brooklyn.* Including a New and Circumstantial Account of the Battle of Long Island and the Loss of New York, with a Review of the Events to the Close of the Year. By Henry P. Johnston. 8vo, pp. 509. Brooklyn: The Long Island Historical Society.

[3] *The Races of European Turkey.* Their History, Condition, and Prospects. In Three Parts. By Edson L. Clark. 8vo, pp. 532. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[4] *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson,* author of *Sacred and Legendary Art,* etc. By her niece, Gerardine Macpherson. With a Portrait. 8vo, pp. 362. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

which is without a trace of the intellectual pride and hardness so common in literary women. Three such true gentlewomen are an honor to womanhood, and their biographies must have an influence to encourage, elevate, refine, and dignify all of their sex into whose hands they may fall. Like the biographies with which we have associated it, this memoir of Mrs. Jameson has enjoyed the advantage of having been written by a near relative, also a woman, whose sensibilities and cultivation were in quick sympathy with the character she delineated; and hence it is marked by a loving fullness in all things essential to the fidelity of her portrait, and a graceful and reticent delicacy where greater minuteness would wound the feelings or drag a slumbering personal secret into light. The record covers the period of Mrs. Jameson's bright childhood and beautiful girlhood with sufficient but not garrulous detail, showing satisfactorily the tender promise of the one and the rich ideality of the other. Larger space is given to her after-life, from her first essayings in literature, under the inspiration of filial love, till she had won an honorable reputation and had become the main-stay of her struggling parents. Among the most interesting features of the volume are numerous pen-and-ink sketches of eminent personages in Mrs. Jameson's own hand, in which their portraits are painted from the life, and their productions commented upon with graceful acuteness. Among the persons who are thus made to pass before us in life-like procession are Tieck, Retzsch, Dannecker, A. W. Schlegel, Humboldt, Mrs. Austen, Mrs. Browning, Queen Victoria, Barry Cornwall, and our own Miss Sedgwick. There are also frequent unstudied art criticisms, and a fund of entertaining matter personal to herself and her friends, through which we get a near view of the interior life of this exemplary woman and judicious writer. The entire work is the unaffected record of a life of unostentatious labor, pursued steadily and cheerfully from youth to age; the story of one who kept a stout heart through all the sharp troubles that befell her, who reserved her unhappiness to herself, and who sought unceasingly to give happiness to others—a story which is absolutely free from every thing morbid, and whose influence upon the reader is bracing and wholesome. Its tenor throughout illustrates the truth which Mrs. Jameson herself thought so important, and which she sought to impress upon her country-women—"that a gifted woman may pursue a public vocation yet preserve the purity and maintain the dignity of herself; that there is no prejudice which will not shrink before moral energy, and no profession which may not be made compatible with the respect due us as women, the cultivation of every feminine virtue, and the practice of every private duty."

Mr. Symonds's contribution of the *Memoirs of Shelley*[5] to Mr. Morley's excellent series of "English Men of Letters" fulfills all the conditions that were at the outset announced as guiding that undertaking. It is a stirring and satisfying account of the life and character, and of the personal incidents affecting both, of an eminent man of letters, an impartial exhibit of his intellectual and moral stature, and an able and dispassionate criticism and estimate of his literary productions. Moreover, it is copious enough in its details to be profitable for knowledge and life, and brief enough to come within the resources of those whose means are limited, and to serve a useful purpose to those whose leisure is scanty. No space is wasted for the weedy tangle of biographical bickerings that have made other memoirs of Shelley bulky and distasteful, and yet no material fact bearing upon his disposition or career has been omitted. Mr. Symonds is neither an indiscriminate eulogist, gilding the errors, compounding the vices, and closing his eyes to the grave imperfections of his subject, nor a wholesale Zoilean, spying out all that is deformed, parading all that is morbid, and regardless of all that is bright and hopeful in the poet's character and performances. His portraiture of Shelley—the man, the poet, the iconoclast, the idealist, and the madman—is fair, truthful, and considerate, and, proceeding from a conservative moral and literary standard, is valuable alike for the warning it suggests and the example it affords.

The latest volume in Mr. Sweetser's series of "Artist Biographies" is a readable biographical sketch of Sir Edwin Landseer,[6] dealing principally with his artistic career, and giving precise information concerning his chief paintings, the order of their merit, the date of their execution, their original purchasers, and their present owners. Aside from its convenience as a hand-book to the works of this popular artist, the sketch is attractive for the pleasing though few glimpses it gives of his personal and social characteristics.

What there may be in common between poultry and poetry, pies and poems, to account for their simultaneous genesis in such profusion at the holiday season is a problem we shall not attempt to solve. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the purveyors of both kinds of provender are usually at their busiest at that genial time. Relegating the poultry and pies to critics of another sort, it is our province to render an opinion as to the poetry and poems. Conspicuous among these is *The School-Boy*,[7] a poem read by Dr. Holmes at the centennial celebration of Phillips Academy, at Andover, in June last. It consists of a series of tender reminiscences of the poet's life and associations at that institution, traced with poetic grace and minute fidelity, and it abounds in pleasing descriptions of persons and natural objects as recalled by his memory. Its versification is graceful and easy, its humor sparkling and spontaneous, and its thoughts and pictures have the charm of simplicity.—Mrs. Charles Willing gives a pretty version, in the Spenserian stanza, of the fine legend of *Genevieve of Brabant*,[8] in which she reproduces this exquisite tale of woman's love and faith and fortitude, of wifely trust and affection, and of motherly self-devotion, with such spirit as to awaken our tenderest sympathy.—*Iris: the Romance of an Opal Ring*,[9] is the title of a poem in

[5] "English Men of Letters"—*Shelley*. By John Addington Symonds. 12mo, pp. 189. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Landseer*. 18mo, pp. 140. Boston: Houghton Osgood, and Co.

[7] *The School-Boy*. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations. Small 4to, pp. 79. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[8] *Genevieve of Brabant*. A Legend in Verse. By Mrs. Charles Willing. Small 4to, pp. 127. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[9] *Iris: the Romance of an Opal Ring*. By M. B. M. Toland. With numerous Illustrations. Small 4to, pp. 95. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

six cantos, in which a conventional love story is enveloped in a drapery of commonplace verse, and which owes all its attractiveness to the publisher, by whom it has been luxuriously printed and profusely illustrated.—Toplady's noble hymn "Rock of Ages"[10] is the subject of a number of illustrations drawn from nearly every line and sentiment of that eminently devotional poem. The designs for the illustrations were made by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and the engravings by John Andrew and Son. Nearly all of them are full-page, and they are simple but poetical expositions of the figurative or spiritual allusions in the text.—There is a suggestion of poetic justice in the circumstance that a living writer bearing the names of the two most illustrious heroes of Scottish history and romance should indite a poem in honor of the great Scottish poet who, more effectually than any one else, embalmed the memory of those heroes to "a life beyond life," in a battle song that will forever stir the heart like a blast from a trumpet. This patriotic and poetical office has been performed for the author of "Scots wha hae" by Mr. Wallace Bruce, in a little poem of fourteen stanzas, entitled "The Land of Burns,"[11] in which he celebrates the genius of Burns, and revives numerous associations that cluster around the person of the poet and beautify the places and incidents which inspired his greatest productions. Mr. Bruce's poem never rises to any great height, but it is graceful throughout, is occasionally tender, and is chiefly noteworthy for its ingenious dovetailing in smooth verse of the titles of Burns's poems, and of the names of places, incidents, and persons which enter into and give significance to them. The poem is tastefully illustrated with engravings of "Bonnie Doon," the "Twa Brigs o' Ayr," Dumbarton, Old Alloway Kirk, the "Twa Dogs," the birthplace of Burns, and others illustrative of passages in Burns's life or poems.—No American poet of the gentler sex has written with greater earnestness and intensity of self-absorption, or with less of mere sentimentality, than the late Sarah Helen Whitman, whose complete *Poems*[12] are now first collected. Indeed, there are few among our best poets of the sterner sex who surpass her in these respects, or who exhibit a more abundant reserve of power or a more versatile and well-trained fancy. All her poems are marked by great individuality, freshness, and ideality, especially those on the various seasons, on flowers, and on morning, noon, and evening, and many of her sonnets are very strong and polished.—Very graceful and imaginative are some of the poems of Celia Thaxter which have been collected in a dainty little volume and given the title of *Drift-Weed*.[13] Several of the songs are melodious morsels.—There is an odor of the true amaranthine flower in several of the poems in *The Scarlet Oak*,[14] more particularly those descriptive of flowers, and of the moods and aspects of the days and seasons. The same subtle fragrance is exhaled from many of the verses in the little volume of *Apple Blossoms*.[15] Both, however, betray symptoms of the fragility that is due to forcing-bed nurture or hot-house culture, and each manifests a leafiness that bodes premature decay as the cost of premature growth. If three-fourths of the poems in the last-named collection and a moiety of those in the other had been relentlessly destroyed by the firm hand of a discreet friend, it would have been a wholesome discipline to the youthful writers. It is just such severe but really kind pruning that gives strength and vitality to an overluxuriant young vine, and fits it to bear perfect fruit in due season.—The readers of *Harper's Magazine* will meet a number of old favorites in the volume of poems[16] by Mrs. Gustafson, notable among them being the story of brave "Little Martin Craghan," the hero of the Pittston mine, the poetical variations on a theme suggested by the Bride of Lammermoor, entitled "The Lyric of the Lilies," the vividly emotional love poem, "On the Sands," and the fanciful *mélange* of child lore, fairy visions and fairy fictions, and of Christmas tales, legends, and fancies, embodied in "The Children's Night." But besides these and other lesser but meritorious poems there are several that now first see the light in this collection, two of which, "Meg" and "William Cullen Bryant," exhibit larger and more highly perfected powers than any of their predecessors. "Meg" is a narrative poem, enfolding a love story of great gentleness, tenderness, and pathos, which rises at times to the height of the dramatic. The poem to Bryant is an exultant elegy upon the dead poet, in which all things animate and inanimate join to chant the praises of his large and loving nature, and to celebrate the deathlessness of his genius. The passages in this fine poem descriptive of the tribute of June and its birds and flowers to the memory of him whose "silver temples" had just been laid in their last repose upon her "blossom-broidered breast" glow with true poetic fervor. The characteristics of Mrs. Gustafson's poetry are great facility and gracefulness of expression, intense passionateness and a tremulous sensuousness combined with the utmost delicacy and purity, and a splendor of coloring such as is possible only to an artist under the inspiration of Italian skies, or who is a reverent observer of the many-hued glories of our American summers and autumns.—There are several good sonnets and as many respectable poems in an anonymous collection entitled *A Masque of Poets*,[17] but none that deserve to be classed with poetry of the first rank. The most pretentious of the poems—its length being considered—is "Guy Vernon," a society satire containing some strong stanzas, in the vein of "The Diamond Wedding" and "Nothing to Wear" as to its general scope, and in its manner and versification recalling some of the more reckless stanzas of Byron's "Don Juan" and Halleck's "Fanny."—Not full enough for an encyclopedia, and too full for an anthology based

[10] *Rock of Ages.* By Augustus Montague Toplady. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 30. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[11] *The Land of Burns.* By Wallace Bruce. Illustrated by James D. Smillie. Small 4to, pp. 36. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[12] *Poems.* By Sarah Helen Whitman. 12mo, pp. 261. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[13] *Drift-Weed.* By Celia Thaxter. 16mo, pp. 152. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[14] *The Scarlet Oak, and Other Poems.* By Julia P. Ballard and Annie Lenthal Smith. 16mo, pp. 116. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[15] *Apple Blossoms.* Verses of Two Children, Elaine Goodale and Dora Read Goodale. 16mo, pp. 253. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[16] *Meg: a Pastoral; and Other Poems.* By Zadel Barnes Gustafson. 16mo, pp. 282. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[17] *A Masque of Poets.* Including "Guy Vernon," a Novelette in Verse. 16mo, pp. 301. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

upon merit, *The Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry*[18] contains much that is fair and curious and excellent in quality, and as much more that is paltry or indifferent. While it will prove a convenient and copious repertory for popular use and reference, it will not be rated at a high value by the scholar. Discarding a chronological arrangement of his selections, the editor has classified them under fifteen divisions based upon their subject-matter; and the publishers have made the work a model of completeness by full alphabetical indexes of the names of the poems, of the names and life periods of their authors, and of first lines. Thus much for its exterior. Of its interior it must be said that the selections presented are often far from being the happiest specimens of the authors they introduce, nor are they always numerically in proportion to their rank and productiveness as poets. This defect is exemplified by the paucity and comparatively inferior quality of the specimens given, among others, from Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton, and our own Dana. Its most serious defect, however, in view of the liberal space appropriated to numerous writers dubbed poets by courtesy only, is its wholesale omission of a large body of authors, many of whom are of distinguished merit and all of respectable rank. This omission is the more inexplicable in the face of the complacent assurance by the editor in his preface, that "*none* of the most famous minor poems of the English language will be found missing from these pages." The inaccuracy of this sweeping assurance will be made evident by the following list of poets of established reputation of whom there is no sign in the volume: among English poets—Gower, Lydgate, Tusser, Sackville (Lord Buckhurst), Gascoigne, Chapman, Massinger, Barnaby Barnes, Sir John Davies, Donne, Phineas Fletcher, George Sandys, Harrington, Sir John Beaumont, Davison, Denham, Butler (author of "Hudibras"), Savage, Dr. Young, Otway, Armstrong, Blackmore, Rochester, Churchill, Crabbe, H. F. Cary, Bloomfield, Bernard Barton, Talfourd, Ebenezer Elliott, Falconer, Anna Seward, etc.; and among American poets—Freneau, Barlow, Sands, Hillhouse, Trumbull, Ware, Wilcox, Pike, Simms, Dawes, Benjamin, Doane, Bethune, Hurst, Mrs. Whitman, and many more. Moreover, the text of the specimens is not always reliable, the inaccuracies in it not being confined to mere words and phrases, but in some cases extending, as in the case of "The Steadfast Shepherd," from Wither, to elisions of entire stanzas.—There is little to merit commendation in Professor Beers's *Century of American Literature*.[19] Professing to give a view of our polite literature from 1776 to 1876, so far as relates to authors no longer living, it omits from its poetical titles a large number of poets without whom any American anthology is radically defective. For instance, we have looked through it in vain for any mention of Sands, Hillhouse, Timothy Dwight, John Trumbull, Dawes, the Davidson sisters, Sprague, Wilcox, Doane, Mrs. Sigourney, and others, all of whom are to be found in the excellent little volume of *Selections from American Poets*, published in "Harper's Family Library" nearly forty years ago.—If there is a line of genuine poetry in the hundred and more sonnets which are grouped under the caption *Life and Faith*,[20] it has escaped our search. Of an unexceptionable moral and religious tone, and conveying truths and sentiments of an elevating spiritual nature with an earnestness and sincerity that command respect, they have no other title than their metrical form to be considered aught but plain prose.—Bonar's *Hymns of the Nativity*[21] and their companion poems belong to a far more exalted sphere of religious poetry than the volume of sonnets just laid down. His lyre, it is true, is not a grand or powerful one, but its tones are wonderfully musical and sympathetic; and as we listen to its tremulous vibrations on themes suggested by the great historical facts of the Christian faith, or that are responsive to the needs, hopes, and aspirations of the humble penitent or adoring worshipper, we are reminded of the kindred poet Keble, whom Dr. Bonar equals in religious fervor, and by whom he is not greatly excelled in poetic grace.

Mr. Rolfe has edited Shakspeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*[22] in strict adherence to the general plan and methods pursued in his editions of the other plays of the great dramatist. In a brief introduction he gives a succinct historical account of the play and of the sources of the plot, and follows this by judiciously selected comments from Schlegel, Gervinus, Mrs. Jameson, Campbell, Verplanck, and Weiss in exposition, illustration, or criticism of the play or of particular characters in it. The same conscientious care has been observed with the text and the same industry displayed in the notes that have been so deservedly commended in its predecessors.

If one should be led to infer from its title that *The First Violin*[23] is a history of the original of the instrument irreverently called a "fiddle," he would be mistaken, and, unless he were a virtuoso, agreeably so. Instead it is a strong, emotional novel, whose story is told in a direct and straightforward manner, without the intervention of a single ornamental digression, or the need of one, to embellish or heighten its interest. The scene is laid in Germany, and the narrative is based on the fortunes and the love of a nobleman cast in the finest mould of physical beauty, possessing the highest moral and intellectual qualities, and governed by a sense of honor which is chivalric almost to Quixotism; who suffers himself to bear the stigma of a disgraceful crime in order to shield the memory of his first wife—a sacrifice which involves the abdication of his rank, station, and ancestral home, the forfeiture of the confidence and love of his family, and the surrender of his only child, to whom he is passionately attached. While he is under the shadow of this

[18] *The Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry.* Comprising the best Poems of the most famous Writers, English and American. Compiled and Edited by HENRY T. COATES. Large 8vo, pp. 997. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

[19] *A Century of American Literature.* 1776–1876. By HENRY H. BEERS. 12mo, pp. 407. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[20] *Life and Faith.* Sonnets. By GEORGE M'KNIGHT. 12mo, pp. 136. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[21] *Hymns of the Nativity, and other Poems.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. 16mo, pp. 143. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[22] *Shakspeare's Comedy of Much Ado About Nothing.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, pp. 178. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *The First Violin.* A Novel. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL. 12mo, pp. 432. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

dark cloud he falls back on his musical abilities for support, and becomes the "first violin" of an orchestra in one of the German towns, in which position his genius as an artist evokes the admiration, and his qualities as a man win the affection, of his artist companions. After the death of his erring wife, an accidental meeting with a beautiful English girl, as innocent and inexperienced as she is lovely and gifted, enables him to render her a service which first awakens her gratitude and then her love for him. It is a case of love at first sight, but not the kind that runs smooth. The vicissitudes and trials of this love, the obstacles that stand in its way, the invincible faith of the heroine, the resolute self-denial of the hero, are described with mingled power and pathos, till at length a fortunate ending is reached and both are made happy. Grafted upon the story, and performing an essential part in its movement, is the record of a manly friendship, which was as pure as it was true; and we are also given close inside views of life in German musical circles, its toils, probations, trials, anxieties, jealousies, and triumphs.

The Mistletoe Bough[24] is a collection of short original stories, fancifully denominated "sprigs," written by different authors, and edited by Miss Braddon, and which, after the fashion of some of Dickens's Christmas stories, are supposed to have been told by their several chroniclers for their mutual entertainment, but, unlike his, have no special bearing on that delightful season. There are eighteen of these "sprigs;" one of them is a tale of temporarily beclouded but ultimately sunny and happy wedded life; several have the ring of the old-fashioned love tale, in which locksmiths and other obstacles are shown to be ignominious failures; others are stories of wonderful escapes, or of uncanny and mystery-haunted houses; and others, again, are tidbits of murder, robbery, madness, and similar pleasing horrors. These are interspersed with "sprigs" in verse, in the ballad or legendary style, some serio-comic, and some weirdly in earnest. Though the stories are well adapted to beguile a weary or tedious hour, they lack the intensity, pathos, and humanizing influences which characterized the inimitable Christmas tales on whose model they are built.

While Mr. Roe's *A Face Illumined*[25] adroitly ministers to the appetite for romantic fiction that exists alike in the minds of the "unco guid" and the sons of Belial, he ingeniously compounds for this coquetry with the fascinations of things carnal and profane by arraying his fiction in a garb sufficiently evangelical to suit the taste of the most austere. The story revolves around an abnormal and almost nondescript figure—a woman heartless, frivolous, selfish, worldly, and vain, who has "the features of an angel and the face of a fool," who has a "deformed, dwarfed, and contemptible little soul," and who is that creature of conventional society training, a "modern and fashionable Undine who has never yet received a woman's soul;" but who is transfigured, her soul developed, her beauty made radiantly noble, and her character transformed by the combined influences of love and religion. Although the story is an incongruous medley of romance and religion, and is eminently unsatisfactory as a work of imaginative or constructive art, the freshness and vigor of portions of its narrative, and the spirit and variety of some of its incidents, compensate in some measure for its abounding crudities and imperfections.

It would be supererogatory at this late day to criticise the plan or to offer an opinion as to the literary rank of a work so well known as Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.[26] There are, however, some features of the new and sumptuous edition before us that call for notice. Among these is an introduction giving a historical account of the events and circumstances that caused the book to be written, and showing how it was originally received, and what has been its reception among the civilized and uncivilized peoples into whose languages it has been translated. The introduction also comprises a number of letters from eminent writers and philanthropists, expressing their opinions as to the merits of the performance. Another valuable feature is an extended bibliographical account of the book, by George Bullen, Esq., of the British Museum, giving a list of the editions and translations through which it has passed, and of the notices and reviews of it which have appeared in various countries.

There is a morbid tendency on the part of some writers of fiction to build their plots on involved murder cases in which suspicion points in several directions, often the most remote from the real criminal, and compromising or endangering the safety of the innocent. Doubtless this is in response to a morbid disposition on the part of some readers to relish novels which weave the web of circumstance around a victim. Novels of this kind display ingenuity rather than invention, and their interest depends upon the success with which they can prolong the investing doubt and make it hard of solution, and the skill with which they can create some imaginary detective, and enable him to ferret out the real culprit and rescue the innocent from their critical situation. To this class belongs *The Leavenworth Case*;[27] but it is just to say that it is as little sensational and otherwise objectionable as a work of art, and as little obnoxious to criticism on moral grounds, as the best of its kind.

Several of Mrs. Burnett's earlier love stories, originally written for a popular lady's magazine, having been published in book form recently without her consent, and with all their imperfections retained, she has revised them for authorized publication, and three of them, *Lindsay's Luck*,[28] *Kathleen*,[29] and *Pretty Polly Pemberton*,[30] have been issued in a neat and attractive form. Although

[24] *The Mistletoe Bough.* Edited by M. E. Braddon. Christmas, 1878. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 53. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *A Face Illumined.* By E. P. Roe. 12mo, pp. 658. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[26] *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the Work, by George Bullen, Esq., together with an Introductory Account of the Work. 12mo, pp. 529. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[27] *The Leavenworth Case:* A Lawyer's Story. By Anna Katharine Green. 12mo, pp. 475. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[28] *Lindsay's Luck.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 16mo, pp. 154. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[29] *Kathleen Mavourneen.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 16mo, pp. 216. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[30] *Pretty Polly Pemberton.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 16mo, pp. 213. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

none of them reveal excellence of a high order, they are all bright, entertaining, and unmistakably clever, and are interesting besides as distinctly manifesting the germs of her matured powers as a writer of narrative fiction.

The eleventh volume of Dr. Schaff's edition of *Lange's Commentary*,[31] the last but one completing the Old Testament, is devoted to Isaiah. The translation is from the German of Dr. Naegelsbach, and was originally undertaken by Dr. Lowrie, of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, and his colleague the late Dr. Jacobus. After the death of the latter, whose notes extended only to the first few chapters, Dr. Moore, of New Brighton, Pennsylvania, was associated with Dr. Lowrie. His contribution to the work comprises Chapters 21–30, and 60–66, and the remainder was executed by Dr. Lowrie. The metrical arrangement of the text is based upon the commentary of Bishop Lowth and the Annotated Paragraph Bible of the London Religious Tract Society. Besides the usual textual and grammatical, exegetical and critical, doctrinal, ethical, and homiletical notes and comments which belong to the plan of this scholarly work, there is a comprehensive introduction, in which a large amount of valuable matter is grouped, on the contemporary history of the prophet, on his person and prophetic labors, on the literary character and the scope and scheme of his book, on its authenticity and integrity, and on the literature relating to it.

A number of articles originally contributed to the *Princeton Review* by the late Dr. Charles Hodge have been collected in a volume, with the title *Discussions in Church Polity*.[32] Reviewing the action of successive General Assemblies, they give a narrative of the proceedings, and discuss the doctrinal and ecclesiastical principles involved. The discussions cover a wide range, embodying an exposition of the fundamental principles underlying the constitution and composition of the American Presbyterian Church, and the application of them to its various historical conditions.

Those who have been befogged by the casuistry of materialists and theologians till the proportions, properties, and functions of conscience have been reduced to a vanishing point, will be relieved by learning that it is a sober, substantive reality, and not a myth. They will be assisted to this satisfactory conclusion by a familiar analysis and exemplification of the nature, origin, structure, composition, meaning, alliances, operations, and effects of conscience, contained in ten Monday evening lectures delivered by Mr. Joseph Cook in Boston during the autumn of 1877, and now published in a volume entitled *Conscience*.[33] In these lectures Mr. Cook departs from the usual method of darkening the subject by hair-splitting reasoning, and makes it clear and intelligible in words fit, few, and easily comprehended, by means of an analysis that is singularly searching and subtile, while it is characterized by great simplicity.

A field in the realm of classical fable, legend, mythology, history, and romance hitherto closed to the majority of readers is opened to them in the *Stories from Virgil*,[34] by Rev. Alfred J. Church, just published in "Harper's Half-hour Series." Aside from the entertainment to be derived from these stories, they will make clear to non-classical readers the numerous allusions based upon them which are to be found in much of our polite literature. The elegant simplicity and succinctness of their style also make them excellent models for imitation.—Of immediate practical value is another of these convenient volumes, forming a part of Rev. M. Creighton's useful series of "Epochs of English History,"[35] in which the history of modern England is traced in connected outline, by Oscar Browning, M.A., from 1820 to 1874, furnishing an intelligent synoptical view of all the leading foreign and domestic events of that critical period in English annals.—Modern fiction is agreeably represented in another of this series by Mary Cecil Hay's *A Dark Inheritance*[36]—a tale of love and vicissitude told with her accustomed grace and spirit.

Although the publications bearing upon ceramics would already form a library formidable in its dimensions and respectable in quality, they are constantly on the increase, in response to the growing taste for the art. One of the most practical of their number is a *Treatise on China Painting and Decorative Art*,[37] by Professor Piton, of the National Art Training School at Philadelphia. The first division of this little manual is appropriated to an exposition of the theoretical portion of the art, and comprises a consideration of the theory of color and the law of complementary colors; an account of porcelain and faience, including their composition, baking, and decoration; remarks on vitrifiable colors, fluxes, and the application of colors and enamels; and directions in detail as to the best methods of firing and baking, the application of gold, and for the correct representation of armorial bearings on tiles or porcelain. The second division is devoted strictly to the introduction of the amateur to the practice of the art, in a series of eight exercises, the text being assisted by as many folio plates of models contained in an accompanying album, and covering the following styles: Minton tile (faience), illustrated by examples of Persian or Rhodian decoration; Minton tiles, being decorations for a fire-place, with examples of Arabian decoration, after designs by Owen Jones; jardinières, comprising eight models in the Persian style; and the decoration of plates, with or without a border, after several tasteful models.

Students of political economy, bankers, and pol-

[31] *A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures:* Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical. By John Peter Lange, D.D., in Connection with a number of Eminent European Divines. Translated from the German, and Edited, with Additions, Original and Selected, by Philip Schaff, D.D., in Connection with American Scholars of various Evangelical Denominations. Vol. XI. of the Old Testament. Containing the Prophet Isaiah. 8vo, pp. 741. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[32] *Discussions in Church Polity.* From the Contributions to the Princeton Review by Charles Hodge, D.D. Selected and arranged by Rev. William Durant. With a Preface by Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D. 8vo, pp. 532. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[33] *Conscience.* With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. 12mo, pp. 279. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[34] *Stories from Virgil.* By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 255. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[35] *Modern England*, 1820–1874. By Oscar Browning, M.A. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 106. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[36] *A Dark Inheritance.* By Mary Cecil Hay. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 112. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[37] *A Practical Treatise on China Painting in America.* With some Suggestions as to Decorative Art. By Camille Piton. With Folio Album of Plates. 12mo, pp. 69. New York: John Wiley and Sons.

iticians will find Mr. Fawcett's *Gold and Debt*[38] useful for the large fund of information it contains in the form of tables, diagrams, statements, and statistics, arranged in compact form, relative to the financial questions of the day. The book is not conceived or written in special advocacy of any theoretical scheme for ameliorating our financial troubles, but is intended as a hand-book of precise information on the following subjects: the dollar and other units; paper money; gold and silver in the United States and Europe; coin and paper money in the world; the ratio of national revenues to volume of money; values of the precious metals; suspensions of specie payments; prices of commodities; national debts, etc. A large portion of the volume is given to a digest of the monetary laws of the United States, and to a body of reference tables showing the prices of coins and monetary units of all nations during the past fifty-four years.

Notwithstanding the floridity of its style and a tendency to diffuseness, Dr. Mathews's *Oratory and Orators*[39] is an exceedingly instructive and entertaining book. Its object is a laudable one: to call attention to and emphasize the value of oratorical studies in our country, and to impress upon those who are ambitious of excellence in this grand art that eminence in it can be attained only after a long and severe apprenticeship, at the expense of a conscientious training and preparation for its practical exercise, through the culture of the memory, the judgment, and the fancy, and by diligently and laboriously laying up large stores of various and exact knowledge. Among the subjects treated upon with fullness and enthusiasm, and also with sense and ability, are the power, influence, and qualifications of the orator; the trials and helps of the orator; the tests of eloquence; political, forensic, and pulpit orators; and oratorical culture. The positions advanced in the chapters on these topics are enforced and illustrated by a multiplicity of parallels, comparisons, and contrasts instituted between orators of established renown; and the whole is enlivened by anecdotes descriptive of the modes of preparation, the effective peculiarities, the characteristics of style and manner, of matter and temperament, of all the masters of eloquence in ancient and modern times.

As we write, the department of children's books is rosy with holiday cheer. Foremost among them comes that immortal classic of the nursery, *Mother Goose's Melodies* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.), which has beguiled the tears, soothed the slumbers, quickened the fancy, and brightened the joys of childhood for many generations. Resplendent in green and gold, brimful of the familiar old ditties, adorned with quaint full-page illustrations in color, it is a volume to win a child's heart.—Another attractive volume for children is Mr. Aldrich's spirited translation of Bedollierre's gleesome story of *Mother Michel and her Cat* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.), illustrated by a variety of ingeniously grotesque silhouettes, the whole brimming over with fun and frolic.—The musical tastes of the little folk and the pleasure of the entire household are ministered to by a number of songs by Elizabeth P. Goodrich, by whom they are also set to music and gathered into a book, entitled *The Young Folks' Opera* (Lee and Shepard), and in which only simple scenes and thoughts, holiday fancies, vacation adventures, and pictures of child-life have place. The words and the music were written for each other, and both are of a kind to delight the young, while they refine their taste and educate their sentiments.—Miss Alcott's *Under the Lilacs* (Roberts Brothers) is one of the best boys' and girls' stories that has yet flowed from her facile pen. The wonderful dog and his master the runaway circus boy, who figure in its pages and divide the interest with their kind-hearted girl friends Bab and Betty, and a charming Lady Bountiful, will strike the fancy of all genuine boys and girls, and set their thoughts as well as their tongues industriously at work.—Boys, especially those who enjoy practical jokes and tricks, and who think it the height of fun to get into all sorts of scrapes, will greatly relish Mr. Shillaber's story of the birds of like feather with themselves, which he entitles *Ike Partington and his Friends* (Lee and Shepard); and unless we greatly mistake, their sage fathers and mothers will as greatly enjoy the new instances of Mrs. Partington's exquisitely malaprop sayings that are freely sprinkled over this veracious chronicle of the doings of her mischievous son.—Sophie May's story of Judge Pitcher's twins, who, because they were the youngest of seven, were styled *Little Pitchers* (Lee and Shepard), is bright and simple in style, and interspersed with incidents calculated to amuse very young children, and to make a wholesome impression upon them.—In a graver vein, and suited to children of a larger growth, is Mr. Sewall's tale *Angelo, the Circus Boy* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). Though its tendency is to make the young reader thoughtful, it is not a book of the insipid goody-good kind, but wisely recognizes and in a harmless way fraternizes with the old Adam that is always present in boy nature, that it may the better help to switch it off on the safe track of right thinking and doing.—Lest young readers should experience a surfeit of story-telling fiction, a more solid entertainment may be found for them in Miss Kirkland's comprehensive *Short History of France for Young People* (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.), in which the authentic history of that great nation is cleverly outlined from the earliest period until the establishment of the Third Republic in 1870.—It is not to be surmised, however, that entertainment for children must be dry, hard, or repulsive to their taste in order to be solid and not tending to satiety. The wise mean is to see to it that while their food is solid, wholesome, and nutritious, it shall also be toothsome and relishing. Few caterers for the young have exhibited a sounder discretion in this respect than the author of *The Bodleys on Wheels* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.). In this genial volume the eye and the mind are simultaneously instructed and delighted—the former by the excellent and abundant illustrations that are set before it, and the latter by the copious store of information which it dispenses in the fields of legend, tradition, history, travel, and adventure, and by its interesting descriptions of useful callings and industries, all of which it binds together in a narrative that is redolent of the social atmosphere of home, and that sparkles with poetry, humor, and innocent gayety.

[38] *Gold and Debt.* An American Hand-Book of Finance. By W. L. Fawcett. Second Edition. 12mo, pp. 270. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

[39] *Oratory and Orators.* By William Mathews, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 456. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

Editor's Scientific Record.

Astronomy.—In the *Vierteljahrsschrift der Astron. Gesellschaft* Dr. Gyldén has a note on the mean parallax of a star of the first magnitude. He lays it down as a principle, for the present at least, that the distance of a star is not only to be considered as connected with its brightness, but also with its proper motion. As a hypothesis to start from, the parallax (p) of a star of nth magnitude with a proper motion s is assumed to be expressed by $p=(P\times s)\div(\sigma n\times Mn)$, in which σn is the mean apparent motion of nth magnitude stars, and Mn the mean distance of such stars estimated from their brightness alone. When $M=1$, p becomes the mean parallax of a first magnitude star. The data in the case are the observed parallaxes and proper motions of sixteen stars. In so small a number of cases the value of P (sought) may vary considerably, according as we change the data. Using the data given by all the sixteen stars, and combining these in different ways, the value of P resulting varies between $0.048''$ and $0.062''$. Omitting α Centauri, Arcturus, and Sirius, which have unusually large proper motions, the result for P is $0.086''$; or omitting all first magnitude stars, P is $0.083''$. If all stars having proper motions greater than $2''$ are omitted, P is $0.084''$. Dr. Gyldén is inclined to consider the result $0.08''$ to be near the truth, and to consider the formula above as expressing something like the true relation between distance, apparent stellar magnitude, and proper motion. It may be remarked that the result of Dr. C. A. F. Peters's research on this point gave $P=0.102''\pm0.026''$. There is a substantial agreement in the two results, which is a confirmation of Gyldén's formula.

Encke's comet was discovered by Mr. J. Tebbutt, at Windsor, New South Wales, August 3, 1878, with a $4\frac{1}{2}$-inch refractor. It was pretty bright, and $2'$ in diameter.

The results of the photographic determination of the solar parallax from British transit of Venus parties have been published. The conclusion drawn by Captain Tupman, under whose charge the reductions were made, is that "the discordances are of such magnitude as to forbid the employment of the measures in the determination of the solar parallax," and that "these discordances support the decision of the American Commission that the photographic diameter of the sun can not be relied on when accuracy is required." The photographs were twice measured, and the resulting parallaxes were: Burton, $\pi=8.25''-0.021\ (dR+dr)$; Tupman, $\pi=8.08''-0.040\ (dR+dr)$, dR and dr being unknown corrections to the diameters of the sun and Venus.

Professor S. P. Langley, director of the Allegheny Observatory, has just started on a voyage to Europe, being commissioned by the United States Coast Survey to make observations to serve as a standard of comparison in determining the requisites for astronomical stations in our own territory. The inquiry will have particular reference to the effects of different elevations and atmospheric conditions upon the fitness of various localities for the practical work of astronomy. Professor Langley goes direct to Paris, and thence to Italy. The trip will include an ascent of Mount Etna. He takes with him a 3-inch Clark telescope; with this he will examine various test objects at stations in Europe. On his return to the United States he will visit different places in the West, and, using the same telescope and the same test objects, he will be able to intelligently and systematically compare the various stations visited in respect to their purely astronomical conditions.

The longitude expedition under Lieutenant Commander F. M. Green, U.S.N., has returned to the United States. He has determined the longitudes (by telegraph) which are numbered in the following list of stations:

1. Lisbon—Madeira.
2. Madeira—St. Vincent.
3. St. Vincent—Pernambuco.

a. Pernambuco—Port Spain, Trinidad.

b. Pernambuco—Rio de Janeiro.

(*a* and *b* could not be done on account of the breaking of the cables.)

4. Rio—Monte-Video.
5. Monte-Video—Buenos Ayres.

c. Buenos Ayres—Cordoba.

d. Cordoba—Santiago de Chile.

(*c* and *d* have been done by Dr. Gould.)

South America is thus connected telegraphically with Europe—an important work. The next step is to connect Panama with Santiago, and thus practically to join South America with Washington.

Among the noteworthy publications called forth by the recent solar eclipse are two in the November (1878) number of the *Princeton Review*, by Professor Newcomb and Professor C. A. Young. The first deals with the present state of our actual knowledge of the sun, and the second gives a very full account of the special work done at the 1878 eclipse.

The Greenwich Observatory has been engaged for some years in the determination of the motions of stars in the line of sight, spectroscopically. In the *Monthly Notices R. A. S.* for 1878, Vol. 38, No. 9, Mr. Christie has given his results for fifty-one stars in detail and in tabular form. The table gives the name of each star, its velocity of recession (+) or approach (−) in miles according to Dr. Huggins and to the measures made at Greenwich with two spectroscopes—a ten-prism spectroscope (I.) and a half-prism spectroscope (II.). The principal results are shown in the following table:

Star.	Huggins.	I.	II.
β Orionis	+15	+19	+21
α Orionis	+22	+17	+22
Sirius	+18−22	+22	+26
Castor	+23−28	+24	+35
Pollux	−49	−46	−21
Regulus	+12−17	+31	+22
Arcturus	−55	−41	−18
α Cygni	−39	−41	....

In *Physics*, an article has appeared in *Nature* upon the science of easy-chairs, in which the physiology of fatigue and of the positions facilitating subsequent rest are discussed at some length. The cause of fatigue being the accumulation within the muscle of the waste products which result from the oxidation which develops its force, these products must be removed in order to rest the muscle. This removal is effected partially by the

circulation, but also by the muscular fasciæ, which act like a pumping apparatus, forcing the waste products into the lymphatics, and so into the general circulation. The article concludes, therefore, that for an easy-chair to be perfect it ought not only to provide for complete relaxation of the muscles, for flexion and consequent laxity of the joints, but also for the easy return of blood and lymph, not merely by the posture of the limbs themselves, but by equable support and pressure against as great a surface of the limbs as possible. It is interesting consequently to notice how these requirements are all fulfilled by the chair in the shape of a straggling W, which the languor consequent upon a relaxing climate has taught the natives of India to make, and which is known all over the civilized world.

Kraewitsch has modified the suggestion of Mendelejeff in regard to barometers, and has applied it to portable instruments of this sort. In place of the long capillary tube which the latter used to extend his barometer, and through which the air is expelled, Kraewitsch makes the top of his barometer tube end in a small siphon manometer, the tube being capillary. If air remain in the barometer chamber, the tube is suitably inclined, and the mercury rises and drives the air through the capillary recurved tube into the closed limb. The mercury which remains in the capillary tube acts like a valve, and prevents the return of the air into the barometer.

Bichat has proposed a simple and easily constructed apparatus for measuring approximately the velocity of sound, as a lecture experiment. A tube of sheet-tin ten meters long is made in the form of a U, with its ends near each other. Over one end is stretched a rubber membrane, and the other is closed by a cork through which passes a glass tube, by which this end may be connected through a rubber tube with one of Marey's manometric capsules. Near the former end is an opening in the tube, which by means of a similar cork and tube is connected with a second Marey's capsule. These capsules are placed in front of a blackened cylinder so that the styles upon the ends of their levers shall trace lines upon the cylinder when it is turned. By the side of these levers is placed a tuning-fork giving a hundred vibrations per second, which records its trace also upon the cylinder. The experiment is made in the following way: A slight blow is given by the hand upon the membrane, the cylinder being turned at the same time. The styles of the two capsules register the moment of starting and arriving of the impulse, and that of the fork gives the interval of time between them. With a ten-meter tube this time is that of three vibrations of the fork, or three-hundredths of a second. Hence the velocity of sound is 333.3 meters per second. With two similar tubes the velocities in two different gases, such as air and hydrogen, for example, may be compared.

Alluard has described a new condensing hygrometer similar in principle to that of Regnault, but having two points of difference which the author considers manifest advantages. These are, 1st, the portion of the hygrometer on which the deposited dew is observed is a plane surface of polished silver or gilded brass; 2d, this plane surface is surrounded by a similar surface of polished silver or gilded brass, which is nowhere in contact with it, and which, as it is never cooled, always preserves its lustre. The deposit of dew is observed so readily upon this flat plate that there is scarcely an appreciable difference between the readings at which the dew is deposited and that at which it disappears. The apparatus has been given a form much more convenient than that of Regnault, though it is used in the same way. The air may be aspirated or forced through it.

Cornu has given a preliminary note on the results of his researches upon the ultra-violet spectrum in continuation of those of Angström. He divides his paper into two parts, the one comprising that portion observable with ordinary spectroscopes with glass prisms, the second extending much beyond this, observable photographically by means of a spectroscope with quartz lenses and an Iceland spar prism. The former extends from the line h' with a wave length of 410.10, to the line O with a wave length of 343.97. The latter extends from O to the line U, whose wave length is 294.80. Up to S the lines were seen by direct solar light, using a reflecting grating. Beyond this their identity with lines in the iron spectrum was established, and then these latter were measured. In studying the composition of this absorbing layer to which the dark lines in the ultra-violet region are due, Cornu observes that iron takes the first place, then come nickel and magnesium, calcium, aluminum, sodium, and hydrogen, and finally manganese, cobalt, titanium, chromium, and tin. Hence his conclusion that the position and the relative intensity of the dark lines of the solar spectrum are explicable by the action of an absorbing layer existing on the sun—a layer the composition of which is analogous to that of volatilized aerolites. This enormous layer of iron vapor may exert an appreciable magnetic effect even upon the earth, producing the diurnal variations.

Petrouschewsky has communicated to the Physical Society of St. Petersburg the results of some experiments upon the electric light made with the Siemens-Alteneck machine. Simultaneous measurements were made of the light with a Foucault photometer, of the radiated heat with a thermopile, of the current strength with a galvanometer, supplemented by the voltameter, and of the power consumed with a Morin's dynamometer. The figures obtained show that the machine consumed from 3.1 to 10.5 horse-powers, gave a mean current which decomposed 400 milligrams of water per minute, and produced a light varying from 4800 to 9600 candles. The minimum light obtained was 1000 candles, and the maximum 14,800 candles.

On the question of the cost of the electric light, *Engineering* gives some facts with reference to the Jablochkoff candle. The cost of sixteen Jablochkoff candles at the Paris Exhibition is given as about $2 10 per hour. The light from these sixteen candles is estimated by the company as equal to 1600 gas jets, each burning $3\frac{3}{4}$ cubic feet per hour, or 6000 cubic feet in all. Since gas in Paris costs the public about $1 70, and the city one-half this, it is easy to calculate that the cost of the gas required to give the same amount of light as the Jablochkoff candles gave for $2 10 per hour, would be $10 25 to the public and half this to the city. In London, where gas is only 75 cents, the cost per hour would be $4 50 for this amount of light.

Stearns, so well known for his connection with the duplex systems of land telegraphy, has now succeeded in duplexing the Atlantic cable, thereby sending two messages in opposite directions at the same time, and doubling the capacity of the cable. The essence of duplex telegraphy is to obtain an electrical balance round on the line such that the sending instrument is not affected by currents circulating round it coming from the sending end, but only by currents received from the opposite end, and *vice versa*. Hence if the balance be once obtained, double transmission is possible. This balance Stearns has succeeded in obtaining by the use of his system as applied to land lines, and without the aid of the additional arrangements of artificial condensers used by Dr. Muirhead. The cable used was the Anglo-American.

In *Chemistry*, quite a number of new elements have been discovered. The first was announced in July by Lawrence Smith, having been discovered in the mineral samarskite from North Carolina; he has called it *mosandrum*, and has classed it with the cerium group. The second was announced on October 14 by Delafontaine. It also is from samarskite, and is distinguished very sharply by the absorption spectrum of its concentrated solutions. He names it *philippium*, and assigns to it an atomic weight of 90 to 95. The third was described also in October—on the 22d—by Marignac, and was obtained from the mineral gadolinite. The name given to it is *ytterbium*, as it recalls at once yttrium and erbium by its properties. Its atomic weight is 115. The fourth was announced on the 28th of October by Delafontaine as existing in samarskite. It also was detected by the spectroscope. It is called *decipium*, from *decipiens* (deceiving), and has an atomic weight of about 122. According to Delafontaine, samarskite contains the earths yttria, erbia, terbia, philippia, decipia, thoria, didymia, and ceria. He rejects the mosandrum of Smith, and affirms mosandria to be identical with terbia.

Clarke has experimented upon the estimation of mercury by the electrolytic method with quite satisfactory results. The solution of the mercury salt, acidulated with sulphuric acid, is placed in a platinum vessel connected with the zinc pole of a carbon battery of six cells. A piece of platinum foil is dipped in the liquid, being placed in connection with the carbon pole. A mercurous salt is at first precipitated, but this is gradually reduced, until at the end of an hour it is completely converted into metal. This is separated from the solution, washed, dried, and weighed.

Hofmann has noticed the curious fact that when zinc is dissolved in hydrochloric acid, explosions often take place on the surface of the liquid. These he explains by supposing that the gas in its evolution throws up small portions of zinc rendered porous by the action of the acid, and that these finely divided particles coming in contact with the air act like spongy platinum, and cause the explosion.

List has succeeded in forming a series of compounds analogous to magnetic oxide of iron, but in which the ferrous oxide is replaced by magnesium, zinc, calcium, barium, manganous, cuprous, nickelous, and lead oxides respectively. The preparation was effected in the wet way, and the compounds were all magnetic.

Gladstone and Tribe have been led to compare the reducing action of the occluded hydrogen in palladium and platinum with that of the copper-zinc couple. Copper-hydrogen and carbon-hydrogen were also tried. They conclude that the activity of the so-called nascent hydrogen is due to its being occluded by the metal in contact with which it is set free in all cases where its power is thus exerted.

Anthropology.—Quite an absorbing interest was awakened in tracing the source of aboriginal stone implements by the work of Dr. Fischer on jadeite, which appeared a year or two since. Dr. Fischer became convinced by his researches that American archæologists would do well to secure the co-operation of our great government surveys in locating quarries of obsidian, jasper, pipe-stone, soap-stone, mica, and other minerals earnestly sought after by the ancient aborigines. In answer to this request, Mr. W. H. Holmes, the distinguished artist of the Hayden Survey, sends us the following note:

"The most extensive deposits of obsidian yet known in this country were found last summer in the Yellowstone Park. Arrow points and flakes of obsidian had previously been collected in the various valleys about the sources of the Missouri and Snake rivers, but the source of supply was unknown. Near the head of the middle fork of Gardiner's River, in the northwestern part of the Park, deposits of this rock nearly 600 feet in thickness and of unknown horizontal extent were found. In making examinations of the strata at this point I noticed the occurrence of great numbers of flakes of obsidian. These are most plentiful along an old Indian trail, and after a careful search nearly a dozen more or less perfect implements were obtained. Among these was a beautiful leaf-shaped specimen 3 inches wide and 4 inches long, also a conical or pyramidal object that is probably a scraper. The base of the last named is $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, and is nearly circular. Its length is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the flaked surfaces extend from the base to the irregular apex. These implements show little or no evidence of having been used. There were also a number of rude and apparently unfinished implements, as well as fragments. The quantities of flaked fragments indicate that a great deal of the implement-making material has been procured here by the savage tribes. Mining was quite unnecessary, as inexhaustible supplies of the finest obsidian lie in fragments on the surface."

Mr. George Shoemaker, of Georgetown, D.C., has discovered a fine aboriginal soap-stone quarry on the Virginia side of the Potomac, near the Chain Bridge. This is the third quarry of this kind which has come to light near Washington.

So much attention has been given to Colonel Mallery's Nashville paper on the alleged decrease of population among the North American Indians that we are likely to have a recurrence of the "three black crows." The latest publications, in their zeal to do the colonel justice, are in danger of doing him harm by making him say that there never has been any diminution in our Indians. To show what he really did say, we quote the closing paragraph of the paper read before the American Association in 1877: "The conclusions submitted are that the native population of the territory occupied by the United States at its discovery has been wildly overestimated; that while many of its component bodies have diminished

or been destroyed by oppression and violence, their loss has been in large part compensated by gain among others; that the 'blight' and 'withering,' or *ferœ naturæ* theory, is proved absolutely false; and that though some temporary retrogradation must always be expected among individual tribes at the crisis of their transition from savagery and barbarism to more civilized habits, yet now the number of our Indians is on the increase, and will naturally so continue, unless repressed by causes not attributable to civilization, but to criminal misgovernment, until their final absorption into the wondrous amalgam of all earth's people, which the destiny of this country may possibly effect."

We frequently hear, in conversing upon the antiquities of America, such remarks as this: "What a pity something can not be done to preserve these monuments!" It may serve to show the feasibility of accomplishing this if we turn to Denmark, where a scheme for the conservation of antiquities and national monuments has been in operation for many years. The Danish law of 1737 claims for the crown, what immemorial custom had established, all treasures or deposits of gold, silver, and precious objects; and the finder was bound on certain penalties to hand over to the treasury whatever he had discovered. But as many things were secretly consigned to the melting-pot under this old *régime*, in 1752 an ordinance was passed which, while it claimed for the crown as before all *danefae* (property of the dead), allowed him full pay for the metal, and a small *honorarium* for his trouble. The remuneration always accrues to the finder, except when the owner of the soil has at his own expense made excavations for the purpose of finding treasure.

In 1807 the Danish government established a commission for the preservation of antiquities. This commission was replaced in 1849 by a committee of two directors. In 1866 the two offices, with those of the historic and ethnographic collections, were united in one, under the direction of one man, Professor Worsaae. The law, to accomplish any good in our country, should be very carefully framed, so as to appeal to the sense of propriety of those whose property it sought to control. The reckless destruction of remains and the wholesale shipment of relics abroad are certainly things greatly to be deprecated.

On the 16th of August the Congrès International des Sciences Anthropologiques was opened in Paris in connection with the International Exposition. Dr. Paul Broca in his opening address called attention to the rapidity with which anthropology had passed among the exact sciences: "Ce qui fait la force de cette science, ce qui lui permis de passer rapidement de l'enfance à la maturité, c'est l'emploi des méthodes rigoureuses d'observation." Dr. Thulie, president of the Municipal Council of Paris, made a report upon anthropological societies and anthropological instruction. Dr. Paul Topinard, professor in the School of Anthropology, made a report on anatomical, biological, and pathological anthropology. M. Girard de Rialle made a report upon the ethnology of Europe, Western Asia, and America. Dr. Bordier reported upon the ethnology of Eastern Asia, Africa, and Oceanica; Professor G. de Mortillet reported upon palæo-ethnology, especially with reference to geological time; M. Émile Cartailhac upon the neolithic period; and M. E. Chantre upon the period of bronze and the first age of iron. Dr. Chervin made a report on demography in its relations to anthropology. All papers offered were read at least by title, and will be published *in extenso* in connection with the report of the Exposition. Certainly no work has ever appeared on anthropology which has excited so much interest as will be awakened by these volumes.

Students of *Zoology* will be interested in Wallace's *Tropical Nature*, which presents a general sketch of tropical life, particularly animals. Animal life is more abundant and with a greater variation in species than in the temperate zones, many groups—as butterflies, parrots, humming-birds, apes and monkeys, lizards, frogs, and snakes—being pre-eminently tropical. The reason of this is, states Wallace, that in the tropics "evolution has had a fair chance," while in the temperate zone, with its glacial periods, "it has had countless difficulties thrown in its way. The equatorial regions are, then, as regards their past and present life history, a more ancient world than that represented by the temperate zones—a world in which the laws which have governed the progressive development of life have operated with comparatively little check for countless ages, and have resulted in those infinitely varied and beautiful forms, those wonderful eccentricities of structure, of function, and of instinct, that rich variety of color, and that nicely balanced harmony of relations which delight and astonish us in the animal productions of all tropical countries."

It appears that gigantic land tortoises formerly inhabited not only Malta, the Galapagos, and other oceanic islands, but also the West Indies. Mr. A. A. Julien states in *Nature* that in the guano beds of Sombrero Key, which is probably merely the eroded remnant of an atoll, the bones found in the guano were submitted a number of years ago to the late Professor Wyman, who wrote that one of the species of turtle "is certainly extinct and of gigantic size, equalling the largest specimens which are found living in any part of the world, and thus surpassing any now found in North or South America. The nearest instances of turtles of similar size are in the Galapagos Islands, where is found *T. elephantopus*."

The reproductive habits of the common eel of this country (*Anguilla bostoniensis*) are being investigated by Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., who has, with the aid of local observers, determined that the eel in New England descends rivers in the autumn, and lives in the salt-water at the mouth of rivers and in harbors. During October and November females have been found in spawn, and the late autumn and early winter is without much doubt the spawning time. He has found males containing sperm cells in different stages of development, and after microscopic examination of the ovaries and testes, he has been able to identify the sexes readily. The females appear to be larger, and with a clearer, brighter under side of the body, with a rich yellowish tint along each side of the median silvery ventral band. The males are darker, and beneath are dull silvery, with no yellowish tint. The spermatozoa are very small, as are the eggs, none of the latter being more than half a millimeter in diameter. During the spawning season the ovaries are very full, and immense numbers of eggs must be laid. From his own observations and the statements made

by eel fishermen, the history of the eels will probably eventually be found to be somewhat as follows: In the autumn the eels spawn in salt or brackish water at the mouths of estuaries and rivers; the young are about two or three inches long by the end of spring. At the end of the first year they are about a foot or fifteen inches in length; they attain sexual maturity and spawn at the end of their second year. This outline of their probable life history remains to be proved or disproved.

In a recent Portuguese book of African travel noticed in the *Academy*, the reviewer states that it is curious that the character given by Senhor Neres of the African elephant almost coincides with that given nearly contemporaneously by Mr. Sanderson of the Indian elephant. According to Senhor Neres, the African elephant is inoffensive, timid, and hardly ever aggressive, even in self-defense. Though there is a certain evident risk in the pursuit of an animal of such huge size and power, Senhor Neres pronounces the stories of peril and fatal mishaps as told by too many elephant-hunters to be mostly fables, and the sport of elephant-shooting is clearly no better than butchery. There is nothing in his account of the animal against the feasibility of the recent proposals which have been made to tame the African elephant and utilize it in the exploration and *exploitation* of tropical Africa.

It is another coincidence between the habits of the *ferœ naturœ* of two great continents, that what has been alleged in mitigation of the popular sentence upon the tiger of India is likewise claimed for the African lion. The tiger-hunters of India plead for their quarry that in pursuing deer and other animals destructive to the peasant's crops it does him and the state a positive benefit, and should, therefore, not be destroyed as vermin; it is only, they say, the old tigers or those made infirm by disease which, too feeble to follow their natural game, take to cattle-killing or prey on man. Senhor Neres says what is nearly equivalent of the lions of Southern Africa. They serve the useful purpose of checking the multiplication of the teeming herds in the plain country; only those which no longer possess speed enough to overtake the wild deer and gnus and antelopes attack the farmer's *corral*, pulling down the palings which form it, and carrying off an ox or two from the herd within.

Two parts of the *Monograph of the Felidæ*, by Mr. D. G. Elliott, have appeared. This elaborate work is illustrated by the distinguished zoological artist Wolf—remarkable for his accuracy of drawing and delicacy of coloring.

In *Botany*, we have to notice but little that has appeared within the last month. In the *Botaniska Notiser* is a paper by Dr. Wittrock, on the American species of *Œdogonium* and *Bulbochæte*. The species, which are thirty-one in number, come principally from tropical America, and Dr. Wittrock remarks that the œdogoniaceous vegetation of America differs, upon the whole, but little from the European. At the end of the paper are given some criticisms on species of *Œdogonium* and *Bulbochæte* described by Professor Wood in his work on the fresh-water algæ of the United States.

In the Memoirs of the Academy of St. Petersburg is an interesting paper on the algæ of the White Sea, by Dr. Gobi. The species are principally those known to grow in arctic regions, but Dr. Gobi has some valuable remarks on the identity of certain species supposed to be distinct.

In the *Botanische Zeitung* Professor Hermann Hoffmann has an article on the duration of leaves. The article treats of those evergreen leaves which do not belong to coniferous trees. Labels made of tin-foil were attached to the leaf stalks as the leaves expanded, and by this means the duration was registered. In the case of the holly-tree it was found that the duration was about twenty-five months. The leaves of the *Olea europœa* lasted at the longest twenty-six months.

Dr. Stahl and Professor Strassburger have in two independent papers given accounts of their observations on the influence of light and warmth on the motions of zoospores. It will be remembered that in this journal there has already been given an account of the experiments by Sachs in regard to the figures which small particles assume when suspended in water, and that he thought it probable that the motions of zoospores were to be accounted for by the presence of currents in the water. Stahl maintains that in addition to the influence of currents there is a direct influence produced by light upon the motions of zoospores. Strassburger also maintains that zoospores are acted upon by the light, and says that they either act regardless of the intensity of the light, in which case he calls them aphotometric, or else they are influenced by changes in the intensity, in which case he calls them photometric. He finds that the blue, indigo, and violet rays alone act on the zoospores, and the indigo rays have the greatest effect.

In the *Journal of Botany*, Mr. Craig-Christie has a note on *Molinia cœrulea*, one of the grass family, which, on the authority of Mr. Routledge, might prove useful in paper-making, as it contains but little silica. A *Conspectus Florœ Europœ* has been published by C. F. Wyman, of which the first part includes the orders from *Ranunculaceœ* to *Pomaceœ*.

In the London *Journal of Botany* Professor Asa Gray calls attention to the discovery of solitary sub-radical flowers in the axils of the leaf sheaths in a form of *Scirpus supinus*. They may almost always be found in small individuals, their long capillary styles being rather conspicuous.

The seventy-eighth fascicle of the *Flora Brasiliensis* consists of the *Cucurbitaceœ*, monographed by A. Cogniaux, of Brussels. Numerous new species are described, and there are thirty-eight excellent plates.

The *Torrey Bulletin* contains a notice by Professor D. C. Eaton of four ferns new to the United States, viz., *Ceratopteris thalictroides*, *Cheilanthes microphylla*, *Asplenium firmum*, and *Asplenium cicutarium*. They all were found growing in Florida.

In the same journal is a note from Mr. Thomas Meehan on the occurrence of the common heath of Europe, *Calluna vulgaris*, near Egg Harbor City, New Jersey. Mr. Meehan has examined the locality, and thinks it probable that the plant, of which there is but a single specimen, was introduced by an Englishman named Habersak, who settled in that region about twelve years ago.

The last number of the *Botanical Gazette* contains a list of the ferns of Trinidad, collected by the well-known traveller Mr. August Fendler, and determined by Professor Eaton. Sets of about seventy-eight species are for sale at the herbarium of Harvard University.

In the same journal is a note on the secretions of the leaves of *Darlingtonia californica*, by Mrs. R. M. Austin. Mr. Lemmon concludes his account of the big trees of California, giving some interesting measurements of the "Father of the Forest," which Mr. Lemmon thinks is about 1500 years old.

Engineering and Mechanics.—Despite the unfavorable comments aroused by the elevated railways of New York, a proposition for a high-level steam road similar in character has been made in Philadelphia. The projector of this line is the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which during the past month asked of the Committee of Councils the privilege of constructing an elevated road for freight only on Market Street, to connect the company's freight dépôt at Sixteenth Street with the Schuylkill. Definite action upon the proposal was postponed. The company's representative claimed that a line such as proposed would greatly facilitate handling and distribution of freight to the numerous forwarding and commission houses on the route, and would materially contribute to the freedom of traffic at the street level, which is now seriously impeded by the hauling of numerous freight cars to and fro at all hours.

After examining several routes for the proposed Chesapeake and Delaware ship-canal across the peninsula, it is reported that the engineers, who have for some time been engaged in making surveys, give the preference to that from Seaford. Soundings are now being taken in the Nanticoke at that place.

The *Railroad Gazette* for November 15 reports that up to that date there had been constructed in the United States, during the year 1878, 1777 miles of new railroad, against 1867 miles reported for the corresponding period of 1877, 1931 for 1876, 1128 for 1875, 1594 for 1874, and 3228 for 1873. By far the largest proportion of new mileage during the past year, as during a number of years preceding, is to be credited to the Western States.

At the recent meeting of the International Congress of Commercial Geography, held in Paris, M. De Lesseps brought before the session the project for the interoceanic canal across the American isthmus. He referred to the recent explorations for a route across the Darien Isthmus made under the command of Lieutenant Wyse, of the French navy, the general details of which have already found a place in our columns. The Congress favored the project of a canal, and resolved "that there had been surveys enough, and that an international committee should meet as soon as possible to organize a company, to raise funds, and put the canal through."

From lately published official statistics we learn the total number and tonnage of iron vessels constructed in the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1878. The number of vessels built was thirty-two, of an aggregate tonnage of 26,960.20 tons. This is said to be the second-best record the country has yet made, the highest having been that of 1874, when the tonnage aggregated 33,097 tons. Of the vessels built in 1877–78, nine were ocean propellers, varying in tonnage from 1156 to 3548 tons; one was a lake propeller, of 306 tons; one was a stern-wheel river steamer, of 1028 tons; seven were side-wheel river steamers, varying from 128 to 1285 tons; thirteen were steam-tugs, the largest of which measured 160 tons; and one steam-yacht.

In view of the difficulties arising from the want of a uniform nomenclature for the several forms of iron, Dr. Siemens has proposed to define as cast steel "all compounds consisting chiefly of iron which have been produced through fusion and are malleable." Such a general definition does not interfere with distinctions between cast steel produced by different methods, pot steel, Bessemer steel, or open-hearth steel, nor does it exclude from the denomination of steel materials that may not have been produced by fusion, and which may be capable of tempering.

At the time of this writing the public curiosity has not yet been satisfied by any publication of the reported discoveries of Mr. Edison relating to the adaptation of the electric light for domestic uses—an announcement which, whether authorized or not by the person most interested, has excited a wide-spread interest that pays a flattering tribute to his abilities as an inventor. It is reported, however, upon what authority no one appears to know, that his new plan involves, besides means for the practical subdivision of the current, the employment of some resistant metallic substance for the production of the light, and this metal is supposed, on the same speculative authority, to be platinum. Meanwhile the last month witnessed the advent of a new candidate for public favor in the so-called Sawyer-Mann electric lamp, which appears to possess decided merits. The source of light in this apparatus is a rod or pencil of carbon supported between two carbon poles or terminals, the whole being inclosed hermetically within a glass cylinder or globe filled with an atmosphere of nitrogen, by which artifice the burning away of the carbon rod is prevented. The carbon rod becomes luminous throughout its whole length. A switch is provided, by which the amount of current is controlled, and to maintain a constant resistance, and the intensity of the light may be controlled at will, the carbon being caused to change from dull red to bright white at pleasure.

Referring to a recent notice in these columns from English sources affirming that book bindings in libraries, etc., were in time seriously deteriorated by the constant action of the sulphurous gases given off from burning gas, we deem it proper to present some contradictory evidence upon this subject from so excellent an authority as Dr. Wolcott Gibbs, of Cambridge. He asserts that having made an examination of the bindings of books in the Boston Public Library that were supposed to have been injured by the combustion of coal gas, he concluded that there was no evidence to support that view. He examined also a large number of books in the Astor, Athenæum, and college libraries, where gas had never been used, and found in each a number of old books bound in calf that presented the same appearance as those he saw in the Public Library. He found no free acid whatever in a number of samples analyzed, and is of the opinion that the trouble is to be looked for in the tanning of the leather, and not in the action of gas, the older kinds of leather used by binders being of poor quality and badly tanned.

An interesting fact that may have great value in connection with the future introduction of silk-culture in this country is to be found in the state-

ment made by Professor Riley, of the Department of Agriculture, in a recent paper upon this subject, that he had succeeded in raising an improved breed of worms by crossing the best Japanese and the best French races, which he finds will thrive remarkably well upon the common Osage orange—a tree which flourishes in that portion of the country best adapted to silk-raising, and which is quite exempt from mildew and other diseases that limit the supply of the mulberry.

Professor Boettger has lately published a recipe for electroplating metals with platinum which may prove serviceable. It does away with the disadvantages surrounding the modes in use, according to the author, and yields very satisfactory effects. The salt of platinum heretofore universally used is the double chloride of ammonium and platinum, but its difficult solubility in water was an objection. Boettger sought for a ready solvent for this salt, and affirms to have found it in the neutral citrate of soda, which at the boiling temperature easily dissolves the freshly precipitated platin-ammonium chloride in large quantities, forming thereby a deep orange-colored solution very rich in platinum. By the use of this solution, and with the aid of two Bunsen cells, there is no difficulty in obtaining a lustrous, perfectly homogeneous, and very tenacious deposit of platinum upon other metallic surfaces.

A new product called vegetable isinglass, which is extracted in quantity from sea-weed, is said to yield an excellent size for cotton cloth, and to be extensively used for that purpose in the French factories. One valuable property it is claimed to possess is that of defying at common temperatures both dampness and mildew.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of December.—The third session of the Forty-fifth Congress was begun December 2. The President's Message laid stress upon the recent yellow fever epidemic and the necessity of investigating alleged election frauds and outrages in the Southern States. The first motion toward such an investigation was offered by Mr. Blaine, in the Senate, December 2. On the 11th, Senator Blaine supported his resolution by a speech, to which Senators Thurman and Lamar replied. The resolution was passed, December 17, by a vote of 56 to 6.

On the 5th, the Senate appointed a committee to act with one from the House in the investigation of the yellow fever epidemic. Fifty thousand dollars were appropriated to this purpose.

The appropriation bills have been carried through both Houses with unusual dispatch. Among these were the West Point Military Academy Bill, appropriating $316,647; the Fortification Bill, $500,000; the Consular and Diplomatic Bill; and the Pension Bill, appropriating $29,366,000. The Naval Bill was passed by the House on the 10th. The House, on the 17th, passed a bill appropriating $450,000 to cover the postal-car deficiency.

The Senate passed Mr. Edmunds's Electoral Bill on the 13th, by a vote of 35 to 26.

A bill to regulate inter-State commerce was passed in the House, December 11, by a vote of 139 to 101.

December 20, both Houses adjourned until January 7.

General Lewis Wallace was appointed by the President Governor of New Mexico, December 4.

On the 17th of December gold was sold in New York at par. It was first sold at a premium January 13, 1862. It reached its highest rate, $2 85, July 11, 1864.

Governor George S. Houston was elected United States Senator by the Alabama Legislature November 27. Governor Wade Hampton was elected United States Senator by the South Carolina Legislature December 10.

The British Parliament met December 5. The portion of the Queen's speech touching the Afghan war was warmly debated. In the House of Lords, December 10, the amendment offered by Viscount Halifax censuring the government was defeated, 201 to 65. In the House of Commons, on the 13th, a similar resolution of censure offered by Mr. Whitbread was rejected, 328 to 227. Mr. Fawcett's amendment pronouncing the proposition to levy the war expenses on India unjust was rejected by a majority of 110. Parliament adjourned until February 13.

In the mean time the advance of the British army in Afghanistan has been steady and successful. The latest foreign advices (unofficial) report the flight of Shere Ali, the Afghan Ameer, leaving his son, Yakoob Khan, in control of the government.

DISASTERS.

November 25.—The steam-ship *Pommerania*, of the Hamburg-American Line, was run into by the bark *Moel Eilian* and sunk in the English Channel during a fog. Fifty-five lives lost.

December 19.—The steamer *Byzantium*, from Marseilles for Constantinople, was sunk in a collision. One hundred and fifty lives lost.

OBITUARY.

November 29.—In Philadelphia, Louis A. Godey, publisher and editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, in his seventy-fifth year.

November 31.—In New York city, the Hon. Lyman Tremain, in his sixtieth year.

December 21.—In Washington, D. C., General Alpheus S. Williams, member of the House of Representatives from Michigan, aged sixty-eight years.

December 1.—In London, George Henry Lewes, a distinguished philosophical author, aged sixty years.

December 5.—In England, George John Whyte-Melville, the novelist, aged fifty-seven years.

December 6.—In Madrid, Spain, Señor Nicolas Maria Rivero, chief of the Spanish Progressists, about sixty years of age.

December 14.—The Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, Princess Alice of England, Queen Victoria's second daughter, aged thirty-five years.

December 19.—In Berlin, Bayard Taylor, the well-known author, and American minister to Germany, aged fifty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE October number of the Drawer contained an anecdote from Brownsville, Texas, in which was a covert hit at a "Mr. G——." Although no name was given, it seems to have been deemed of sufficient importance to be made the subject of a note to us from General Sheridan, vindicating the gentleman alluded to from an aspersion upon his patriotism. Attempts are frequently made to get anecdotes into the Drawer for ulterior purposes, usually without success. The Brownsville one appears to have been of this sort, and we regret that it was inserted.

THUS writes a gentleman, now resident in New York, who was formerly one of the most distinguished public men of the South:

"That Drawer of yours I presume has a wider reputation than any other receptacle of fun in the whole literary world. I have heard at least one thousand people say, when they would hear a good story, 'That is good enough for *Harper's* Drawer.' I happened last week to spend a few days in Washington, and while visiting my old friend Mr. Stephens, he told me, knowing that I knew old Bob, the inclosed anecdote, and several gentlemen present exclaimed, 'That is good enough for *Harper's* Drawer.' If you think so, it is yours, as I am, Yours truly, —— ——."

In July last the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens made a periodical visit to his old homestead in Taliaferro County, Georgia. The plantation is now under the supervision of a favorite old servant, who has charge of all his former servants who are unable to support themselves, either from one or another reason, and the products of the farm are devoted to that purpose. "Old Bob" always was free—in other words, he never felt the yoke of slavery. He was always full of his jokes, and always addressed his old master and his master's friends on terms of equality. On this occasion, when Mr. S. was about to leave, he said, "Bob, I've a notion to come down and take dinner with you soon. Have you got any thing in your larder to serve up for me and a friend, if I should bring one?"

Thereupon Bob broke out in a loud guffaw, and exclaimed, "Why, Master Alex, hard as de times is, we still have something for stragglers whenever dey comes along."

WHEN we made an excursion in Southern Utah not long ago we were hospitably entertained by the Mormon bishop at Richfield. He was a Scotchman, and had been brought up a rigid Presbyterian. "Ah, well," said he, "they think ill of me at home for changing my religion; but there was my brother Aleck who took it most to heart. He was on his way last year to California, and turned off the road a bit to see me, and to try to bring me back into the fold. When he got here he spent the whole evening in lecturing me, and then went to bed. In the morning I gave him the best breakfast the country would afford—coffee and rolls, trout, beef, and venison steak, and such like. Poor Aleck! he looked all over the table, and then turned upon me his sorrowful face, blurting out, 'Oh, Jamie, mon! Jamie, mon! did I ever think it would come to this? I could hae forgien ye a' yer poleegamy, *but hae ye gien up yer parritch?*'"

THE sanguinary experience related in the following comes to the Drawer from a Virginia gentleman:

Here is a good satire upon the custom that prevails in this State (Virginia) of bestowing a military title upon any person who can establish the remotest claim to it.

Some time ago I had the following conversation with a Virginian "colonel"—an elderly gentleman, belonging, of course, to one of the first families. He was a man of great intelligence, of a very jovial turn, and had withal such a keen sense of humor that he enjoyed a joke none the less because it happened to be at his own expense. I said to him:

"Colonel, did you see much service during the war?"

"Oh no; I was not in the army at all. I had passed the military age before the war began."

"Ah! then you served in 1812?"

"No, Sir; that time it was just the other way—I was too young then."

"I suppose, then, you were a colonel of volunteers in the Mexican war?"

"You are wrong again, Sir. I never was in Mexico."

"Oh, I see now how it is—you were a militia colonel during the piping times of peace?"

"No, Sir; I never served in the militia."

"Well, then, will you please tell me how on earth you got your title of colonel?"

"Why, that's very easily explained. You see, there used to be, before the war, a law imposing a fine for not attending the militia musters. And they made me a colonel *on account of my promptness in paying the fine.*"

REV. DR. WELLS, who died at Boston December 1, 1878, at the age of eighty-five years, was a Christian philanthropist of purest stamp, and was always persistent in doing what he conceived to be his duty. His character is fully portrayed in some *Reminiscences* of him charmingly told by Dr. Samuel W. Francis, of Newport, Rhode Island, a son of the late eminent Dr. John W. Francis, of New York.

Dr. Wells never ate meat on Fridays. He was a frequent guest at the house of Dr. Francis the elder, and as Dr. Wells was very abstemious, there was a constant playful struggle for and against generous living. "I remember," says Dr. Francis the younger, in his *Reminiscences*, "in particular when one morning at breakfast matters came to a crisis. Father had helped Dr. Wells to rolls, butter, and hominy—so far, good enough; but when he came to a broiled porter-house steak (it being Friday), Dr. Wells rose in argument, and urged its non-acceptance. Father persisted; said Dr. Wells was dying by inches; why starve himself by slow torture? why not commit suicide in a more dignified manner? He would not have a coroner's jury in his house, etc. Seeing the excitement of Dr. Francis, Dr. Wells quietly submitted, and received a delicate piece of the tenderest portion of the steak, on which a little gravy was

poured. The conversation took a different channel: Hannah More, Tillotson, original depravity, Boston east winds, and various other subjects were discussed with animation and interest. From the corner of the table I saw what was going on. Dr. Wells continued to eat his roll and drink his tea, keeping his eyes on father, and now and then, when conversation flagged, telling one of his admirable anecdotes. Gradually the steak disappeared—he was burying it beneath the mound of hominy; and, playing with his food, at last concealed every vestige of the meat, and laid his knife and fork across his plate. Father looked down, and seeing 'all gone,' smiled triumphantly, and said:

"'The apostle is saved, his life is spared; we have, at least, got the active principle of vitality into his system. Why, boys, I can see the good effects already. There is a slight tendency to apoplexy even now in his face; his eye looks wilder,' etc.

"It was irresistible. A smile began to ripple over Dr. Wells's face, and he exclaimed, with a sigh:

"'Dear doctor, I feel much better. You are too kind;' and looked down on his plate. He could not deceive. In a moment all was discovered, the steak exhumed, and Dr. Wells was forgiven for 'the immense talent evinced on so important an occasion.'"

The pulpit took a free hand in the late Massachusetts election, the clergy manifesting their preferences and dislikes as distinctly as they could without calling names. Father Taylor, the well-remembered seaman's preacher of Boston, was, in his day, more outspoken. It was on the occasion of an exciting contest, in which temperance was the absorbing question. Thus he wrestled with the Lord in prayer: "O Lord! give us good men to rule over us—pure men who fear Thee, religious men, temperate men, men whom we can trust, men who— Pshaw! O Lord! what's the use of veering and hauling and boxing round the compass?—give us George N. Briggs for Governor. Amen." And the prayer was answered.

Who has not heard of Tom Marshall's wit? I remember being present once when he was making a political speech in the open air from a platform. A fellow, quite tipsy, elbowed his way to the front of the platform below, looked up, and, with thickened utterance, said to the speaker:

"I knowsh oo, Tom Marshall; you're nothin' but a demagogue."

"That may be," said Marshall. "Put a wisp of straw around *your* neck, and you'd be a *demijohn*."

Colonel Forney's new weekly paper, *Progress*, which from its first number has proved so complete a success, is largely devoted to anecdotes and reminiscences of persons of distinction; as, for example, the following of Horace Greeley, who was a candidate for President in 1872:

"Mr. Greeley was an extreme temperance leader, as pure as cool water, even in his blunders, but as much out of place as a Democratic nominee as Bishop Simpson in the Vatican. After he agreed to stand for that high office, the Southern politicians called on him at Chappaqua, his country-seat on the Harlem road, and he benevolently asked them to drink from his famous spring. They were surprised but submissive, until he offered them a second draught, at which Governor ——, of Louisiana, somewhat testily declined, with the remark that that was a beverage he never internally applied. The legend runs that when the party left the white-haired editor, the Governor sadly observed that *he had to drink several cocktails to keep the nomination down.*"

It is not every day that the Drawer has an anecdote that will arrest the attention of the sportsman, but this, fresh from the other side, is exceptionally neat:

When a certain Lady Rolle refused, soon after her husband's death, to let the hounds go out, a learned sergeant-at-law asked Chief Justice —— whether there would be any harm if they were allowed to do so with a piece of crape around their necks. "I can hardly think," said the Chief Justice, "that a piece of crape is necessary; it will surely suffice if they are *in full cry.*"

A famous *raconteur* sends us this, which he heard on a recent visit to the famous shoe-making town of Lynn, Massachusetts, where so many men's soles are tried:

A pious old fellow in Lynn
Believed in original sin;
He "was full on't," he said,
"From his heels to his head,"
And his neighbors believed it, in Lynn.

A few months since we were canvassing for insurance in the town of Independence in this State. Riding up to the fence in front of a farmhouse, where we knew Mr. B—— had once resided, we hailed a middle-aged matron who was washing under the shade of a tree, and asked her if Mr. B——'s house was insured. "His own house in Newburgh is," was her reply. And when we learned that she was Mr. B——'s widow, and that the *house in Newburgh* referred to was her late husband's grave at that place, we thought perhaps a little insurance might not be out of place.

This comes to the Drawer from Waterford, Loudon County, Virginia:

A colored meeting was lately held in this place, at which the attendance was large and the converts numerous. The stove-pipe happening to fall, the minister asked one of the bredderin to put it in position again. Brother Johnson essayed to do it, but being rather slow, the old minister said, "Pick it up, brudder, pick it up; de Lord won't let it burn you."

Brother Johnson, with faith in the assurance, seized the hot pipe, and of course had his hands blistered. He dropped it with the inappropriate remark, "*De debbil he won't!*"

It was just a little heavy for him.

Bishop Asbury, as all good Methodists remember, lived a bachelor, and was accustomed to give some pretty good reasons why, in the early days of itineracy, celibacy was the proper thing—indeed, a necessity—for the clergy, if they would consider simply the prosperity of the Church. Said he, "We have lost the itinerant labors of two hundred of the best men in America by marriage and consequent location." On one circuit in Virginia the girls picked off his preachers so fast that he tried the dodge of sending to the circuit two

decrepit old men, in the belief that nobody would try to allure them into the bonds of wedlock, but to his surprise, they both married during the year. Asbury threw up the sponge, exclaiming, "I am afraid the women and the devil will get all my preachers."

"JOAB," said Parson Jones to the most outrageous liar and, withal, the most reckless fighter in ——, a tall, bony, sallow fellow, originally from Alabama—"Joab, you are a good fellow at heart: why don't you leave off drinking and fighting, and be a Christian?"

"Well, I can't say, parson; seems like I jist can't do it, that's all," replied Joab, solemnly.

"Just think of it, my friend," continued Parson Jones, much encouraged by Joab's apparent concern—"just think of it; you might get killed suddenly. Don't you ever get frightened at the idea of being killed in a fight, and going before your Maker fresh from a disgraceful, murderous scene?"

"Well, parson," drawled Joab, whittling away at a stick, and growing still more solemn, "in one of these here ordinary little fights a feller don't take no consarn about religious matters, 'cause, you know, he don't see no r'al danger in it; but when he gits into one of them 'ere old tussles down in Alabam, and he feels the feller what's a-fightin' him stick his bowie-knife through his heart all up amongst his lungs and a-ticklin' of his neck j'int with the p'int of it, things does begin to take on a sort o' religious aspect—they does, parson, for a fact!"

IN the English language there are few proverbs more universally known and used than, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." Few, however, know how old the saying is. In Heywood's *Proverbs*, published in 1562, is this: "It is an ill wind that blows no man to good." Shakspeare uses it in *Henry VI.*, in Act II., Scene 5: "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody"—a change of form made for the sake of the metre. In *Henry IV.*, Act V., Scene 3, Pistol says, "Not the ill wind which blows none to good."

THE *Galloway Gossip* book concludes with this account of Zedekiah M'Gown, "a curious buddy who went preaching all up and down the shire, partly for half-pennies and partly for religion, for he'd gane crack't wi' religion, which was the reason he preached, and he needit the bawbees to get something to eat with, for spiritual food alone 'll no keep body and soul thegither.

"One Sunday he was preaching in Stonykirk about the Last Day, when, according to his account, the poor folk would be as well off as the lairds and farmers. He told them that at the Last Day the saints would all be clothed in fine linen sarks to distinguish them from the sinners, who would be draped in black, and be swept with a lang cowe-besom into the bottomless pit. This sermon seems to have put it into the heads of his audience to make what preparation they could by procuring white linen sarks in advance. It so happened that Providence on this occasion came to their aid, and sent a Belfast brig, the *William Allen*, to be wrecked at Port-o-Spittal, and very thoughtfully caused said brig to be laden with fine linen and muslins; and so that very Sunday night the hale country-side swarmed down to Port-o-Spittal, and drove away the guard that some sinfu' wretches had placed to watch the wreck. In a very few hours a sufficient quantity of linen had been secured to provide the whole of Stonykirk for any possible contingency, the making of the sarks being the only thing to prevent the Last Day coming when it likit.

"In the morning Zedie M'Gown heard of it, and instead of taking a philosophical view of the affair, he went into a rage about it, and called them rogues and thieves, and went on fearfu'.

"'Ay!' says he, 'ye'll hae a queer account to gie when the Last Day comes; ye'll rue ever ye touched that linen when the angel wi' the last trumpet stands on the tap of Barnchillock, and sounds the notes that 'll wauken the dead. My heart 'll bluid for the people o' Staniekirk, gaun doon to perdition in dizzens wi' the wabs o' Eerish linen hinging about their necks.'

"'Dinna fash yersel aboot them, Mr. M'Gown,' says Kerlie Milravie. 'There'll be nae Last Day for Staniekirk, tak my word for that; the trumpet 'll never blaw here. If ye had only seen them last night at the vessel, ye wud never doot it. Ding it! the minute the angel sets his fit on Barnchillock, the trumpet 'll be clauch oot o' his fingers ere ever he has time tae gie a toot.'

"'Deed, Mr. Milravie,' was Zedekiah's reply, 'I'll no say ye're sae far wrang ava.'

"The authorities offered a reward of £15 for the apprehension and conviction of the delinquents; but as that sum would hardly have been three half-pence apiece for catching them, nobody bothered himself about it. Whether the linen secured on that occasion enabled the Stonykirkers to enter the celestial regions, has, I think, not been found out either."

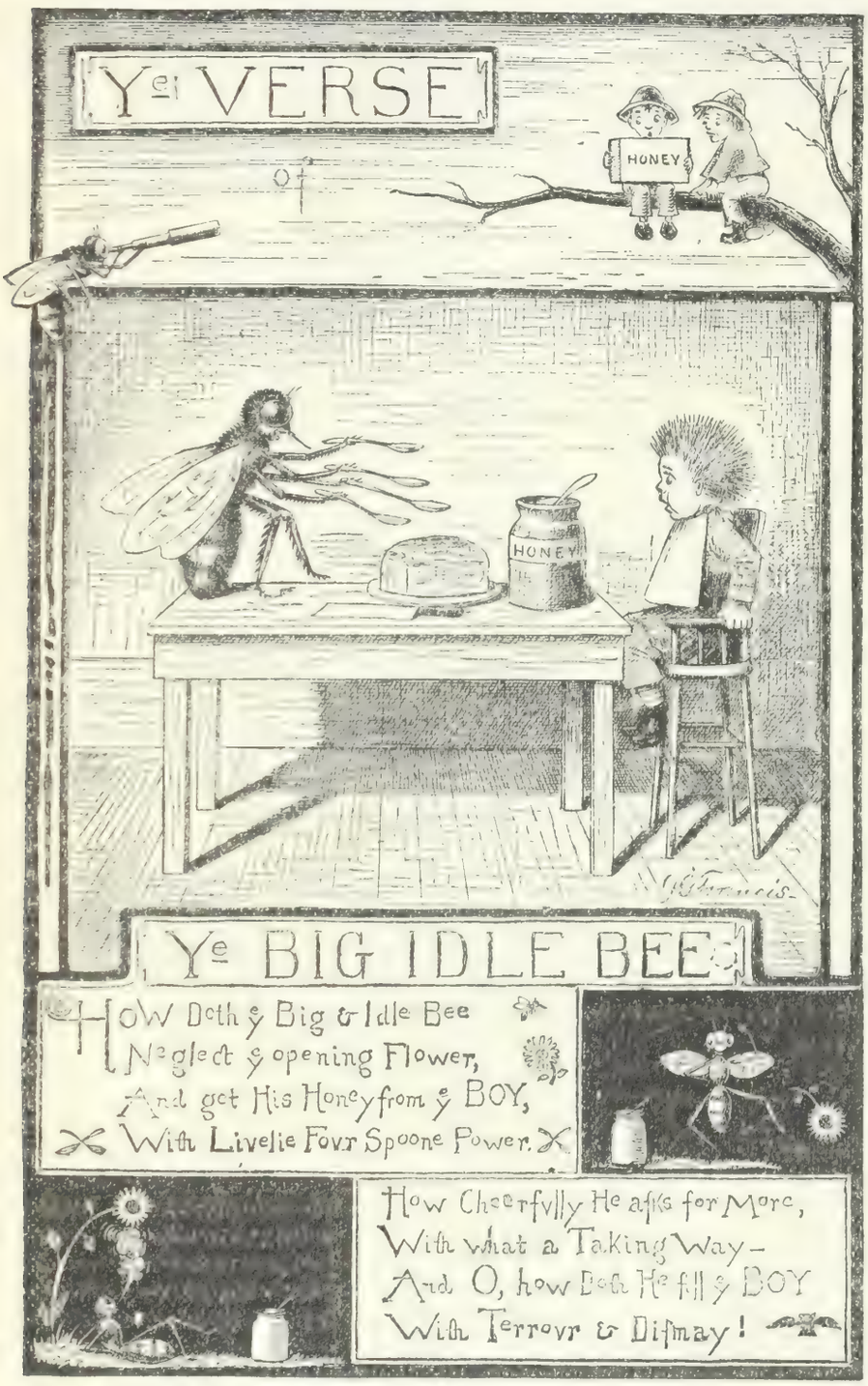
THE "touter" who with his bugle or cornet awakens the echoes on the Gap of Dunloe, on the way to the Lakes of Killarney, is a "nate boy," full of fine feathers and a high sense of "dacency." "During the past summer," said the colonel to us, "I was at the Gap. It was a stormy day, and numerous guides, as we approached the Gap, came with their ponies, in hopes that our party would ride and not walk through it. They saluted us with many pleasant efforts to win our favor, and expatiated upon the immense advantages of taking 'the bit of a pony that was sthrong on the fut [foot], and wid divil a turn of harm or wickedness in him.' Arriving at the place where the carriage ride ceases, and while examining the articles made from the bog and arbutus woods, a touter, who was the guide of another party, looked at me," said the colonel, "and thinking me a fair subject for his experiment, said, 'Shure you'll not be walkin' up the Gap in such a storm as this. Shure a gintlemin like you wouldn't be afther dirtyin' your shoes wid the mud? I know ye'll take a pony. Shure it will cost ye only half a crown, and you wouldn't be onaisy in your mind for a half crown! You had betther take a pony, Sir. There's a fine little lump of a gray, sthrong and shure-futted [footed].' And then," said the colonel, "fancying, or pretending to do so, that I was afraid of the pony, he said, with a side glance at me, 'Is it afraid ye are of the pony? Well, ye needn't be, at all, at all. Ye don't understand the Irish horses. Shure they have wondherful constitutions, and iliments of character that would plaze the king of the

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Arabs, if he could only but see them. And as for that pony, shure I could tell one thing about him that would make ye aisy in your mind.'

"'Well, what's that?'

"'Why, them ponies is like game-cocks—*they'd rather die nor run!*'"



ILLUSTRATED POEM, AFTER ABBEY (A GREAT WAY).

A LEGAL friend in Connecticut sends us this:

One of the most noted characters in Connecticut has been the veteran Brooklyn stage-driver, "Hiram." He rejoiced in the family name of Williams, but of the thousands whom he has carried faithfully only a comparative few knew him as any thing but "Hiram the stage-driver." He was a man of the most grotesque appearance, dressed always in the most dilapidated clothes imaginable, and with a grizzled, wrinkled face, constantly in motion from a never-ceasing mastication of tobacco; but the kernel inside this rough shell was flavored by as good a heart and as bright a wit as often fall to the lot of man. I append a few instances of his quick wit which are worthy of a more than local circulation.

Mr. Holbrook, the special United States mail agent, was some years ago a resident of Brooklyn, and as his business necessitated a great deal of travelling, he rode very frequently with Hiram, with whom he was on the best of terms, and whose quaint remarks he enjoyed greatly. Hiram was, however, a very slow driver, and Mr. H. was continually urging him to hurry; and one day, when he had been particularly impatient, Hiram turned to him and drawled, "Mr. Holbrook, I want to ask a favor of you."

"All right, Hiram, any thing you want. What is it?" replied Mr. H.

"Wa'al," said Hiram, "I want you to promise me that when you die, I can drive the hearse at the funeral."

"Well, I have no objection," said Mr. H. "But why do you ask that?"

Hiram turned, and delivering a slow wink to the rest of the passengers, said, "Wa'al, I want you to ride with me once when you won't be hurrying me all the time."

THE following I took down *verbatim* in shorthand as the words fell from the lips of a broad-faced, well-fed-looking Methodist minister, who was preaching in a country school-house:

"Brethren, much has been said concerning preachers who take delight in the good things of this world. I am one who thinks it very right and proper for a minister to eat heartily and enjoy himself generally. Life is short, and the whole earth is man's. Man can not live on bread alone, nor religion alone. While it is true that Christian faith gives a glorious comfort not to be found elsewhere, it is also true that a yellow-legged chicken, when properly cooked, furnishes an essential joy not especially antagonistic to orthodox religion. Act justly, be charitable, pray fervently, eat heartily, and, my word for it, you will be happy."

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXLVI.—MARCH, 1879.—Vol. LVIII.



"LA MARGUERETTE—THE DAISY."—[WILLIAM M. HUNT.]

PRESENT TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN ART.

IT can not be too often and too carefully impressed on the public mind that no step can be made in advance or upward without something from which to make that advance, and that it is only by fully appreciating the importance of the preliminary steps that we can be fitted to understand the scope and value of every new step in science, ethics, or art. For this reason, while granting and assuming that a new and in some respects superior school of art is taking root in our land, it behooves us to examine very carefully into its claims on our approval, and not hastily to depreciate the great school of landscape painting which has already existed among us for these many years, or the great portrait painters who adorned the early pages of our history.

We have of late been so impressed with the bold technique and sober, thoughtful

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A LANDSCAPE.—[GEORGE INNESS.]

majesty of such landscape painters as Corôt, Dupré, Daubigny, Rousseau, or Jacques, that we have been hardly willing to grant sufficient credit to the passionate love of nature, the conscientious, patient labor, and the thoroughly original and beautiful rendering of scenery of such artists as Durand, Kensett, Whittredge, Church, Bellows, Hart, Bristol, M'Entee, Richards, Sandford R. Gifford, G. L. Brown, and a number of others nearly as gifted. To deny to such painters high poetic and artistic feeling and ability is the sheerest pedantry and narrow exclusiveness. They have shown a wonderful appreciation of the glory of sunset, and the cool, solemn grays of autumn, the melodious beauty of our rivers, and the tender, eloquent grace of our woodland lakes. What if their work has been occasionally too minute in its finish, and their pigments laid on sometimes with more delicacy than strength, the fact remains—a fact that will be better acknowledged perhaps in future ages than by the hastily shifting opinion of our day—that the American school of landscape art has been one of which any country, however advanced in the arts, might justly be proud.

In proceeding, then, to discuss certain new phases of art now urgently demanding our attention, it is in no mood of forgetfulness or lack of appreciation of what has previously been accomplished in this country in art, but rather in recognition of the law which is as inevitable as the march of the stars, that it is by successive steps that the art of a people reaches its culminating point.



STUDY OF A DOG.—[FRANK ROGERS.]

To affirm that the new movement in American art is all that could be desired, that it comprehends within itself the power to

render all the truths of nature, and that it has already reached its highest achievements, would be not only an extreme statement, but would also be unjust to many of the rising and enthusiastic artists to whom we may have occasion to allude. It is rather as a school of promise than one of achievement that we propose to speak of it, while never grudging praise when it is deserved.

It is generally supposed, and often said, that the great art impulse now evident among us is due to the Centennial Exhibition. Nothing could be more erroneous. The Centennial was only the occasion which set in motion or accelerated certain influences which had been gradually gathering momentum for over twenty years. It started a wide-spread impetus for pottery and bric-à-brac, it is true; but an undoubted love for this branch of art had already taken root in the community, and the feverish activity which followed the Exhibition has been displayed chiefly by that pseudo class of amateurs or dilettanti who, in the absence of ideas of their own, trim their sails to go with the tide. No, years before ever the Centennial was mooted a movement had begun which indicated that the study and promotion of art according to normal laws, but by new methods, were about to be undertaken on this side the Atlantic.



A CHILD'S PORTRAIT.—[B. G. PORTER.]

One of the signs of the change was found in the art museums or galleries which almost simultaneously arose in Boston, New Haven, New York, and Washington, founded at considerable expense, and entirely without State aid. With the former two were connected important schools for art instruction, combined with fine casts of the masterpieces of antique plastic art.

Another sign which indicated the awakening art feeling of a great nation was the demand for art education—a want which was met by the establishment of numerous schools or academies of art in our leading cities. It is true that in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York academies had been founded early in the century, and the last especially had become a very important factor in stimulating the latent love for art in our people. The Massachusetts Normal Art School, under the able direction of Mr. Walter Smith, while devoted chiefly to the advancement of industrial art, has also by its example greatly assisted the growth of the art feeling in the popular mind. While much may be said with reason against compulsory instruction of art in the public schools, it would seem that few could be found to object to the education of art instructors, and the addition of an optional art branch to the State schools for the benefit of those who are desirous of art instruction, but are too poor to avail themselves of the advantages offered by such admirable art schools as those of the Cooper Institute and Artists' League in New York, the National Academy or the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, or the Academy in Philadelphia. It may, then, be conceded that the founding of the Massachusetts Normal Art School was not only a strong indication of a growing demand, but that it has also been a very powerful agent in the diffusion of art knowledge in the United States.



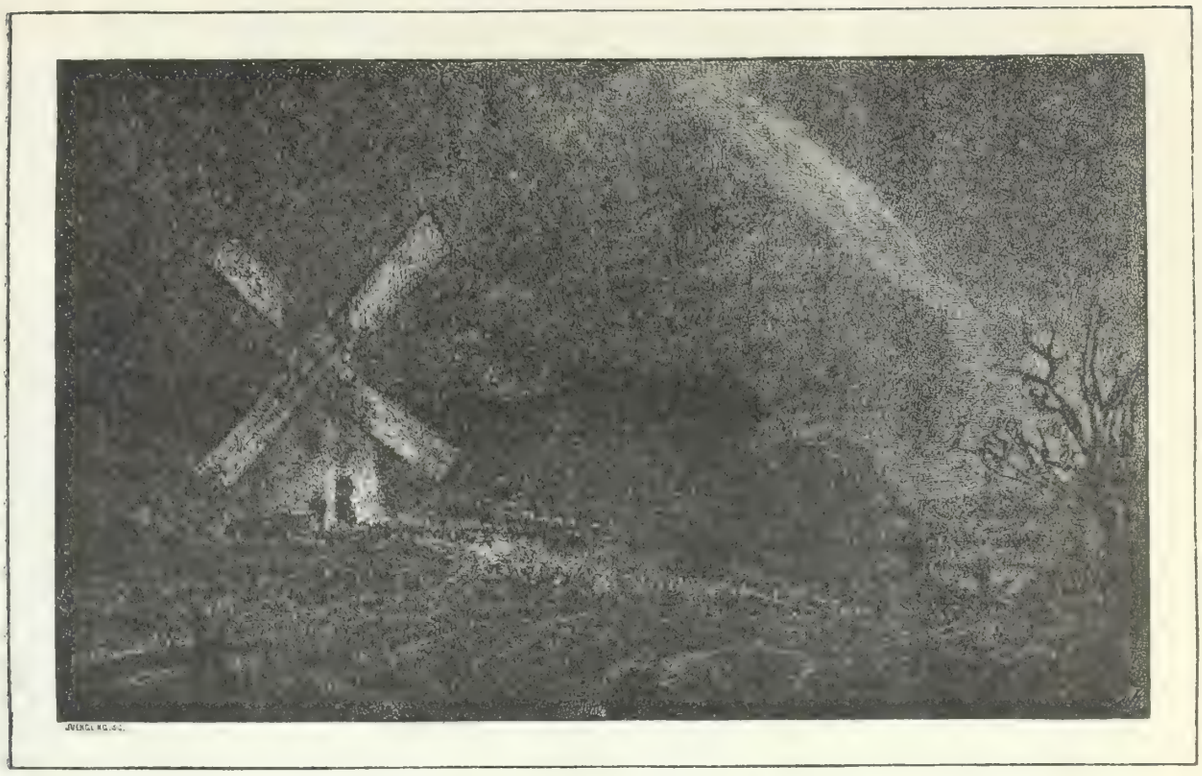
MOONLIGHT.—[ENNEKING.]

For a number of years previous to the Centennial it had become quite the custom for promising art students to go abroad to perfect themselves in the principles of art. Isolated cases like that of Mr. Hunt had already occurred during the whole period of our art history, but the general impulse more recently indicated by our younger artists in the direction of the studios of Antwerp, Paris, and Munich was to the careful observer one of the most obvious of the signs of the times, that the heart of the country was unconsciously waking up to a perception of its art needs, and that a new era in art was dawning. So decided had this tendency become that the colony of American art students in Munich grew sufficiently large to establish an art association, having stated days of meeting, at which contributed paintings were exhibited and discussed, and carefully prepared papers on art topics were read. Opinions were exchanged in this manly, earnest, sympathetic manner, and breadth and catholicity were reached in the consideration of the great question in which all were so profoundly interested. Thus were gained many of the influences which are destined to affect American art for ages to come.

The writer regards as among the most improving and delightful evenings he has enjoyed those passed with some of these talented and enthusiastic art students at the table where a number regularly met to



"HAVING A GOOD TIME."—[LOUIS TIFFANY.]



SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.—[C. H. MILLER.]

dine, at the Max Emanuel café in Munich. Dinner over, huge flagons of beer were placed before each one, and pipes were lit, whose wreaths of upward-curling smoke softened the gleam of the candles, and gave a poetic haze to the dim nooks of the hall highly congenial to the hour and the topics discussed. The leonine head of Duveneck, massively set on his broad shoulders, as from time to time behind a cloud of smoke he gave forth an opinion, lent much dignity to the scene, while the grave, thoughtful features of Shirlaw, and the dreamy, contemplative face of Chase, occasionally lit by a flash of impetuous emotion, aided by an eloquent gesture, made the occasion one of great interest. Others there were around the board whose sallies of humor or weighty expressions of opinion made an indelible impression.

Thus we see that before the Centennial kindled the art enthusiasm of our people into a rapidly spreading glow the sparks had already been communicated which were to burst forth into a blaze. And the exhibition of the Society of American Artists at the Kurtz Gallery of New York in the season of 1878, which attracted so much attention, instead of being, as some assumed, the evidence of a sudden unforetold movement, was in reality but another manifes-



A STUDY.—[FREDERICK DIELMAN.]

tation of the art activity which has been gradually growing evident for years among thoughtful Americans. A striking proof of this was the fact that George Inness exhibited paintings on that occasion by the side of the works of young artists of whom the general public had scarcely heard before. Now Mr. Inness, although contemporary with many of our leading landscape painters, has from the outset worked in a style altogether distinct in aim and quality from that of what is called *par excellence* the American landscape school. In boldness of handling and breadth of treatment he has for many years stood so much alone in this country that some have considered him a follower of Rousseau and Dupré, and it is true that at two different periods he spent some time in Europe; but others of our landscapists did that also, studying under foreign masters, yet without adopting foreign methods, while he, never having placed himself under the direct instruction of any foreign artist, has always worked with a freedom of style suggestive of modern French art. But it is observable that before he went abroad he had already adopted a style, which may have been influenced by European art, but was yet essentially his own.

At his best the works of Mr. Inness are characterized by admirable color in rendering both grays and vivid tints, vigorous chiaro-oscuro, and marvellous skill in feeling and rendering of aerial perspective. His canvases are full of space, and cloud effects are grandly and massively handled. In breadth and concentration of effect, and the avoiding of details that impair the strength of the dominating idea, this artist has no superior in our landscape art.

Another indication which the Kurtz Exhibition gave that the new art movement began years ago was the presence there of the paintings of William M. Hunt, who had worked so long in a style foreign to that of most of our artists that he had acquired a large following in New England, and if he had not actually founded a school, had been the means of stimulating the art activity of a large number of enthusiastic students, who, if rarely exhibiting abilities approaching his own, had done much to turn public opinion in the right direction.

The works of Mr. Hunt have attracted



"BURIAL OF THE DEAD BIRD."—[J. ALDEN WEIR.]



THE MOTHER.—[EASTMAN JOHNSON.]

more favorable and unfavorable criticism than those of any other of our artists. It has been alleged on the one hand that they are too broad, and often scarcely carried beyond the first painting; that they are pitched on too low a key, and are direct copies, in style and subject, of the works of Jean François Millet and Troyon; while on the other hand it may be affirmed, with perhaps more force, that if breadth and low tones are errors, then the great Dutch school of Rembrandt and Franz Hols was also in error, and that to depend on breadth in a painting seen at the proper distance is to gain more effective strength, considering how great are the limitations to which art is subjected. As to the imitation of Millet, there is no question that Mr. Hunt has been a great admirer of that artist, and was, indeed, one of the first to call public attention to his works. But much the same observations are applicable in this case as in that of Mr. Inness, and Mr. Hunt is a man of too much original ability, an artist who has too many ideas of his own to express, to be under the necessity of servilely imitating another artist and contemporary. In a word, he has something worth telling, and, on the whole, tells it in his own way.

The new movement in our art, started in Boston by Mr. Hunt, has been productive of decided art activity in the eastern part of New England, the predominant influences being those of French art. A number who have gained a local reputation have been pupils of Mr. Hunt, and have been able by following his precepts to give impetus to the art change which was operating in the community, although too often carrying the imitation of his style to an excess approaching exaggeration. They fail sometimes to distinguish between breadth and daubiness. Mr. Frank Rogers, who is still a very young man, is one of those who have studied with Mr. Hunt, but not to such a degree as to sacrifice his individuality. He makes a specialty of painting dogs, although not intending to confine himself to that branch of animal life, and has already achieved considerable success in his attempts to represent canine traits. He has trained several dogs to pose for him for ten to fifteen minutes at once.



"THE OLD ORCHARD."—[R. SWAIN GIFFORD.]

In the decided ability and success already shown by Mr. Rogers we can see that it is now possible for our artists, availing themselves of influences already at work here, combined with an intense love of nature and the ideal, to do strong original work without devoting half their lives to foreign study, and thus carry on to a higher stage the national art for which so many clamor unreasonably, not considering that new schools of art are not born in a day, nor evolved without the conditions which have invariably prepared the way for the national art of other people. Art travels by no royal road.

John J. Enneking can hardly be called an idealist; there is little evidence of imagination in his canvases; but in seizing the effects of the brilliant lights of sunset, or the varied grays of a lowering sky on a cloudy day, he shows himself equally happy in color, chiaro-oscuro, and technical skill in handling pigments. His versatility is remarkable. He can render the figure from life with a vigor and freshness scarcely less than that of his landscapes. There is unfortunately an evidence of haste in too many of his works, which can not be too much regretted, for he thus fails to do justice to the very decided ability he possesses. Having studied both in Munich and Paris, and given careful attention to all the European schools



SAIL-BOAT.—[WINSLOW HOMER.]

of art, and adding to this knowledge sturdy independence of opinion and great earnestness and energy, Mr. Enneking ought to be strongly influential in the present stage of American art.

Mr. Stone, who is one of the professors at the Museum of Fine Arts, and a graduate of the Munich schools, indicates considerable force in rendering the figure, both in color and drawing, and a touch of genius in the painting of dogs and horses. His service in the army during the war intensified his strength and freedom of touch and a purity of color which are not too common. A careful observer of foreign art, Mr. Porter is yet no copyist, but composes in a style altogether his own.

In reviewing the Boston school we note in its development much activity and earnestness, too often combined, however, with crudeness, and tending to realism rather than the ideal, while the foreign influence that is, on the whole, most evident in it is that of the contemporary French school.



STUDY OF A BOY'S HEAD.—[W. SARTAIN.]

interest in equine art, and will probably result in important compositions suggested by that conflict. Mr. Grant has a delicate poetic feeling for color and form, and a pleasant fancy tinged with quaintness, and in his choice of treatment and subject suggests the works of G. H. Boughton. In Mr. Dewing, who has recently settled in Boston, we find much promise in figure painting; and Mr. Porter, who is known chiefly in portraiture, is undoubtedly in that department one of the first artists in the country. To excellence in seizing a likeness he adds a

As Boston is intense rather than broad in its intellectual traits, and is inclined to follow the lead of its own first thinkers and artists, it is the more unfortunate that one influence should predominate, because in such a case the errors as well as the good qualities of a style are liable to receive too much attention, while free growth depends on the catholic eclecticism which culls the good from different schools, and correcting one by comparison with another, enables one to arrive at a more just and profound view of a question that proceeds upon irreversible



A BIT OF VENICE.—[SAMUEL COLMAN.]

laws. The mind thus educated learns by balancing the merits of different schools, and the results are not so much imitation as assimilation, which produces healthy growth and development.

In New York there seems to be, with no less activity and merit than those of Boston, an art movement which is based on broader grounds, and offers more encouragement for the future of our art. The artists who are the most influential in this advance are more equally divided between the French and the German schools than those of Boston, and indicate more breadth of sympathy and art culture, together with a cosmopolitan love for the good in the art of all schools which is one of the most encouraging of signs in a dawning intellectual reform. As in Boston, so in New York, indications of a turn in the tide have been evident for some time, even in the very bosom of the National Academy of Design. No less than seven of the members of that body are identified with the new movement.

Of Mr. Inness we have already spoken, and most of the others, being artists of ability, have studied more or less in the ateliers of Europe. But the circumstance that should be emphasized in considering their work, as it has an important bearing upon the future art of this country, lies in the fact that they have already in each case painted a number of years in the United States, have done some of their best work here, and are still steadily improving, showing that they have not so much imitated foreign methods as learned from them, rejecting what is merely individual or sensational in the style of the masters abroad, and rather grasping a wider apprehension of the principles which underlie all true art. Having sufficient individualism or independence of mental action, they have then returned home and formed on these principles styles and methods of their own, thus showing the possibility of gaining a thorough art training without sacrificing individual and national characteristics, and making it certain that, given the ability, it is not essential, in order to create good works of art, that the artist should permanently abandon country and self, and sit all his life under the tutelage of a foreign master. It is not so much methods as principles which American art requires in its practice, in order to give to it the stalwart strength that will make it a living power at home and abroad.

Mr. Colman as a painter of landscape and architectural subjects both in oil and water-colors has developed much strength and admirable feeling in color and chiaro-oscuro, and a clear apprehension of the value of massing the effect and rejecting non-essential details for the purpose of aiding the *motif* of the work. As a water-colorist he has perhaps at times employed opaque color too freely, but he has undoubtedly achieved some strong effects and exercised a valuable

influence in stimulating the growth here of one of the most beautiful of known methods for the expression of artistic feeling.

An artist of original style and considerable reserve power is found represented in the canvases of Mr. Eastman Johnson, who has deservedly won an excellent reputation for the vigorous and natural treatment of genre drawn from American domestic life. It is difficult to see why these homely but thoroughly artistic compositions are not as strong and true as those painted by artists of high repute in Europe. Mr. Johnson does not, however, confine himself altogether to genre, but has also done some excellent work in compositions wholly ideal, showing fine fancy and sentiment, and rich, careful color.

Mr. Lafarge, in the strongly imaginative turn of his style, suggests the weirdly eccentric school of E. Burne Jones to a degree which leads one to suppose that he is a passionate admirer of the lovely affectations of the original pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Lafarge has done some of the best work in decorative art yet seen in this country in the frescoes of Trinity Church, Boston, and St. Thomas's Church, New York.

The new phase into which our landscape art is passing is well indicated by the paintings of Mr. Charles Miller, who is inspired by a stirring, breezy love for nature, especially for her more intense and vivid effects, strong contrasts of light and shade, glowing sunsets, and masses of dun gray clouds rolling up in thunderous majesty and gloom over landscapes fading off into the infinite distance. As a draughtsman Mr. Miller can not claim much credit, but in rendering such effects as we have suggested with broad, free handling, he is often very successful. He is a poet moved by a powerful imagination, idealizing what he sees, and possessed of a memory similar to that of Turner, and thus some of his most striking canvases are the result of a tenacious memory allied to a vigorous observation.

One of the strongest and most promising features of the new movement is indicated in the vigorous landscapes of Mr. R. Swain Gifford. This artist at one time devoted his efforts to marine painting, in which he did and still does some creditable work, his knowledge of ships being sufficiently technical to satisfy the nautical eye, but since his sojourn in Algeria, and the observations made in the Continental galleries and studios, he has devoted himself to landscape, and adopted a bolder style and a truer scheme of color. The influence of French art is perceptible in his later methods, but altogether as an influence, and in no sense as an imitation, for in his works there is always evident a sturdy self-assertion, wheth-



"A MATIN SONG."—[FIDELIA BRIDGES.]

er in subject or treatment. In catching the gray effects of brooding skies receding in diminishing ranks through an aerial perspective of great distance and space, and giving with fine feeling the Druid-like spirit of clumps of sombre russet-hued cedars moaning by the granite shore of old Massachusetts, and identifying himself with the mysterious thoughts they suggest, Mr. Gifford has no superior on this side of the Atlantic. As a professor in the Cooper Institute, his influence is of great importance to the future of American pictorial art.

Mr. Winslow Homer may be mentioned in the same connection as one of the truest and most original artists we have produced

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"THE APPRENTICE."—[WILLIAM M. CHASE.]

among those who work in what is called the realistic style. Combining landscape with figure, and choosing his subjects entirely from the simple every-day scenes of American life, we have no artist who in the department of the figure has produced better work, which can at the same time be pronounced good in quality and indigenous to the soil. He seems to have had especially in view the rendering of the values or relations of things, and understands how to balance a composition. There is sometimes a certain hardness and stiffness in his figures which suggest the model too much, and a lack of animation in the expression of the faces, but at his best Mr. Homer has many of the qualities of Jules Bréton. It is, however, in dealing with the lighter, sunnier moods of existence that he has achieved his success. The deeper emotions of life and nature do not suggest themselves even in his best works. In him we find another proof of the innate capacity of the country to produce a new and good school of art. The same may be said of Mr. F. S. Church, who, like Mr. Homer, has never studied abroad, but has taken instruction in the studios of Messrs. Shirlaw and Wilmarth. His work indicates breadth of style with much versatility, and a warmth and fertility of fancy not often shown in American art. A strange fascinating weirdness characterizes many of his conceptions, in which landscape and figure are alike treated with a subtle feeling for the ideal.

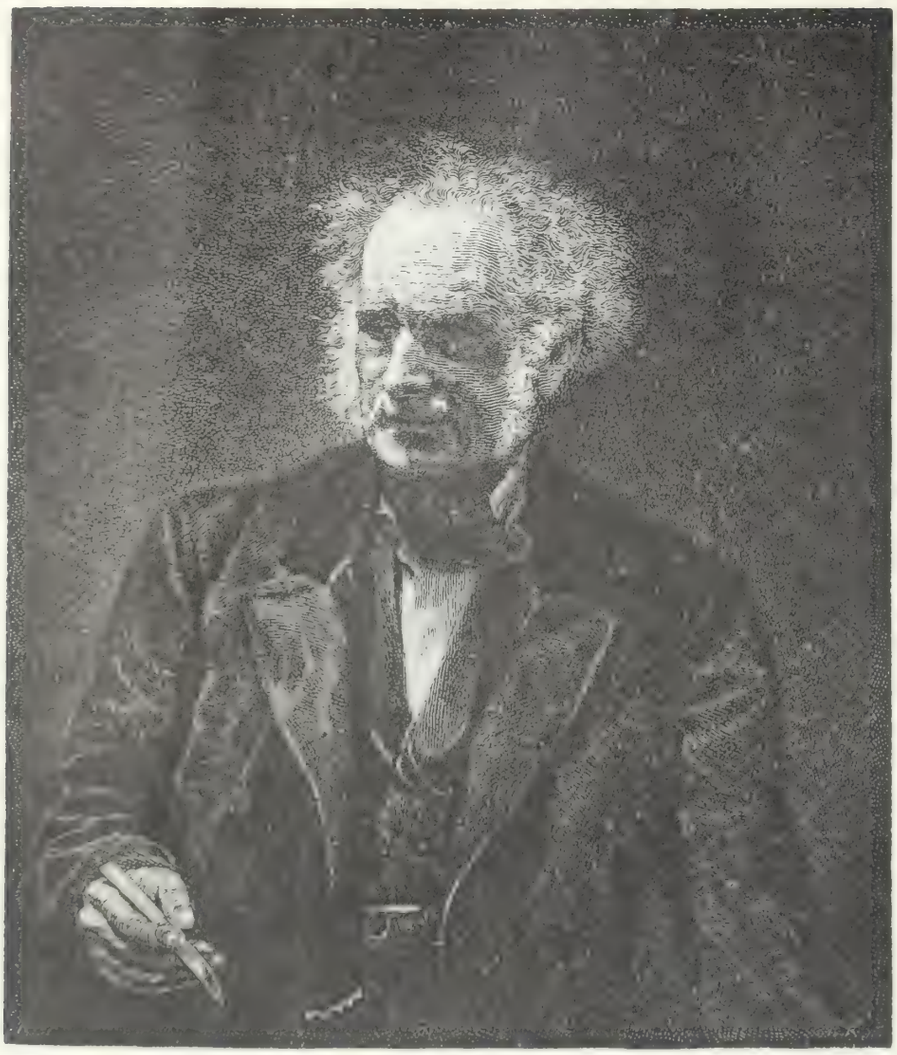
Mr. Tiffany, a follower of the French school, has done some very clever things in landscape and genre from subjects suggested by his trip to the East, and has succeeded equally in oil and water colors. He is now giving a preference to American subjects, and is also turning his attention to the pursuit of decorative art. He is essentially a colorist, to whom the radiant tints of the iris seem like harmoniously chorded strains of music. Mr. Sartain has also proved himself an excellent colorist, and shows vigor and truth of drawing both in figure and architectural perspective, as well as pleasing composition in work which he has done abroad, where he was the pupil of Gérôme.

With the new movement are more or less identified the landscapes of Mr. Wyant, a landscape artist from the West, who is practically self-taught, but who in his best works shows unmistakable genius in his grasp of a subject. Firmness of touch is combined with purity of color, and a fine ideality in suggesting space, distance, and atmosphere.



"THE BURGOMASTER."—[H. MUHRMAN.]

Miss Fidelia Bridges has, one might almost say, invented a branch of art entirely her own, revealing a highly poetic perception of nature and artistic feeling and knowledge. Water-color is the medium she has chosen for representing the gray gull poising over the breaking surf, the reed-bird's nest on the edge of a fen-land, or the lark singing in the tall wheat of spring-



"THE PROFESSOR."—[THOMAS EAKINS.]

time. Mr. Dielman, who has pursued his studies in Munich, is destined to make his mark in genre. In color and in tone and drawing he has already shown decided ability, and some of his compositions indicate genius. Messrs. Weir and Muhrman, both young artists of much promise, and both figure painters, represent the influence of two different schools. The former comes from an artistic family, his father being Professor Weir, one of our oldest painters. Young J. Alden Weir studied in Paris; he is a colorist, and in portraiture has a remarkable faculty for seizing character, painting the eye with a truth and life wholly original. In genre he is also quite successful. Mr. Muhrman is from Cincinnati, and has spent two years in Munich. While there he placed himself under no master, but observed keenly, and devoted himself wholly to water-colors. Avoiding the use of body color, he yet shows astonishing power in technique, and a fine eye for form and color. The realistic vigor of his work is quite exceptional among our water-color painters.

But among the later influences which have entered into the art of New York, and promise striking results, there is none more worthy of our consideration than the return of Messrs. Shirlaw and Chase from a thorough course of study in Germany. One of the points of most importance in this connection is, that whereas our art for the last thirty years has been in the direction of landscape, its tendencies are now rather toward the painting of the figure, and this is strikingly illustrated by the circumstance that both of these artists have done their strongest work in this department, and their influence will undoubtedly give a fresh impulse to figure painting. Mr. Shirlaw was for a year professor in the Students' League, but has now abandoned teaching in order that nothing may interfere with original work. Trained in the school which has produced such artists as Defregger, Diez, Braith, and Brandt, he has mastered all the technical knowledge which Munich can give an artist in genre in our day. There is no uncertainty or weakness in his method of handling color, and he undoubtedly achieves excellent results when he attempts simple compositions.

The genius of Mr. Chase is rather for single figures than elaborate compositions, and his independence of action is shown by the fact that although he studied with Piloty, the master whom he made his model of excellence was Velasquez. A noble sense of color is perceptible in all his works, whether

in the subtle elusive tints of flesh, or in the powerful rendering of a mass of scarlet, as in his notable painting of the "Court Jester." A fine ideality also distinguishes his works, and his art life is fired by a lively enthusiasm which must result in genuine and exalted art.

In Philadelphia the new movement has some powerful allies, among whom should is hidden in a mere bit of charcoal in a skillful hand. Among those who have made a specialty of illustration, Mr. Fenn, who is just now in Europe, naturally occurs as among the first of living landscapists. As an illustrator of out-door life, whether it be an old windmill, a Western forest, an ivy-covered ruin, or a sweep of rocky shore, he is equally successful in rendering it grand-



"A SPANISH LADY."—[MISS MARY S. CASSATT.]

be prominently mentioned Mr. Eakins, a pupil of Gérôme, and at present professor in the Philadelphia Academy of Art. He is a fine colorist, and has very few equals in the country in drawing of the figure. Some of his compositions, both in oil and water-color, give remarkable promise. Miss Sartain is devoting herself with good success to the same branch of art; and Miss Cassatt, who is now in Paris, merits more extended notice and earnest praise for the glory of color and the superb treatment and composition of some of her works.

The number of those who have made a specialty of black and white, whether for illustration or otherwise, is so large that as we turn to them a wide field opens upon us, and yet it is only a glimpse that we can give of it. Mr. Rowse has used the crayon with singular effect in portraiture. The ethereal beauty of some of his child portraits has rarely been equalled; and Mr. Key, of Baltimore, has also shown in this country the marvellous capacity for rendering landscape that ly. Mr. Thomas Moran ranks with Mr. Fenn as a vivid delineator of landscape, handling a vigorous and versatile pencil, and inspired by poetic fervor. Miss Curtis also occupies a prominent position in this department, showing knowledge, confidence, fancy, and a study of nature. There are but few who equal her in delicate and beautiful representations of child life. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote also justly takes rank among the first two or three of our illustrators. Some of her pencil studies from nature, whether of the figure or in landscape, are masterly in their force and fidelity.

Mr. C. S. Reinhart deserves the wide reputation he has acquired for versatility and skill. There is an ease about his work, and an artistic finish in rendering drapery, or drawing the graceful curves of the dress and figure of the woman of the period, which have been attained by few artists. It is difficult among a number who are all brilliant and gifted to assign to each his proper rank, but it will generally be con-



"THE GOOSEHERD."—[WALTER SHIRLAW.]

ceded, we think, that the artist who on the whole shows most original inventive power, scarcely equalled by any other artist we have produced, is Mr. E. A. Abbey. It must be taken into consideration that he is still very young, that he now for the first time visits the studios and galleries of Europe, that his advantages for a regular art education have been very moderate, and that he is practically self-educated. And then compare with these disadvantages the amount and the quality of the work he has turned out, and we find represented in him genius of a high order, combining almost inexhaustible creativeness, clearness, and vividness of conception, a versatile fancy, a certain quaint, delicate humor, a poetic perception of beauty, and admirable chiaro-oscuro, drawing, and composition. Fredericks, Sheppard, Eytinge, Lathrop, Perkins, Frost, Kelley, Pyle, Beard, and Gibson are well-known artists in this field; and were we to attempt even a mention of the names of those who promise to win marked success, the list would be interminable.

It is evident that in a brief sketch like this it is impossible to give more than a broad outline of a few of the leading artists and tendencies now before the public as the promoters of an advance to another stage in our national pictorial art, and yet enough has been said to indicate that almost by surprise a large number of promising artists have sprung up among us, armed and equipped, ready to challenge attention to and approval of new methods.



GATHERING EGGS FROM THE CLIFFS, ST. GEORGE ISLAND.

A FEW SEA-BIRDS.

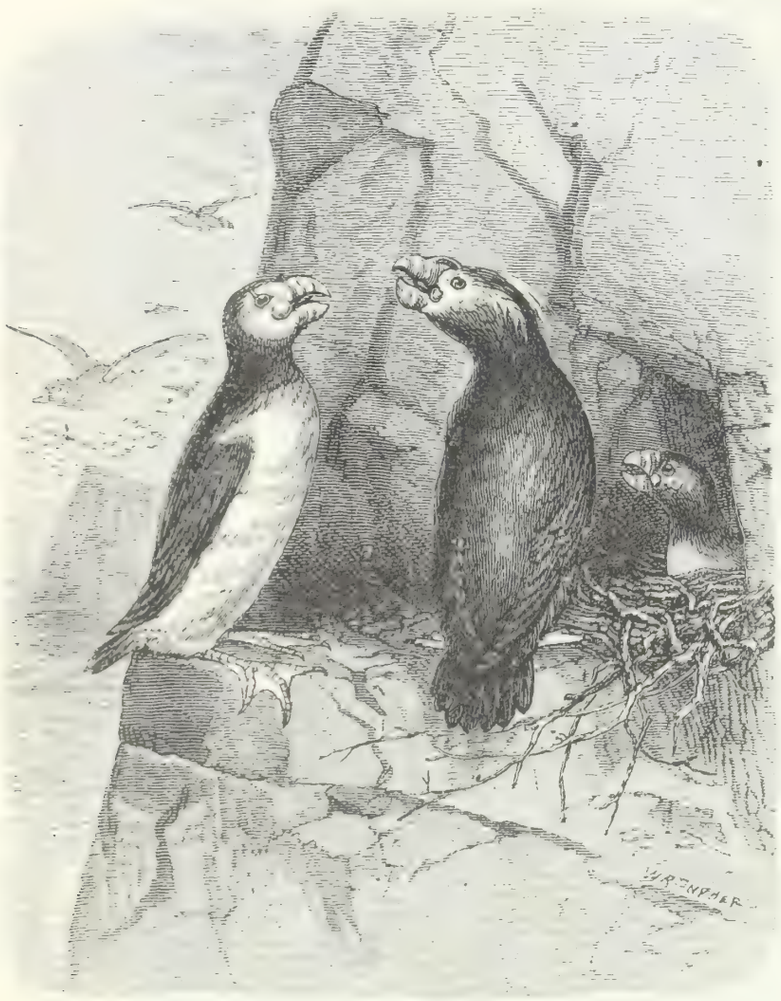
THE author of that quaint old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together," must have been on some circumpolar breeding-ground years ago, where countless myriads of water-fowl then darkened the light of day with their fluttering forms, and deafened his ears with their shrill, harsh cries, as they do now—for music is denied to the birds of the sea; still, in spite of the apparent confusion, he must have taken cognizance of the fact that each species had its particular location, and kept to its boundaries with the precision of law: hence without doubt came the natural exclamation from which that ancient proverb sprang, so wise in its relation to birds, and so happy in its application to men.

How strange it is that these water-birds, which form the subject of this sketch, as they flock together in gregarious millions, should lead, during the greater portion of every year, the most solitary and lonesome of isolated lives; for after only six or eight weeks of swarming congregation, they scatter out from their rookeries to the south, to the east, to the west, out in search of food over the broad expanse of

> "Nothing, nothing but the sea,
> Vast in its immensity."

The speed and motion of the finest ship ever made by man never yet overcame the utter loneliness which strikes in on the voyager's heart when he is days and weeks in crossing the briny desert wastes of a great ocean, and the sense of gratitude and relief from the drear monotony of water and sky which he feels as he turns to the graceful evolutions of the water-fowl that now flit, now float, to and fro in the wake, or soar in endless circles around and over the spars of the vessel that bears him to strange lands—the relief and companionable satisfaction afforded by these feathered wanderers is not easy to define in adequate terms. It does not matter to these tireless sea waifs wheth-

er the skies are bright or stormy, for in sunshine and in rain, in calm or in tempest, they never forsake the vessel until the engines slow down in the quiet waters of the desired port.



BRAWLING PUFFINS.

The traveller, as he makes the acquaintance of his natatorial followers, little thinks, as he comments on the smallness of their number, and the apparent scarcity of bird life over the heaving bosom of the ocean, that at regular periods of the year they rally from a thousand leagues around to a common resting-place, where they breed in swarming legions, undisturbed and really unknown to man.

It has been the good fortune of the writer to spend two seasons in Behring Sea, on one of these favored spots of resort by northern water-birds, where, on the flat top of Walrus Islet, and the rugged face of the St. George Cliffs, they annually repair during the months of June and July, in numbers that defy adequate or proper expression. When these birds gather in these vast congregations, they seem to lose the timidity so characteristic of them at sea, and save a fluttering, winking and blinking, screaming or croaking, they scarcely do more than move from under your feet, or fly from the touch of your egg-spoon as you peer over at them while they perch and cling to the bluffs.

Within reach almost of your arm they still persevere in their energetic love quarrels, or engage in noisy brawls for the possession of some favored niche in the rocky cliff. Without heeding the sound of your voice, they proceed in the interesting labor of feeding their mates that sit on the eggs, or the clamorous brood that may have just been hatched; and as you rise to walk the path laid along and over the brow of the cliffs, countless flocks of gulls, fulmars, auks, and puffins rise in the air around you from the bluffs below, and mingling their wild scream with the dull thunder of the booming surf that boils beneath, they impress you with a profound sense of active life and brilliant animation, for their interlacing shadows as they fly above darken the sun; and when they settle in files and platoons over the sea, they fairly hide the water as they swim.

Many of our water-birds have been found breeding as far north as man has gone: flocks of old and young parrot-billed puffins (*Mormon corniculata* and *cirrata*) were reported as coming out to the vessel from the far northern shores of Wrangell's Land; and we know from the unvarying testimony of all arctic travellers that as the sun gains in power at the beginning of each season, great numbers of water-fowl return to the solitudes of the north, where they seem to enjoy the long summer day, and to revel in the fish-teeming waters.

Perhaps the low tiny islet which lies a few miles east from St. Paul Island, Behring Sea, is the most interesting single spot now known to the naturalist who loves to study the habits of bird life; for here, without exertion or risk, he can observe and walk among tens upon tens of thousands of screaming water-fowl; and as he sits down he becomes literally ignored and environed by them, as they assume their varied positions of incubation. Generations of their kind after generations have resorted to this rock unmolested, and all doubt and distrust seems to have been eliminated.

The island itself is rather unusual in form, being low and not much raised above the wash of stormy weather; it is almost flat, with slight irregular undulations on top, spreading out over an area of about five

acres. It rises abruptly from the sea, and has no beach upon which to pleasantly land from a boat; not a stick of timber or twig of shrubbery ever grew upon it, though the scant presence of low curling grass in the central portions prevents the statement that all vegetation is denied. Were it not for the frequent rain and dissolving fog peculiar to the summer weather here, the accumulation of guano would be something wonderful to contemplate; as it is, however, the birds find their floor swept as clean when they return year after year as though they never had sojourned there before.

The scene of confusion and uproar that presented itself to our astonished senses, as we approached the island in search of eggs one threatening foggy June morning, may be better imagined than described; for as the clumsy bidarrah came under the lee of the low cliffs, a swarm of thousands upon thousands of murres, or "arries," dropped in fright from their nesting shelves, and before they had control of their flight they struck us right and left like so many cannon-balls. We were forced in self-protection to crouch for a few moments under the gunwales of the boat, until the struggling flock passed like an irresistible surging wave over our heads.

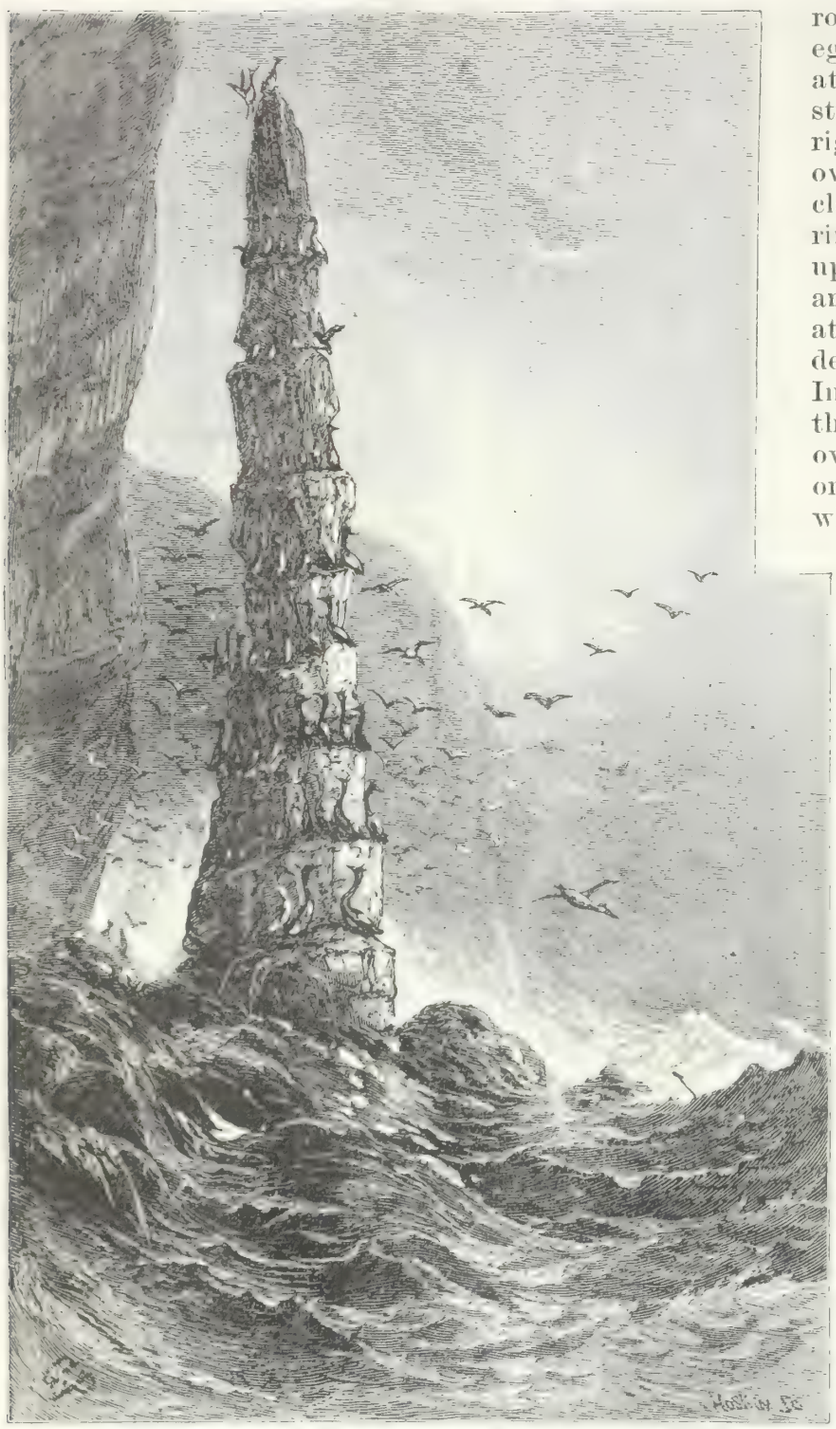
Words can not depict the mingled amazement and nervous curiosity with which we gazed around as we struggled up to the summit of the rocky plateau, and stood among myriads of breeding birds that fairly covered the entire surface of the island with their crouching forms, while others whirled in rapid flight over our heads as wheels within wheels, so thickly interlaced that the blue and gray of the sky were hidden from our view; add to this the stunning whir of hundreds of thousands of strong beating wings, the shrill screams of the gulls, and the muffled croaking of the arries, coupled with an indescribably disagreeable smell, arising from the broken eggs and other decaying substances, and a faint idea may be evoked of the strange reality spread before us.

In spite of the sudden flurry of confusion, order and system became at once strikingly evident. The birds had parcelled out these five acres of rookery ground among themselves, so that there was an arrie zone, as it were, a gull zone, an auk zone, and a debatable zone occupied by the parrot-billed puffins; the boundaries of these several divisions were clearly defined by the common understanding and consent of the birds themselves.



A VISIT TO WALRUS ISLET.

The bird which overshadows all others in the North Pacific and Behring Sea is the "arrie" (*Lomvia arra*), or the "murre" of Labrador and Greenland. It is nearly the size of a mallard duck, with a plumage brilliant, glossy, and water-proof; a dark shimmering chocolate-brown and black head, neck, wing-



COLUMN VENDOME, ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND.

covers, and back, that comes out into rich contrast with the pearly white breast; its feet, which are mere paddles, and quite helpless as means of locomotion on land, are either steely blue or yellowish, and are only capable of supporting the weight of their owner when supernaturally strengthened by sudden alarm or fright; then it arises, craning its neck to the right and left, tottering a few steps, beats the air with its short, stiff pinions, and leaves like an arrow from the bowstring.

The capacity of this little islet to receive them alone determines the number that are found there. Hundreds of thousands of these arries occupy exclusively the whole cliff front and a belt of the table-top a hundred feet deep all around, where on the bare rock they each lay a single egg, without making the least attempt to build a nest. They straddle and squat bolt-upright, like so many bottles, over their charges, packed as closely side by side as herrings in a box; they keep up an incessant quarrelling among themselves, making at the same time a peculiar deep, hoarse, grunting noise. In their ill-natured contests they roll thousands of eggs over the cliffs into the surf, or into crevices and fissures, where they are lost and broken.

This odd bird lays but one egg, but if this is removed or broken she will soon take heart and lay another; but if she is not disturbed by the loss of the first one, she at once enters upon the labor of hatching. The size, shape, and color of the eggs are exceedingly variable; they become soon so dirty by rolling here and there in the guano, while the birds fight and tread over them, as to be almost unrecognizable; but nature has fortified the yolks for rough usage by enveloping them in a shell of peculiar toughness, so that when the natives come on the ground with their baskets they are picked up and tossed in just as our farmers would handle apples in an orchard, without causing any noteworthy breakage.

It is generally believed that the eggs of most all sea-fowl are unfit for use, owing to the peculiarly fishy diet of their parents, but here in Behring Sea the eggs of all the water-birds found, with the single exception of those of the "shag," or cormorant (*Graculus bicristatus*), are as free from any unpleasant taste as are those of our domesticated fowls. The reason for this may be clearly perceived when it is understood that these waters of Behring Sea and the North Pacific teem with vast shoals of minute crustaceans—"whale feed," or "brit"—upon which most of the sea-birds exist, to the practical exclusion of a fish diet.

The small grassy interior of Walrus Islet, which is sharply margined by the surrounding breeding belt of arries, is resorted to by



CHOOCHKIES.

the enormous burgomaster gulls, where they have made their flat round nests of seaweed and grass intertwined, placed at irregular but close intervals over the ground. This gull is a magnificent bird, nearly as large as a goose, with plumage pure and white as snow, yellow legs and feet, with a crimson-tipped bill. It rises with infinite ease and grace, and mounts into the air apparently by the aid of invisible power, for the wings seem to scarcely move, while it keeps its bright sparkling eye fearlessly turned upon us, uttering ever and anon its peculiarly shrill scream. Three or four other species of gulls consort with them, all making similar nests, and sitting upon them exactly like so many hens; but in spite of their spotless plumage they lay very dirty, rough-shelled eggs, colored dark and mottled with black and brown blotches.

But the bird that challenges our greatest attention as an individual—for he does not appear in any great number, and his eggs are hard indeed to find—is that rare feathered rowdy the puffin (*Mormon cirrata*). It is impossible not to notice him, for his strange-looking face and impudent leer arrest your eye as you turn instinctively to the sound of his quarrelsome voice. He is a great bully among birds, but a great coward among men, for no sooner does he catch your eye fair and square than back he pops to the depths of some dark rocky crevice, where he has hidden the nest of his mate, and where he scolds and berates her in the most energetic manner when not interrupted; but she is not meek, nor is she humble, for she is endowed with quite as much physical vigor as he, and her temper is fully as vindictive. There is something simply ludicrous about the expression of this bird's face when he creeps out into the light from the dark recesses of his nest-hiding, and holds up his queer, fantastic mandibles, painted lemon-yellow and red, while the small twinkling colorless eyes roll and blink in comical astonishment, as it were, at the strength of daylight. The survey made, and all being serene, back he goes, and soon a sound arises like the growling of bears in a cave—the amiable creature has only opened another argument with his mate.

The strongest impression, however, made by breeding water-fowl is experienced on St. George Island, where the murres, gulls, and choochkies (*Simorhynchus pusillus*) appear as the locust swarms must have appeared to the Egyptians of old. The shore line of this island is some twenty-nine miles in extent, twenty of which consist of bold lofty cliffs rising sheer from the surf that pounds with thunder tones at their feet. These bluffs are literally covered by the sea-birds such as we have mentioned and several others. But the most characteristic one among the many varieties that resort to this island is the diminutive choochkie. It is a little bird by itself, but it makes a mighty host when it rallies the millions of its kind every May, and comes up here to rear its young in the countless chinks and holes of the basaltic tumuli over the entire surface of the north side of St. George; a strip of rocky shingle here, over five miles in length and a mile in width, is actually covered by these self-possessed, robust little auks, to say nothing of



PLUMED KNIGHT.

the immense numbers that find lodgment in the cliffs. A walk over this breeding ground early in June, when they are in full blast, is exceedingly interesting and amusing, as the noise of dozens under every step comes up from the stony holes and caverns below, while the birds flit in and out around your head and between your legs with bewildering boldness and rapidity, comically blinking and chattering.

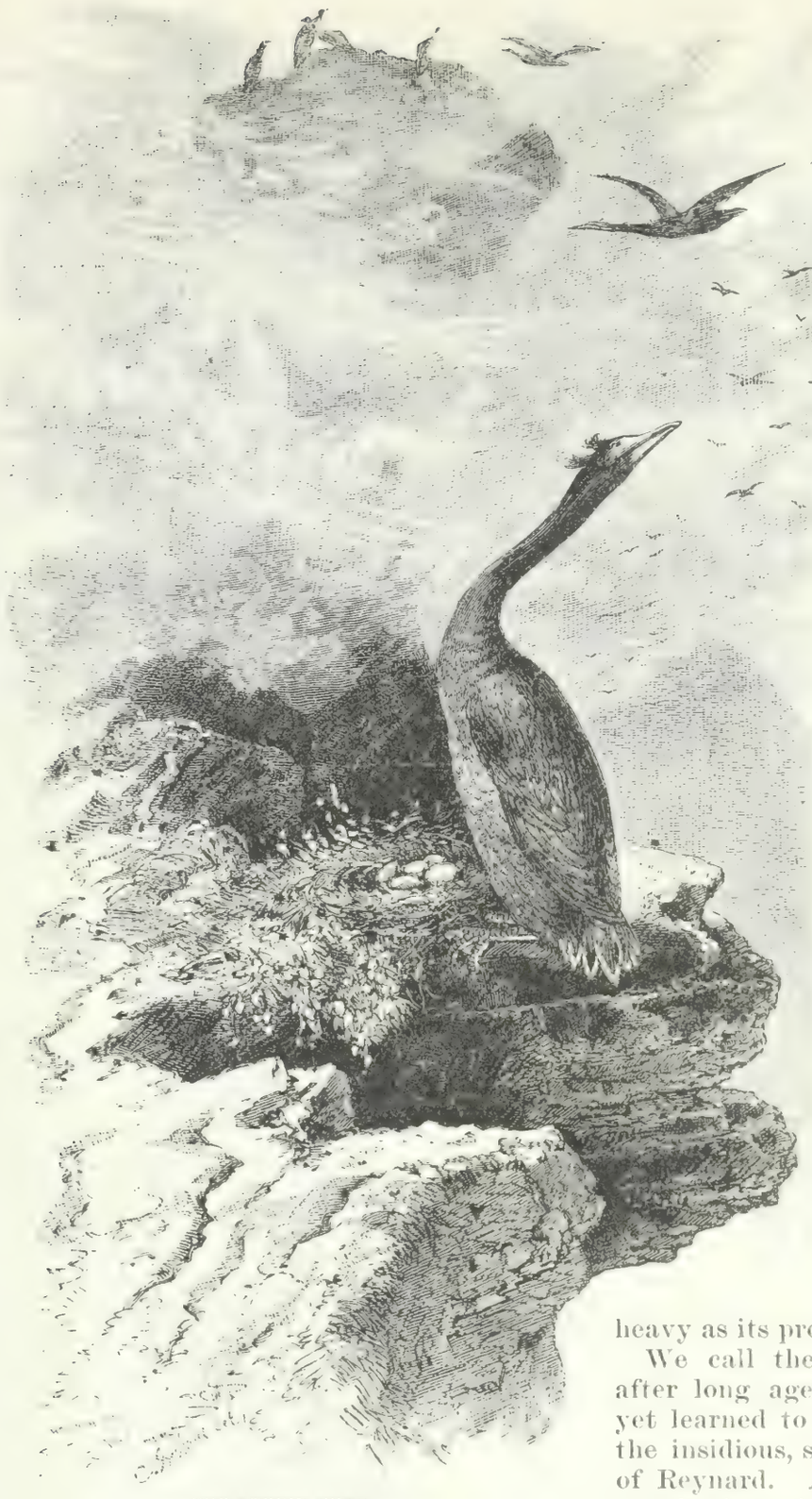
They make no nests, and the choochkie has but one wife. She lays a single pure white egg, which is unusually large compared with the size and weight of its small parent; this is deposited on the bare rock or earth far down among loose stones, or placed deep within the crevices or chinks of the cliffs. Although, owing to their immense numbers, they seem to be in a state of great confusion, yet they pair off with faithful regularity, and continue during the season true to their vows, and modestly conduct all of their billing and cooing out of the critical sight of man, down under the shadow of the rocks, upon the rude spot chosen for incubation. We know, however, what they are doing, because during the whole of this interesting period the mated choochkies are making an incessant distressed grunting or croaking sound, which resembles the noise of the street Arab's "devil's fiddle" more than any thing else on earth.

No gourmand ever smacked his lips with greater relish over the delicate body of a plump reed-bird than does the native when he crunches the light bones and tender, sweet flesh of the choochkie—an especial delicacy to the grimy Aleutian, who draws the back of his brown hand over his oily lips at the conclusion of the feast, and, like the true Christian that he is, thanks the Lord for the good things of this world—for the choochkie in particular.

The choochkie has three or four cousins here, but they appear in small numbers comparatively. One of them, however, is worthy of especial notice on account of its feathered crest and brilliant crimson beak—a plumed knight among birds—and it perches here and there among the swarming legions of its relatives like a very generalissimo of the mighty army.

While most of the water-fowl are bright and keen-witted, there is one that is excessively stupid, and possessed of the most inordinate curiosity; but it would seem that nature has, as it were, to offset the bird's lack of good sense and cleanly habits, stamped it with the rare attribute of constancy, for it is the only one in the large list of Behring Sea water-birds that stands by the islands the whole year round. Terrible storms and ice floes in February and March are unable to drive the shag away from the leeward cliffs, while all other species, even the big northern gull, depart for the open water south; so, in spite of its awkwardness, unpalatable flesh, and general dullness, the natives regard it with a species of affection, for it furnishes them with the only supply that they can draw upon for fresh meat, soups, and stews, always wanted by the sick in winter; and were the shags sought after throughout the whole year as they are during the brief spells of intensely bitter weather that occur in severe seasons, they would long ere this have been exterminated here; but they are never in demand when any thing else can be obtained, for the flesh of this bird verges closely on the offensive—rank and fishy. The eggs also are badly tainted.

The plumage of the cormorant can not be surpassed, or even equalled, by any northern bird known to land or water. Clad in dark feathers of brilliant gloss and glittering sheen, it fairly shimmers in the sunlight with deep bronze and purple reflections, as though clad in polished armor. But the shag is clumsy in flight. It can not be called a bird of graceful action either on the wing or at rest on the rocks; it is so heavy that its strong wings seem to be scarcely able to beat the air rapidly enough to support the bodily burden, while the head and long neck are stretched out rigidly horizontal, the whole effect of flight being decidedly one of hard work and no pleasure. Now the choochkie is not graceful either on the wing, but his action and appearance are snug, like those of a bumble-bee, and he whirs by so rapidly that there is no time given for criticism; then, too, the choochkie never steps out of his way to mouse into the business of others, while the shag is fairly



THE STUPID SHAG.

alive with more than the worst phases of human curiosity—a regular Paul Pry among water-fowl.

It builds a large, carefully rounded-up nest upon some jutting point or cliff shelf, using for its construction sea ferns and grass, bound with a cement of its peculiar manufacture; but in spite of its sleek brilliant plumage, it is exceedingly slovenly and filthy about and in its nest. The young come from the small white eggs at the close of three weeks' careless incubation, without feathers and almost bare even of down; they are loathsome to look upon, and suggest reptiles rather than birds. They grow, however, with amazing rapidity, for the parents feed them almost without intermission during daylight, by ejecting the contents of their crops, such as small fish fry, crabs, and shrimps, all over and around the nest. Thus nourished, the young shag soon feels the desire and then the thrill of ambitious flight, for in six weeks from the time of hatching it takes to its wings, nearly as large and heavy as its progenitors.

We call the shag stupid because, after long ages of abuse, it has not yet learned to set a proper value on the insidious, sly, and artful advances of Reynard. Ah! it is a sight well worth witnessing to see the fox, elegant in his fluffy white dress, cunningly stretched on his back as though dead, making no sign whatever of life save to gently hoist his brush now and then; when the dull curious bird, in its intense desire to know all about it, flies in circles overhead, lower and lower, closer and closer, until it is within reach of a sudden spring and a pair of quick-snapping jaws; while the gulls, that have watched the whole proceeding safe and high aloof, scream out in contempt and hideous approbation.

Foxes have a keen, relishing appreciation of eggs, and their temerity is something wonderful to contemplate as they go on a

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

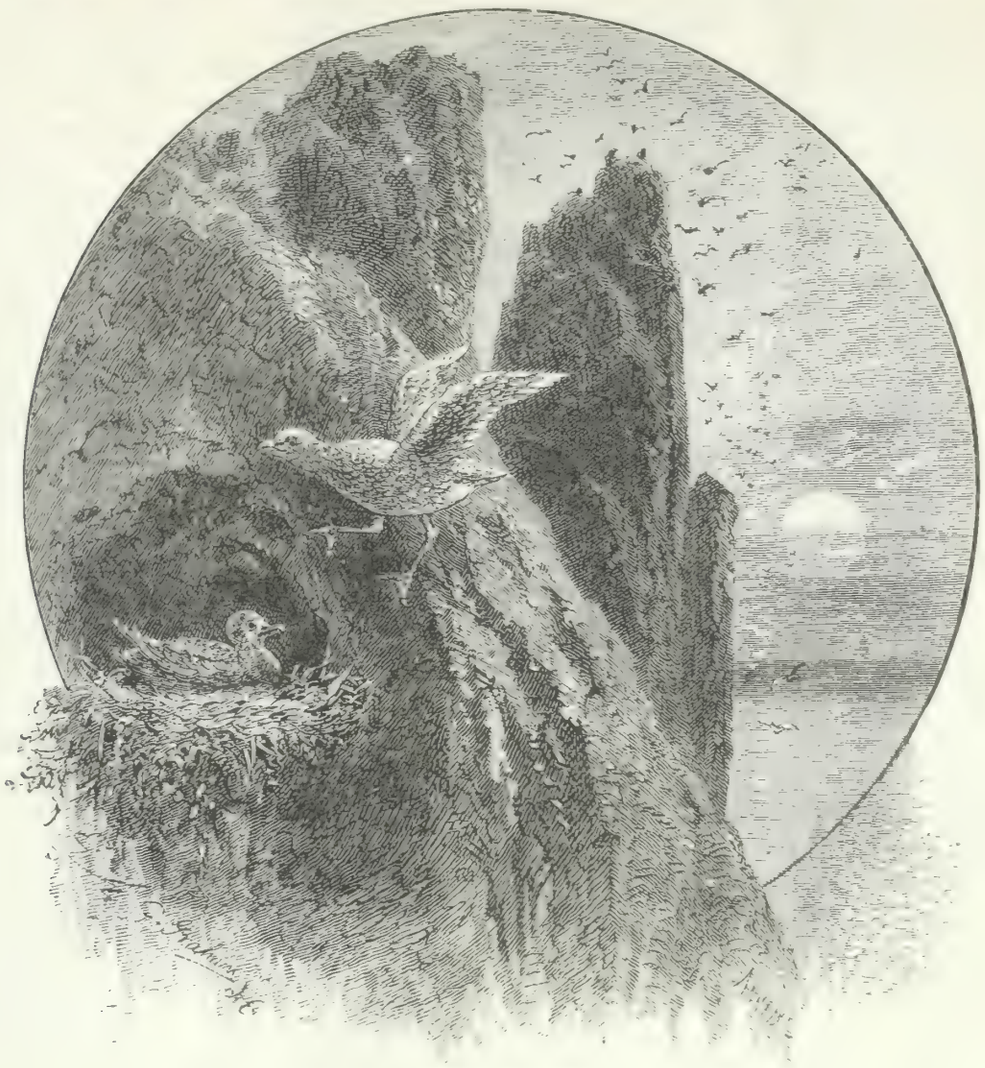
full run or stealthy tread up and down and along the faces of almost inaccessible bluffs in search of young birds and nests. They always bring the eggs up in their mouths, and carry them back a few feet from the brink of the precipice, where they leisurely suck them, usually biting out the larger end of the shell. The shag and the arrie suffer most from these enemies, which are, in fact, the only natural foes here that the bird-kind has to contend with and guard against.

Unlike the people of St. Paul, who can in season gather tons of eggs without labor or exposure, the natives of St. George have no resort near by like Walrus Islet, and they are forced to drop like spiders on a thread over the cliffs, down, down, hundreds of feet, swaying, swinging, and thumping, for the coveted oological treasures found there; but it is exceedingly hazardous work, and no more eggs are gathered at any one time than are really needed; for the sensation experienced by those who have dangled over these precipices on a slight thong of rawhide, with the surf boiling directly below four or five hundred feet, and loose rocks rattling down with deadly force from above—this feeling is not one to be expressed by language, and is in itself sufficient excuse for the natives to be without eggs as soon as the season is over.

The fulmar (*Fulmarus glacialis*), a kind of a giant petrel, brings here the most delicately flavored egg. It is a confident, unsuspecting bird when upon its rocky nest, from which it can not be driven; it must be actually picked up and thrown off before the egg can be touched; but in the care which it exercises by the selection of inaccessible niches and shelves it displays the keenest understanding of the conditions requisite



NO ROOM FOR ARGUMENT.



FULMAR'S NICHE.

for security. The native who is bold and fortunate enough to secure a peck of these eggs at any one time is regarded with admiration by his people, for his bag speaks eloquently of perils braved and successfully dared which few men, no matter how fearless, would care to risk for the reward.

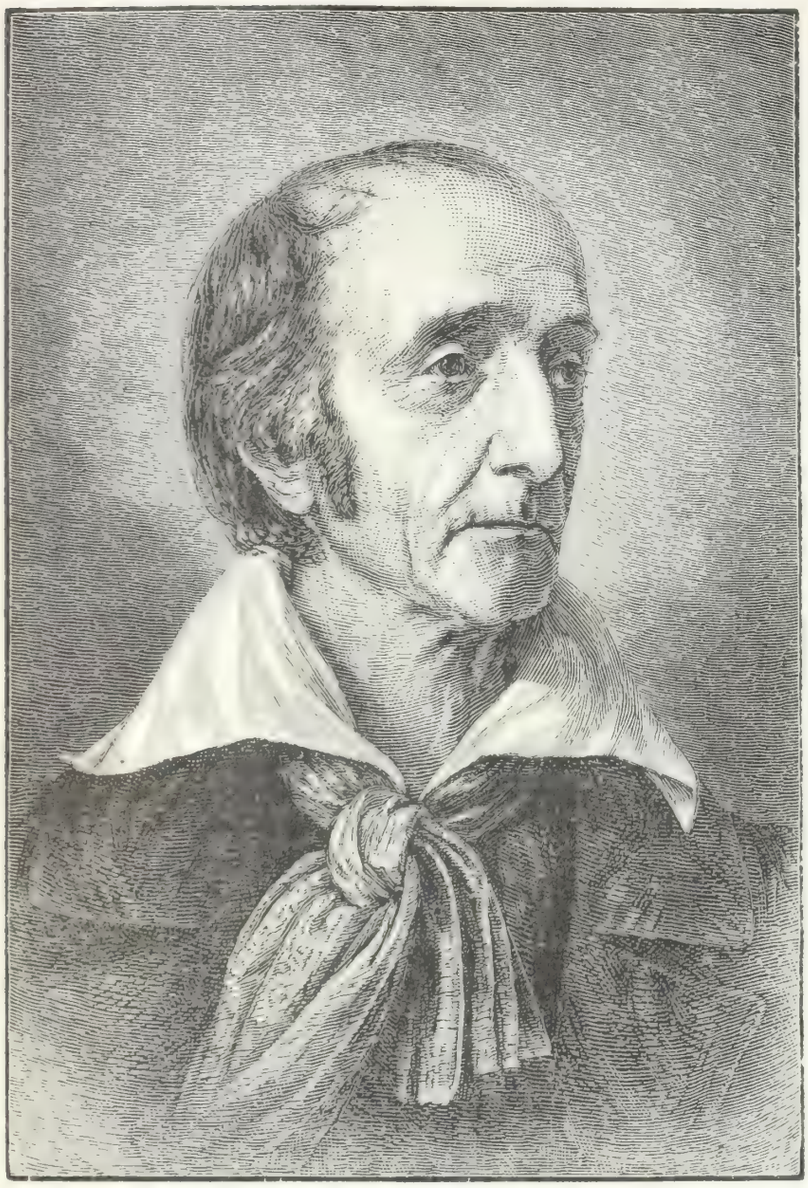
But the great egg bird of the North Sea is the arrie, while its southern cousin supplies the people of San Francisco with a liberal number of its gayly colored eggs taken from the Farallons; indeed, the arrie is the only sea-bird of real economic value to man throughout our whole northwest and north. It is probably safe to say that the numbers of these birds which assemble at St. George are vastly greater than elsewhere on the globe. As a faint but truthful statement of the existing fact the following may be said:

When the females begin to squat continuously over their eggs, along by the end of June and first of July, the males regularly relieve them, taking turns in keeping the eggs warm. Thus they feed alternately, going out to sea for that purpose. This constant going out and coming in during the day gives rise, at regular hours in the morning and evening, *to a dark girdle of these birds flying just above the water, around and around the island, in an endless chain more than a quarter of a mile broad and thirty miles in length!* This great belt of flying arries represents just one-half of the number of these birds breeding on the cliffs, for only those arries are in the circling column that are off, or relieved by their mates for the day from the duty of incubation.

What would the northern waters, yea, the temperate ocean zones themselves be, without the life and animation brought annually there by sea-birds! Nothing but dreary unhappy solitudes, where they are now habitable and even cheerful to man.

ALONG THE SHORE.

Sail on, sail on, ye vessels great and small,
Cut the proud waves, and track the waters o'er,
Find paths and ports, while we along the shore
Shall watch your course till distance sink you all,
And make of mast and prow and pictured sail
A vanished vision or a speck in space;
So haply shall ye greet some other race,
If but Septentrion push you with his gale,
Or fond Favonius prosperous breezes blow.
Your fate is bound—bound to the inconstant deep;
Ours to the land, and waits the calmer flow
Of Time, that brings us all unto one port,
Where, safely anchored, sea and shore shall sleep,
No more of fortune or of fate the sport.



FERDINAND R. HASSLAR.

THE COAST SURVEY.

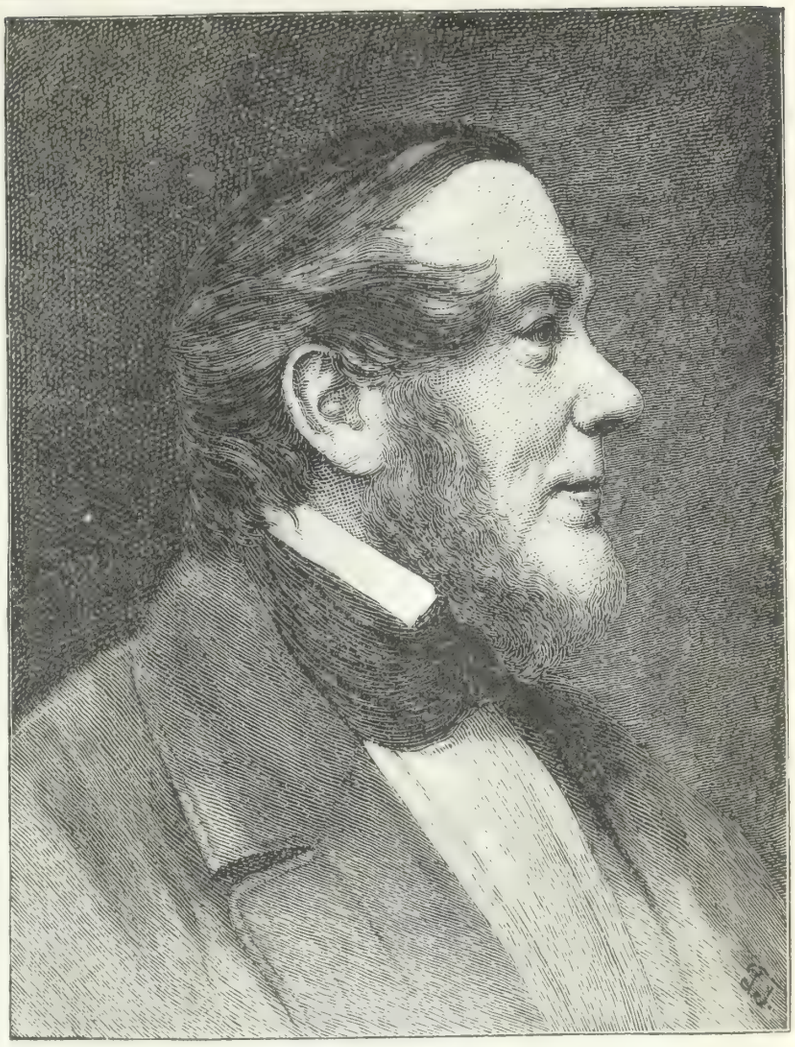
IN human progress within the present century there has been no greater marvel than the operations of the Coast Survey. We are apt to lose sight of the perils encountered by our early navigators, when, without charts to guide them over the great highway of waters, and in vessels poorly equipped, they "hove to" at night as a matter of safety. Whenever a disaster occurred, no telegraphic agency communicated the harrowing details to the remotest corners of the earth ere the next roll of the sun. Many a gallant craft, drifted from her course by the infinite maze of currents produced by the tides, the Gulf Stream, and the winds combined (now threaded out and mapped), of which mariners then had no conception, was cast helpless upon shores bristling with every form of danger—never to be heard of more. The various steps through which knowledge of the ocean has been acquired, and the hazards of ocean travel diminished, are illuminated headlands in the history of the world.

The thermometer introduced by Dr. Franklin for the purpose of learning when the Gulf Stream was crossed, and to serve as an auxiliary in determining the position of a vessel at sea, was of vast importance to seamen until chronometers came into general use. This was one of the direct results of the discovery that the waters of the Gulf Stream were warmer than those of the ocean on either side. It awakened general interest both in Europe and America, so much that Colonel Jonathan Williams wrote and published a work on thermometrical navigation. Subsequent observations produced maps and charts; but they were crude, and a mass of errors in minor particulars, leading ship-masters into the gravest blunders. The unseen sweep of surface waters confounded the most careful reckoning. The laws of the tides were not yet understood. Nearly all nations since the time of Herodotus had noticed and commented upon the rising and falling of the sea, and Sir Isaac Newton had furnished a complete diagnosis of the cause thereof; but the subject remained to be investigated mathematically, and the motion of the waters under all the various circumstances in which they are found was yet to be estimated. The charts chiefly in existence at the beginning of this century were those of surveyors acting under orders of the British Admiralty. These charts represented any amount of coast-line, but were the result of the merest preliminary explorations, falling far short of the needs of navigation. It was noted also that changes were constantly taking place in harbors and river mouths, and in the general form of shores.

It finally became apparent to the powers upon this new soil that, as an economical necessity, a national duty must be performed. The United States, with a foreign commerce of six hundred millions of dollars, more or less, in which some twenty thousand vessels were engaged, employing upward of two hundred thousand seamen, to say nothing of the coasting traffic which involved three times as many more vessels and men, and of the passenger ships with their precious burdens entering and leaving our ports from

every part of the habitable world, was roused into natural solicitude for life and property.

It was in 1807 that the first effort was made to establish a national Coast Survey. Jefferson, in his message to Congress, recommended it; and Congress cautiously appropriated fifty thousand dollars. Secretary Albert Gallatin then addressed circulars to the principal scientific men of the period, soliciting opinions as to the best methods of conducting the proposed work. Numerous plans were submitted. That of Ferdinand R. Hasslar, a native of Switzerland, was finally adopted. He had accomplished a trigonometrical survey of his own country, and, fresh from scientific researches, was esteemed well fitted to superintend the execution of his plan. His purpose was to determine the geographical position of certain prominent points along the coast by astronomical and trigonometrical methods, and to connect these points with lines so as to form a basis upon which the nautical survey of the channels, shoals, and shore approaches could be made.



ALEXANDER DALLAS BACHE.

The magnitude of the task compelled special preparations. In 1810 Hasslar was sent to Europe to procure instruments, standards of measures, and other necessaries. The war followed, and he was detained in England until 1815. Other delays, naturally attending new enterprises, prevented operations until 1817, when a beginning was effected near the harbor of New York. Before much had been accomplished, or the first annual report drafted, Congress, in blank dismay at the pressure upon the public finances through the effects of the war, abandoned the support of the work. There was a lapse of ten years, during which knowledge of the Atlantic coast increased only through detached surveys of a few of its most important harbors by the navy and topographical engineers of the army, and through the services of Edmund W. Blunt and his sons.

Government was finally wakened from its long nap by Secretary Southard, and after much discussion the Coast Survey was re-established, with Hasslar at its head. He was authorized to employ astronomers and other scientists, in addition to the officers in the military and naval service. The real work commenced in 1832. But Hasslar was hampered and embarrassed continually by limited appropriations. His operations were not of that character easily seen; Congress wondered continually what he was about. While he was systematizing methods and training assistants, Congress was shrugging its shoulders and clamoring because results were inadequate to the expenditure. Hasslar was an eccentric man of irascible disposition and great independence of character. On one occasion a committee from Congress waited upon him in his office to inspect his work.

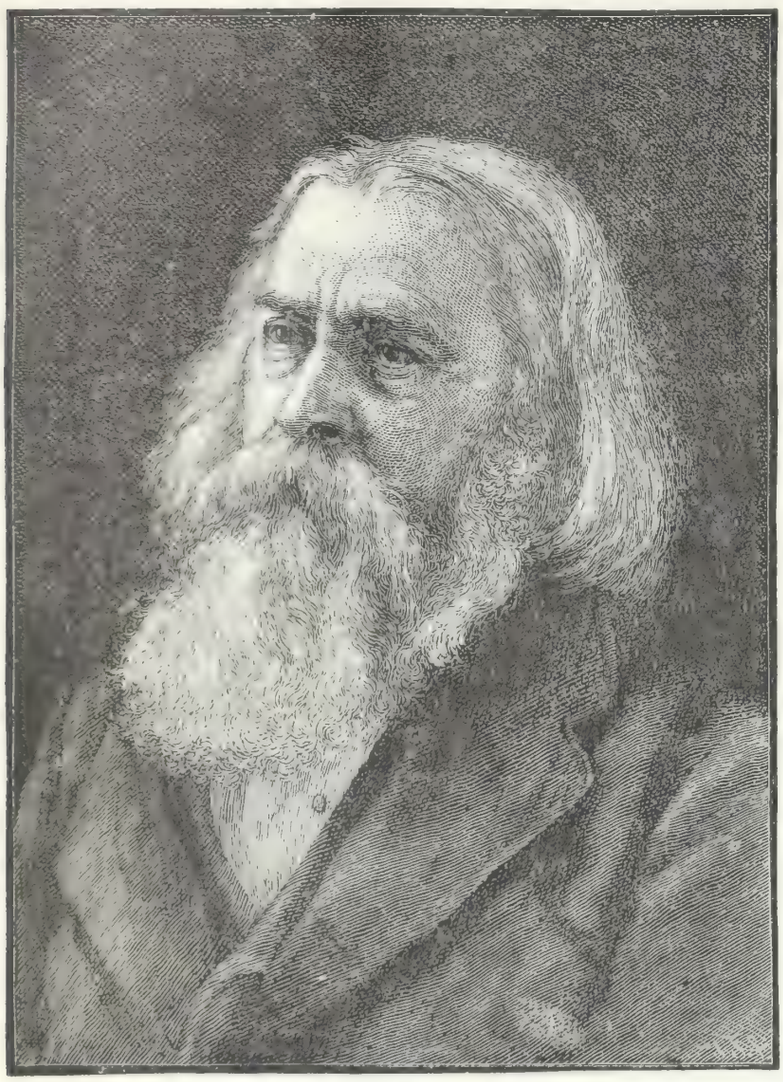
"You come to 'spect my vork, eh? Vat you know 'bout my vork? Vat you going to 'spect?"

The gentlemen, conscious of their ignorance, tried to smooth his ruffled temper by an explanation, which only made matters worse.

"You knows notting at all 'bout my vork. How can you 'spect my vork, ven you knows notting? Get out of here; you in my vay. Congress be von big vool to send you to 'spect my vork. I 'ave no time to vaste vith such as knows notting vat I am 'bout. Go back to Congress and tell dem vat I say."

The committee did "go back to Congress" and report, amid uproarious laughter, the result of their inspecting interview.

When Hon. Levi Woodbury was Secreta-



BENJAMIN PEIRCE.

ry of the Treasury, under Jackson, he and Hasslar could not agree as to the compensation to be allowed to the superintendent, and Hasslar was referred to the President, at whose discretion the law placed the settlement of the dispute.

"So, Mr. Hasslar, it appears the Secretary and you can not agree about this matter," remarked Jackson, when Hasslar had stated his case in his usual emphatic style.

"No, Sir, ve can't."

"Well, how much do you really think you ought to have?"

"Six tousand dollars, Sir."

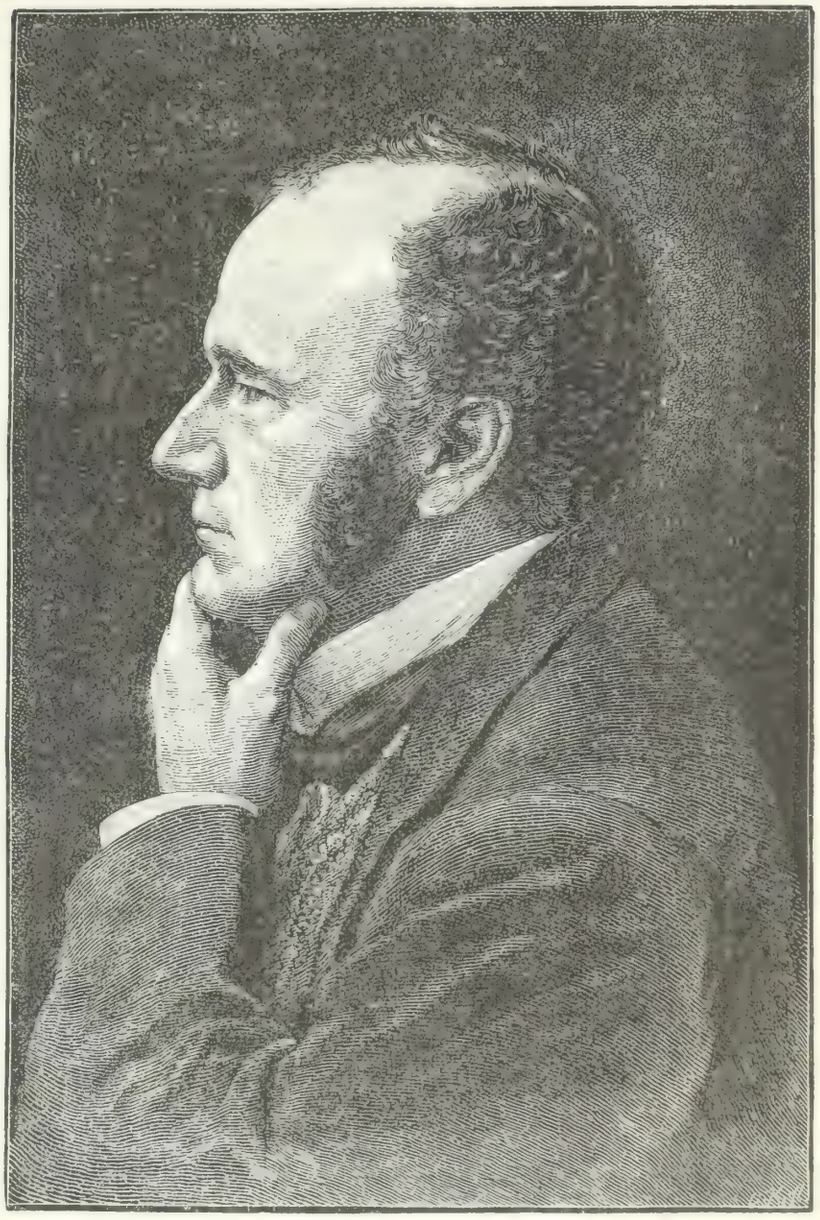
"Why, Mr. Hasslar, that is as much as Mr. Woodbury, my Secretary of the Treasury, himself receives."

"Mr. Voodbury!" screamed Hasslar, rising from his chair and vibrating his long forefinger toward his own heart. "Pl-e-e-n-ty Mr. Voodburys, pl-e-e-n-ty Mr. Everybodys, for Secretary of de Treasury; v-o-ne, v-o-ne Mr. Hasslar for de head of de Coast Survey!" and erecting himself in a haughty attitude, he looked down upon Jackson in supreme scorn at his daring comparison.

President Jackson, sympathizing with a character having some traits in common with his own, granted Hasslar's demand, and at the close of the next cabinet meeting told the joke, to the great entertainment of the gentlemen present.

Through his entire administration Hasslar was obliged to combat with an immense amount of unenlightened interference; and yet prior to his death in 1843 he had pushed surveys from New York eastward to Point Judith, and southward as far as Cape Henlopen. He was succeeded by Alexander Dallas Bache, a great-grandson of Dr. Franklin, who vigorously urged upon government the value of a more efficient plan of organization. His idea was to carry on all the principal operations at the different points of the coast at the same time, and conduct the various sections on the same general principles, and ultimately connect them so as to form a complete survey. He established a system of exact tidal observations, and in order to separate the effects of the different causes which modify the phenomena, he soon found it far from sufficient to observe merely the heights and times of high and low water, but a continuous record of the tides must be maintained, as inequalities constantly shift their place and magnitude. His conceptions in respect to the scientific methods to be employed for the development of the complicated affairs of the Coast Survey were in advance of any that had hitherto been entertained; and in the application of geology, astronomy, mathematics, geodesy, natural history, physical science, and the mechanic arts to the successful prosecution of the work, he conferred benefits upon navigation which have made his name honored throughout the civilized world. The brilliancy of his official career is almost without parallel. His reputation for scientific skill was fairly earned. He was not only an intellectual giant, but one of the most untiring and indefatigable of workers. In his earnestness he was oblivious to all sense of money or time. He cared nothing for politics. A curious anecdote is told illustrating the truthfulness of his nature and his ignorance of that of the politician. Seeing an article in a Philadelphia paper grossly vituperating his uncle, Alexander Dallas, the Vice-President, and finding the article was written by a friend,

when they next met he refused to speak to this friend, looking upon him as a falsifier of facts. A few months afterward, he, to his astonishment, met the same writer friend walking arm in arm down Chestnut Street with his uncle! He subsequently apologized, and never again resented political abuse. He was ably assisted by some forty or more men, each one of whom would have been a master-spirit under certain conditions of responsibility. His special genius was in organization, and in this field he is destined to shine on forever like the sun among stars. The glory of the structure must ever rest with Hasslar, but its development must be accorded to Bache. At the same time, in administrative efficiency they have both been more than equalled by their successors, Benjamin Peirce, the gifted astronomer, and Carlile Pollock Patterson, the present able superintendent.

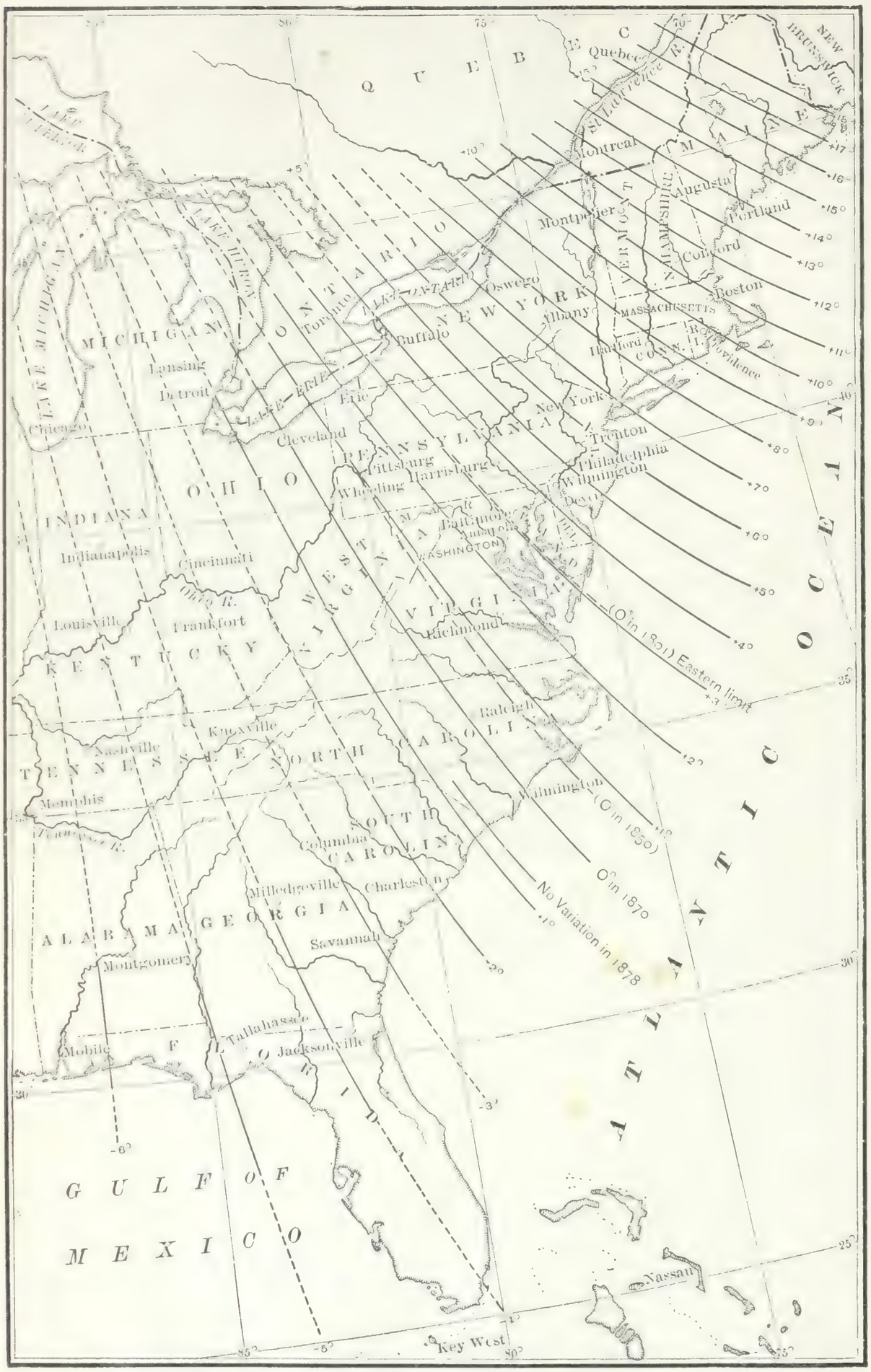


CARLILE POLLOCK PATTERSON.

Peirce was a born mathematician. He was appointed professor of mathematics at Cambridge when only twenty-two. While still young he visited England, and his reputation as a mathematician having preceded him, he was received and entertained by the English scientists. But having no high estimation of American science, and thinking no good could come out of Nazareth, they treated him a little cavalierly, and to confound him submitted what they supposed problems he could not solve. He did, however, solve them as fast as he could write or they present them. This continued for some time. Tired, however, of their simplicity, he submitted three problems to them, and declined further personal intercourse. Eventually he furnished the solution of his own problems. Since then they have acknowledged that certain of his mathematical works are among the most advanced productions of this century. Peirce attracted the notice of scientific men every where in 1843 through his criticism of Leverrier's statements concerning the unknown planet which was supposed to affect the motions of Uranus. His bold announcement to the American Academy that the planet Neptune did not accord with the computations of Leverrier was severely censured at the time. Edward Everett, who was present at the meeting, actually addressed the Academy, begging that so utterly improbable a declaration might not go out to the world with the Academy's sanction.

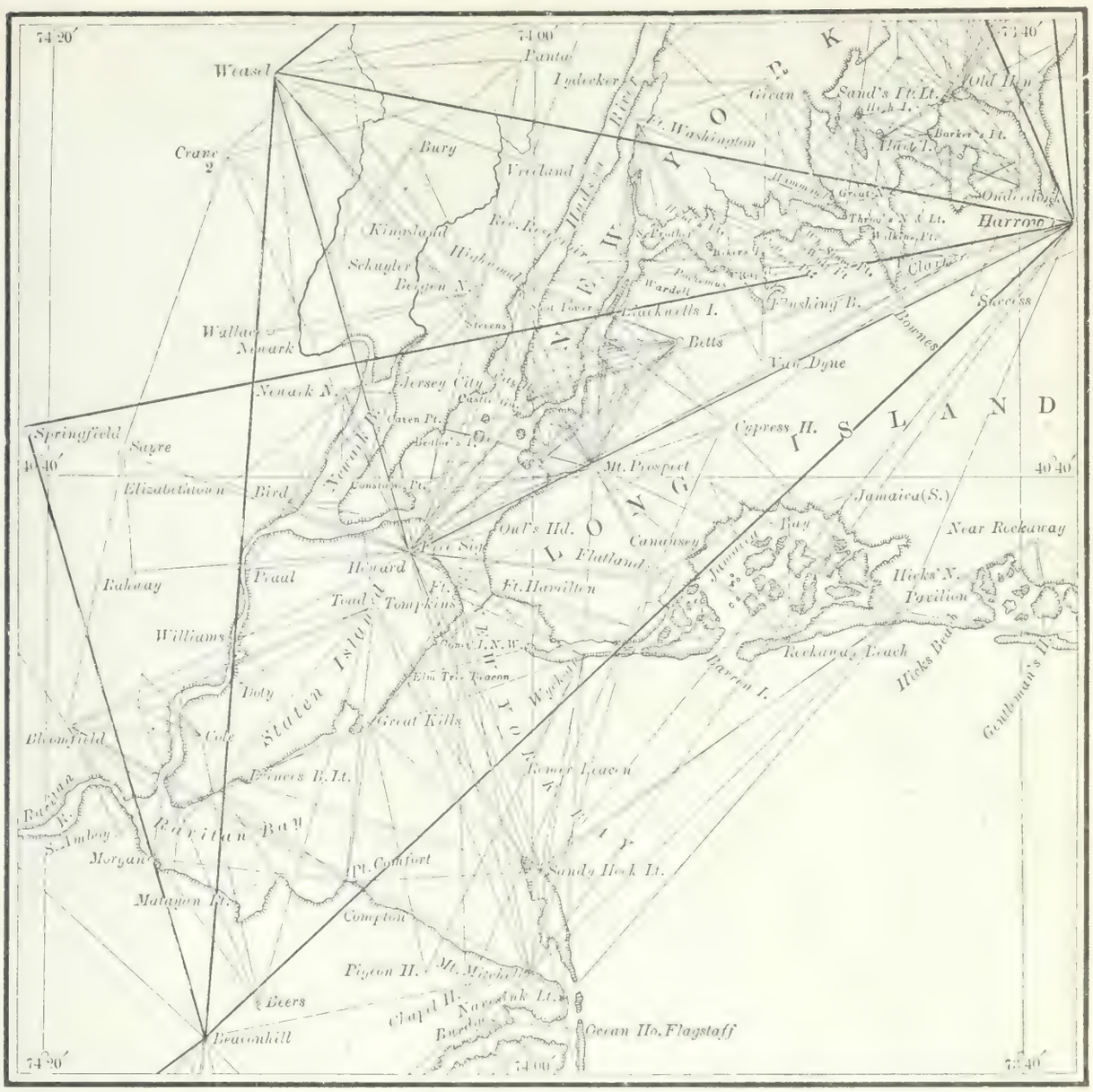
"It may be utterly improbable," retorted Peirce; "but one thing is more improbable —that the law of gravitation and the truth of mathematical formulas should fail!"

The researches and discussions thus provoked resulted in the establishment of the theory of the new planet upon a sound basis. Peirce was appointed superintendent of the Coast Survey in September, 1867. Bache had died in February of that year. His health had been impaired by the overtasking of his strength and the anxieties attending the exercise of his knowledge and judgment in planning the details of the blockade during the war, and in producing charts for the blockading and attacking fleets, and maps for the armies upon land. His successor, an eminent mathematician and astronomer, brought all his varied scientific acquisitions to bear upon the future of the monument already erected, and



MAGNETIC DECLINATION—VARIATION OF COMPASS—ISOGONIC LINES FOR 1870.

the work of the Survey soon resumed the extension it had prior to the rebellion. Peirce was succeeded in 1874 by Patterson (the son of Commodore D. T. Patterson), who had been connected with the work at various periods. As early as 1845 he performed

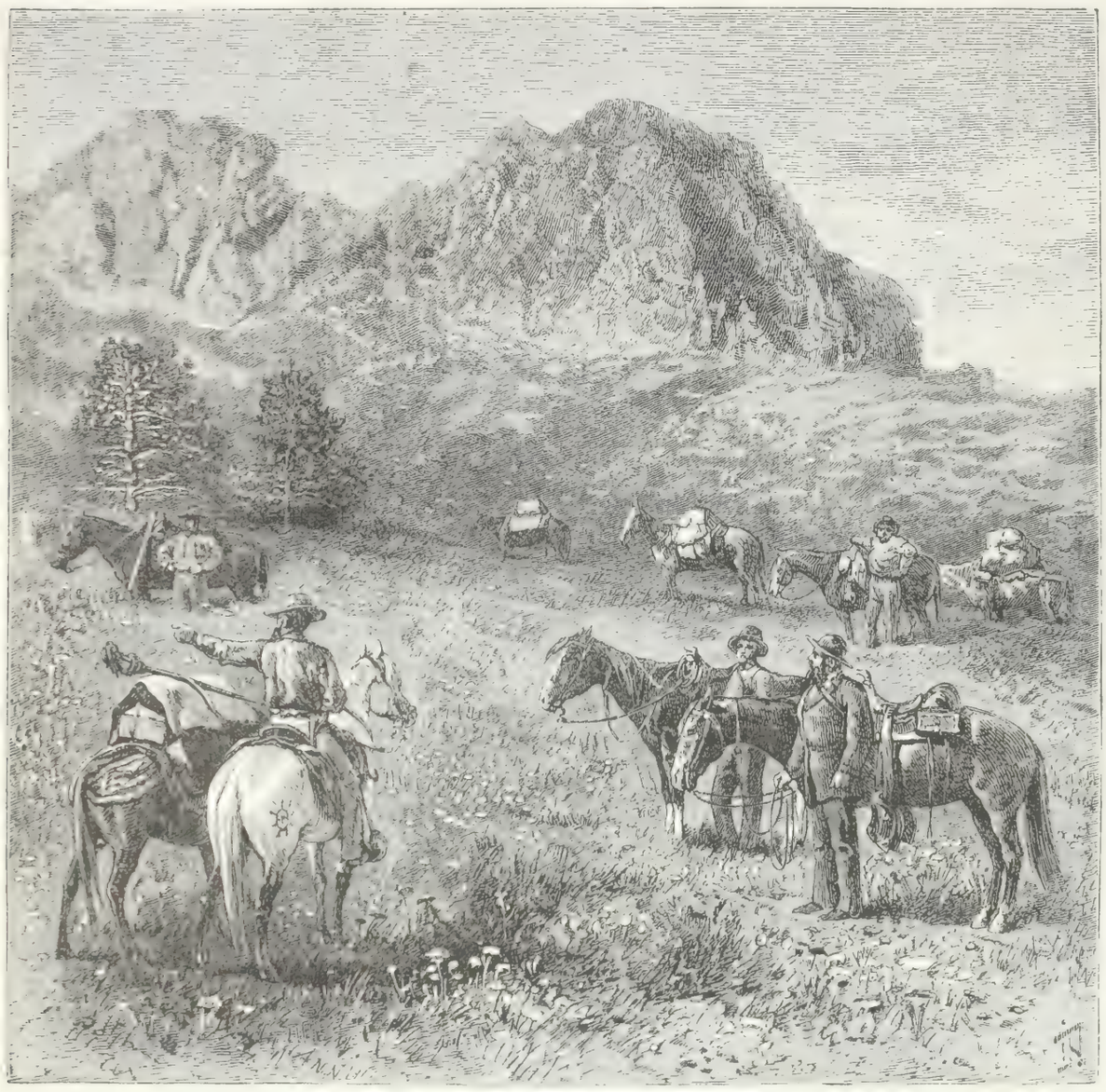


A SPECIMEN OF TRIANGULATION.

important service in the Gulf of Mexico; and in 1861 was, by request of Bache, appointed hydrographic inspector. His intimate acquaintance with every feature of the Survey and its requirements, together with a refined apprehension of all that is delicate and complicated in science, renders him a most valuable executive. There are many scientific men in the department, eminent in their specialties, and who through ceaseless activity and researches are conferring important advantages upon ocean travel. General Humphreys, the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, was for several years assistant in charge of the office, and developed the field work, especially field astronomy, to a very high degree. The position is now occupied by Professor Julius E. Hilgard, one of the accomplished scientists of the time.

The buildings appropriated to the uses of this hydra-headed branch of our government are just southeast of the Capitol. They present a modest exterior, three stories high in front, but stretching far back in the direction of the Potomac. By actual count they are found to contain one hundred and one rooms. The archives are secured in a fire-proof building adjoining—property to the amount of $9,000,000, including original sheets of hydrography and topography, original engraved plates of charts from the foundation of the Coast Survey, and the valuable portions of the standard weights and measures—while on the other hand is a small building devoted to the electrotyping processes. The main edifice looms up in the rear some five or six stories. The offices are arranged simply for work, and offer scanty attractions for sight-seers. And the records, although in all libraries, are too voluminous and of too much weight for popular reading. Hence the great American public, to whom every detail of the work is of vital interest, are possessed with meagre facilities for an intelligent comprehension of its magnitude and scope.

The Coast Survey includes much besides the coast survey. Discoveries of the most

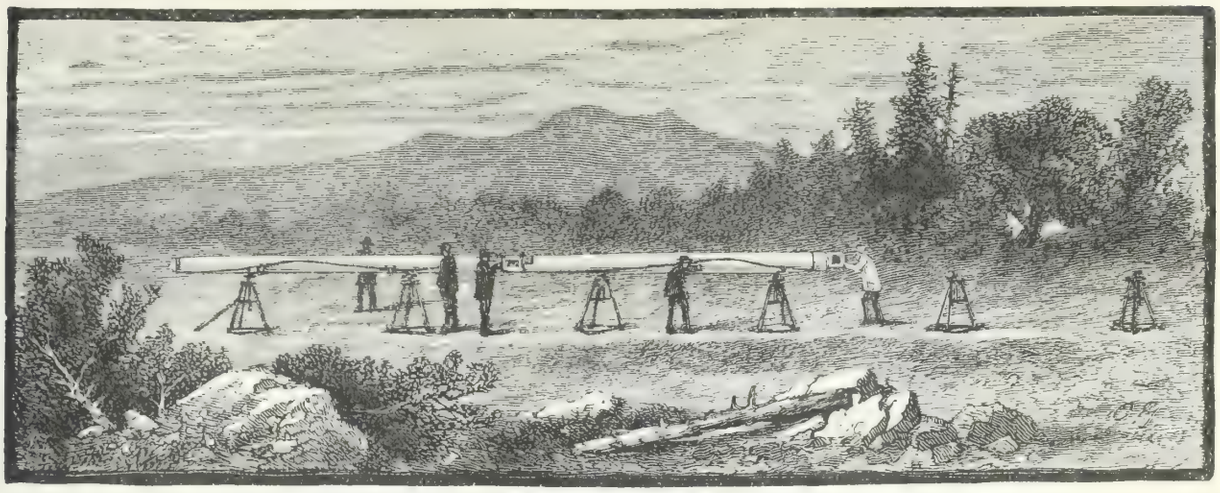


RECONNOISSANCE PARTY ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST.

wonderful character, and invested with all the charm of novelty, are constantly growing out of the various observations involved. Of these, studies of magnetism and of sea-currents have produced the most striking results. The variations of the compass can now be predicted for any hour in any place in the United States. This strange triumph has been accomplished through a series of careful observations at different stations in every part of the country, compared with the precise observations of former years. Such variations are much greater for different localities than is commonly imagined. Want of knowledge in the matter has caused endless blunders in land surveys. Some of our maps misrepresented the site of certain inland cities by nearly three miles. The ludicrous story of the Irishman who, seeing the Coast Survey men planting one of their instruments in his favorite pasture, humbly begged them not to move it (the pasture) to the other side of the river, is not without its illustrative value. One of his own neighbors had recently made application to the Coast Survey in the matter of a disputed boundary. These new measurements are of great service in the projection of canals and railroads, to say nothing of the aid they afford in the correction of erroneous maps of the coast. Charts used twenty years ago by coasting vessels in trips to our Southern ports have been found to contain discrepancies of longitude often as much as nine miles, caused through local variation of the compass.

The original design to furnish accurate knowledge of the coast of the United States for mariners, and to distribute this knowledge so that all nations might partake, has been more than fulfilled as far as the work has progressed. And that the reader may form a correct notion of what the Coast Survey really is, we will give a brief outline of the several monster problems comprehended within its duties.

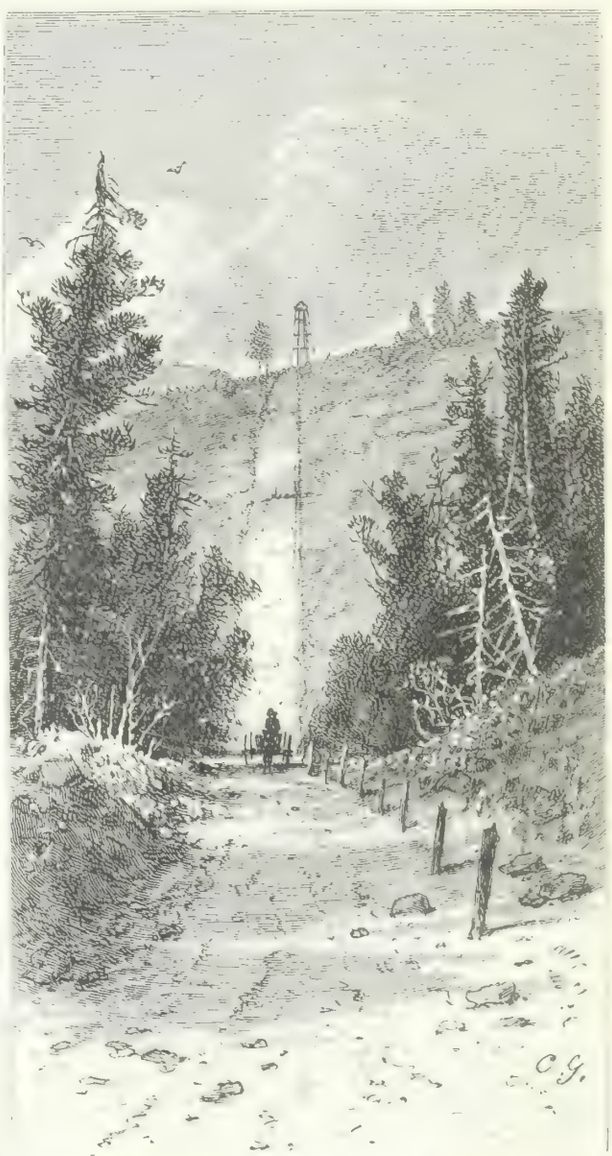
First and foremost is the geodetic survey of the coasts, effected by a series of great geometrical figures, the fundamental element of which is the triangle. In these operations the magnitude and shape of the earth must be constantly taken into account, since



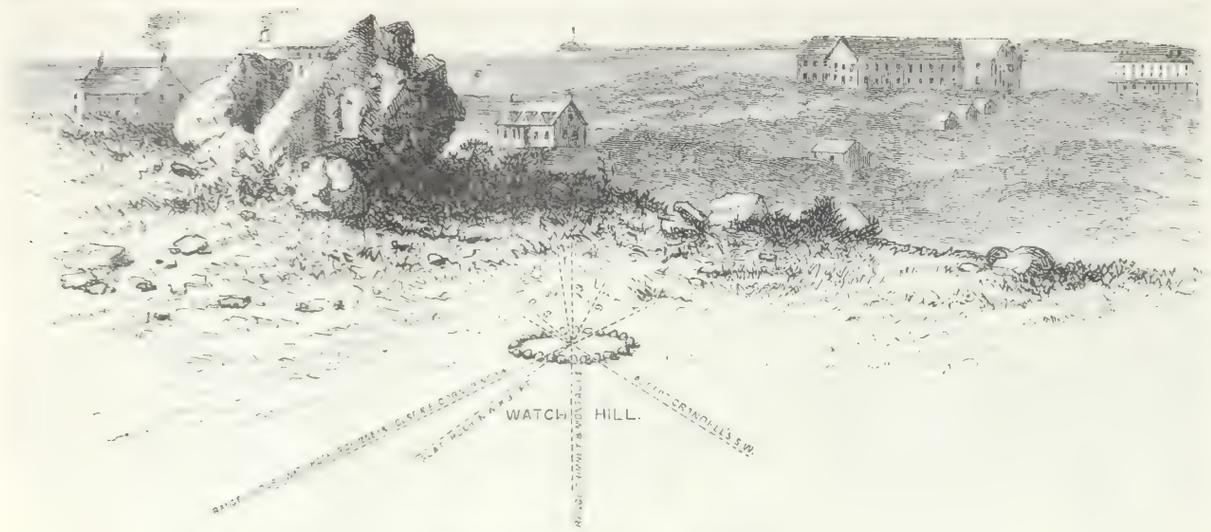
APPARATUS FOR MAKING AND BREAKING CONTACT IN MEASURING BASE-LINE.

no area of any considerable extent can be admeasured and mapped without due regard to its curvature. The first step is a reconnoissance of the country to be surveyed and a selection of points of observation. A base-line is then measured, from six to twelve miles in length, with the utmost precision of modern science, the site of the line being cleared of obstructions and made as level and straight as practicable. When complete it has the appearance of a great roadway. From this base a series of triangles is extended, with sides from twenty to one hundred and fifty miles in length, each angle being measured with the best instruments for the purpose. Positions thus determined are checked by the most critical astronomical observations. A second baseline is then measured, from three to five hundred miles beyond the first, and a comparison of its length by actual measurement with its length as computed through the chain of triangles is a test of the accuracy of the triangulations. .The computed positions must be frequently verified by actual observation, and the computed length of the lines occasionally verified also, by the introduction of a measured base of verification.

The process of measurement is the continued repetition of some unit of length, performed either by optical means or by actual contact. Rods of wood, glass, or metal were long since found inadequate for this purpose, on account of their changes of length caused by changes of temperature. An apparatus was constructed specially for the coast survey of this country, upon a compensating principle, which is in no respect influenced by heat and cold, and is the best known. Each measuring bar is compounded of two rods, of brass and iron, and protected from the direct influence of the sun by double tubes of tinned sheet-iron, within which they are movable on rollers by means of a differential screw, admitting of the contacts of the agate ends being made within one ten-thousandth of an inch. The length of each bar is six meters, or about twenty feet. The French meter was adopted for greater precision in measurement (instead of the yard, which the English use, and which is the legal standard of length in the United States), because of its bearing a certain relation to the magnitude of the earth, being equal to the ten-millionth part of the earth's quadrant. The necessity for the refinement of accuracy in this work is clear to the mind when we re-



VIEW OF BASE-LINE AS GRADED FOR MEASUREMENT.



METHOD OF MARKING THE POINT.

member that all errors in the base-line are multiplied as the triangulation advances: the error of one foot in ten miles would produce ten feet in one hundred miles. And yet such is the perfection of the mode of operation that lines of ten miles in length rarely contain the error of one-tenth of an inch. The apparatus is mounted upon tres-



COAST SURVEY SIGNAL POLE.

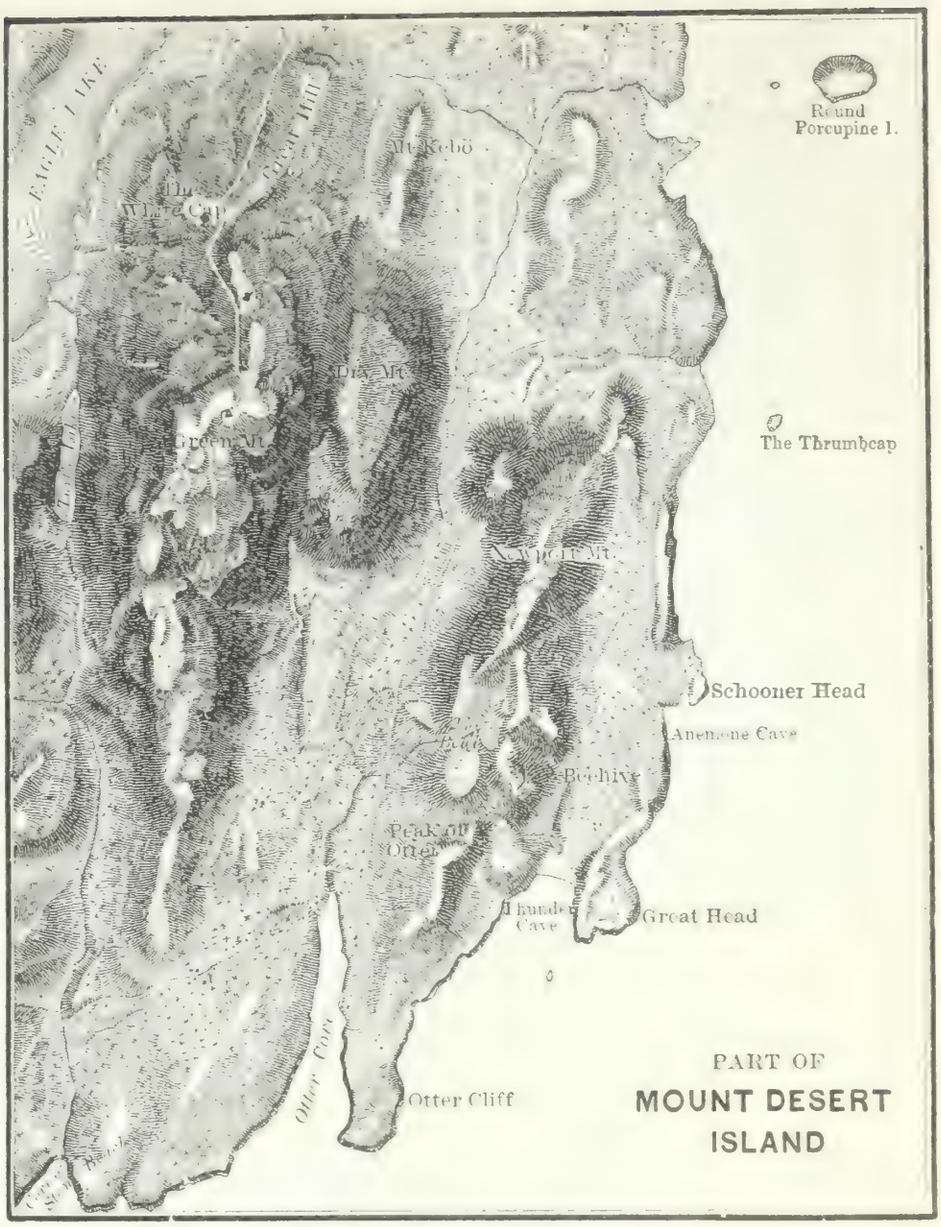
tles, provided with every mechanical contrivance for adjusting the bars in height and direction, and is handled with such dexterity that on favorable ground a mile may be measured in an ordinary working-day.

From such a base-line the triangulation proceeds by gradually advancing steps. The preferred system of enlargement is that of forming equilateral triangles on each side of the base, which together compose a lozenge, the long diagonal of which, duly observed from both ends, forms the base for a similar system as the next step. The horizontal angles subtended from the different points of the triangulation are measured by theodolites. These are carried to the summits of hills or mountains, and established carefully over the station points where angles are to be measured, remaining until the work in that region is completed. They are furnished with powerful telescopes for the observation of distant signals. The signals are generally straight poles supported by a tripod, but on the long lines a heliotrope—a simple round mirror the size of a silver dollar, so mounted that an assistant at a distant station is able to reflect the rays of the sun in the direction of the observer—is found of great value. Such a signal may be seen in the telescope, showing like a star of the second magnitude, when the mountain-top from which it proceeds is from eighty to ninety miles away and not visible. In one instance, in California, this light was actually discerned one hundred and sixty-five miles. This was from the highest and most unique scaffolding ever erected from which theodolite observations have been made. It has recently been completed on the coast of California, to see over the high trees and far out upon the Pacific. The centre is the trunk of a redwood tree, eight feet in diameter at the base, and sawed off one hundred feet from the ground. The point where the theodolite rests upon the upper scaffolding is one

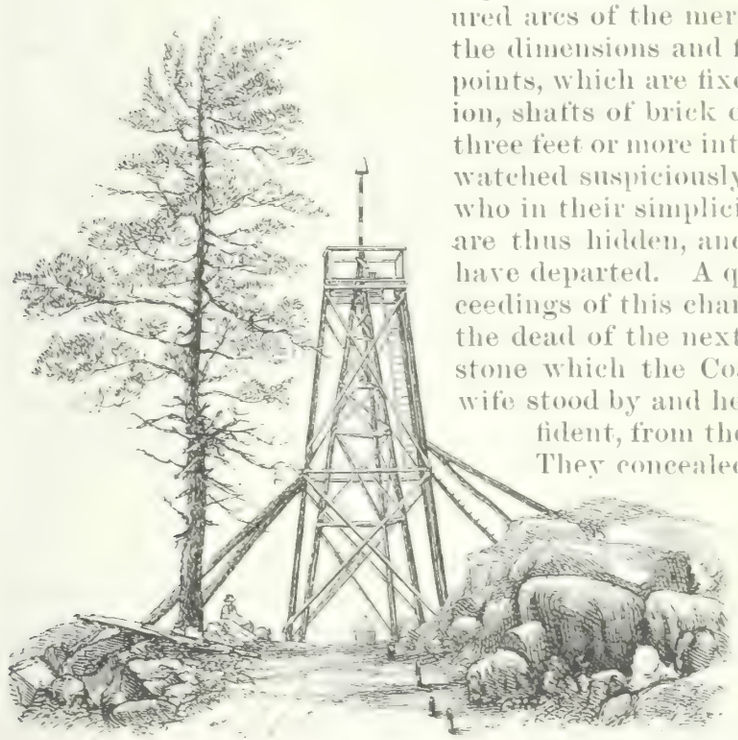
hundred and thirty-five feet high. Just below is a light platform for the observer to stand upon after climbing the ladder, and such is the nicety of the whole arrangement that he can make observations without vibrating at all the instrument. Both scaffoldings are held in position by nine guys or ropes.

Each angle is determined by some thirty measurements; at each station there are usually from ten to twenty angles to be measured; thus only two or three primary stations can be occupied in one season. The men live in tents near at hand, in order to take advantage of distant signals, and also of favorable weather.

From points ascertained through this primary work secondary points are determined for purposes of topography and hydrography, and data are obtained in measured arcs of the meridian and parallels for determining the dimensions and figure of the earth. To mark these points, which are fixed with the utmost care and precision, shafts of brick or other heavy substances are sunk three feet or more into the earth. Such burials are often watched suspiciously by country people in the vicinity, who in their simplicity presume treasures of great value are thus hidden, and dig for them when the surveyors have departed. A queer old farmer in Maine spied proceedings of this character from his barn window, and in the dead of the next night exhumed a singular-shaped stone which the Coast Survey men had planted. His wife stood by and held a lantern. They were both confident, from the weight of it, that it must be gold. They concealed it with much difficulty in an antique chest. A few days later they took a neighbor into their confidence, who upon seeing it declared it was but a stone. In vain they argued that the outside was a bronze covering to great and gilded riches; the neighbor broke off a piece with a blow from a hammer, and laughed at their



SPECIMEN OF TOPOGRAPHICAL CHART



WEST END OF BASE-LINE.



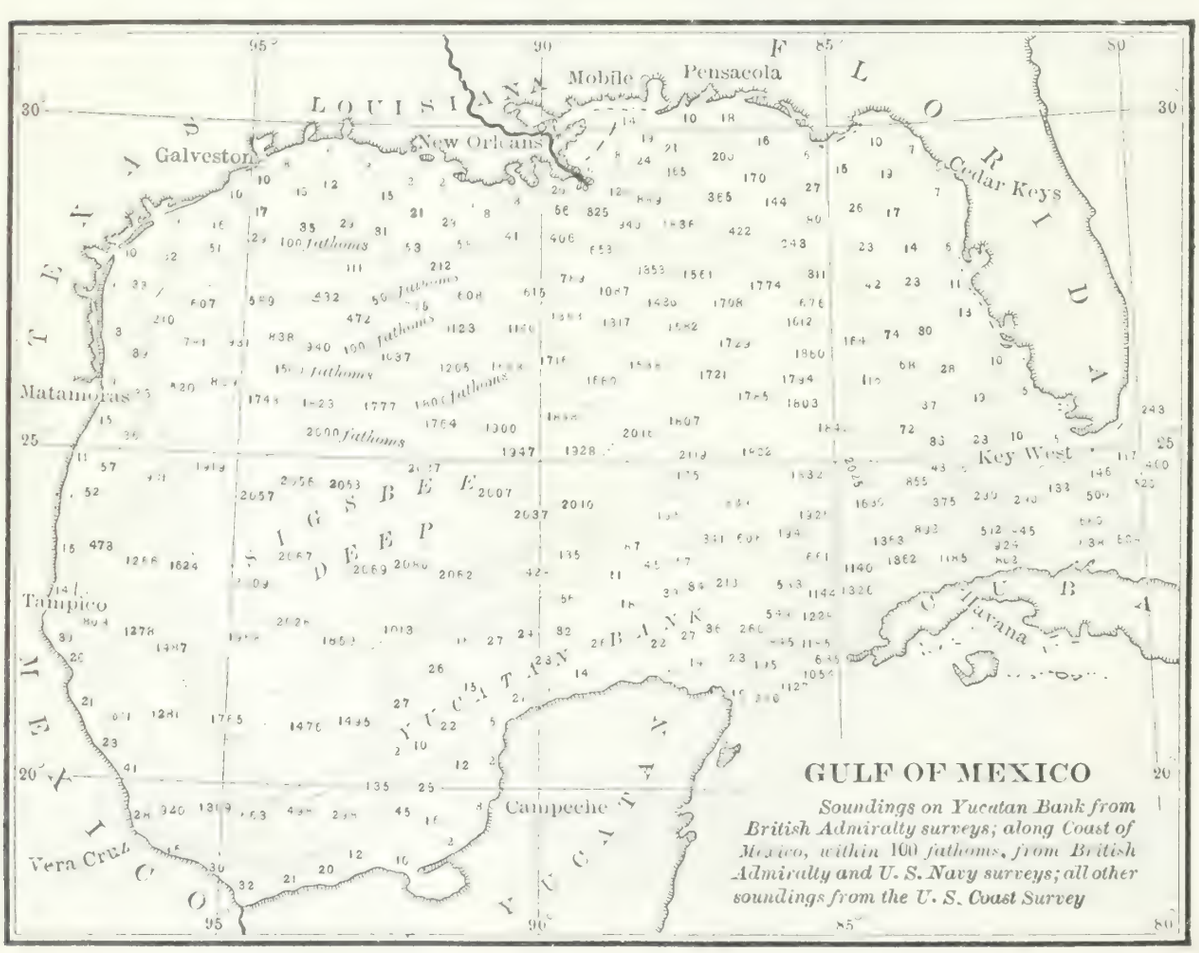
MORRO ROCK, IN COAST SURVEY CHART.

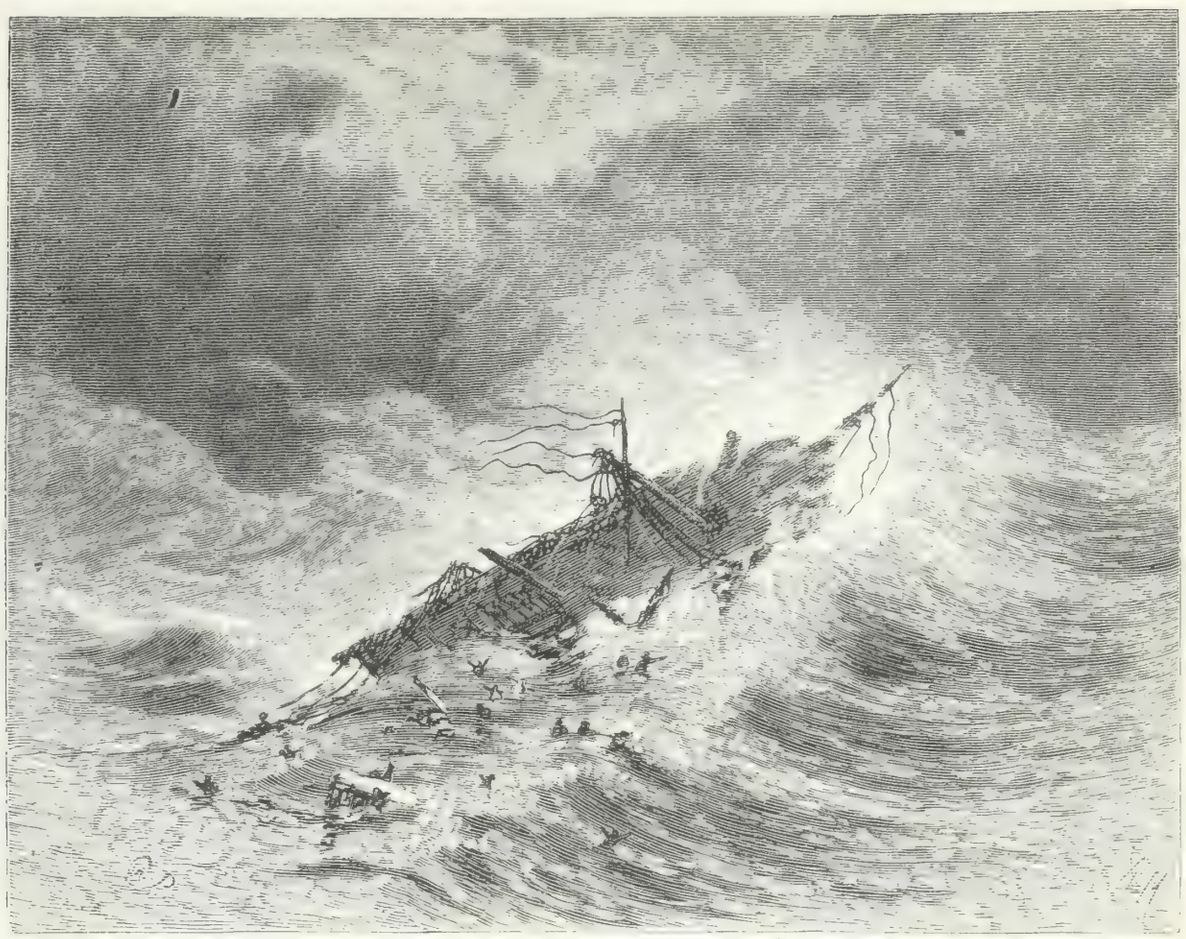


MORRO ROCK, IN COAST VIEW ACCOMPANYING THE CHART.

absurd fancies. "Well, neow," said the disappointed finder, "who would 'a thought them good-lookin' men were such a parcel of fools as to bury a stun!"

The topography of the coast, embracing from one to four miles inland, is now perfected from Mount Desert, Maine, to the extreme southern point of Florida; thence toward the Rio Grande, upward of two-thirds of the Gulf coast; and perhaps one-third of the whole coast of the Pacific. And with the same vigor as the field work have the maps and charts been pushed toward completion. Of great moment to mariners are the views of the shores as they appear in the approach. These are sketched with the greatest care by the most competent artists, elegantly engraved, and available to every ship-master. Indeed, he has no excuse for accident if not provided with them. They are more particularly valuable in unfrequented paths, as on the Pacific shores, revealing to sailors their exact whereabouts. At the same time they are indispensable in the region of great thoroughfares, the entrance to harbors, and along the Hudson. The Coast Survey has executed a series of these views, embracing every mile of coast so far as the work extends. The maps and charts indicate irregularities of the surface, the forms and dimensions of hills, villages, roads, lanes, meadows, fences, forests, houses, barns, ponds, and every natural and artificial object; also bays, sounds, islands, river mouths, and creeks; and, together with the views above mentioned, do honor to the country as works of art, aside from their value in a business light, being, in point of excellence of execution, surpassed by none which are produced by other nations.

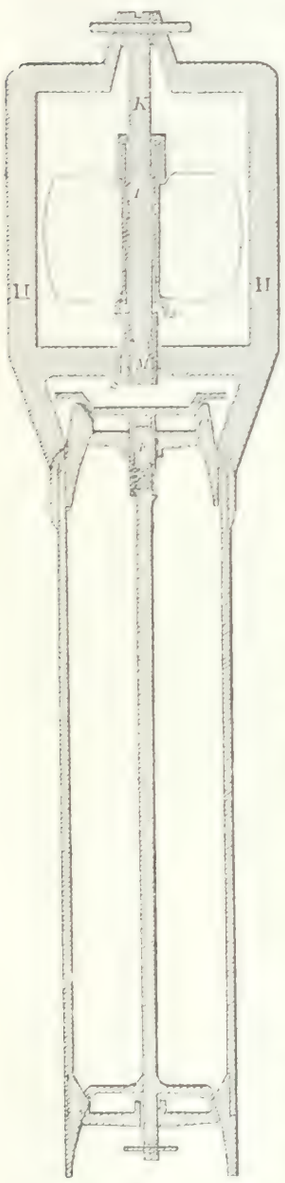




DISASTER TO THE COAST SURVEY BRIG "WASHINGTON."

The hydrography of the coast includes all the operations performed at sea for the determination of the exact location of rocks, shoals, depth of water, movement of tides, and nature of currents. The chief labor is that of sounding. With the outlines of the shore from the topographer, angles are measured, and the route of a vessel laid down upon a chart. The number of the soundings is usually so great that the features of the sea within a wide belt adjacent to the coast are as familiar as those of the land. Thus the sailor in foggy weather can determine his position by the specimens brought up by the sounding-lead. In the deep-sea soundings the varieties of animals found settle important questions in relation to currents as well as localities. This is particularly true in the Gulf of Mexico. The recent dredging operations of the Coast Survey steamer *Blake* have resulted in a collection of specimens which add largely to the sum of nautical knowledge. Nothing is more interesting than the mode of formation of coral reefs and the causes thereof. Sigsbee and his party discovered several of these reefs beginning to rise on the Yucatan Bank, near the thirty or twenty fathom curve. They are the same in structure as the reefs on the northern coast of Cuba, where the line of distinct and powerful elevation can be still plainly traced by old coral slopes, and by the ancient coral reefs in the hills surrounding Havana and extending to Matanzas—hills that attain a height of over twelve hundred feet, and are entirely composed of species of corals identical with those now found on the living reefs. It was also found that the dead shells of pteropods played an important part in the accumulation at the bottom of the sea near the issue of the deep water of the Straits of Florida between Cuba and Florida Keys, and that pelasgic animals swarming at the surface at great distance from the land are an important factor in the composition of the deep-sea deposits going on at the present day. The mud brought up by the trawl was carefully sifted, and the pteropod shells and their fragments were found by accurate measurement to be more than half the bulk of the sifted mud from which they came. This mud was intensely cold, benumbing the hands in the handling. In one instance the dredge brought up from disintegrated coral rock bottom six beautiful "sea-lilies"—dainty animals in purple and gold. Their heads curled over, and they shed their arms until they were deluded into the notion that they were in their native temperature by being placed in a tank of ice-water. It was about one and a half miles from Morro, at a point where upon the coast could be seen the ruins of two detached houses one hundred yards apart and near the shore. In no other locality could the "lilies" be found, but, says Sigsbee, "bring either of these houses to bear east-southeast in one hundred and

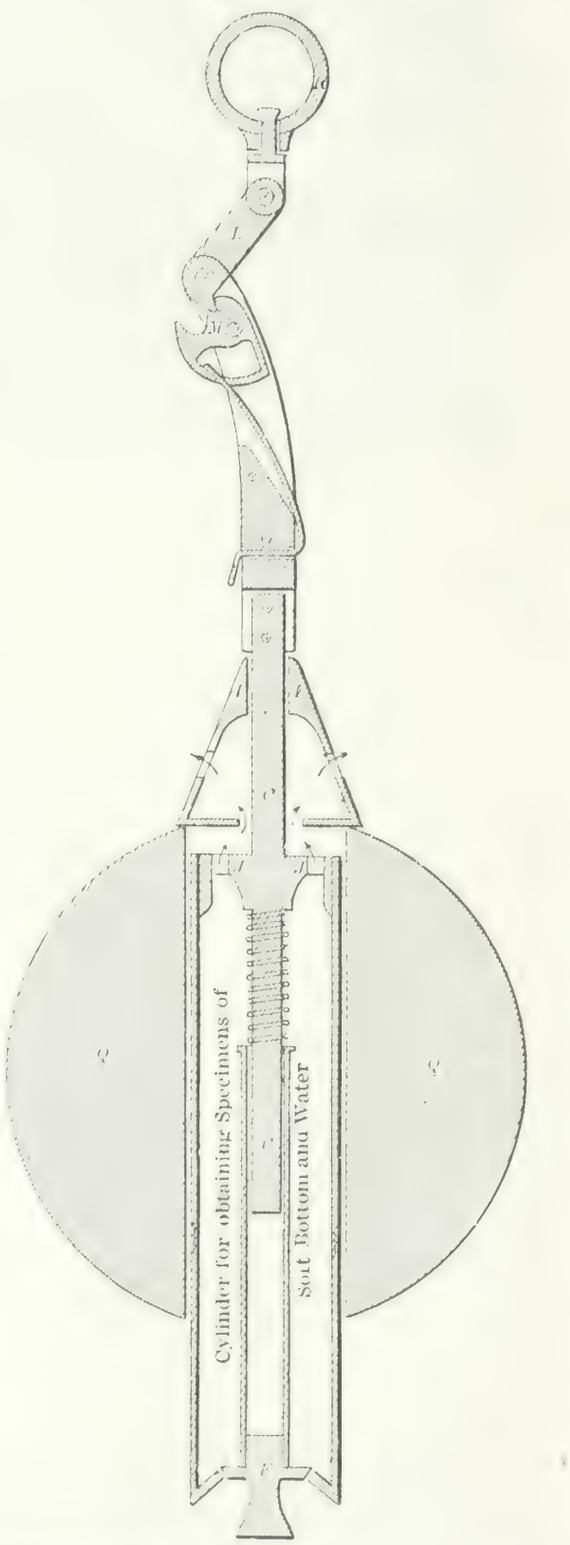
seventy-five fathoms of water, and dredge; sea-lilies are bound to come." The new methods of deep-sea soundings have proved successful in every instance. The water-bottle invented by Sigsbee is unquestionably far superior in efficiency and accuracy to any heretofore employed in deep-sea explorations. During the cruise of the *Blake* careful soundings were taken with Sigsbee's modification of Sir William Thomson's sounding machine, and bottom and surface temperatures with the Miller-Casella thermometer, carefully compared from time to time with a standard.



WATER-BOTTLE FOR OBTAINING SPECIMENS.

The present width of the Gulf Stream proper is about twenty-five miles at Cape Florida, although it is one hundred and fifty miles wide at Sandy Hook. We owe the discovery of the "cold wall" on the inner side of the Gulf Stream, and the bands of cold water in the midst of the warm water, to Lieutenant-Commander George M. Bache, the brother of Superintendent Bache, and brother-in-law of Superintendent Patterson. He was in command of the brig *Washington*, which was struck by the hurricane of September 8, 1846, sweeping nearly every man engaged in the hazardous enterprise of sounding this extraordinary pathway of mixed waters into its depths. When the ship righted after the shock all succeeded in getting aboard again except Bache and ten of his crew, who perished. Since that time the width of the several bands of warm and cold water has been measured, and the theory established that they are the result of the shape of the bottom of the sea. In certain sections ranges of hills have been found running parallel with the coast, and it is nearly over the top of these that the cold bands of water flow. The peculiarities of other ocean currents, as well as the characteristics of the Gulf Stream, and the temperature and density of water between surface and bottom, are among the critical studies of the Coast Survey. The time is not far distant when the circulation of the ocean—direction and velocity of currents—will be determined with precision for a given hour of any day.

When the whole survey of the coast has been accomplished, it will be necessary to watch the unceasing changes which take place in the channels leading to our harbors, which for the most part are barred with shifting sands. Physical hydrography develops the laws which govern these changes and the formation of new channels

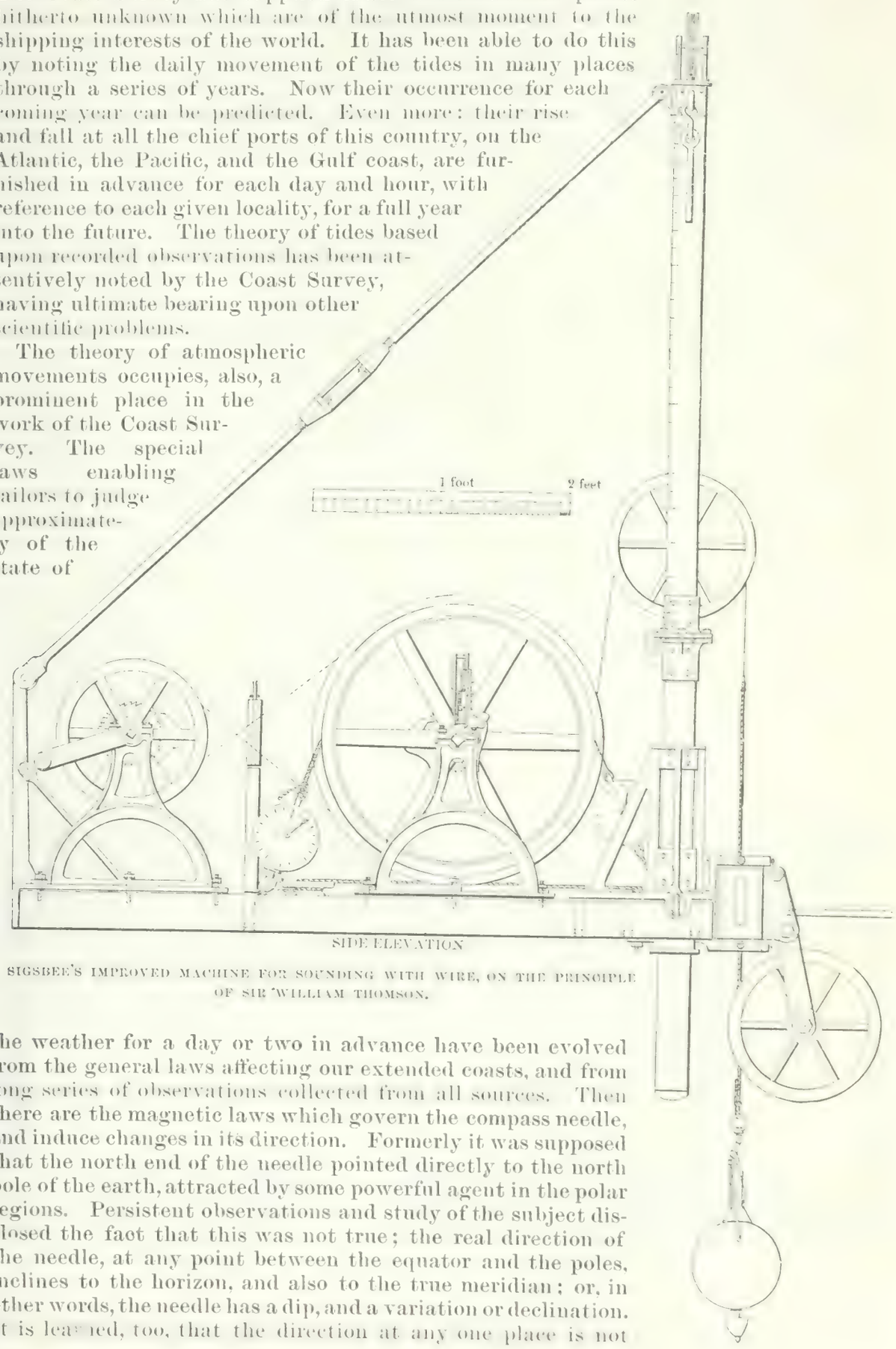


SIGSBEE'S DETACHER, USED IN CONNECTION WITH A MODIFICATION OF CAPTAIN BELKNAP'S SOUNDING CYLINDER NO. 2.

and river-beds, and has been made a special department in the Coast Survey. Thus it seems that the labor must be constantly repeated, or charts will grow worthless, and mislead the navigator. Among the notable instances of the alteration of harbors is the advance of Sandy Hook upon the main ship channel into New York Bay the distance of a mile and a quarter since the beginning of the present century.

The most intricate and troublesome problem that ever vexed the mind of man is that of the tides. There is no subject so constantly in a sailor's thoughts when approaching harbors and river mouths as the rise and fall of the water. The safety of ship and life depends upon a proper understanding of these particulars. The Coast Survey has supplied exact information on points hitherto unknown which are of the utmost moment to the shipping interests of the world. It has been able to do this by noting the daily movement of the tides in many places through a series of years. Now their occurrence for each coming year can be predicted. Even more: their rise and fall at all the chief ports of this country, on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf coast, are furnished in advance for each day and hour, with reference to each given locality, for a full year into the future. The theory of tides based upon recorded observations has been attentively noted by the Coast Survey, having ultimate bearing upon other scientific problems.

The theory of atmospheric movements occupies, also, a prominent place in the work of the Coast Survey. The special laws enabling sailors to judge approximately of the state of the weather for a day or two in advance have been evolved from the general laws affecting our extended coasts, and from long series of observations collected from all sources. Then there are the magnetic laws which govern the compass needle, and induce changes in its direction. Formerly it was supposed that the north end of the needle pointed directly to the north pole of the earth, attracted by some powerful agent in the polar regions. Persistent observations and study of the subject disclosed the fact that this was not true; the real direction of the needle, at any point between the equator and the poles, inclines to the horizon, and also to the true meridian; or, in other words, the needle has a dip, and a variation or declination. It is learned, too, that the direction at any one place is not



SIGSBEE'S IMPROVED MACHINE FOR SOUNDING WITH WIRE, ON THE PRINCIPLE OF SIR WILLIAM THOMSON.

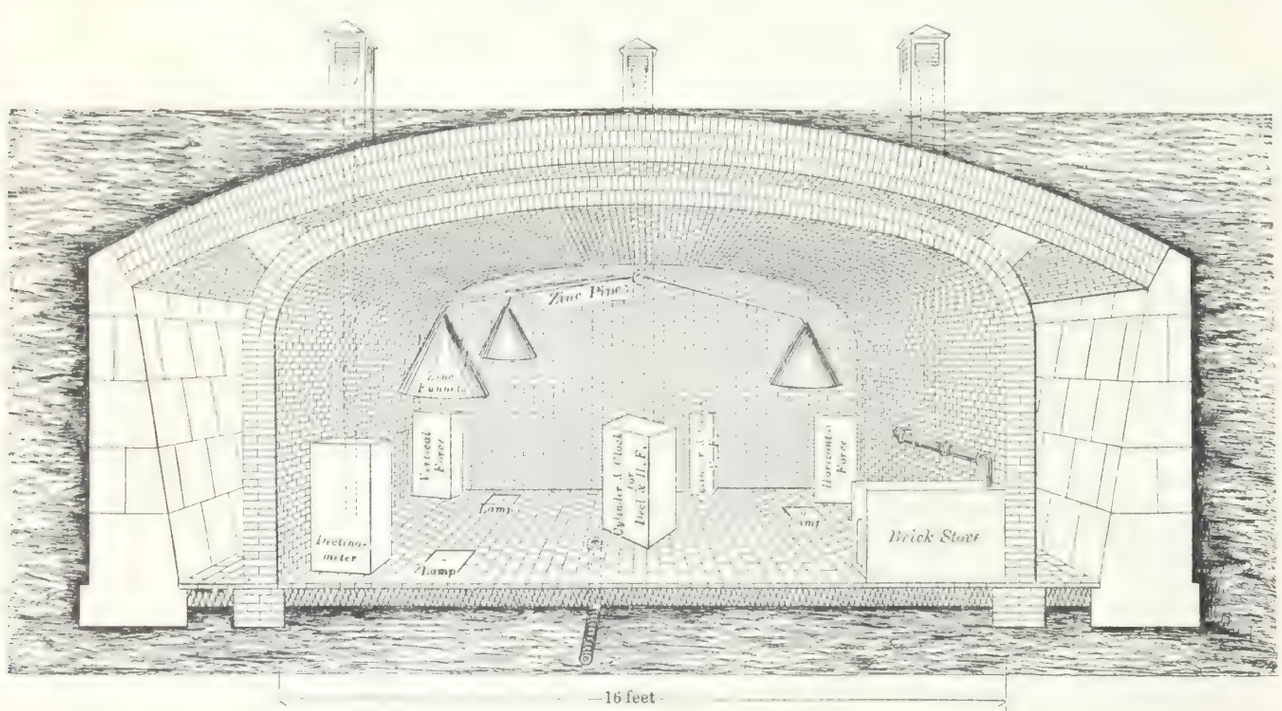
constant, but changes not only during each day, but from year to year. The sailor has no resource in avoiding errors occasioned by these variations but his chart. And the chart for one year is not good for the next year, unless when the laws that govern the changes are sufficiently well understood to predict the compass variations as accurately as the tides are foretold.

None of the observations are more delicate and laborious than those for determining the direction and intensity of the magnetic force. Its consequences are illustrated by the interest taken in the subject past and present, and the repeated applications at the Coast Survey Office for exact data as to the magnetic variations of different localities. In cases where the boundaries of property are in dispute, inquiries are often made to ascertain what was the variation at a given point at some stated time years ago. In no way is this branch of the service more useful than in furnishing collateral data needful for the important work of placing buoys and other aids to navigation along the sea-board. Further knowledge is desired; hence a magnetic survey will probably be made which will include a great portion of the continent, in order to determine the general curves of equal variation beyond the shore-line on charts, and extended into the open sea.

Prior to 1844 an average of three hundred vessels were wrecked annually upon our coasts, attended by an appalling loss of human life. Since then six dangerous shoals have been discovered by the Coast Survey within one year's time, all lying near Nantucket, in the immediate route of our European commerce. Dangerous shoals have also been found at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, and on the coast of Virginia and North Carolina. The entrance to Delaware Bay, between Cape May and Cape Henlopen, was discovered to be eight miles in error. A new channel with two feet more of water than any other has also been discovered at the entrance to New York Harbor. These are but a fraction of the benefits obtained from the intelligent application of the highest order of scientific principles; and through continued researches of the same character, and a perfect geography of the waters, we trust that shipwrecks will continue to diminish until there will be few to chronicle.

We must make brief reference to the process of determining longitude by means of the electric telegraph from previously determined positions, which originated in the Coast Survey, and is known in Europe as the American method. All available means were previously tried—the observation of lunar occultations and eclipses, of right ascensions of the moon, and the transportation of chronometers—but the telegraph yielded the most consistent results. The difference of time between Greenwich and Cambridge has thus been determined within a limit of uncertainty no greater than one-twentieth of a second of time. A series of such determinations has been extended to Galveston and San Francisco, fixing the geographical positions of many important places on the way. By this admirable method arcs of longitude may now be measured with as much accuracy as arcs of latitude, and thus a new element has been introduced into geodesy.

The superintendent of the Coast Survey is also the superintendent of the United



UNDER-GROUND MAGNETIC OBSERVATORY.

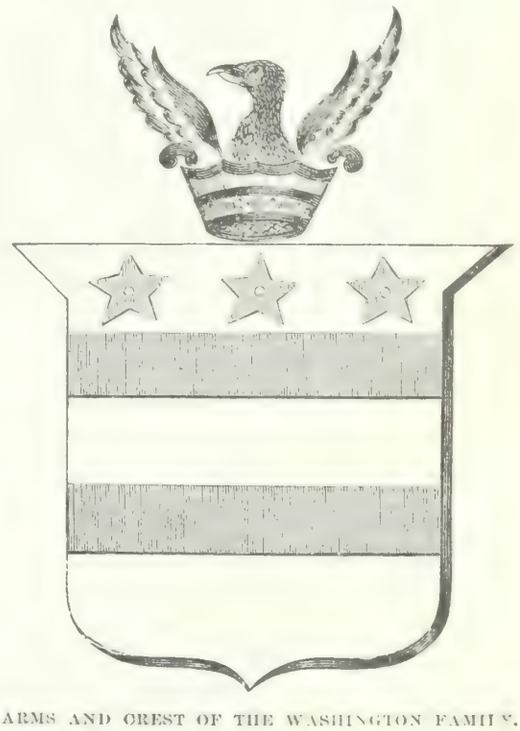
[Built by University of Wisconsin, from plans and for instruments furnished by the officer of the Coast Survey under whose direction the observations are conducted.]

States standard weights and measures, and supplies copies to the States and custom-houses of all the legal standards, and to the several departments of government whenever required. Professor Hilgard, who has charge of the offices, is the inspector of the standard weights and measures, and immediately in charge of the same. Neither gentleman receives additional compensation for this work. Some seventy employés are constantly on duty in the Coast Survey Office, engaged in geodetic, trigonometrical, tidal, and magnetic computations from recorded observations. Drawings are here made from recorded soundings, and topographical and hydrographical sheets are combined, and reduced drawings made of them for publication. They are executed on copper in the highest style of the art. The electrotyping department of the Coast Survey was in practical operation several years before the process came into general use. The art of facing the copper plate with a film of steel originated here, and has proved a success. It permits the printing of twenty thousand copies from one plate with the same clearness that one-tenth of the number can be printed from an unfaced plate. The general office of the Coast Survey is thus divided: the superintendent's office; that of the assistant in charge; the computing division; the drawing division; the engravers; the tidal division; the electrotyping division; the instrument division; the publication-rooms; the hydrographic division; and the disbursing division. In passing through these rooms the visitor is attracted by the perfect system and quiet order which prevail, and the intensity of interest which every man manifests in his individual occupation. Through inquiry the fact is learned that the civil service is in full operation under this roof. Trained experts in the refined work of the Coast Survey can not be exchanged for novices in science with every whiff of the political whirlwind. One man has been in the service forty-three years. He is now in charge of the library, which contains a vast amount of curious and entertaining matter. Indeed, science is not altogether a mass of incomprehensible and uninviting dullness. That which has wrought so much for our welfare deserves to be more generally understood. It need no longer be regarded as a bugbear of heaviness: it has its fascinations. And the rising generation should be indoctrinated into its subtleties, and taught to grasp its problems. It should attract the attention of our schools, and be incorporated into every child's geographical education. Our coast survey is a work in which we may take national pride, since it is in the very front rank of similar work among the nations, and is pronounced by all as one of the most perfect examples of applied science.

THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

PERHAPS no place in "the old country" is calculated to be of more interest to Americans than the parish of Brington, in Northamptonshire, its old church containing as it does memorials the most curious and suggestive of the Washington ancestry, while at Althorp House and the village of Little Brington there are mementos of the same family no less interesting. The parish of Brington is situated about six miles from Northampton, and contains the villages of Great and Little Brington, Nobottle, and Althorp, the seat of the Spencer family —a family that has been a power in the state and has influenced the tide of affairs for many generations. Great Brington (or Brighton, as it is called by the natives, from *bryn*, hill, and *ton*, town) is a village of some hundred to a hundred and twenty houses, and is the seat of the parish church. Little Brington and Nobottle are mere hamlets. The former is about half a mile from Great Brington, and is noteworthy as containing the house formerly occupied by the ancestors of George Washington.

There are two ways of getting to Great Brington from Northampton, one through Duston, and the other by way of Harleston—a picturesque village with a fine old



ARMS AND CREST OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

church—and Althorp Park. The latter is the more beautiful, and was the way taken by the writer, in company with the members of the Royal Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, on the occa-



BRINGTON CHURCH.

sion of their visit to Northampton and neighborhood in July and August last. It presents frequent glimpses of a fine undulating country—Horace Walpole speaks of the "dumpling hills" of Northamptonshire—richly wooded, and studded here and there with thriving farmsteads and wealth-suggesting villas and old mansions. Nothing could be more delightful than a drive through the park on a fine day: on either hand fine woodlands, in spring redolent of manifold blossoms, in autumn gorgeous with the hues of the various forest trees; on the slopes, magnificent cattle; in the glades, shy peeping deer; while above, "on business or pleasure bent," the hawk pursues his circling flight. Althorp House, which is passed to the right, the residence of Earl Spencer, K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under the Gladstone administration, is a handsome structure in the Italian style, and contains one of the finest private libraries in the world, numbering some thirty-three thousand volumes, many of them both rare and valuable. Among other interesting things—including the unique *Decameron* sold at the Duke of Roxburgh's sale for £2260—it contains several old manuscript household books of the seventeenth century, to which reference will be made further on.

Turning to the right on issuing from the park gates, along a shady lane, one enters the village of Great Brington from the northeast, close by the church. The whole parish occupies a kind of table-land, which here comes to an abrupt termination. Standing on the village green, beneath the shade of a magnificent elm, which stretches its protecting arms over the old way-side cross, the eye involuntarily wanders over the magnificent expanse of country stretched like a map before it—a garden land, the hollows rich with pasturage, the slopes in autumn yellow and brown with wheat and oats, the hills covered with dark wood. Well does Drayton in his "Polyolbion," which so happily hits off the characteristics of English counties, say of the shire:

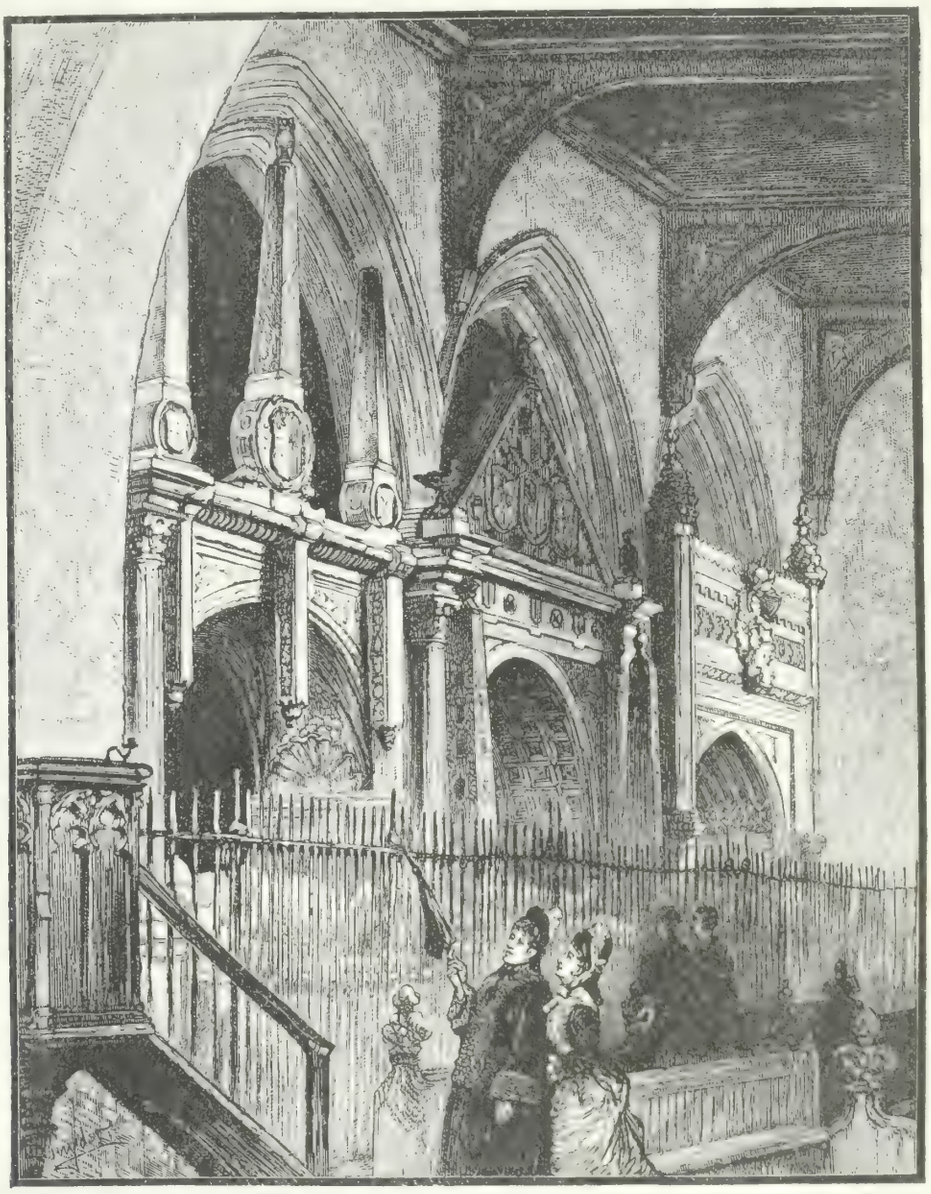
> "The worst foot of her earth is equal with their best."

This charming landscape is overlooked by the church and the last houses of the village, which consists chiefly of one long winding street, and has an air of thrift and comfort not always to be met with in agricultural villages; but Earl Spencer, to whom most of the property belongs, is a model landlord in this respect, and does not lay himself open to the reproach that his horses are better housed than his hinds—a reproach from which many territorial magnates are not free.

The church—an ancient structure dedicated to the Virgin—bears the traces of many alterations and restorations. Originally of the style known as Decorated, it now has the appearance of a Perpendicular church from the repairs and additions made by the families of Ferrers, Grey, and Spencer during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It consists of a tower containing five bells, nave, north and south aisles, modern south porch, chancel, and north chapel.

The tower is flanked by corner buttresses of two stages, and is corbelled deeply below the pediments, which have a broad coping, continued both vertically and horizontally. The windows of the south aisle are despoiled of their ancient mullions and tracery, except the east and west windows, which have a rectilinear tracery. The windows of the north aisle are of two lights, headed with three quatrefoils. The chancel and north chapel were rebuilt by John Spencer, the purchaser of the estate, and form one of the latest and choicest specimens of the Tudor style. The north chapel is divided from the chancel by three pointed arches, completely built up with monuments, and from the north aisle by an arch closed with a wooden screen. It is lighted by three uniform windows. This is the mortuary chapel of the Spencers, and exhibits an interesting and almost unbroken series of tombs and effigies from the time of the Tudors to the present day. Of the mural monuments one of the latest is in marble, sculptured by Flaxman, to the memory of Georgina, Countess Spencer. Another is to the memory of Sir John Spencer, the third of the Althorp line, who married a Kitson, daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson, a London merchant, and through whom he became related to the Northants Washington family.

There is a tradition that when Charles the First was a prisoner at Holmby House



TOMBS OF THE SPENCER FAMILY IN BRINGTON CHURCH.

—"the fair house of Holmby"—situate within some three miles of Brington, and distinguishable amid the trees to the southwest from the church-yard, he used to come and receive the communion through the altar rails, he being more or less excommunicated by the chaplain of the mansion where he was a state prisoner. The church is supposed to have been erected toward the end of the thirteenth century, and many parts of the interior resemble portions of Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster. This arose from the circumstance that the same architect had been employed on both.

But more interesting to Americans than the tombs of the Spencers, or the traditions of kings, are the memorials of the family

which gave birth to one who was more than a king amongst men. On the pavement of the chancel, beneath the shade, as it were,



ARMORIAL SHIELD OF ROBERT WASHINGTON.

of the splendid Spencer monuments, is a stone slab bearing the inscription:

Here lieth the bodi of Lavrence Washington sonne and heire of Robert Washington of Sovlgrave in the Countie of Northamton Esquier who married Margaret the Eldest daughter of William Butler of Tees in the Countie of Sussexe Esquier, who had issue by her 8 sonns and 9 daughters, which Lavrence Decessed the 13 of December A. Dni. 1616.

Those that by chance or choyce of this hast sight
Know life to death resigns as daye to night;
But as the sunns retorne revives the day
So Christ shall us though turnde to dust and clay.

Beneath this inscription, deeply engraven in stone, are the arms of this Lawrence Washington, impaled with those of his wife, as shown below.

This Lawrence Washington was the lineal ancestor, presumably the great-great-grandfather, of George Washington, the first President of the United States. Near this memorial, but in the nave, is the grave of another Washington, the brother of Lawrence. The epitaph thereon is as follows:

Here lies interred ye bodies of Elizabeth Washington Widdowe who changed this life for immortality ye 19th of March 1622. As also ye body of Robert Washington Gent. her late husband second Sonne of Robert Washington of Solgrave in ye County of North. Esqr who departed this life ye 10th of March 1628. After they lived lovingly together many years in this parish.

Beneath the brass containing this inscription is a smaller one, presenting a small family shield, bearing the blazon, argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets, with the crescent appropriate to a younger brother. A fac-simile is herewith given.

The credit of having discovered these memorials is due to George Baker, the indefatigable historian of Northants: but it was the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, sometime rector of Brington, who first brought them into special notice. He gave much attention to the investigation of the connection of the Washingtons with Brington, and succeeded in discovering a number of entries respecting the family in the parish register, and in the household books of the Spencer family mentioned above. Those in the register are as follows:

1616. "Mr Lawrance Washington was buried the XVth day of December."

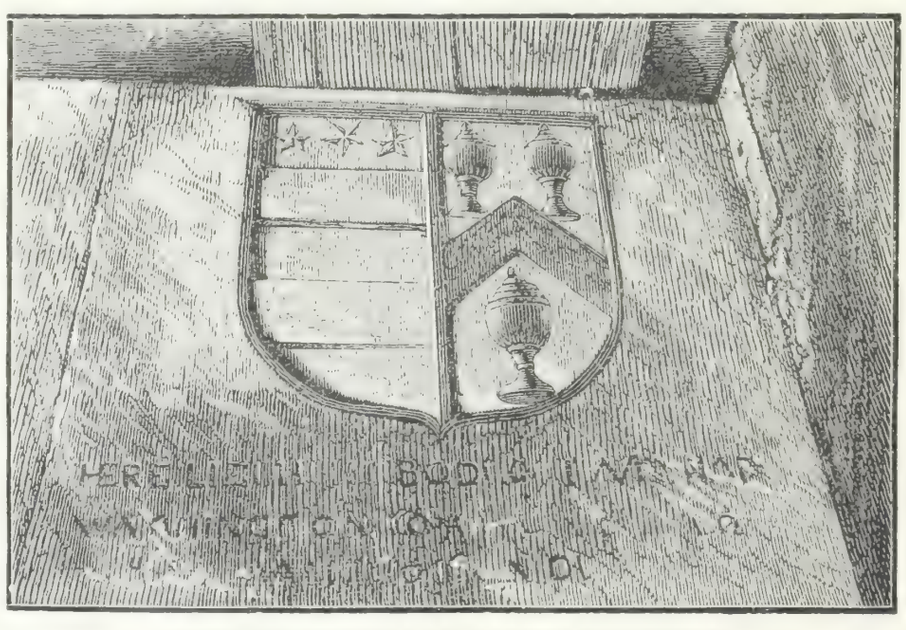
1620. "Mr Philip Curtis and Mis Amy Washington were maried August 8."

1622. "Mr Robert Washington was buried March ye 11th."

1622. "Mrs Elisabeth Washington widow was buried March ye 20th."

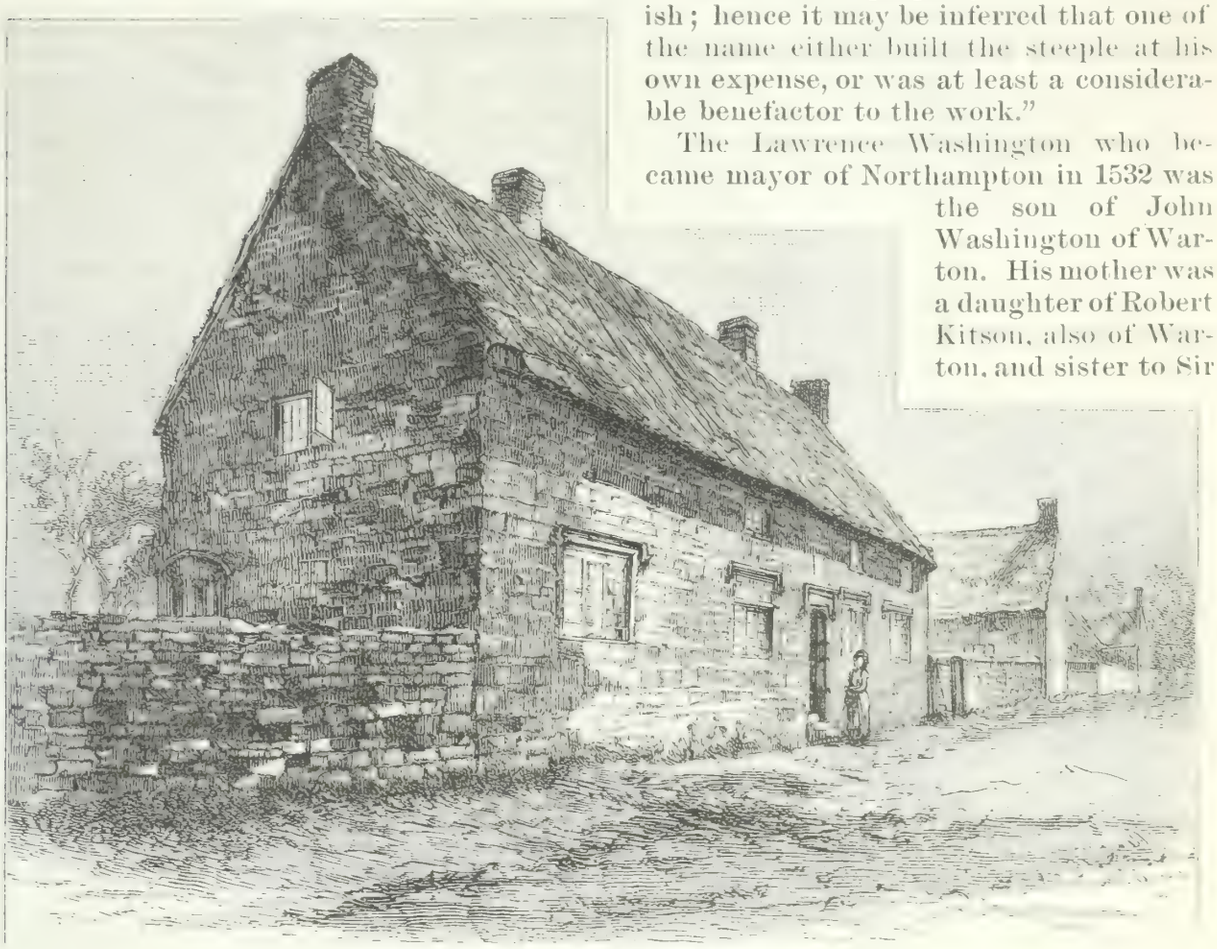
In addition to these the register records that a child of Lawrence Washington's, named Gregory, was both baptized and buried at Brington in 1606–7; also the marriage of a Mr. William Pargiter, of Gretworth (cousin and nearest neighbor of the Washingtons of Sulgrave), to Mistress Abigail Willoughby, sister of Lord Spencer's deceased wife.

Mr. Simpkinson has a theory with reference to the settlement of this branch of the great Washington family in Northants which is not a little plausible. He says: "In the reign of Henry the Eighth, Lawrence Washington, of Warton, in Lancashire, had left his native village, and settled eventually in the town of Northampton, where he soon obtained the influence and position



SHIELD ON TOMBSTONE OF LAWRENCE WASHINGTON.

which an active and acute mind is sure to achieve in times of social and political change. He was a member of the Society of Gray's Inn, having been there brought up to the profession of the law. It is probable that at the instance and suggestion of his uncle Kitson [the one mentioned above as having become connected with the Spencer family by the marriage of a daughter], a merchant of London, he turned his attention to the wool trade, which was rapidly rising to importance in the Midland Counties; and he soon raised himself to such consideration and influence that in 1532 he was elected mayor of that town." The same authority also conjectures that the Spencers were patrons of the wool trade in the Midlands, and that this Washington consequently enjoyed their countenance and support. They have certainly always been great sheep-breeders, and there is a tradition that one of the line, the first peer, could never bring his flock up to 20,000 sheep, though he often reached 19,999.



THE WASHINGTON HOUSE, LITTLE BRINGTON.

The ancestors of these Washingtons were people of position in Lancashire, where they possessed property, and were, it is conjectured by Irving and Sparks, an offshoot of the Washington family of the county of Durham, which became extinct there about the beginning of the fifteenth century. Baker, in his history of Northamptonshire, gives the pedigree of the family for three generations. A reference to the family is made by Whittaker in his history of Lancashire. Speaking of the parish church at Warton, he says: "The tower appears to be contemporary with the restoration of the church, and on the north side of the tower are the arms of Washington—an old family of considerable property within the parish; hence it may be inferred that one of the name either built the steeple at his own expense, or was at least a considerable benefactor to the work."

The Lawrence Washington who became mayor of Northampton in 1532 was the son of John Washington of Warton. His mother was a daughter of Robert Kitson, also of Warton, and sister to Sir Thomas Kitson, who was an alderman of the city of London, and was one of the first of those merchant princes who, from their wealth and influence, were enabled to form alliances with the landed aristocracy. From this date the Washington genealogy is unbroken. Upon the surrender of the monasteries in 1538, the manor of Sulgrave, which belonged to the priory of St. Andrew, Northampton, was given up to the crown, and the next year this manor, and "all the lands of Sulgrave, Woodford, and certain lands in Stotesbury and Colton, near Northampton, late belonging to the said priory, with all the lands in Sulgrave late belonging to the dissolved priories of Canon's Ashby and Catesby," were granted to Lawrence Washington. This Lawrence married Anne, daughter of Robert Pargiter, of Gretworth—a family through which later the Washingtons became further allied to the Spencers. Mr. Simpkinson sees in this family relationship, and in the fact of his being "a friend of the principles and cause of the Reformation," an explanation of the granting of the "manor and lands of Sulgrave" to

him. He says, moreover: "The rector of the parish [of Brington] at that time was Dr. Layton, who was Lord Cromwell's prime commissioner for the dissolution of the monasteries. Therefore we have another cause why the lands of Sulgrave were granted to Lawrence Washington." He tells us further that the Lady Spencer of that day was herself a Kitson, daughter of Washington's uncle; and as the Spencers were great promoters of the sheep-farming movement, there was a very plain connection between them and the Washingtons.

To Sulgrave Lawrence Washington appears eventually to have retired, and there built himself a fair mansion, long after known as the "Washington mansion," though he did not sever his connection with Northampton until after 1546, in which year he was again chosen mayor. He died in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, leaving a family of seven daughters and two sons. There is yet shown in the parish church of Sulgrave a slab bearing the well-worn effigies of "Laurence Wasshington, Gent. and Anne his wyf." On the same stone is a shield much defaced.

The Washingtons took their place at Sulgrave among the landed gentry of the county, but held it for only three generations. The ill fortune which was commonly said to attend those who held confiscated church property showed itself in their case, and before the fatal third generation had passed they were obliged to sell the estate and put themselves more closely under the protection of the Spencers, who had ever been their near neighbors and willing patrons. The village of Sulgrave is situated in the south of the county, near the border of Warwickshire, some eight miles only from Wormleighton in that county, the original home and frequent residence of the Spencers, and barely twice that distance from Althorp. It was visited by Washington Irving during his peregrinations in England, and in a note to his *Life of Washington* he says—and the picture holds good at the present day: "The writer of these pages visited Sulgrave a few years since. It was a quiet rural neighborhood, where the farm-houses were quaint and antiquated. A part only of the manor-house remained, and was inhabited by a farmer." A quiet neighborhood it is in all conscience—"a land of poppies and of waving corn." He goes on to say that the Washington crest, in colored glass, was to be seen—where it is to be seen no longer—in the buttery window.

Robert Washington, the elder of Lawrence Washington's sons, inherited the family estates, while Lawrence appears to have followed his father's original profession of a lawyer. This, it is surmised, must have been the Lawrence Washington of Gray's Inn, who purchased on the 24th of February, 1582–83, lands at Whitacre Nether, in the county of Warwick—lands which he resold six years after to a poor Leicestershire squire named George Villiers, of Brooksby, whose son was destined to become famous as Duke of Buckingham, the favorite of James the First, and the companion of King Charles, and through whose influence the fortunes of the Washington family were again to become in the ascendant. This Lawrence Washington was the father of Sir Lawrence Washington, of Garsdon, Wilts, and was, as was also his son after him, Register of the Court of Chancery. He died in 1619, aged seventy-three, and was buried in Maidstone church, having married Ann Lewin, a Kentish lady. The granddaughter of Sir Lawrence, who appears to have been the only child and heiress, was married to Robert Shirley, Baron Ferrers, of Chartley, afterward Earl Ferrers and Viscount Tamworth. She died in 1693. The family names were united, and Washington Shirley, the son of Robert, was the second Earl Ferrers.

Robert Washington, who succeeded to the family estate at Sulgrave, was twice married, and had sixteen children, the Lawrence Washington who had to relinquish the property, and whose tomb is to be seen in Brington church, being the eldest son. It was sold—father and son uniting to cut off the entail—to Lawrence Makepeace, of the Inner Temple, London, a nephew of the vender. The reason for the sale of the estate is not known. May we not have it, however, in the fact that when the lands of the monastery of St. Andrew were granted to the first of the Northants Washingtons they were heavily mortgaged, as will be seen by the following extract from one of the letters of Richard Leyton (or Layton), one of the commissioners to Henry: "At Saint Androse, in Northampton, the howse is in debt gretly, the lands solde and morgagede, the fermes let owte, and the rent recevide before hand." Lawrence, as seen from his epitaph, had eight sons and nine daughters, and it may have been with the view of the better providing for this numerous offspring that he decided to replenish his impoverished exchequer by the sale of the manor of Sulgrave, the mortgages on which had probably always been a burden to the family. The sale was completed in 1610, at which date Baker puts Lawrence's removal to Brington. Mr. Simpkinson, however, supposes his settlement there to have taken place at least four years earlier. This conjecture is based on three distinct pieces of evidence. In the first place, the Brington parish register shows that a child of Lawrence's, named Gregory, was both baptized and buried at Brington in 1606–7. Then Mr. Simpkinson shows that the only house in the parish suitable for the residence of a family like the Washingtons was

most likely occupied in 1610 by Robert Washington, the brother of Lawrence, an entry in the Althorp grain-book being as follows: "1610, Oct. 10. After this week Robert Washington did take the windmill of me." He surmises that on the completion of the sale, which would necessarily be a slow process, Lawrence removed to London for the better education of his children; but there is no evidence to warrant the supposition, and indeed the death of Lawrence at Brington in 1616 leads to the inference that he was still resident there, though of course he might have been on a visit to his brother, or even to the Spencers, with whom the family were evidently on very intimate terms, as shown by the numerous references to members thereof in the household books. It is noteworthy, however, that no notice of the Washington family occurs in the parish register from the notice of the burial of Lawrence's son Gregory till his own death in 1616.

It is a curious fact, too, in support of the sometime rector's theory, that the date of the building of the house at Little Brington, which tradition points to as that formerly occupied by the Washingtons, is 1606. The supposition is that when Lawrence Washington was overtaken by difficulties, he found a generous friend in Lord Spencer, who remembered the claims of blood and kindred; for in addition to the relationship between the two families above alluded to, another alliance had recently taken place in the marriage of Mr. William Pargiter, of Gretworth (cousin and nearest neighbor of the Washingtons at Sulgrave), to Mistress Abigail Willoughby, sister of Lord Spencer's deceased wife. This marriage took place on April 26, 1601. In consequence of this relationship, then, Lord Spencer gave a welcome and a shelter to his kinsman at Little Brington. At that time the hamlet was merely a collection of three or four houses; it is now a pretty little village of from a dozen to twenty dwellings. In the middle of it is a picturesque well, covered over with a pent-roof. The Washington house, of which we give a sketch, is now occupied by a very humble family; nevertheless it bears evident traces of having been originally built for a family of some pretensions to gentility, and affords more internal accommodation than even the outside suggests. There is an architectural finish about it which no other old house in the parish can boast. A horizontal moulding runs over each of the four lower front windows and door, and there are traces of additional adornments having existed on the corbels whence spring the roof. Above the door is a slab bearing the inscription:

> The Lord geveth, the Lord taketh away,
> Blessed be the name of the Lord.
> Constrvcta 1606.

"Not such an inscription as we should expect," observes Mr. Simpkinson: "as, for instance, 'Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it;' nor, 'It is Thou, Lord, only that makest us to dwell in safety,' but a text speaking of sorrow and loss and vicissitude.....If we knew the history of this house, should we not find something unusual and pathetic in the circumstances of the family for whom it was built?"

Robert Washington, who occupied this house from 1610 to 1622, probably pursued the avocation of a farmer and miller (it will be remembered he rented the windmill from Lord Spencer), and so eked out the small income which in all likelihood had been spared to him from the sale of the family estates. He is only once mentioned in the Althorp household books, except in two or three private memoranda of Lord Spencer's, and then it is to note that Robert had sent a present of some chickens and other poultry to the house. This entry occurs in the month of January prior to his death. Both he and his wife died within a few days of each other, without issue.

The eldest son of his brother Lawrence was Sir William Washington, who espoused a sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the unfortunate favorite of Charles the First, through whom the family was enabled to recover from the depression of fortune into which it had fallen. Little is known of this Sir William, though he is frequently mentioned, along with two of his brothers, as being a visitor at Althorp. He is described as of Packington, Leicestershire, but there is no account of him in the county histories. He is supposed to be the father of the Sir Henry Washington, born in 1615, who distinguished himself so highly in the civil wars, leading the successful storming party at Bristol (1643), and defending Worcester, of which city he was governor, to the last extremity (1646). According to Lloyd, he behaved no less gallantly at the siege of Colchester (1648). This alliance may have attached the Sulgrave Washingtons to the Stuart dynasty, to which they adhered loyally and generously throughout its many vicissitudes. The second son of Lawrence Washington was John, the third Robert, and the fourth Lawrence. Of Robert nothing is known, and he is supposed to have died young. Mr. Simpkinson conjectures that it may be this Washington who died at Madrid while with Prince Charles on his wooing expedition. He says, "There is a still more interesting fact which I read in the letters of Howell, who says that at Madrid, when Charles the First went there on his strange mission to woo the Infanta, there was a page in his retinue named Washington, who died at Madrid. During his illness he was sadly tampered with by Roman Catholic priests. Sir Edmund Verney, one day, seeing a Cath-

olic priest visiting him, ejected him in a manner not flattering to the priest or satisfactory to those in authority. Washington died, and being refused sepulture in the cemetery, was buried in the ambassador's garden. I think there can be no doubt that that Washington was the brother of the emigrant."

Of the latter—John, the great-grandfather of George Washington—very little is known. He and his brothers William and Lawrence were frequent visitors at Althorp, and their names appear several times each year in the household books, until the civil war broke out. Up to March 22, 1622–23, the second son is described as simply Mr. John Washington, but after that date he is Sir John, and the supposition is that he was knighted that year by James the First. It is probable that Sir John, through the influence of the powerful Buckingham, got promotion at court, and that his visits to Northants combined both business and pleasure. Some of the lands originally granted to Lawrence Washington possibly remained to the family after the sale of the Sulgrave estate, and John, as second son, would naturally come in for his share of them. That he did hold property in or near the county seems to be indicated by several entries in the Althorp account-books. In 1624 there occur two entries, as follows: "Oct. 1st. Received of Mault bought of Sir John Washington, xxij coter:" and, "Oct. 8th. Mault bought of Sir John Washington, xij coter." Mr. Simpkinson explains these entries by suggesting that the "mault" was probably rent paid to Sir John by some tenant in Northants—a practice of which there are many instances in the household books under notice—and it was an accommodation to him to have it thus taken off his hands.

Another reason for his frequent visits to Northants was his connection by marriage with a Northamptonshire family. Amongst other records in the Brington parish register, as will have been seen above, is that of the marriage of Mr. Philip Curtis and Miss Amy Washington on the 8th of August, 1620. This Philip Curtis was the son of a Philip Curtis of Islip-on-the-Nen, to whose daughter Mary Sir John Washington would appear to have been already united in marriage, as two years later she died, leaving him three sons. We learn this from a mural tablet under the tower of Islip church. The epitaph is as follows:

> Here lieth the body of Dame
> Mary: wife unto Sr John Washington, Knight, daughter of Phillipe Curtis Gent: who had issue by her said husbande
> 3 sonns Mordaunt John and Phillipe, deceased the 1 of Janu: 1624.

It is a curious fact, as identifying the Sir John Washington of the Islip slab with the Sir John of the Althorp books, if identification were necessary, that a Mordaunt Washington is mentioned more than once as a guest at Althorp. It should be stated that other Washingtons are referred to in these books. For instance, there is in the year 1623 an entry of game "sent to my Ladie Washington." Then Mr. Curtis is more than once a visitor with Sir John. Finally, speaking of the year 1633–34, Mr. Simpkinson, to whose extracts from the books in question the writer is indebted, says: "We now find Mistress Lucy Washington settled at Althorp in Lord Spencer's establishment. Her name heads the list of female servants, as the chaplain's does that of the men." It should be said in explanation that at that time it was customary for gentlemen and gentlewomen to take service in the household of noblemen. Sir John's last visit took place in March, 1641. In 1642 war broke out, and Edgehill was fought in October.

With the outbreak of the civil war and the cessation of their visits to Althorp, our knowledge of the movements of the Washingtons becomes very scant. We know that they took the side of the king, and although history does not make any record of the part Sir John or his brothers took in those trying times, we can not doubt but they did valiant service, mistaken though they may have been in the cause they espoused. But besides the Sir Henry Washington mentioned above, the annals of those times record that another of the family, Lieutenant-Colonel James Washington, took up arms in the cause of the king, and lost his life at the siege of Pontefract Castle, though in what relation he stood to the sons of Lawrence Washington can not be said.

Baker, the historian of Northamptonshire, and Mr. Simpkinson, supply us with some particulars anent several of the daughters of Lawrence Washington. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Francis Mewce, of Holdenby (or Holmby, as it is more popularly called), who appears to have held some office in the king's household. The second daughter was married to a Mr. Pill, described in the Heralds' Visitation Book as of Midford. Both these gentlemen's names appear in the Althorp household books as guests of Lord Spencer. Amy, as we have seen, was married to Mr. Curtis: but as the Islip parish registers have been lost or destroyed, nothing further is known of them, save that they were occasional visitors at Althorp. Barbara, the seventh daughter, espoused one Simon Butler, of Apeltree, Northants. By this marriage she became—it is worthy of remark—ancestress of Alban Butler, author of the *Lives of the Saints*. The erewhile rector of Brington also conjectures that the "Mistress Lucy Washington" of the Althorp household may be one of the two (out of nine) daughters of



ALTHORP HOUSE, THE SEAT OF EARL SPENCER.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

Lawrence Washington whom neither Baker nor the heralds have mentioned.

To turn to Sir John again. For some years prior to his emigration to America he had been living at South Cave, near Hull, where he appears to have acquired an estate, probably through the influence of Buckingham. There is a tradition in the village and neighborhood that an ancestor of the great Washington had lived there; and Lewes, in his *Topographical Dictionary*, has the following: "In the vicinity is Cave Castle, an embattled edifice. It has a noble collection of paintings, including a portrait of General Washington, whose ancestors possessed a portion of the estate." This edifice, it should be remarked, has within a few years been burned down, and the portrait destroyed. The old parish registers in this case also have been partially lost, so that the line can not be traced throughout; yet later on occurs an entry of the marriage, in 1689, of Henry Washington and Elianora Harrison. It has been suggested that probably the Washingtons obtained this estate by marriage, and that therefore the tradition that Sir John possessed it could not be true. It appears to be an undoubted fact that the Harrison family did possess an estate there; but notwithstanding that circumstance, Sir John may yet have held an estate in the parish, which is a large one. This he may have left to one of his sons, Mordaunt or Philip, when he emigrated, so that it may have been a grandson who united the Washington and Harrison estates by the marriage above referred to.

Sir John's father's marriage took place in 1588, and his death in 1616. Having therefore had seventeen children in the course of twenty-seven years, it is reasonable to suppose that a large portion of them were born before the opening of the seventeenth century. Now we find Sir John a widower with three children in 1624, which would naturally lead one to suppose him to be as old as, if not older than, the century, so that when he emigrated, in or about 1657, he must have been well on to, if not over, sixty years of age. His sons, too, at that time would, if they lived, be upward of thirty. If, then, Sir John on emigrating left one of his sons, either Mordaunt or Philip, in possession of the estate at South Cave, the Henry above mentioned, who espoused Elianora Harrison, may have been his grandson.

It remains yet to say a few words about Lawrence Washington, who became a companion in exile with his brother John. He is known to have studied at Oxford, and he is frequently mentioned in conjunction with his brothers William and John as being a guest at Althorp. Washington Irving conjectures that Lawrence and his brother John were implicated in the royalist troubles of 1656, and driven for safety or induced by choice to take refuge in Virginia, which became the chief resort of the defeated partisans of Charles the First. Mr. Simpkinson suggests that Sir John took his son John with him, and that it was this John Washington that was employed as general against the Indians, and espoused Anne Pope, and did other things which have been ascribed to his father. The conjecture is a reasonable one, and accords

with the tradition that Washington's grandfather was a John, not a *Sir* John, Washington. Possibly Sir John, being then an old man, and one who had lived through many troubles, did not long survive his translation to a new home and a new world. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the Sir John Washington, second son of Lawrence Washington, of Brington, Northants, was the direct lineal ancestor of the first President of the United States.

Nor, one would think, can there be much doubt that the arms of the family, as emblazoned on the tomb-slabs in Brington church (in the language of heraldry: argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second), suggested the *stars* and *stripes* of the American flag. It will be noticed that the points of resemblance between the shield and the flag extend even to the number of points of the star, it in both cases being five-pointed, and not, as is more common, six-pointed. We have it on undoubted authority that the Virginia Washingtons bore as their arms the familiar red bars and mullets (in heraldry, the rowels of a spur) to be seen in so many church windows of the Northamptonshire and Warwickshire borders; among other places, at Fawsley, the seat of the Knightleys, once famous in connection with the Puritans and the struggle for religious liberty. Edmondson's *Heraldry* gives the following as one of the varieties of the armorial bearings of the Washingtons: "In Buckinghamshire, Kent, Warwickshire, and Northamptonshire, argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second; crest, a raven with wings indorsed proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet, or." This was the variety used by General Washington, and is still to be seen attached to the commissions of some of the earlier officers of the Army of Independence. Can any one reasonably doubt that these insignia suggested the stars and stripes and the spread eagle of the national ensign, and that those on whom it devolved to choose the national emblem paid a well-merited compliment to the father of their country by adopting the arms and crest of his family?

This shrine of the Washingtons in Northamptonshire, as it may be called, has been visited by not a few distinguished Americans, and will doubtless be visited by many more when better known and easier to get to. Northampton is one of those towns which at the beginning of the railway movement objected to the iron road being brought too near; it was accordingly left off the main line from London to the North, and in the course of years began to see the folly it had committed in refusing to be put on the pathway of trade, because, for one reason, seriously urged at the time, "it would obstruct the water-courses and make the shapes of the fields awkward." That delusion is past, and Northampton is now being put on the main line; but it is not a little striking that a shire which was the home of the ancestors of two of the most distinguished Americans should have been so conservative as to have tried to put a veto on the progress of the age, for to Northants belongs also the honor of having produced the parent stem from which sprang that most characteristic of American shoots, Benjamin Franklin. At about an equal distance with Brington from Northampton, but in the opposite direction, is situate the village of Ecton, which takes pride to itself in being able to say that there, for at least three hundred years, the Franklin family lived and throve—one of those sturdy yeoman families which for centuries constituted the pith and marrow of England, but which have now unfortunately almost died out, or have gone, like the Washingtons and the Franklins, to find in other lands conditions more congenial to their tastes and aspirations.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

I.—REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

THE first half of the seventeenth century witnessed the rapid rise of the Dutch school of art—the artists treading fast upon each other—of which Taine writes: "The Dutch school confines itself to reproducing the repose of the bourgeois interior, the comforts of shop and farm, out-door sports, and tavern enjoyments—all the petty satisfactions of an orderly and tranquil existence. Nothing could be better adapted to painting: too much thought and emotion is detrimental to it." And of the acknowledged master, Rembrandt, that: "By the side of others who seem painters of the aristocracy, he is of the people; he is at least the most humane; his broader sympathies embrace more of nature fundamentally; no ugliness repels him, no craving for joyousness or nobleness hides from him the lowest depths of truth. Hence it is that, free from all trammels, and guided by the keen sensibility of his organs, he has succeeded in portraying in man not merely the general structure and the abstract type which answer for classic art, but again, that which is peculiar and profound in the individual—the infinite and indefinable complications of the moral being, the whole of that changeable imprint which concentrates instantaneously on a face the entire history of a soul, and which Shakspeare alone saw with an equally prodigious lucidity."

Taine, in cataloguing the subjects illustrated by Dutch art, might well have enumerated the charming landscapes and marine views, by no other school so vividly portrayed, and the wonderful portraits, the



"JESUS DRIVING THE MONEY-CHANGERS FROM THE TEMPLE."

"speaking likenesses," which are valuable beyond price.

Rembrandt was the youngest of seven children, of whom two died in infancy. His father, Harmen Gerretsz, was a miller who lived on one of the ramparts near the White Gate of the city of Leyden. According to Blanc, who claims to have gained access to documents heretofore unknown, he was born on the 15th of June, 1606, and received the baptismal name of Rembrandt Harmensz van Ryn, that is, Rembrandt son of Herman of the Rhine. His father, being well off in worldly goods, determined to give his youngest son an education, and he was, when at a suitable age, sent to the university of Leyden. This university, which numbered among its leaders Scaliger, Grotius (the "monster of erudition"), Arminius, and Boerhaave, was founded by William the Silent, in commemoration of the brave defense made by the Leydeners against the Spaniards. He offered the people their choice, the remission of taxes or the founding of a university, and they chose the latter. Rembrandt much preferred to the study of letters that of art, and his parents wisely let him follow his bent.

Accounts differ as to who were his teachers —the pupil at any rate soon outgrew them —Sandrart, his contemporary, asserting he studied first with Swanenburg, and then spent six months in the studio of Lastman at Amsterdam; while Houbraken with equal positiveness declares Lastman was his first teacher, whom he left in six months, in order to study under Jacques Pinas. Certain it is that in both Lastman's and Pinas's works are to be found the rudiments of the style of art which was rendered imperishable by their pupil. The year 1623 brought him, a lad of seventeen, again home, studying by himself the arts of painting and etching. He is justly called the "Prince of Etchers," using not only the needle, but also the dry point, and the graver in giving the finishing touches. In 1877 a fine collection of his etchings was exhibited in London, and a series of articles commenting on them appeared in the *Academy*, written by C. H. Middleton, under the title of "Notes on Rembrandt."

His first etchings, as far as known, were done in 1628, his mother being the subject; and this same year he accepted his first pupil, Gerard Douw, who remained with him for three years. The next year he etched his own portrait, the first of a series representing him from youth to age, in every variety of position and costume, there being no less than thirty-three portraits of himself, the last bearing date 1667. The first of these is the likeness of a man alert and vigorous. His broad forehead, slightly arched, shows the developments which announce imagination. His abundant hair, of a warm hue bordering on red, and naturally curly, seems to disclose a Jewish type. His face,

spite of its ugliness, is one of much expression; a large broad nose, high cheek-bones, a coarse rough skin, give an air of vulgarity, redeemed, however, by the mouth, the proud curve of the eyebrows, and the brilliancy of the eyes. Such was Rembrandt in his youth; and the character of his figures would necessarily resemble the character of his own person; that is, they would have expressiveness without nobility, a great deal of "sentiment," but no style. The last portrait is that of an old man, the face wrinkled by age, and toneless, dressed, however, in the bravery of a fur robe, a velvet cap, and across his breast a chain.

The first paintings that can be authenticated as Rembrandt's were executed in 1630, one of which is now in the gallery at Cassel, the portrait of an old man, showing even in this early picture the wonderful effects of light and shade for which the master is celebrated. His fame was no longer confined to Leyden. He had once or twice visited the Hague, had received commissions from Amsterdam; connoisseurs and art lovers came to seek him out; and in consequence of repeated suggestions he in 1630 removed to Amsterdam, and took at once his acknowledged place as the head of the Dutch school of art.

Rembrandt's was a singularly eventless life; after his removal to Amsterdam, save when he went to Friesland to claim his bride, and excursions in the immediate neighborhood of Amsterdam, he remained in the city, finding both his occupation and his pleasure in his art. He had no desire, evidently, to visit Italy (for means were not lacking), as did all the great Flemish and German artists; he never even went as far as Antwerp, to which the growing fame of Rubens attracted so many; and in later years, when Rubens visited Amsterdam, there is no evidence the two artists ever met. He was sufficient to himself. Though keenly appreciative of the works of artists of all schools, as the sale of his effects will show, he evidently decided to work out for himself the problems of form, color, light, and shade. He had many imitators; he copied no one. His treatment is always original. "He forges one end of the chain of which the Greeks forged the other; the rest of the masters, Florentine, Venetian, and Fleming, stand between."

His first dwelling in Amsterdam was on the Bloemgracht, one of the western quays of the city, and as soon as he was fairly established, orders and pupils flocked in upon him. The better to accommodate the latter, and enable each one to work alone, he erected partitions in the hall, thereby making separate cell-like studios. He possibly feared that working in a common studio in the presence of each other might make the pupils lose their own individual manner; he was as careful to preserve the originality of his pupils as his own, for no one was admitted to work in his own private room. Among his many pupils were Ferdinand Bol, Govaert Flinck, Jacob Backer, Nicholas Maes, Samuel Hoogstraten, and in later years Godfrey Kneller, afterward the court painter to William III. of England. His pupils closely followed his style, and, according to Houbraken (not always, however, veracious), those who wished to have their works meet with the public approval were obliged to copy him, and some, in order to insure success, were scrupulous to employ the master's models.

In 1634, four years after his removal to Amsterdam, Rembrandt married; his bride was Saskia van Ulenburgh, a daughter of the jurisconsult Rombertus Ulenburgh, of Friesland, a famous man in his day, and the personal friend of William of Orange. The official registry of marriage has the following: "Rembrandt Harmens van Ryn of Leyden, twenty-six years of age, dwelling in the Breed Straat, whose mother will consent, appeared before the commissioners, and also Saskia van Ulenburgh of Leeuwarden, dwelling in Bildt at St. Annakerch, for whom has appeared Jan Cornelis, preacher, as cousin of the said Saskia, preparing himself to furnish the legal inscription of the said Saskia before the third publication."

From this we learn that the artist had removed his studio; that though legally of age, it was necessary to gain his mother's consent; and that the fair Saskia was an orphan, the cousin mentioned being the famous minister Sylvius, between whom and Rembrandt a warm friendship existed, and whose portrait had been taken by the artist.

The family of Saskia were rich and highly connected, and the bride brought with her a large dowry. The year before the marriage the lover painted three portraits of the lovely Saskia—one now at Cassel, most exquisitely finished, one in the Museum at Dresden, and the third belonged to the famous Fesch collection. Rembrandt was very fond of painting his wife, and after their marriage she was evidently his favorite model, for besides the many authentic portraits, hers is the face under the guise of Oriana, Delilah, Venus, etc.; he painted her alike in his sacred subjects (so called) and his mythological and classical works. He loved to depict her in gorgeous robes and jewelry, and there is a curious lawsuit recorded, owing its origin to this fancy of his. In 1638 he had one or two suits in the Friesland courts for money owing to his wife, and also one for slander, wherein he claimed exemplary damages. He declares "he and his wife are richly and 'ex superabundanti' provided with goods (for which they can never be thankful enough to the Almighty); yet notwithstanding that, the



REMBRANDT—THE CELEBRATED "PORTRAIT APPUYE."*

defendants insinuate that his wife Saskia has squandered her heritage in ornaments and ostentation." The defendants denied that their remarks were aimed at the painter and his wife, but at whom they do not say, and the suit was dismissed. One writer, speaking of this incident, says her relatives probably inferred extravagance from the jewels she is adorned with in her pictures, not knowing that the jewels only had existence in the "mind's eye" of the artist husband. On this point Coquerel, in his book *Rembrandt et l'Individualisme dans l'Art*, writes: "A trick of art of which, without doubt, Rembrandt is not the only one to make use of, but which he certainly employed with more spirit and skill than any other artist, is that of placing even in the most shadowed part of the picture some objects which reflect light. To produce this effect he liked to use jewels and ornaments, and his taste for those adornments was the cause of a disagreeable incident affecting his wife, the beautiful Saskia, whom he passionately admired, and delighted to adorn to excess. There is a magnificent portrait of her at Antwerp, wherein she is dressed in red velvet, the cuffs of the dress being of a reddish-brown, and a large hat of scarlet felt with a gold chain twisted round the crown; another is around her 'chignon,' and glitters in her fair hair; superbly cut 'agrafes' clasp the high corsage and adorn the shoulders. Add to this collar ear-rings and bracelets of jewels. One need not be astonished to learn that in consequence of such ostentation the authorities, who at that time regulated many private affairs, gave a reprimand to Madame Rembrandt on account of the luxury of her attire, and the unnecessary number of jewels she wore, and also reproved the husband for his extravagance. The latest of Rembrandt's biographers, M. Vosmaer, tries to justify him, and insinuates the greater part of the jewels only existed in the picture. I am not of his opinion. It is clear to my mind why Rembrandt painted them: because he had them actually before his eyes."

Rembrandt lived in the house to which he carried his bride for a few years, then moved to Neuwe Doele Straat, staid there until 1640, when he bought a large brick house in Juden Bree Straat (the Broad Street

* We are indebted to Mr. Keppel for permission to copy this rare engraving, as also that of "The Rabbi," on page 537.

of the Jews), fitted it up sumptuously, as we shall learn later from the inventory of its contents, and here, surrounded by friends, busy with his brush and graver, and in the zenith of his fame, the artist spent two happy years, and then the sorrow of his life came upon him: in the month of June, 1642, his beloved Saskia died. By her will she left her property to her young son Titus (the other children having died in infancy), under the condition that her husband should remain in possession until his death or his second marriage, provided he should educate Titus, and give him a suitable marriage portion when necessary. In case of the death of Titus, the whole estate should be Rembrandt's, save in case of a second marriage, and then half was ceded to a cousin. She desired that her husband should be exempt from giving securities or inventories, declaring "she has confidence that he will act in this according to his conscience."

After Saskia's death, Rembrandt worked, if possible, harder than ever. He spent whole days shut up in his room, striving by incessant toil to forget his loss. Another source of trouble was the younger artists. Many who had gone to Italy to study returned, and brought with them southern styles and tastes. Rembrandt ceased to be the "fashion;" he had no patrons in princes, and battled bravely and somewhat unfriended against adverse criticism. He continued to work out his own conceptions in his own way, yielding nothing to the popular demand, and now his lightest sketch is more prized than the most ambitious work of any of his rivals and detractors. It is stated that one of his portraits was sold in Amsterdam a few years later for six cents, so strong was the reaction brought about by the denunciations of the art critics.

Vosmaer says Rembrandt's life was like one of his pictures—full of vague shadows in the background, but with occasional gleams of light, and after Saskia's death the light seems to have been overpowered by the shadows. His life before that event was one of prosperity; he was happy both in his home life and his art, his pictures were eagerly sought after, and he had all heart could desire—fame, wealth, and a happy household. But from now to the close troubles crowded on him; his popularity waned, his riches melted, and there was no longer happiness in the household; yet undauntedly, and as persistently as even in his most prosperous days, the master worked, until the end.

In 1648 the Peace of Westphalia was concluded, and all the Dutch cities celebrated it with festivities, the artists by pictures, the poets with epics; but Rembrandt's famous painting called "The Peace of the Land" was ignored, and remained in his studio for many years. It was in after-years owned by Sir Joshua Reynolds, then successively by Benjamin West and Samuel Rogers, and is now at Rotterdam. Rembrandt was never the painter chosen by the city authorities to commemorate any civic event or celebration.

Between 1648 and 1653 the greater number of his landscapes were painted (the first was executed in 1636, a winter scene, now at Cassel), and after 1653 he abandoned outdoor painting. He made many sketches in the neighborhood of his friend Six's house at Elsbrock, and there is an etching called "The Bridge of Six," stated to have been done on a wager while the servant was hunting up some condiment Six deemed necessary for the dinner to which he had invited the artist. His "Mill" has been asserted to be the place where he was born, and writers have declared that he gained his ideas of concentrated light from his life there, the light only entering through high narrow windows. But this is pure imagination; there is no record of his ever having lived in a mill, and the one in question, though it may have been that owned by his father, was probably only chosen on account of its picturesqueness. His landscapes are generally rather sombre in tone: a canal-boat lying on the sluggish water motionless, a gloomy sunset, or such a one as "The Three Trees," of which Blanc writes: "He treats his landscape as though it were a vast chamber whose ceiling is the arch of heaven, and he allows the sun to appear only by 'accidental lights,' to which he opposes in the foreground the dark trees. This is one of the most beautiful of his landscapes, and it is also the most Rembrandtesque."

In spite of the large sums Rembrandt earned, the premiums paid by his pupils, the fortune his wife brought him—40,000 florins—and his share of his father's estate, the year 1653 found him heavily in debt. He had for years been lavish in his expenditure for pictures, engravings, armor, and bric-à-brac of all kinds, and to tide him over this year he borrowed $1000 each from two of his friends. The following year he was forced to mortgage his house, for Titus's relatives insisted he should receive half of his mother's estate, and have a mortgage on the remainder. During the next three years creditors became urgent, and finally, in 1656, Rembrandt was so hopelessly involved that he transferred the house and land to his son; a few weeks after he was declared insolvent, an inventory of his possessions was made at the instigation of his creditors, and in 1657 the greater part of the collection made with such care was removed and sold at public auction to satisfy importunate claimants. In 1658 the designs and engravings were disposed of in the same manner, and the precious treasures the master had



"THE NIGHT-WATCH."

spent years in collecting were dispersed in a few hours, and realized only about $1000—but a fraction of their then value and cost. Their value at this day can not be estimated.

Rembrandt has been accused of avarice, of loving money for its own sake, not for what it could buy; and that so well known was this fact, according to Descampes (who tells many malicious stories about him), his pupils would paint imitation coins and drop them on the floor to enjoy his discomfiture when on stooping to pick them up he discovered the trick; that he made Titus go as a peddler selling his prints; that he printed his engravings first from half-finished plates, secondly from finished plates, and yet again from modified plates, so as to make three sales instead of one; that he represented himself at one time as dead in order to enhance the value of his works; also that he would live on a salt herring and a bowl of brown broth a day in order to save the expense of food. A man who possessed such art treasures, and spent money so lavishly in procuring them, can hardly be said to love to hoard money; and in regard to his diet, whether he ever lived on such food or not is immaterial; if he did, it was probably from indifference as to what was set before him, rather than from a desire to starve his body in order to fill his purse.

The legal inventory enables us to refurnish the house wherein the last happy years of Rembrandt's life were passed. Mounting a few steps, one entered the vestibule, covered with a wooden floor, and furnished with six Spanish chairs covered with Russia leather. The walls were hung with pictures—four by Brauwer, four by Jean Lievensz, one by Seghers, fourteen by Rembrandt, and a marine view by Antonisz; there were also several busts in the vestibule. From it opened the anteroom, a place where one certainly would not have objected to waiting. There were paintings in profusion on the walls—seventeen by Rembrandt, among them five landscapes (there are only twenty authentic ones known, according to Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné"), a "Descent from the Cross," and a "Resurrection of Lazarus;" two landscapes by Seghers, an artist whom Rembrandt evidently admired; two sea views and three studies in black and white by Persellis; a landscape by Lucas of Leyden; four paintings by Lievensz; two by Brauwer; two heads by Van Valckenbergh; two Venetian pictures; a landscape by Bassano; two works by Pinas and Lastman, Rembrandt's former teachers; and a painting by Palma the elder (which Rembrandt owned in part, he and his friend Zomer having bought it together, it being too costly for either to own alone). Besides these treasures, the room had a superb mirror in an ebony frame, seven Spanish chairs covered with green velvet, a walnut table covered with a Tournay cloth, and a marble wine-cooler. Behind this room was a cab-

inet crowded with pictures by Brauwer, Persellis, Seghers, Winck, a head by Jean Van Eyck, a "Resurrection" by Artagen, nine paintings by Rembrandt, and several copies after Annibale Carracci. Here were the oaken table, the brass brazier, and the various tools used by the master in his engraving and etching, and from the arrangement of the light it was evidently here that he did that work. The saloon adjoining was a museum, adorned with a large mirror, the furniture upholstered in blue, and the table covered with a heavily embroidered cloth, seemingly more the room of a wealthy collector than of a hard-working artist; and this was the favorite sitting-room of Rembrandt and Saskia. Here were not only the landscapes of Seghers (who must have been an excellent artist, to have imbued Rembrandt with such an admiration of him as the number of his pictures owned by the master would seem to imply), works by Lievensz, Lastman, De Gravert, Jansz, Artagen, twelve pictures by Rembrandt, but a Madonna by Raphael, and "The Samaritan" by Giorgione—these last, as in the case of the Palma, the joint property of Rembrandt and his friend. The floor above contained the studios, filled with Chinese and Japanese porcelains, Venetian glass, Indian armor, a bed sculptured by Verhulst, a shield executed by Matsys, Turkish flagons, stuffed birds, corals, lions' skins, armor, musical instruments, busts, casts from the antique, paintings, draperies, costumes, cannon, a piece of sculpture by Michael Angelo, and sixty portfolios full of designs, studies, and engravings of the works of Dutch, Flemish, German, and Italian artists. Rembrandt once paid 1400 florins for fourteen proofs of Lucas of Leyden; the price never deterred him from buying any art treasure he desired; and in defending the master against the charge that he despised all art save his own, Vosmaer writes: "He exclusive? He consulted the art of all periods, the best products of which he recognized and bought at extravagant prices. He against the Italians? He owned their pictures and engravings, and exchanged his finest etchings for a Marc Antonio. He an enemy of the classic? He owned casts of Greek and Roman statuary, engravings of Roman architecture, and had himself filled a volume with sketches from the antique. He loved them as deeply as their most earnest champions, but he appreciated their 'sentiment' more keenly."

The year after this disastrous sale the house was sold, and Rembrandt, allowed to retain but few necessary household articles, went to live on the Rose Canal, not far from where he began his married life. He continued his unremitting labors, and his friends, of whom he had warm ones, rallied around him. Here, in 1661, he painted one of his finest works, the "Syndics of the Guild of Cloth-makers." The heads of these five dignitaries are full of life, and as specimens of portrait painting are unrivalled. A fair copy was exhibited here in 1876, painted by Altman. This same year he executed his last etching, and the last of a superb series of portraits, the likeness of Lieven Coppennol, the penman, always Rembrandt's warm friend from the time when, in 1632, the artist painted of him a magnificent portrait, now in the gallery at Cassel.

In 1665, after a ten years' litigation, Rembrandt's bankrupt estate was finally settled, the creditors paid in full, and Titus, now twenty years of age, who demanded of the authorities his majority, was allowed to pursue his business (he was in some mercantile pursuit), received what was left of the property—some 6000 francs—and the artist, at the age of fifty-eight, began life anew. The struggle was not to last long. In the fall of 1669 the robust old painter, who the year before had followed to the grave his son and the young wife he had married, fell ill, and after a few days' sickness died, October 8, 1669. His funeral services were of the simplest, the expenses amounting to only fifteen florins; and without any of the parade with which the great masters were usually buried, one of the chief among them was quietly laid to rest in the West Church.

Besides the charge of avarice—which is disproved not only by his collection of treasures, his relinquishment of every thing to pay his debts, but by his generosity to his brothers, the many pictures he gave to his friends, his lending of his costumes and bric-à-brac to needy artists to use, and his hospitality to impoverished artists, of which Brauwer is an example—Rembrandt was also accused of vulgarity, of associating only with inferiors, of reproducing what might be termed the lower bourgeois class in his pictures, and in proof is quoted the artist's saying: "When I wish to rest from my work, I do not care to seek greatness, which constrains me, but liberty." Nothing is more natural than that to a man of Rembrandt's character the society of the socially great should be distasteful. His friend Six made many attempts to introduce him into patrician circles, but the painter always refused. "His was not the spirit to waste or lower itself in trivial adulation of empty-headed and full-pursed Dutch aristocrats." He never courted favor from any one; but his tastes were not low, nor his chosen associates vulgar, as the enumeration of some of his life-long friends will show: Sylvius, the celebrated preacher. Zoower, the wealthy merchant and art collector, the first to prize and form a collection of the artist's drawings. Dr. Tulp, famous both as a doctor and anatomist, whose semi-weekly lectures on anatomy Rembrandt attended, and who



"THE RABBI."

chose him as the artist to paint the surgeons' corporation in the famous picture "The School of Anatomy," executed in 1632. The doctor is engaged in dissecting the arm of a subject which lies in the full glare of light on a table before him. He is explaining the structure to seven other surgeons, who are visible, but the lecturer seems to be gazing at an audience in the vaulted hall beyond, not perceived by the spectator. The eight portraits are minutely finished, and the picture is a perfect gem, notwithstanding its somewhat repulsive subject. In 1828 the picture was sold for the benefit of the fund for the widows of surgeons of the guild, was purchased by the government for 33,000 florins, and placed in the Hague. Jan Six, the son-in-law of Dr. Tulp, at one time burgomaster of the city—a student and poet, whose tragedy of *Medea* Rembrandt illustrated. Six was rich, a collector of books, marbles, pictures by Titian, Palma, Holbein, Van Dyck, Poussin, Giorgione, etc., and among them, as highly prized, some by Rembrandt. At the time of his marriage Rembrandt painted his portrait representing him standing near an open window reading, the light falling full upon him. This, together with other works of the artist, among them the portrait of Dr. Bonus, the Portuguese physician, and a fine collection of his etchings and sketches, are still own-

ed by the descendants of Six. Manasseh Ben Israel, the learned Jew friend of Grotius, skilled equally in medicine, science, and theology, the founder of the Hebrew printing-press at Amsterdam, and chosen by the Dutch Jews to be their envoy to Cromwell, whose unique work *La Piedra Gloriosa* Rembrandt illustrated in 1655. It is stated that the old rabbi, Dr. Bonus, and Rembrandt used to study necromancy and the black-art together. Constantyn Huyghens, father of the well-known astronomer, and himself a man much esteemed; councillor to the Stadtholder, and director of the art galleries; owing to whose influence the prince ordered of Rembrandt the pictures of "The Life of Christ," now at the Pinakothek at Munich, "The Elevation of the Cross," "The Descent," "The Ascension," "The Deposition," "The Resurrection." The last two Rembrandt worked at three years; when he finished them, in 1639, he wrote to Huyghens: "These two pictures are now finished, with much of study and of zeal.....In these I have taken care to express the utmost naturalness and action; and this is the principal reason why I have been so long about them." He charged 1000 florins apiece, but the Stadtholder objected, and paid the artist but 600. For this he had to wait, and there are several letters from him to Huyghens on the subject, in one of which he advised that the pictures be hung in a strong light, and viewed from a distance, as "a picture is not made to be smelt of."

Such characters as these were his friends, and so remained through life, and were certainly among the most cultured men of the time.

When it is remembered that Rembrandt died at the age of sixty-two, and the years in which he worked were but a few over thirty, his industry seems marvellous. The "Catalogue Raisonné" gives a list of 620 paintings, of which 396 are portraits; 365 etchings, and 237 variations of them; together with several hundred drawings and sketches - an enormous amount to be executed by one man.

As an offset to the detraction and criticism he met with during his life, the critics of later years are not stinted in their praise. Quinet can not understand how "his magic coloring" could have been conceived and executed by one living always under the "leaden sky" of Holland; and indeed it has been gravely asserted that the artist prepared his canvas with gold-leaf, his colors are so rich, warm, and powerful. Of his portraits, De Piles writes: "Far from suffering by comparison with those of other painters, they often put to shame by their presence those of the most famous masters." Blanc is very enthusiastic, writing of "La Ronde de Nuit," according to the French, "The Night-Watch," according to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the coloring of which is startling in its gorgeousness, and the groupings picturesque in the extreme. He says of the light: "To speak truth, this is a dream of night; none can tell what the light is that falls on these groups of figures; for 'tis neither that of sun nor moon, nor does it come from torches: 'tis the light from the genius of Rembrandt." In summing up his life, he writes: "Great poet, great painter, inimitable engraver, Rembrandt is thrice worthy the statue erected to him at Amsterdam. As a painter, he has no master in the three essential points in art, the 'clair-obscur,' touch, and expression. If he ignores style, *his* triviality is at any rate sublime. If his design lacks nobility, if he is incorrect in his proportions, he redeems all this by a superior quality—'sentiment;' he goes straight to the heart of the subject. For the rest, his defects are of the nature of those which can not be spared"—vices which are virtues.

THE PINE-TREE.

Before your atoms came together
I was full grown, a tower of strength,
Seen by the sailors out at sea,
With great storms measuring all my length,
Making my mighty minstrelsy,
Companion of the ancient weather.

Yours! Just as much the stars that shiver
When the frost sparkles overhead!
Call yours as soon those viewless airs
That sing in the clear vault, and tread
The clouds! Less yours than theirs—
Those fish-hawks swooping round the river!

In the primeval depths, embowering
My broad boughs with my branching peers,
My gums I spilled in precious drops—
Ay, even in those elder years
The eagle building in my tops,
Along my boughs the panther cowering.

Beneath my shade the red man slipping,
Himself a shadow, stole away;
A paler shadow follows him!
Races may go, or races stay,
The cones upon my loftiest limb
The winds will many a year be stripping;

And there the hidden day be throwing
His fires, though dark the dead prime be,
Before the bird shake off the dew.
Ah! what songs have been sung to me!
What songs will yet be sung, when you
Are dust upon the four winds blowing!



A CEREMONY VPON CANDELMAS EVE

DOWN with ye Rosemary, & So
Down with ye Baies, & Mistletoe;
Down with ye Holly, Ivie, all,
Wherewith ye Drest ye Xmas Hall:
That so ye Superstitious finde,
No One Leaft Branch there left Behind:
For Look, how many Leaves There Be
Neglected there, Maydes, trvst to Me,
So Many Goblins You Shall See,

R: Herrick



SKETCHES IN TYROL.

I.

OUR first look into the promised land was from the far crest of the Kapuzinerberg, where the balcony of the odd old bastion restaurant overlooks the broad and beautiful valley through which the Salzach pours its milky glacier torrent. Guarding its entrance stands the magnificent high-perched fortress of Salzburg. On either hand, coming close to the foreground, are the great gray peaks of the Gaisberg and Untersberg. Behind these, stretching away into the distance, rises crest after crest of the Salzburg Alps. The fear seemed reasonable that we had made a grave mistake in choosing this entrance to Tyrol, for we could not hope again to see such a combination of beauty and grandeur as this far-stretching, fertile plain and yonder snow-clad peaks. The fear abated before a day had passed, and it never recurred. Climbing down again to the low-lying town, we soon engaged an "Einspänner" to take us to Berchtesgaden.

One's first Einspänner is a memorable vehicle—queer-shaped, with a comfortable back seat, having its top thrown back in fair



THE WATZMANN, OVERLOOKING BERCHTESGADEN.

weather, and only a rudimentary front seat, from which the driver's feet fall directly upon the whiffletree. As the name indicates, it is drawn by one horse, harnessed, not between shafts as with us, but at the left side of a pole, with a cat-a-corner sort of traction by no means economical of power. Behind is a "magazin," in which smaller articles of baggage are locked, larger trunks being strapped upon its top. This is the universal one-horse vehicle of Southeastern Germany and Austria.

We trundled out of the town and over the country road at a pace which was to consume three hours in making the fourteen miles' distance. Half an hour out, at a foddering and beer-drinking station, we fell in with a "Zweispänner"—a comfortable two-horse landau—returning to the hotel for which we were destined. Our driver made a shrewd contract, by which we were to be carried the remaining long pull for one-half of our three-dollar fare. The change was in every way advantageous. Our road soon left the Salzach plain, and led up the wild and beautiful valley of the Alm; up hill and down dale, past chalets with stone-laden roofs, past the little fields of peasant farms, through groves of fir and white birch, and along the brink of the rapid white-watered river. Frequent hay for beast and frequent beer for man are constant incidents of Tyrol travel. Every few miles the team must be drawn up for baiting, and the blue-eyed Kellnerin brings beer as a matter of course; but the beer is good and the fare is cheap, and the hours thus dawdled away are by no means lost to one who comes fresh to all this unaccustomed beauty and interest. Time thus spent at way-side inns among costumed peasants here in the foot-hills of the great Alpine chain is time gained for the memories of all future years. We may have been three hours, and we may have been four hours, in going from Salzburg to Berchtesgaden, but should we live for fifty years, no time can dim the charming recollections of that drive.

Scattered along the road at very frequent intervals are the shrines and stations and crucifixes with which this whole land is disfigured. To the South German mind the tears of the Virgin and the cruel bodily suffering on the Cross seem to be the only effective emblems of Christianity. Generally absurd, often painful, and always coarse, these tokens are too frequent to excite reverence, and can have little other effect than to maintain the routine of the formal observances of the Church. The Madonna often wears hoops of enormous dimensions; she frequently weeps behind a painted handkerchief; and in one instance, where she was of wood and of life size, she held the fresh-ironed linen with printed border of our own time. So little does the real character of the Crucifixion impress itself upon the popular mind that it is by no means uncommon for the bleeding wound of the wooden Christ to be decked with flowers or ribbons on festival days. In one case a bunch of cat-tails was stuck between the knees. It is perhaps well for the tourist that these shrines occur so frequently, for their shock is weakened by familiarity, and one soon comes to pay little heed to them.

The valley of the Alm is too narrow, and offers too little chance for cultivation, for



PEASANT GIRL.

its agriculture to be more than the pettiest farming of a very poor and hard-worked people; but as it bends at last around the grand southern sweep of the Untersberg it widens out into broad and rich farms, overlooking which, occupying a high plateau, and itself overlooked by the gigantic Watzmann, lies the ideal Tyrolean village of Berchtesgaden. No doubt there are other places as charming, but none ever touched us quite so nearly as this. Its situation, its air, its evidence of having pleasure for its chief industry, and, above all, its picturesque people, combine to make it quite a village by itself. It has almost a suggestion of theatrical effect, greatly due to the marked costumes of the peasantry, who form so conspicuous an element of its population. Both men and women adhere to their national dress as firmly as though no Einspänner had ever brought a traveller from Salzburg to see them. On week-days it is sobered by the rust of long use, but it is still the same in its essential parts: on Sunday it is gay galore, and it is worth while to rise early and look out from a front window of the Hotel Watzmann as the people are gathering for early mass at the old church opposite. The accompanying illustrations give the dress of the whole peasant community, not touched up for artistic effect, but precisely as worn. The maidens depend much on color and on their broad silver necklaces with gaudy clasps, but the men's dress resembles that with which we are familiar only in coat and shirt. The breeches are of black leather, with green cord down the seams and green embroidery at the hip and knee; they reach only to the top of the knee, and are so loose that in the sitting posture half the thigh is exposed. No stockings are worn under the heavy hob-nailed shoes, but a very thick woolen stocking leg, often ornamented with green figures, covers the calf, the top being rolled down over the garter. For a length of about six inches at the knee the leg is quite bare, tanned and ruddy with life-long exposure in a climate of great winter severity. The hat varies but little from the form shown, and is decorated with feathers *at the back*—usually the half of a black cock's tail. This is the daily gear of these hardy mountaineers, and is the type of the national costume of the whole of North Tyrol. Nothing could be more artistic; but it must be a deeply planted artistic feeling which sustains the wearers in fierce winter weather. Grohman (*Tyrol and the Tyrolese*) says that at a wedding rifle match, when the thermometer was at 4° Fahrenheit, he saw men come in their shirt sleeves and with bare



PEASANT.



ENTRANCE TO THE KÖNIGS-SEE.

knees from the hot dancing-room, and stand shooting for an hour, heedless of the cold.

Pleasant as Berchtesgaden is in itself, it owes its great attractiveness to the beautiful Königs-See, three miles away, at the end of a charming brook-side walk through a deep and thickly wooded valley. This lake is the pearl of Tyrolean waters. Statistically speaking, it is six miles long and a mile and a half wide. It is about 2000 feet above the level of the sea. Its inclosing mountains rise almost vertically from its shore, the snow-clad Watzmann to a height of 9000 feet, and the others far above the line of vegetation. The deep water of the lake is emerald-green, cold, and clear.

It was on the stillest and sweetest of summer Sunday mornings that we first saw it. We shared a boat with a Viennese doctor and his pretty wife, and a kindly engineer of the salt-mines. For rowers we had a comely wiry-armed damsel and two tough-sinewed, bare-kneed, cock-feathered young men, one standing at his oar after the manner of a gondolier. They were a silent and steady-pulling crew, ready with information, but entirely unobtrusive. The boat-landing opens upon a beautiful fore-bay, shut in by high hills which form a bold foreground for the gray and white mountains. This is soon crossed, and a turn to the right around the steep rocks brings the grand main stretch of the lake into view. On either hand rise the sheer mountain-sides, and straight to the front the snow-clad Stuhlgebirge stands like a vast wall. Behind this chain is the head of the Schönfeldspitz, but little lower than the Watzmann, which dips its feet in the lake, and holds its snow-filled notch nearly a mile and a half above. It had rained heavily the day before, and the little rills which usually trickle down the mountain-sides were swollen to grand cascades, leaping from point to point of their quick descent. We climbed into the deep ravine of the Kesselbach, where a mountain torrent has torn its rugged way and filled its path with huge blocks wrenched from the mountain-sides. Again we landed to walk over to the pretty little Obersee, which lies in a lap of the hills at the far end of the lake; and again to eat the renowned Saibling, or lake trout, at St. Bartholomae—a toothsome *specialité* of the Königs-See—and to drink the perennial beer of the Vaterland. St. Bartholomae is a royal hunting château, which brings pence to the royal purse through the hunger and thirst of the visiting public. It is a grim old château, with a pious annex in the form of a gloomy little chapel, which invites many pilgrims on St. Bartholomew's Day. Its main hall is hung with rude portraits of giant Saibling taken in the lake during the past century, the honored name of its captor being given with each. These landings were not without interest and a large element of human interest, for the travellers to the Königs-See are various—but we always floated gladly back into the calm green deep lake, whence the enchanted setting of this enchanted mountain mirror seemed like a fairy-land of the giants, reaching high overhead, and reflected far down in the still waters.

Each boat carries an old blunderbuss of a horse-pistol with which to awaken the echoes at the narrower part of the lake. These are quite remarkable. The pistol, be-

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KÖNIGS-SEE.

ing loaded with loose powder, gives only a thud of a report, which is instantly returned from the nearest shore by a loud cracking detonation, which is repeated with a muffled roar again and again, like the roll of receding thunder. I am quite at a loss to explain the single sharp first echo which was invariably heard.

It had been a privilege to go in a boat with three rowers for only five persons, and our four hours' trip—ever to remain unequalled for interest and charm—cost what the Schiffmeister regarded as an extra price—forty-four cents for each person.

For variety, and by way of indulgence to inexperienced feet, we took an Einspänner for our return home. The variety made it quite worth while, for the valley between Königs-See and Berchtesgaden is beautiful from every point of view, and the carriage-road takes quite a different course from the foot-path. We were driven by a young lout from a distant province, whose stock of information was exhausted when he had told us that a pretty modern villa near the road-side was owned by a Jew. We complimented the Jew upon his good taste and good fortune, and were quite content to accept the remaining miles of our road for their constant and changing beauty, without further detail. It mattered little who owned this or that; it sufficed that every turn of the road opened a new picture. The Watzmann was our constant attendant, and it seemed strange that while he looked so near, our whole journey kept him ever at the same angle. In the clear sky of that Sunday it was impossible to realize his distance, and only the eternal snow lodged between his two great bare peaks indicated his height. The guide-books give detailed instruction for reaching the summit of this mountain, and there are in Berchtesgaden stout-limbed and intelligent guides to carry one's kit and food and lead the way to the summit. But the mountain-climbing passion is an uncultivated one in my breast, and I am quite content to leave nature's great peaks all unbereft of the mystery and grandeur which they shed over those who wander wondering through the valleys at their feet. I do not intimate that familiarity with their crests would breed contempt, and I admire the enterprise and vigor which scorn the fatigue and suffering their ascent must entail; I only beg to be permitted for myself to confine my wanderings over this great and splendid world to fields which reward one with something different from the view of mountain-tops from mountain-top. This may be a middle-aged weakness, and it may well be born of ignorance; but I gladly accept such familiarity with the mountains as one gains from the richly cultivated slopes and vales of Tyrol as quite sufficient.

On one of the days of our stay we explored, so far as the public is permitted to explore them, the great salt-works of Berchtesgaden, which are the property of the King of Bavaria. This is the show salt-mine of the world, and the act of visiting it was invested by old King Ludwig with the artistic and dramatic air of which he was so fond. There is little reason why the ten thousand who enter its galleries every year should

not go in the every-day dress of the outer air; but party after party is daily clad in the garb of the miners, the ladies in a corresponding costume, as though the tour were attended with the dirt and discomfort of a coal-mine. The galleries are quite dry—so dry that where timber is used for supporting the roof it needs to be renewed only once in a century. The deposit is in the heart of a high hill. There are five gangways, one above the other. Visitors are taken in at the entrance of the lowest one, and to the worked-out galleries of the second, but this suffices to give a good idea of the methods. The hill is entered for a distance of more than a mile, part of the way up a stairway of more than one hundred steps, and then on and on into the very bowels of the mountain. Salt exists in a very pure state to an unknown height above, and a shaft sunk 150 meters below the lowest excavation fails to find its bottom. The workings are of two sorts, the quarrying of rock-salt for cattle (4000 tons per annum), and the extraction and transportation of pure salt, in solution in water, which is let in fresh from the hills above, left from four to six weeks to become impregnated, then drawn to a lower reservoir, whence it is pumped to Feisterleite, 700 feet high on the mountain-side. Thence it flows through pipes to Ilsang, about four miles distant, where it is again lifted, this time 1200 feet, to the top of the mountain. From this point it flows through pipes, always on a descending grade, to Reichenhall, twenty miles distant. Here it is evaporated, the crystallized salt being ground for table use (from 25,000 to 30,000 tons per annum). The average daily flow is over 2000 hectoliters. The pump by which this is raised is worked by a water-engine of brass (six-inch cylinder), constructed precisely like a steam-engine, and propelled by a column of water 374 feet high. One hundred pounds of fresh-water dissolves about twenty-seven pounds of salt, so that, in view of the abundant water-power, this system of transportation is most economical. The large pools in the mine in which the salt is dissolved are most interesting. The one no longer used is encircled with several hundred miner's lamps, which only make its darkness visible. Visitors are ferried over this pool in boats, and landed opposite an illuminated transparent block of salt inscribed with the miner's greeting, "Glück auf." The descent from here is by a steep slide over polished wooden rails, pitching at a sharp angle into the great pit where rock-salt was formerly quarried. A guide goes first in the line, and regulates the speed by a rope slipping under his arm. The visitors, astride the rail, make a close-packed train behind him. The exploration of the work completed, we are mounted, men and women together, astride the elevated cushion of a little car which runs at great speed down the descending track through the mile-long gallery, and out into the broad daylight and the heated open air. For those who care to perpetuate their absurdity, a photographer has set up his atelier hard by.

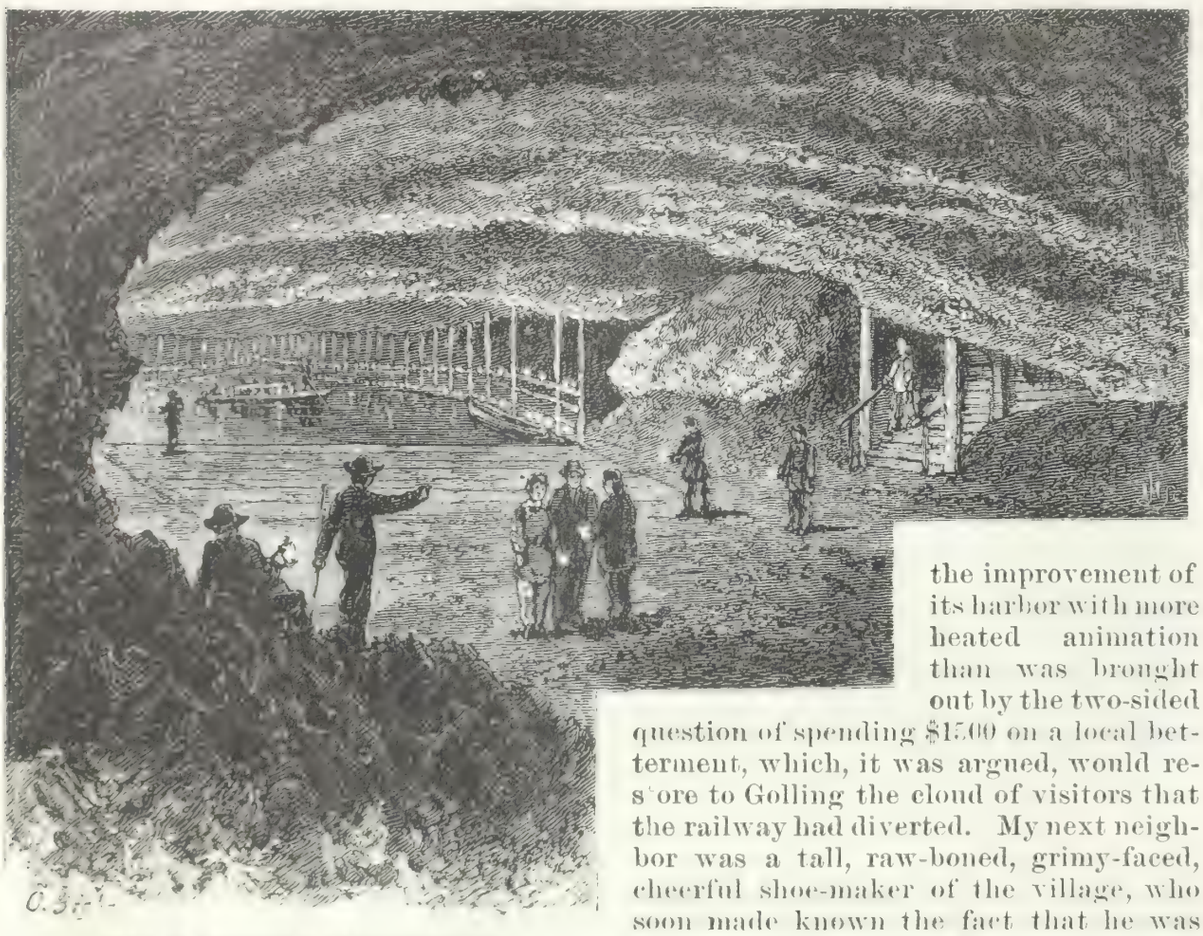
However short one's stay, Berchtesgaden must be quitted with regret, and in our case



COSTUMES OF THE SALT-MINE.

at least there came the feeling, repeated at so many places, that we should some day return here for a longer stay and a closer familiarity with its varied interests. But we were as yet only at the threshold of Tyrol, and with at best time for only a sketchy run among its mountains and valleys.

We departed again in an Einspänner, with a driver who became friendly and instructive after his sharp bargain had once been driven. Our drive to Hallein did not differ greatly from that from Salzburg, save that at one of our halting-places we saw, perhaps for once and all, and only through a telescope at that, the agile chamois feeding quietly on the very face, as it seemed to us, of the perpendicular Untersberg. Hallein



LAKE IN SALT-MINE, BERCHTESGADEN.

is a dull and dingy old town on the Gisela Railway, by which we made the half hour's run to Golling.

From Golling the glory has all departed. In the good old post-coach days it had much renown as a chief starting-point of the wild and beautiful ways into Eastern Tyrol. It is a long, straight Alpine village on the mountain-side. Our windows commanded nearly the whole street, with its curious people and its unfamiliar customs. Where mountain brooks and springs are plenty the rain-fall is not caught and stored as with us. It rained hard the whole night through, and the long eave-troughs, reaching far beyond the wide overhanging roofs, poured their torrents into the roadway from a height of three or four stories, until it seemed as though the town itself must be washed into the valley. I am fond of the Landsleute of German villages, and the country people who congregate of an evening in the beer-room of every Gasthaus have far more interest than their betters who travel, and who fill the guests' eating-room with bad tobacco smoke. I sat at table with half a dozen of the wiseacres of the village, who were in warm discussion with a wandering Handwerker as to the propriety of the investment by the Golling community of 3000 gulden in making a better pathway into the renowned Oefen, a marvellous chasm in the mountain, through which the whole Salzach pours its flood. No city ever discussed the improvement of its harbor with more heated animation than was brought out by the two-sided question of spending $1500 on a local betterment, which, it was argued, would restore to Golling the cloud of visitors that the railway had diverted. My next neighbor was a tall, raw-boned, grimy-faced, cheerful shoe-maker of the village, who soon made known the fact that he was Johann Kain, a licensed mountain guide (Bergführer) of the province. He produced from a wallet at his belt the book containing his authority, the established tariff of charges, the obligations of the Bergführer, the penalties for his misconduct, and the signatures and commendatory remarks of his many patrons for long years past. As Baedeker tells us, one clearly needs no guide for the plain path over the Oefen and along the high-road through Pass Lueg to Sulzau; but a few hours with an original character like Kain would be well worth his fee of less than a dollar, and I was glad to engage him for the next day. The trip was the more interesting for his company, and it must be a marvellous two hours' walk under any circumstances. The Oefen by far outmatches all other mountain gorges of which I have knowledge. The Salzach is really a great mountain river, fed by far-away glaciers and countless hill-side brooks. It drains the whole northern slope of the Alpine range from beyond the Grosser Venediger on the west to far east of Bad Gastein. During the preceding week unwonted rains had swollen every rill to a torrent, and the river itself was a boiling, rushing flood of turbid waters. It has torn its way through the high granite barrier, and mighty rocks from its higher cliffs have fallen across its chasm, forming natural bridges over the torrent, which are covered with grass and trees. Here and there, through great clefts, the river is to be seen surging far below with a deafening roar.



PASS LUEG.

The descent from the heights of the Oefen strikes the highway at the entrance of Pass Lueg opposite the curious Croaten Loch—a strongly fortified and almost inaccessible cleft in the vertical mountain-side, large enough for a garrison of five hundred men, and was an impregnable position until artillery was brought to bear upon the splintering rock which forms its roof. It was held by the Croatians in 1742, and in the patriotic war of 1809 it played an important part. For modern warfare it has no value, and is only a curious relic of the past; but Pass Lueg itself, six miles long, and often only wide enough for the river and the road, is an easily defensible pass, and the only practicable opening through the mountains east of the valley of the Inn. The Gisela Railway passes its narrowest part by a tunnel. At the east the pass is dominated by the Tannengebirge, nearly 8000 feet high. During the whole walk to Sulzau my old guide talked of the hills and valleys and passes within walking distance of Golling, which to him constitute the whole world, and beyond which he has never set his sturdy foot.



FARM-HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

Having taken places in the observation car at the rear end of the train — a car with an open gallery looking to the rear and sides — we made a most memorable journey up the steep Salzach Valley and into the Pinzgau. At Werfen the road, leaving the narrow gorge, passes under the shadow of the high-perched fortress of Höhe Werfen, which is not unlike the one which at Salzburg guards its northern entrance. A writer can not, without laying himself open to the charge of extravagance, repeat so often as the description of such a journey demands the superlative expressions which alone are adequate. The reader's highest imagination will surely not overpass the grand and beautiful reality. At no point of the route is the landscape less marked than at Bischofshofen, which is typical of the wider parts of the valley.

A little farther on we stop at Lend, the station for the renowned — Tyroleans think overrenowned — Wildbad Gastein, and as evening closes in, always looking back over the same succession of mountains, and always beside the tumbling stream, we round Schloss Fischhorn — Prince Lichtenstein's beautifully restored castle — commanding the Upper and Lower Pinzgau, the valley of the Zeller-See, and the Fusch Thal.

The Zeller-See differs from the Königs-See as much as one mountain lake can differ from another. At the first view it is disappointing, but a short stay at its bordering village of Zell restores all of its well-reputed glory. Its shores are every where low, and its surrounding mountains are distant; but as seen from the middle of the lake, their grand forms, their bare crests, or snow-clad peaks under the ever-changing light and shadow of a cloud-filled sky, inclosing a vast and fertile basin, make a perfect combination of Tyrolean beauty. At the north, beyond the plain of Saalfelden, rises the rugged wall behind which lies the southeastern projection of Bavarian Tyrol. Far away to the south, peering above the high green hill-tops, and hiding from sight the glacier crest of the Gross Glockner, is the snow-covered Kitzsteinhorn. In a certain sense Zell has been spoiled by the railway. It is full of tourists, and its lake is always busy

with pleasure-boats; but we have nowhere found more simplicity and quaintness than in the peasant's house where we were billeted, the hotels being overfull. The roaming visitors have made very little impression upon the native population. Outside the modern hotels a kreutzer counts for as much as ever, and the cheerful "Guten Tag" of all whom we meet in the streets is as frank as



SCHLOSS FISCHHORN.

in the remotest valley. Our handmaiden Teresa was as amazed at our desiring more than a pint of water for our ablutions as though she had never seen a traveller before. She brought, quite cheerfully, a huge bread bowl in place of the pudding dishes we had found inconveniently small, and a third carafe of water. She did this with so much the air of having performed her whole duty that we were fain to restrict our needs to the insufficient supply. So far was she from expecting a gratuity for her prompt attendance that she blushingly added to our bill a charge of six cents for shoe-cleaning. Our large room, inclosed in thick stone walls, with iron-barred windows and heavy oaken door, was as safe as a fortress. One corner was occupied with a huge green glazed earthenware stove, set on a high stone foundation. The beds were good, the linen was clean, and the furniture included two cabinets—one filled with Christmas-tree decorations, and the other with Schützenfest prizes won by our host in the sharp-shooting days of his youth. Gaudy religious prints adorned the walls, and comfortable and well-kept furniture made up the outfit of this "best chamber," for the use of which, with attendance, we were charged forty cents per day. We were the more struck with the cheapness and rusticity of our entertainment, because many who have written in these later years complain that Tyrol, filled with travellers from all countries, has been bereft, even in its remotest hamlets, of all its original simplicity; that bumptious Americans and Englishmen have driven the modest Kellnerin from the dining-room, and substituted the *garçon* of the Swiss hotels. So far as I can judge, this is not at all the case. Even in much-frequented Gasthäusern the waiting is almost universally done by the Oberkellnerin and her maidens, the old customs of kitchen and table are still adhered to, and the prices charged preclude the idea of an advance having been made. The Hotel Krone, on the bank of the lake at Zell, is entirely modern, sufficiently good and sufficiently costly; its men-waiters wear dress-coats, and it has nothing in common with the native Gast-

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haus. But one need not lodge at the Krone —we did not, because we could not—and it has had no more influence over the customs of the village, nor even over those of the old Gasthaus Krone, of which it is an outgrowth, than if it were twenty miles away. On the whole, I think it has been too much the custom to decry "tourists." Of course it is pleasanter to have a whole compartment to yourself on the railway, and to find hotel servants devoted to you only. If you are of a certain constitution, it is gratifying to feel that you alone of all the enlightened world have been permitted to gaze upon this water-fall, to drink beer at this remote Gasthaus, or to tread this mountain path. But neither railway carriages, nor hotels, nor water-falls, nor beer, nor mountain paths, were created only for us. No word so lacks a definition as that one over whose illustration Thackeray expended a volume without yet clearly fixing its meaning. I have sometimes wondered whether the real snob may not be the ultimate development of that incipient feeling which the best of us must recognize among the emotions with which we greet a stranger coming to the vacant seat beside us. For my own justification I am glad to believe that all mankind has this same instinctive distaste for encroachment. The remarkable feature of the case is that so many intelligent persons capable of enjoying travel to the fullest extent, and capable of communicating their enjoyment to others, should fail to see that the only field wherein to exercise their passion for being original adventurers is in those undeveloped wilds which are always open for their exploration. The inhabited world—certainly the whole of Tyrol—is public ground. It has been a favorite field for travel since travelling began. No one can say how much of its very essence it owes to its long communication with the outer world. Even the remotest valleys furnish their quota to that great army of Tyrolese peddlers and wandering minstrels which has for centuries overrun all Christendom, generally returning to end their days on their native hill-sides. If external intercourse has "spoiled" this people, we surely have not to blame the occasional foreign sojourners among them. My own idea is that they are and will remain less affected by the encroachments of travel than most other peoples. The returning wanderer, bringing back no foreign ways, resumes at once his Tyrolean life and character. Quite naturally, about the large towns and much-frequented health resorts, costumes and local customs recede somewhat to the background; but in Tyrol it is still a very near background. In the busiest street of Innsbruck, and about the Kursaal at Meran, broad necklaces, bright colors, bare knees, and hat feathers are by no means exceptional. In the side streets of either town there is no more suggestion of any foreign influence than there was before railroads had been invented. While pleading in behalf of the inevitable, I must say a word, too, in defense of the much-abused railway; even more, I confess my profound obligation to it. But for its kind intervention I should pass this calm and peaceful Sunday morning not here, writing this record under the vine-clad hills and beside the swift-running stream of the Passeier Thal; I should probably be writing long-neglected letters at Newport—if, indeed, without the railroad's help I had ever emigrated even so far as that from my native Connecticut village. The railways of Tyrol pass through most charming scenery, and the device has yet to be invented which is to equal in its value to the pleasure-seeker the "Breakwagen" and observation car of the Gisela road.

Having once taught ourselves not to detest our fellow-travellers, we have come to regard them with great interest. They are almost exclusively Germans, and most largely from the very large middle class—probably persons in small business and small professions who have economized throughout the year for the sake of a frugal excursion in summer. It is not clear that they interest us more than we interest them, but they have certain characteristics which to the American observer are very marked. I have long been familiar, in literature and in fact, with the prandial methods of Continental Europeans, but each new experience develops new possibilities of the art. As a study of the adaptation of means to end, no field of investigation is richer. Photography has still one achievement to make in securing an unsuspected instantaneous view of the *table d'hôte* of a German hotel. The processes beggar description. I make no question that there is a class of European society which partakes of its food in a manner according with our conventions, but it sends very rare representatives over any road which we have travelled. Among the coarser and uncultured of every society we expect little deference to the requirements of delicacy. But to see a pretty, dainty, tastefully dressed, sweet-looking young woman bearing both elbows hard on the table, stabbing her meat by a backhanded blow with a fork, twisting her wrist and lowering her mouth to a convenient pitching distance, with the alternate by-play of a knife blade charged with softer viands, produces a shock which no familiarity can soften. Only yesterday I saw a mild-eyed bride thus engaged, with the occasional interpolation of a pickled onion by her fond and admiring husband's deft harpoon. The effect was heightened by her vigorous quaffing of a full liter of beer during the meal. Taking this example—by no means an iso-



THE WILDE KAISER.

lated one—from the more refined sex and class as a standard, I may safely leave to the reader's imagination the athletic exercises in a like direction of stalwart, hungry, and ambidextrous men. Vale!

This, however, by the way. I speak of it only as a noticeable custom of the people. It is a custom only. It is not rooted in any defect of character. Accepted in a kindly spirit, our German fellow-travellers seem amiable, happy, kindly, affectionate, and too often noisy. They evince far more pleasure in their travel than do the rarer English and very exceptional Americans who cross our path. The appreciation of fine scenery which draws the English to this land is not a demonstrative appreciation. As a rule they go sedately, silently, and most respectably on, without touching with even the hem of their garments the real essence of the people among whom they wander. The Americans are more varied and individual, but by no means always more admirable. As an example: we encountered on the Brenner Railway two of our compatriots, clearly an Eastern merchant and his new wife, pretty and well dressed. Their language and enunciation indicated fair education, and their silence suggested proper breeding. Their occasional speech was marvellous to hear. The man's observation concerning Innsbruck was that he had "never had a better meal at a way station." Through the most majestic parts of the valleys of the Sill and the Adige he slept soundly. Never a Schloss or Schlucht did they notice. She, justified in her opinion that she had a very pretty hand and rings, spent much time in drawing on and off her gloves. After doubling the great ox-bow at Gossensass, by which a descent of over five hundred feet is accomplished in a direct distance of a few hundred yards, she expressed her disapprobation of such a waste of travel. She did not see "why the engineer couldn't let us go straight on." Arrived at Brixen, she roused her drowsy lord with, "Oh, here's one of those queer things Maggie told us about!"

Without rising to look he asked, "What is it?"

"Why! don't you remember? A priest" —pointing to a huge brown-frocked Franciscan friar, and giggling merrily.

All else that they said and did was equally appreciative, and one could readily imagine the satisfaction with which they would return to the more congenial surroundings and companionship of their native life, and affirm their clear conviction that Continental travel offers little that need tempt an American to a second trial.

I have made this digression touching the people whom we meet partly to show that the encountering of them is by no means an unmixed evil. No human soil is so barren as to yield no fruit of way-side entertainment. No nation and no class fails to produce its food for comment.

The boats of the Zeller-See are different from any that we have elsewhere seen. They are long, flat-bottomed craft, rising high at stem and stern, with comfortable high-backed seats amidships. They are propelled like a gondola with a single oar near the stern, where the oarsman stands at his work, facing forward. The oar has a most curious spoon-shaped blade, about two feet long and eight inches wide. It is considerably curved in the direction of its length, and slightly



HOPFGARTEN.

hollowed laterally. Its *convex* surface is its propelling surface. The rowlock is a foot high above the gunwale, and has an ingeniously contrived universal joint of iron. The end of the oar, about opposite the rower's breast, has a cross handle. This is held in the left hand, and is used for giving the lateral movement needed to preserve the straight course in rowing at one side of the boat. The right hand is held lower down the stem. At first sight this struck me as the most outlandish and absurd paddle I had ever seen. Watching it at work, it seemed one of the best. During the greater part of the stroke its bearing against the water is at a right angle with the boat's course, and as it leaves the water the downward-turning blade seems to follow the exact curve needed to bring it out without splash and without resistance. So far as I could analyze its positions, it was doing effective work from the time the blade touched the water until it had entirely left it, and this can be said of no other oar that I have seen. These boats have a very holiday look, their sides and the broad oar blades being painted with corresponding figures and colors, usually diamonds of blue or red on white. The effect is complete when the boat is freighted with girls in light dresses, and carrying the blue or red parasols which here prevail, and rowed by a costumed peasant.

We were fortunate in hearing the Tyrolean zither played by an accomplished master at a concert given during our stay. The capabilities of this instrument are far greater than could be supposed. In principle it is like a combination of the guitar and the harp.

The route from Zell to Wörgl on the Inn is best made by rail, the open observation car giving a view usually better than that from the lower-lying and frequently shaded highway. It is rich from end to end with grand mountain scenery, culminating in the great rugged masses of the Wilde Kaiser, and then toning down to the more rounded forms, the fertile slopes, and the placid valley where lies the Arcadian village of Hopfgarten.

As a convenient point from which to visit



COSTUMES OF THE ZILLER THAL.

the Ziller Thal, we put up at the beautifully placed Gasthaus on the hill above Jenbach —a modern Swiss house, with a chalet gallery in front of our windows commanding a long stretch of the Inn Valley, its inclosing mountains, and the high snow peaks beyond Innsbruck. The Ziller Thal is the most renowned, and I am ready to believe one of the most beautiful, of the pastoral valleys of the Tyrol. It is purely pastoral, its two considerable towns having no industry not connected with agriculture, and its steep hillsides being bright with farms and pasture alps to their summits. Rich woodlands occupy the rougher and steeper slopes and its deep-cut side valleys, which are noisy with tumbling water. Even more than other Tyrolese, the people of the Ziller Thal have always been given to seeking their fortunes through itinerant trade and minstrelsy. The money thus gained and the extreme fertility of the land have given them great prosperity. Farmers own their own farms, and there is an air of comfort and cheerfulness about their homes—notably a great profusion of flowers in the rich dark wood galleries of the chalets—which we do not see equalled among many more obviously wealthy people. Frugality and industry seem to go hand in hand with their cheerfulness and activity. Among the older of both sexes there is much goitre, and the evidence of a hard-worked life; but the young girls especially are remarkably well-looking; and, on the whole, the Ziller Thal presents as favorable an example of a happy agricultural community as can be met with. Zell, the capital of the upper valley, had been visited a week before our arrival with a devastating flood, the equal of which has not been known for centuries, and had suffered enormous damage. The water had risen in a single night higher than the tops of the doorways, the churchyard in the centre of the town had been submerged, whirlpools had eaten great holes in the roadways, every bridge on the river had been swept away, and thousands of acres of the valley lands had been covered with slime, from which the water had even yet not entirely receded. Such a calamity befalling a less prosperous people would be well-nigh fatal; but here the loss can be

borne without suffering, and the ultimate effect upon the valley lands will be beneficial, the detritus from the granite mountain-sides being of great fertilizing value. It will be some years before the beauty of the landscape will be restored. We found at Füigen a capital example of the Tyrolean "Wirth" in Samuel Margreiter, who keeps the Gasthaus zum Stern. Both he and his wife were members of Ludwig Rainer's company of Tyrolese musicians, and in their travels have acquired a good knowledge of English. He is a handsome, hearty, cordial fellow, and a man of substance, to whom the traveller may be cordially commended. His musical specialty is the Hölzener-Gelächner (laughing-wood), known to us as the Zillerphone. It is made of sticks of fir wood of different lengths, properly tuned by hollowing out their lower sides, loosely strung together, and resting on thin withes of straw. They are rung with little hard-wood mallets. Margreiter boasts that he taught the use of the instrument to the Princess of Wales and Princess Louise. He tells us that the costume of the valley in its full development is only to be seen on *fêtes*, as at rifle matches and weddings. To our unaccustomed eyes marked traces of it were to be seen on every hand. The women almost universally, young and old, wear broad-brimmed, small-crowned, black felt hats, with thick gold or silver tassels lying on the front part of the brim; and the singular custom, not much noticed elsewhere, of carrying a carnation or other bright flower over the ear, prevails quite generally.

In the towns Zell and Füigen, and occasionally along the main road, the houses are large stuccoed stone structures, with projecting roofs and galleries, the stucco whitened and the wood-work sometimes painted. The detached farm-houses differ from those generally seen in other parts of the country in being almost invariably unpainted, their rich mellow-toned wooden upper stories and gables and their gray stone-laden roofs harmonizing perfectly with the landscape. Their mason-work, if colored at all, is either gray or buff. Rude frescoes of the Madonna or the Crucifixion are very common on the outer walls. The combination of house and stable under the same roof is in strong contrast to our customs; but the living-rooms of these houses are tidy and comfortable, and often more home-like and inviting than average agricultural interiors of our native land. There is a complete separation by stone partition walls between the house and its belongings. The main entrance and the rooms leading off from it are a sort of crypt with vaulted arches supporting the stone floor of the main story, where are the chief living-rooms. Under the roof are garrets, store-rooms, and bedrooms. Each floor opens on to its narrow gallery, and these are far overshadowed by the wide projecting roof, the ridge-pole of which is longer than the lower edges, so that the top of the gable reaches forward considerably beyond the lower line of the eaves. Added to this forward pitch of the gable end, there is often a decided "batter" or buttress-like spread of the stone-built part of the house. Even those lines which are intended to be vertical or horizontal have had only the inadequate guide of the country carpenter's eye, so that parallel lines and right angles do not exist. The whole structure is a sort of free-hand drawing, which agrees charmingly with the combination of rounded and rugged forms that makes the whole landscape. Tucked away in little grassy nooks far up among the clouds, accessible only by the hardest climbing, are the little chalets of the Sennen, or cow-herds, who pass the summer months in butter and cheese making, and who, especially when of the female sex, furnish the material for much of the romance and poetry of Tyrolean literature. This is the native home of the Jodel, the clear, penetrating language by which alone these widely separated and hard-worked hermits are able to greet each other across the valleys and noisy gorges, and by which at the end of the week the lusty youth of the valleys proclaim their coming to their mountain maidens. Probably no purely rural expedition would give more curious instruction, and surely none would be attended with more picturesque and romantic accompaniment, than a thorough exploration of the fertile slopes and the rugged high alps of the Ziller Thal.

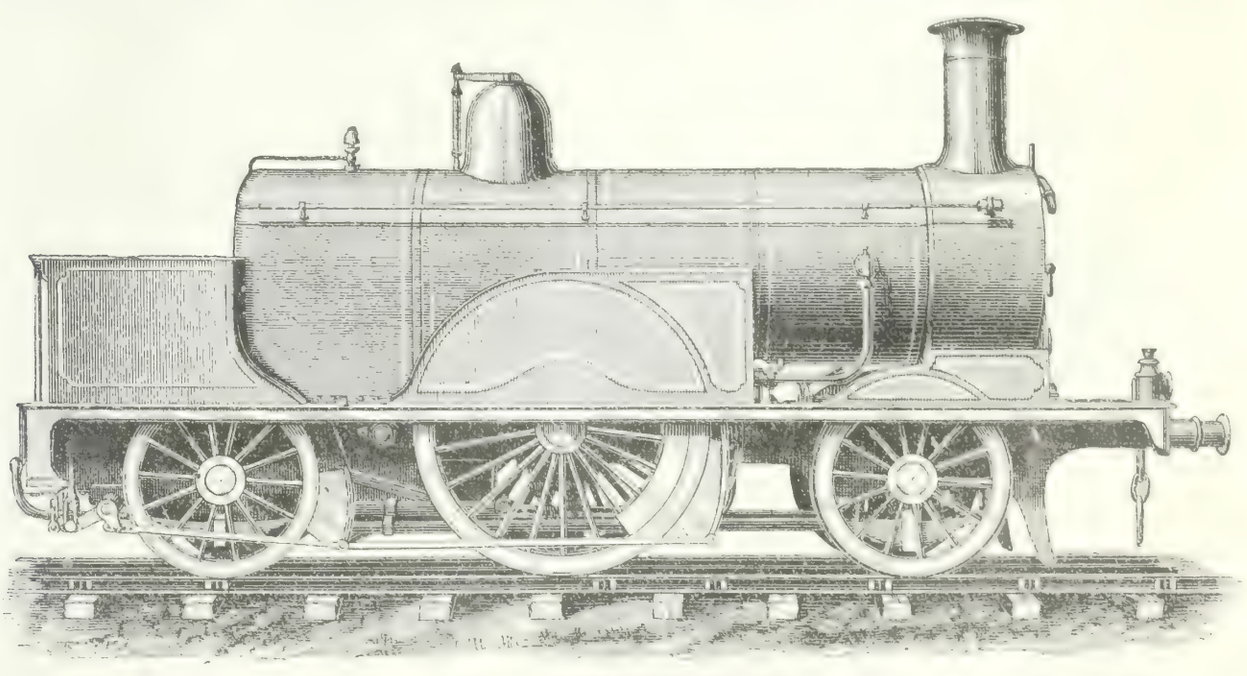
We had another chief motive for halting at Jenbach in an intention to visit the Aachen-See, which lies 1100 feet up in the mountains, over seven miles of rough road. The descriptions, the photographs, and the reports of returning visitors indicated that while it is well worthy of a visit, and while its introduction would be necessary into any complete picture of Tyrolean travel, it did not so much differ from what we had already seen that we need face a steady and persistent rain for the sake of it. Then, too, we had been long enough in the country for the impression of the great cities of the world to have faded, and we had little by little accepted the local estimate of the great metropolis of Tyrol, the chief centre of its civilization and the great source of its artificial supplies. We cherished, also, a charming recollection of a single autumn evening passed in its mountain-guarded streets, and of the twilight vesper service in the Hofkirche among the bronze shades of Maximilian and his chosen attendants. Better a day of what Innsbruck has to offer than the Aachen-See under low clouds and drizzling rain. Our route lay up the valley

of the Inn—a fast-flowing stream which drains the north slope of the Alps from the head waters of the Salzach to the borders of Switzerland—a stream which has torn its broad way through the mountains, and has filled its valley with rich deposit. As seen from the hill-tops it is a thread of a river winding through a wide and fruitful valley which rises gently to the feet of its inclosing walls. Here, as every where, agriculture is the life and soul of the industry, and a constant succession of broad fields of Indian corn filled it with the air of luxuriance which this crop alone can give. The valley is rich in shade and fruit trees, its higher slopes are beautifully wooded, and its smiling modern houses and dull old castles indicate the age and persistence of its prosperity.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES.

THERE is always something attractive in the exhibition of force in action. The display of power directed to some useful end wins instant attention. Even the trivial-minded pause before the steam-engine. They know not why. To the thoughtful man or woman every piece of good machinery at work presents a double charm—the display of natural forces guided by intelligence, and that deeper attraction that springs from the thought that machinery is for the saving of the nations. Without machinery the people were not fed nor clothed, neither could they escape the slavery of a fixed location.

The finest piece of steam mechanism in the world is undoubtedly the English locomotive engine. Here is a moving motor, a source of power, that expends its energy in the visible work of transporting itself from place to place. Viewed in whatever light, it appeals powerfully to the imagination. It displays immense power; it moves its own enormous weight and a still greater load from place to place. This alone is a wonder, a triumph over natural forces that might well excite surprise and admiration; and yet it is all done at a speed that appalls. It is a worthy theme for study, and it is well worth the while to examine it in some detail, and to trace the causes whence spring the effects that so command our admiration. We will take the best of the kind, an engine of the Irish mail, running between Holyhead and London, or the celebrated "Flying Dutchman" train of the Scottish mail. It backs into the London station, ready for a trip, a giant among its race. First of all, there is a cylindrical boiler, with a capacious fire-box at the end. This great bulk of iron and steel rests upon a rigid and massive frame of iron plates, and this in turn is supported by wheels of extraordinary size and strength. In front may be a smaller pair of wheels, but these are also fastened by their axles to the rigid frame that supports the boiler. One can not fail to admire the thoroughly English solidity and stability of the machine. The tender is also of immense capacity, and rests on a rigid frame borne by wheels that turn in journals fixed directly to the frame. As the great driving-wheels, seven feet or more in diameter, come to rest, we may step upon the foot-board behind the boiler and open the furnace door. A huge fire-box, burning the best of coals, gives ample space for producing heat, and just within the furnace may be seen the ends of more than a hundred tubes leading through the boiler to the smoke-stack. Every thing is arranged to give the greatest possible fire space, in order to make quick and abundant steam. All the parts needed to guide the machine,



ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

to start and stop it, send it forward or backward, are in convenient reach, and the engineer has a good look-out on every side.

Looking beneath the boiler, we find two cylinders just under the forward end, and connected by means of their pistons and rods with cranks on the axle of the forward pair of driving-wheels. Every part of the mechanism is admirable—strong, accurate, and fitted to its work with marvellous precision. The engine is secured to the train by means of massive screws, and presently it starts away upon its journey. Escaping from the tunnels under the city, the engine quickens its speed, and is off for Holyhead, two hundred and sixty-four miles away.

The road is magnificent—straight, level, and laid with the best rails in the world. If the motor is perfection, so is its appointed way the most costly and the finest railway in existence. The engine simply flies. It takes up its water without stopping, and makes its trip, including all stops, in seven hours—a speed of little more than thirty-seven miles an hour, but really a speed of seventy miles an hour along certain levels. Viewed in connection with its place and the duty it performs, it is the most remarkable piece of mechanism in the world, and it is not a wonder that all the nations have at some time been to England to purchase this admirable tool.

The railway is the road of to-day, and perhaps of all time. The locomotive is the horse of the future, and all peoples who have the slightest claim to civilization are casting about to see how they may own and use this splendid beast of burden. For a long time England has made locomotives for the world. South America, Australia, Asia, Africa, and even North America have poured millions into her coffers to purchase this glorious creature, this tireless steed, whose lungs know no decay and whose feet outrun the wind. Even continental Europe and the United States came to English shops to buy motors. There were none like these, and England practically held the market of the world.

In time France, Germany, and other Continental nations began to make their own locomotives, but they seldom departed from English ideas, and the Continental engine was really an English engine made by Germans and Frenchmen. Varying conditions of traffic and country to be traversed, and, more than all, the cost of English engines, finally led the European makers to depart from the English type, and other and in some respects better machines were eventually made in French and German workshops. This process was slow, for the builders were timid, and it remained for another workman to make an engine beside which the English locomotive seems almost an anomaly. A new master-builder, escaping from the traditions of English shops, arose and said to the locomotive-buying nations, "I will make you engines as swift as any 'Flying Dutchman' or 'Irish Mail'—engines that will climb up and down hill, that will sweep round sharp corners in safety, that will drag immense loads over cheap roads that follow the face of the roughest country."

These, then, are the two master-builders competing for the business of making locomotives for the world—the Englishman and the American. Continental European builders are practically out of the race, for they are too nearly the echoes of England. To Britain or the United States must come the engine-buyers. The English or the American locomotive is to run on all their roads. The two tools are essentially different, and one must be the best. Either the buyers will take only English machines, and the American tool must be altered to suit the demand, or at least to resemble the English engine, or the English builder must come to this country and learn his trade anew. Even the popular observer who knows nothing of the refinements of locomotive construction sees that there is a difference, and he watches the great contest with keenest interest.

The Englishman seems never to be able to escape the influence of his surroundings. Though he occupies a part of every continent, his methods are seldom continental. This is aptly illustrated in his railroad building. His island is small and densely populated, his roads short, and the traffic heavy. Naturally the roads are of the best. Every valley is spanned by viaducts or bridges, every hill pierced with deep cuts or costly tunnels. The early railroad men had an impression that a railroad must be as nearly straight as possible, and as level as labor and money could make it. Later English builders followed these ideas closely, and the final result is magnificent in every sense. The roads are the best known, and make fit ways for the splendid engines designed to run upon them. But all this is insular. When the Englishman tried continental railroading, as in Canada and in Australia, he built on insular plans, and the result has not been wholly happy.

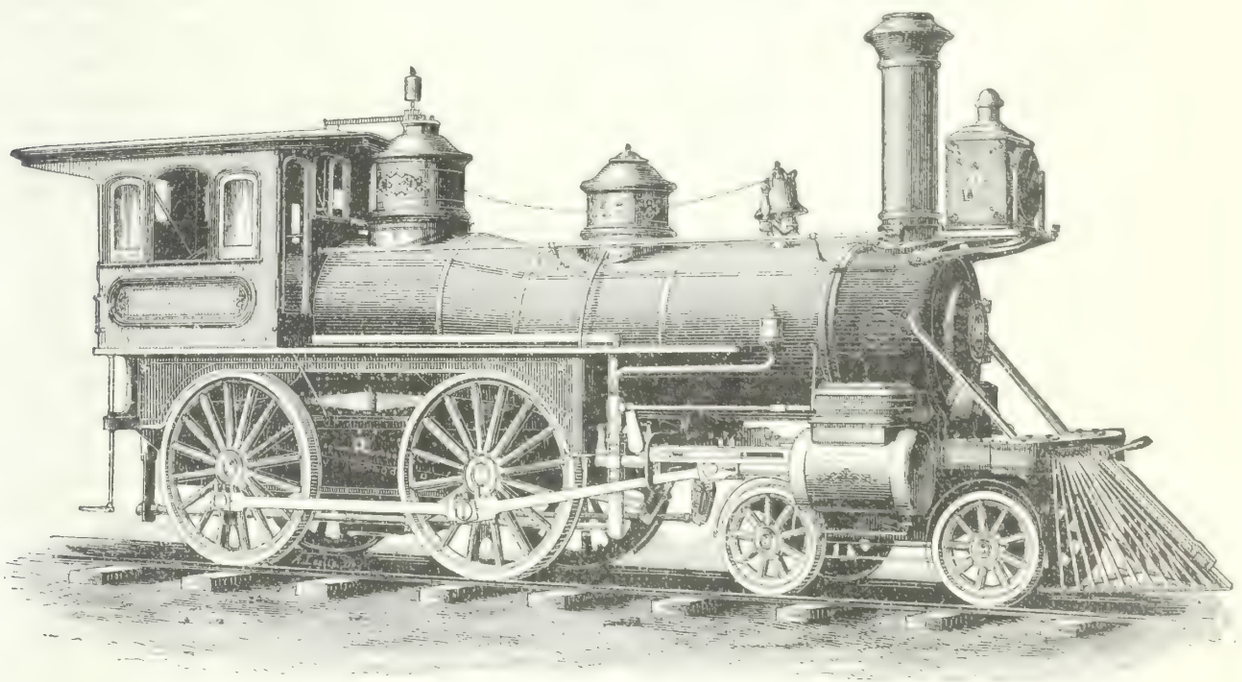
It is to the American we must turn to learn what are the requirements of the modern railway, and to get some suggestion of its future. More than this, the moment the English locomotive is taken from its island line it exhibits defects and a certain want of pliability that completely unfit it for a continental railway. But if the English road and the English engine are the best in the world, why are they not the best for the world? Simply because they do not pay. There can be no higher reason than this. Any thing that does not pay is useless, because it does not meet a human want. The

excuse of the railroad and its train is that it moves men and things cheaply. The cost of any operation is the measure of its value to human beings, and if the road does not pay, of what good is it? Now a railway, to be cheap, must follow the face of the country. That is, the line must go up and down hill, pass around abrupt curves, according to the lay of the land, and without much attempt at a straight line or level bed. It is upon this idea that American railroads have been built, and all continental lines are likely to be built in the future. If a railroad can thus follow the face of the country, it will not cost so much, there being no high bridges, deep cuts, and tunnels. Of course there is a limit in this direction, and even the American engine can not climb up the side of a house, or turn a right angle in its own length; but within certain broad limits it may be said that the future locomotive must follow lines that run up hill and down dale, and get round very remarkable corners.

This being the case, what of the English locomotive? Can it travel in safety over crooked lines that wander in astonishing freedom over hill and dale through all the sinuous line of a winding river valley? There is no need to say it ought, or it may, for it never did. It has been tried again and again, and the end of it all is, the engine is in the ditch, and the unhappy stockholders are clamoring for American engines, or at least engines built on American plans.

What would be said of a coach-builder who should make all his coupés, dog-carts, and wagons with the axles of the wheels round a corner with some scraping of the wheels in the gravel, but a city street corner would try the horse, cart, and patience of the driver—that is, if he were able to keep his seat. Now this is precisely what the English locomotive-builder does. His engine goes beautifully on a straight line, and takes moderate curves with a certain amount of shaking, but sharp corners are apt to prove its ruin. On our winding roads it absolutely refuses to go at all; and if it does not suffer derailment, it comes to grief from another cause.

A four-wheeled road carriage has two systems of springs, crosswise and lengthwise, and by this arrangement the wheels adjust themselves to inequalities in the surface of the road. It may slope to one side, it may be crowning in the middle, or have ridges or gullies, but under all circumstances each of the four wheels rests on the ground, and the body of the vehicle fits itself to every change in level, and always maintains its equilibrium. It seems past belief, but the English locomotive has no provision of this kind. It supposes a perfect road-bed, with both rails always on a level with each other. But railways are seldom in this perfect condition, and the result is the engine rests at times on only three wheels, or its frame-work bends and settles down till the wheels all find support, thus wrenching the whole machine out of shape. These are two of the points against the English type of locomotive. There are others, and they may be best understood by an examination of the American engine.

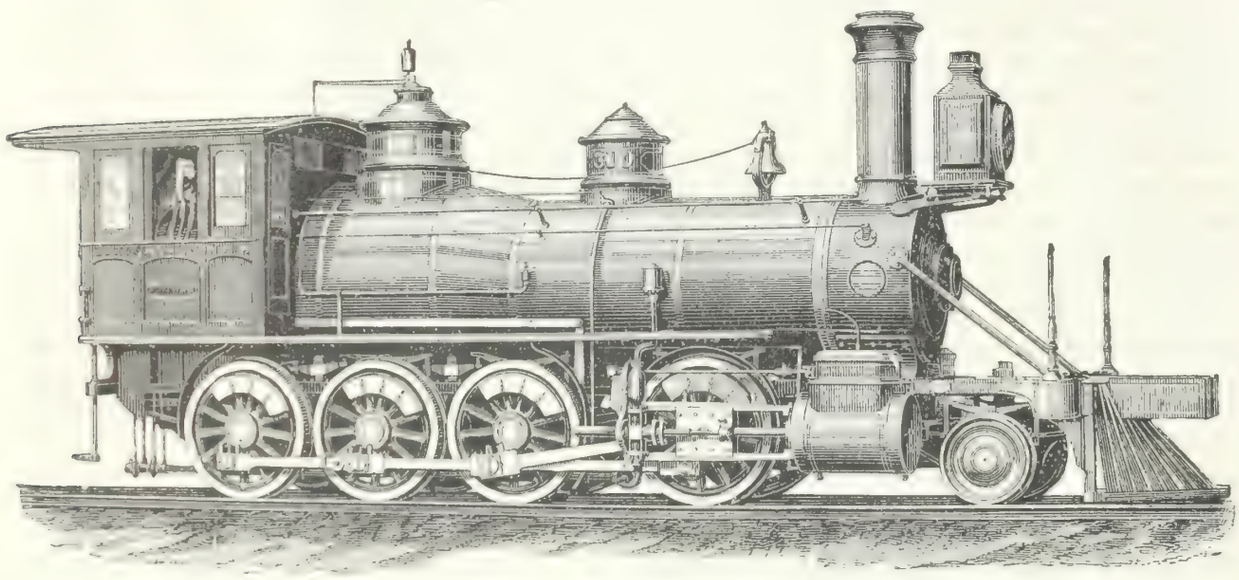


AMERICAN EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE.

supporting a rigid frame-work without side springs and without a fifth wheel? It might be a very pretty dog-cart, and as strong as an ox-cart, but it would not be a lovely thing to drive in winding roads. It might get

Here we have a most remarkable tool – a motor that accepts every condition of its road and duty with equanimity. The Englishman, viewing it from his island, is pleased to call it a crazy affair, as loose-jointed as a

basket. If he ever mounts the foot-board and tries to use the machine, he changes his mind, and his contempt becomes admiration. It has been likened to a basket, and herein lies its chief merit. Observe it closely, and you will see that there is no massive frame, as in the English style. The frame-work is light and open, and yet strong. The supporting springs that take the weight of the machine from the axles are not secured directly to the frame, but to levers extending both across and along the engine. One of these may be seen between the two large wheels. The engine is thus hung upon the fulcrums of a system of levers, balanced equally in every direction. Let the road follow its own wayward will, be low here and high there, at all times every wheel finds a rest. Not one of the wheels may be on a level with another, and yet, like a three-legged stool, the machine is always firm on its feet. The basket-like flexibility of the frame and its supports thus adjusts the engine to its road at every instant of its journey.



AMERICAN FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE.

Observe the group of four smaller wheels in front. Here is the truck, or "track feeler," with its fifth wheel that enables the engine to turn sharp corners safely and easily. Could you look deeper to the point of support under this truck, you would find not only the equalizing bars or levers, but a most ingenious arrangement for shifting the weight of the engine as it passes a curve. The circus-rider flying round the ring throws himself toward the centre to counteract the "thrust" or centrifugal force that tends to throw him out of the ring. In like manner this swift-footed steed can lean over toward the inside of a curve with safety, and swing upright again, when it is passed, with perfect grace. To illustrate fully how the forward part of the engine is hung upon a system of swinging rods that move freely in every direction would require diagrams; but in brief it may be said that the American locomotive adjusts itself to every change of level both across and along the line; that it takes curves that would be impossible for an engine with a rigid frame, like a bird; and that it will race over a crazy track, up hill and down dale, in perfect safety. It is flexible, and yet immensely strong; light, and yet of prodigious power. It is like a basket, because (as any traveller will tell you) a basket will outlast a stiff box.

Besides these advantages there are others that add greatly to the value of the tool. The cylinders are on the outside of the boiler, instead of under it, as in the English engine, and thus in a more convenient position. The sand box is on the top of the boiler, and distributes the sand on both tracks at the same time. The sand enables the driving-wheels to get a better "bite," or hold, on a slippery track, and if the wheels on either side receive the sand at the same instant, there is none of the wrenching and straining of the engine that follow when one wheel has a foot-hold before the other, as by the English method. The cow-catcher is an American device, and serves a good purpose in removing cattle or other obstructions that may be on the road. The Englishman fences his road at enormous cost, and says he needs no cow-catcher; but, for all that, cattle do get on his lines at times with most disastrous results, and new and cheap lines in thinly settled countries can not always be fenced and picketed. Above is the great lamp that lights the way before the driver, and here we are soon to see the electric light lighting up the line like day for a mile ahead.

Then there is the cab—a comfortable house for the men. The Englishman pleads his soft climate as an excuse for not sheltering his engineer. Putting aside the barbarous selfishness and cruelty of shooting men sixty miles an hour, totally unprotected,

through a midnight storm in pitchy darkness, the fact remains that no man can use all his powers to advantage if half his vital force must be spent to keep warm and resist a blinding rain or snow. No one occupies a position demanding more keen thought, watchfulness, and attention than the locomotive engineer, and it is a simple matter of profit and loss whether he shall stand up to his work in the open air, or have a seat in a warm and comfortable house.

Here we have another type of the American locomotive, the "consolidated engine," for hauling heavy freight. Here the American idea is carried to a new refinement. Here is a leading truck of two wheels and eight driving-wheels, coupled together in fours, two of the wheels on each side being without flanges. This is our beast of burden, a mountain-climbing horse, an iron camel, fit servant of the plains and deserts. He drags his snake-like train of one hundred cars round "horseshoe" curves where the fireman can almost toss a biscuit at the brakemen in the "caboose" at the tail of the train, and he rushes over the sage-bush plains, the successor of the bison. This is the creature evolved from continental necessities, the coming servant of the nations.

Take them together, the passenger engine, swift and yet of prodigious power, and this last tool, latest child of American railroad science, and we may without fear bid all people come and buy our horses. All that the English engine can do on a perfect road, the American engine will do; and more than this, it will do good work on any road, however rough and cheap. There can be no question which of these two tools is best for the world's work.

A SUMMER STORY.

THE factory bell was ringing out the noon hour in high cracked notes that floated sharply but not unpleasantly across the sleepy valley. It was only a deep hollow among the hills, into which the road plunged head-foremost, and out of which it climbed in the same abrupt fashion. The red brick factory rose in the centre, almost filling it. On the slopes were clusters of houses, all of the sober, monotonous color that marked the dwellings of the operatives.

It was no crowded, overdriven town factory. The houses around it, though poor enough, were clean and quiet; the people themselves as they came pouring out were healthy, and not unhappy to look at. Doubtless they had their troubles like others, and their difficulties; but for the most part they seemed to take life in the placid, unworried way of the animals browsing on the hill-side.

The last one to leave the place was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, who seemed to have loitered behind not so much from the distinct desire of avoiding her companions as from absorption in her own thoughts. Yet her face, as she came out into the light, had that calmness and steadiness of expression that belongs more to workers than dreamers.

Keeping to the road for a few rods, she presently crossed a brook and turned into a narrow foot-path winding irregularly up to a house near the top of the hill. The door stood unlatched; she pushed it open, and crossed the entry into a little kitchen leading out from its farther end.

"Still here, Aunt Eunice?" she said, cheerfully, to the despondent figure that was crouching rather than sitting near the door.

"Still here, and like to be here."

"You'd find the other room as cool, I'm thinking. The sun is hot enough, let alone a fire."

There was no answer to this remark.

"Don't worry your aunt, Ella," said Mrs. Marten, shortly; "she's in trouble."

The girl glanced at her mother with a look more anxious than surprised, and her lips parted to repeat the words "in trouble;" but then she seemed to change her mind and turn away from the subject.

"Where's Jennie, mother?" she said, taking off her hat.

"Out at play in the yard, I reckon."

"She'd oughtn't to play in this sun."

"Well, go and call her, then. I can't spend the day running after her."

The roughness of this speech appeared to proceed from some inward disturbance rather than from irritation. Without replying, Ella went to the back-door, where a few rude wooden steps led down into the yard, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked round for her sister. One or two calls brought a little figure running round the corner of the house—a four-year-old child with a tangle of yellow hair lying on her shoulders, and a face of such singular beauty that neither the homely dress nor the dirt with which she was plentifully besprinkled could wholly hide it.

"Been a-making mud pies, Ella. Eight of 'em all cooked," she cried, gleefully, as she mounted the rickety steps. "No, I ain't comin' in. They—they'll get too brown 'less I go right back."

"Dinner's ready," answered Ella, absently. "You want some dinner, don't you? No, stop; I'll bring you water, so you can wash your hands first."

She gave one or two touches to the child's hair before she let her go, looking from the pretty face to the faded calico dress with a half recognition of the contrast, yet without the sharp regret of one who had ever known any thing different.

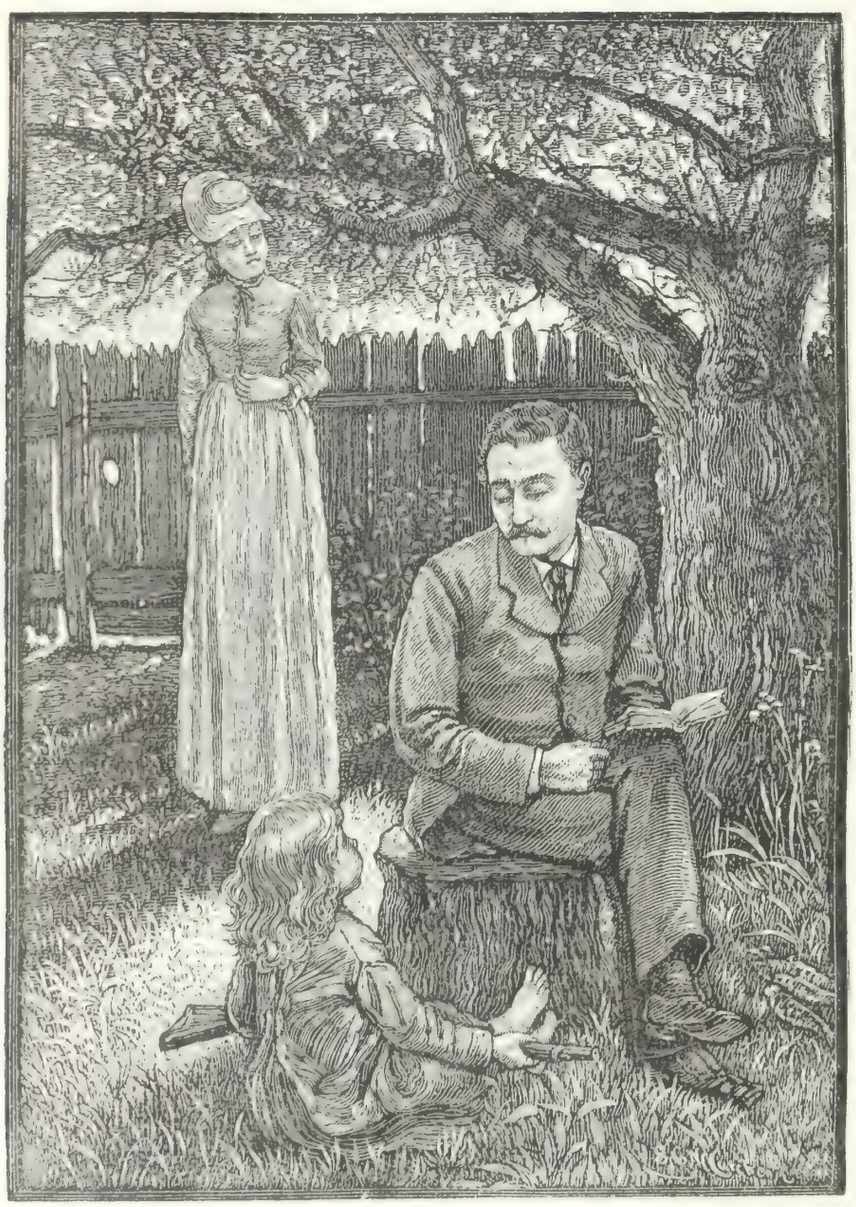
Jennie scrambled to her place at the table, very impatient of these preliminaries;

and at the same time her father came in and dropped into his chair beside her.

He was a plain, heavily built man—a workman on a neighboring farm—of rough speech and manners, yet apparently very fond of his little daughter, for he let his big hard hand rest caressingly on her head for a moment before he turned his attention to the dinner.

He was only a step-father to Ella. Mrs. Marten had been married when she was very young to a man without money or any ability for making it, but with a partial education and ways of thinking somewhat above her own. They had struggled along as best they might, she fast losing her pretty looks under the strain, while her husband sank into the pathetic apathy of a man who knows he has made a mistake in life and is without the courage or the means to remedy it. He died when Ella was three years old, and in less than two years her mother was married again, to a distant cousin of her first husband's, who bore the same name. The second marriage was a step upward from a financial point of view, and a step downward from a social point.

However, the two were much more equally matched this time, and as Mr. Marten was a kind-hearted, well-meaning man, fond of his family, Ella had grown up among them without any conscious feeling of discontent. A little independence—perhaps loneliness—of thought and life, and a clear, strong purpose to obtain an education, were the only imprints her father's mind had left upon hers. First to go to school herself, then to teach Jennie—for these two objects she had worked in the factory since she was fifteen, and must still work for several years. Her love for the child was the only outlet for her fancies, and that a scarcely recognized one, for her life had not been one to teach her self-analysis, and it rarely occurred to her to consider how she felt. For the rest, though her quietness of manner was almost equivalent to refinement, she had small knowledge of grammar, and to read and



"KEEPING ONE EYE ON A BOOK HE WAS READING, THE OTHER ON MISS JENNIE."—[SEE PAGE 562.]

write passably were the extent of her school accomplishments.

There was one empty place at the table that noon. Aunt Eunice could not be persuaded to come; and though Mrs. Marten called to her several times, she did not seem surprised that her sister took no notice of it. There was a rough compassion on her face whenever she looked at the dull, hopeless figure in the doorway.

After dinner she went into the other room for a moment, and Ella followed her.

"Now, mother, what is't that ails Aunt Eunice?" she said. "I waited to ask till she couldn't hear. An' the bell will be ringing in ten minutes. Is there any body been here this morning?"

"Ay, the doctor; an' he'd better ha' staid away."

"The new doctor—the one that was sure to know all about her?"

"He knowed too much; that's the trouble. He told her what she'd better not ha' ben told, 'less we could do something about it. Plague take 'em all, with their smooth tongues! Does he think a body 'll die the easier for knowing that if she had a bit o' money she could live?"

"Then she could live—if she had money? He didn't say there wasn't no hope?"

"He didn't say just them words, but that's what it comes to. He said she mus' go to the city to a great doctor he told us of, an' stay three months an' p'r'aps more; an' if she'd do that, her case wasn't so very bad a one; he couldn't say but she'd be as well as any of us some time. An' I'd liked to ha' asked him, while he was a-talking, how he had the heart to say it when he knew we could send her to Chiny as easy as send her to any city, let alone the doctor's bills."

"Mother," ventured Ella, after a long pause, "you know there are places—they call them hospitals, don't they?—where they'll cure poor people for nothing."

"An' kill 'em for nothing, too. They take in them that can't pay, jest to try their new-fangled medicines on them. P'r'aps they'll live, p'r'aps they won't. I've heard o' them places, an' so's Eunice."

"So's Aunt Eunice, I know," said Ella, assentingly; and then, after a minute's reflection, "I don't believe she's right. I haven't thought of it before, but 'tisn't likely. We would be kind to a poor sick woman if we could, an' there must be other people in the world no worse; there may be some that's better."

She spoke with so quiet a conviction that her mother's prejudice was shaken. But she still shook her head hopelessly. "Your aunt Eunice won't go, Ella. There's nothing would make her. She'd rather die at home, an' I haven't it in my heart to say 'no.'"

"An' what would it take to go to this doctor, mother? A matter o' fifty dollars, perhaps?"

"A matter o' three hundred, child; that, an' no less. I says to the man, 'Won't your great doctor save a woman's life without being paid three hundred dollars for it?' But he only looked at me kind o' grave, an' said that rich people were asked a deal more than that. So, Ella, that's the end on't."

"The bell's ringing, mother; I must be off," said the girl, hurriedly. "I was thinking—I was thinking—"

"Of that bit of money you've put away to go to school on? Yes, I knowed you was; an' if it had only ben fifty dollars, you'd ha' taken it out an' give it to her without a word. But it's more than that—more than that. An' though the schoolin's all nonsense, it's your money, an' you've worked long an' hard for it. You'll need it all if ever you marry. It's no fifty dollars, nor two fifties, that 'll do her any good. We must jest get used to it, she an' me an' all of us."

Ella turned away as if she too acquiesced in the necessity, and hurried off to her work. Down the little green path, through the wide familiar door, and back to her old place at the loom. The drowsy wheels hummed monotonously, the shadows moved across the wall with the moving sun, the buzz of voices rose and fell around her, and through it all she sat with patient fingers guiding the thread, with eyes that saw only two pictures through the long sunny afternoon. One, the picture of that vague bright future for which she had toiled summer and winter these many weary years; the other, of that lonely figure sitting in the doorway with bent head—her mother's sister—who must die because they had not the money to save her. If Ella had ever learned to attend to her own moods, and to balance right and wrong in her thoughts, there might have been more of a conscious struggle, at least a deeper sense of well-doing, in giving up her own hopes. As it was, she scarcely thought of herself as a voluntary agent. She did not even pity herself or realize that she suffered, other than by that dumb instinct which forever reached out after the things her father had loved.

Still seeing neither the crowding faces nor the familiar work, but only these two pictures, the day wore to an end. As soon as she was free for the night she took her treasure from the spot where it was hoarded in primitive fashion—being far too precious a thing to be confided to the tender mercies of banks—and carried it to her aunt, saying, simply, "It is enough to pay the doctor, and I am strong and can earn more."

Then, after having forced the poor woman to accept it, and seen her safely on her way to the omnipotent doctor, she set herself to make good the lost money with as simple and firm a purpose as if life had been sure and youth eternal. It never occurred to her to change her plans because many years must pass before they could be carried out.

This steady, patient loyalty gradually wrought itself into her face, giving it a noble look that dominated all the lower marks of toil and ignorance.

Winter came and heaped the snow high in the little valley; spring covered it with small wild flowers; summer brooded over its shorn fields with their white-capped haycocks and their hedges of berries; and still through the hot or the cold days the factory wheels hummed busily, the stream of human life poured in and out of the red brick walls, with as little of change as the millstream that turned the great wheel outside.

When the summer was at its full there were a few stray travellers—artists and pleasure-seekers—who climbed over the hill barrier, enticed by the innocent, lonely beauty of the little valley, whose brooks were full of speckled trout, and its woods of squirrels and partridges. Some were well known to the people of the place, who welcomed them back season after season, as the birds are welcomed in spring, with as little thought of their doings for the other nine months.

On the evening of a hot day toward the close of July, Ella, climbing the well-worn path, caught sight of a new-comer established comfortably on the premises. A black head and a yellow head, one lifted up and the other bent down, were close together in sober consultation; the yellow head was Jennie's; the black one belonged to Mr. John Bartledge, catcher of fish and slayer of squirrels for two months of the year, amateur reformer, with no precise ideas what to reform, for the remaining ten.

He had tried to get up a new political party; he had joined himself to a secret temperance society; he had sat on the platform at a women's rights convention; he had dipped daintily into every movement and anti-movement going; had got well bitten in each, and fled like Lot from the cities of the plain without looking behind him. That part of his life which he called work had been unsatisfactory in the extreme; that part which he called play, as satisfactory as friendly trout and amiable partridges could make it. Year after year he had come back to this little hollow among the hills, never missing a season except the last, and being on the most friendly terms with the whole family.

He was seated in state on an old stump, keeping one eye on a book he was reading, the other on Miss Jennie, who was doing her best to shoot herself with his gun. Ella approached the group with a look of much pleasure and a little doubt. It was two years since Mr. Bartledge had been there. She knew in an indefinite way that changes come with years, and an acquaintance can not often be taken up at exactly the point where it was dropped. It might be an altogether new person who had come back to them.

Bethinking herself that the best way to settle this doubt would be to look at the face of the new-comer instead of his back, she moved shyly round in front of him. The big, broad-shouldered gentleman looked up quickly, dropped his book, and shook hands with such heartiness that she was immediately swept back into her former remembrance of him.

"He is not changed at all," she thought, with much satisfaction, as she looked up at the keen, bright, friendly face. Yet the change was there, only it was below the surface, while in herself it was very visible.

"Still bent on growing up, Ella," he said, in a half-querulous, half-laughing voice. "You, and Jennie too. The hills are no higher than they were ten years ago, the brooks are no bigger. Why can't you live as they do?"

Whimsical as his tone was, there was a touch of seriousness in it. This summer retreat of his was associated with rest and permanency; he did not like the idea that any thing about it was transient.

"The hills are maybe no higher, but the brook has a new bed," answered Ella, with a quaint literalness that amused him. "See, it was much nearer the house three years ago; the spring flood turned it aside."

"As it has turned you aside, perhaps," said Mr. Bartledge, with a musing look at her face; "as it has turned many another person aside who does not live among the hills. These spring floods are bad things; they upset all our calculations. True enough, Ella, the brook has found a new channel."

The last words were spoken in a light, pleasant way, a glance at her puzzled eyes showing him that she did not understand the first. It did not occur to him to be surprised, or to think it likely that she would understand him any more than Jennie.

"See all these speckled beauties that I have drawn out of the brook this afternoon, as easily as the Pied Piper drew the rats out of the town," he continued, drawing her attention to the string of trout lying on the grass beside him.

"If you please, Sir, who was the Pied Piper?" asked Ella.

"Who was he? Oh, only an old fellow whose music made every four-footed and two-footed creature run after him. Not ex-

actly a second Orpheus, however"—with a twinkle in his eyes.

It was on the tip of Ella's tongue to ask, "Who was Orpheus?" but she checked herself.

Mr. Bartledge took up the string of trout and lazily inspected them. "The Pied Piper," he went on, unconsciously falling into the tone one would use in telling a fairy story to a child, "was hired by the fathers of the city to pipe the rats out of town. When the business was all done, they wouldn't pay him, and so he piped the children out of town."

"What, really?" asked Jennie, with wide-open eyes. "Where did he take them to?"

"He took them to a hill, and it opened and swallowed them all up," said Mr. Bartledge, laying down the trout, and gravely observing Jennie's face to see how she received this statement.

Ella's eyes travelled, with a momentary trouble, from her two companions out to the west, where the sun was setting. It was true enough that she was not able to follow his soliloquy over the brook; her untrained mind had not yet begun to make comparisons of that kind. But she caught instantly the change of tone with which he concluded, and guessed the reason of it.

"If I'd only been to school—an' it might ha' been—I'd ha' known," she thought, wistfully, listening to the chatter between the man and the child. Then her gaze wandered to her aunt, sitting in the cottage door, and drowsily knitting and nodding. She might have lifted her own life a little higher by letting that one go out in darkness. There was not a shadow of regret in her heart as she remembered this, nor any more doubt in her face.

"No, no; 'twas best as't happened," she murmured. "If the schooling's worth the getting, it's worth the waiting for. An' maybe what I don't get, Jennie'll get. She's only a bit of a child now."

"Haven't you a word of praise for my trout, Ella?" said Mr. Bartledge, breaking in upon her thoughts.

"Ay, they're beauties," she answered, with a little start, lifting the string admiringly in her hand. "You'll be liking them for breakfast to-morrow, I'm thinking."

"So your mother observed a few minutes ago. It's a remarkable coincidence, but you are both of you right. I see you haven't forgotten any of my weak points. Last summer I dreamed of those trout."

"You didn't come to us last summer."

"No; I was in California."

"California," repeated Ella, with a little wonder. "That's a great ways off, isn't it?"

"Only a few thousand miles or so."

She looked across the tiny valley to the hills which had bounded her world for eighteen years, and was silent.

"You are thinking you would like to go so far away?" said her friend, observant of the look. "Don't wish it, for it is a mistake. There are many worse places than this out in the world, and very few as good."

"It's likely, Sir; but how can I know this one is so good till I've seen the others?"

The question roused him into giving her his attention for the first time.

"That's well asked," he answered, laughing good-humoredly.

"The hill over there's but a mile away," said Ella, speaking like one thinking aloud, "an' there's a thousand miles an' more beyond it. Away off, the houses get closer together, an' they say there's a big town just on the edge of the sky where the smoke hangs. I think so often of the people that live there that I don't know any thing about. Are they like us here?"

"No, not like you," he said, hesitatingly.

"If I knew them, would I want to come back here?"

Again he hesitated, for her meaning was, "Should I want to come back here forever? Should I find this place better than all others, as you said?"

And he who knew so well the electric excitement of crowds, the fascination that humanity exerts upon some natures, which sky and hills can never rival—he could not truthfully answer, "Yes." He could only say, "It is better for you not to know; yet if you did know, you might not think it better."

And then there was a slight recoil from his own theory. Virtually he was telling her that to be ignorant and glad was better than to be wise and sorrowful. It was not in that belief that he had ordered his own life. Was it the best advice to give another?

He looked at her in silence as she stood with her head partly turned away from him, and clearly saw that steadiness of expression, that nobility in the lines of the face, that had been growing there for the past two years. When he had seen her last it was only a delicate, unformed face. Perhaps there was that in it which indicated the possibility of an exceptional womanhood, if she could have been sent to school and placed in different hands. It was too late now, he thought, with some regret, as he let his attention be drawn back to Jennie—not unwillingly; for to one who was puzzled where to find his own place in the world there was small comfort in fancying that others were out of place also.

And out of place, in his sense of the phrase, Ella was not. She was in her place, as all are who are doing their nearest duty. For other kinds of duty she was not yet fitted—that he saw plainly; but what he did not see was the possibility that there is more than one way of fitting people for higher

places. As for Ella, if her desire for an education had been a desire for the advantages it gives, she might have been discouraged: these advantages sometimes come too late. It was not that: it was not even the more heroic desire of doing good; it was the simple longing after knowledge for its own sake, and therefore she could well be patient.

Mr. Bartledge had his trout for breakfast, and started off next morning gun in hand in a state of supreme content. At the door Jennie waylaid him, and while he stopped moment to play with her he said to Mrs. Marten, "There's a friend of mine coming in a few weeks. Do you think you can find room for him in your house?"

"I reckon we can, if he's any like you."

At this broad compliment her lodger laughed. "He is not at all like me, but a great improvement on me. I have told him great stories of the fishing and the hunting. Shall be much obliged if you can take him in. And, by-the-way, there was a box coming for me—"

"It's here a'ready, Sir. It came last night," said Mrs. Marten. "Will you want it put in your room?"

"I suppose so. There are books in it; but when I shall find time to read them, or even to unpack them, is more than I know. The busiest person in the world is a summer do-nothing. However, Frank would have them brought."

"I'll put them in order, if you'll let me," said Ella, eagerly. "I should like to, so much."

"But you are busy all day."

"Not at night. There's lots of time at night."

"Well, then, if you would really like to"—seeing by her face how much she did want to, and wondering at it a little—"I must knock off the head of the box for you before I go. Have you a hammer any where round? Thank you, that will do," as Mrs. Marten produced one from the closet.

"What shall I do for you, then, Ella?" he said, laughingly, after a few vigorous knocks had sent the cover flying, and revealed the rows of soberly bound volumes beneath. "Shall I bring you home a blue jay's wing for your hat?"

"Would you mind my looking at these?" said Ella, timidly, laying her hand on the books.

"Mind it? Of course not. Look at them all you like, only I am afraid you will be disappointed."

"Because they are not bright-colored?" asked Ella, innocently.

"No, no. Because of what is inside the covers. They are not very amusing."

Indeed, hastily running over the titles in his mind, he could recollect nothing but English classics and works of solid literature.

Ella looked at the open box very wistfully, but the factory bell was ringing, and she was obliged to leave it. When Mr. Bartledge came home at night the books were all neatly arranged in his room, and she was sitting on the door-step bending over one of them in the fading light. Her face had a very puzzled and unsatisfied expression.

"What is it?" he said, kindly, glancing at the title of the book. "*Essays of Elia?* That was a good choice. You could not find any thing much lighter or pleasanter among them."

She looked up at him with a curious mixture of discouragement and of unwavering resolution in her eyes.

"It speaks of so many things as if—as if every body knew them—without explaining about them," she said, slowly. "People who ha' been at the schools would know."

"Some do and some don't," he answered, cheerfully, feeling that he had no right to be disappointed at the result.

Ella put the book quietly back in its place without saying any more. But the next night there was a change. She had chanced upon *Hero Worship*, and hung over it all the evening with the intense absorption of one listening to a musical voice that spoke in an unknown language.

"German mysticism," thought Mr. Bartledge, not a little astonished. "The *Essays* were much simpler."

He watched her curiously for a few days, and saw that she chose out every volume of Carlyle's his library contained, reading every word in each from the beginning to the end; and that after that, though she dipped into the other works, she seemed to feel that for the present they were locked doors to her, and made no effort to master their contents.

"Do you understand all that, Ella?" he asked at last, pointing to one of her favorites.

She answered "no" so frankly that it took him by surprise.

"And yet you read it?"

"Yes, I like it—I like the sound of it."

After thinking a minute she went on: "Last summer there was a man came here who went round singing from one village to another. He was dark-faced, and did not speak our language."

"An Italian, probably."

"An' when he was singing he used strange words we couldn't any of us understand, but the music was beautiful." Looking down thoughtfully at the book in her lap and touching it almost with a caress, she added, simply, "That's the way it sounds to me—all that's written in here."

Mr. Bartledge turned away abruptly and left her, with a sudden moisture in his eyes. Never to come any nearer than that! to stand before a closed door that would never open—in this world! to listen to beauti-

ful sounds while the soul of them always escaped her!

"Yet she will not long hear them," he said to himself at last. "It is the old story. Youth has a divinity of its own. When that is gone, and she settles down in life like her mother before her, these fancies will go too."

So the lives which had but one point of contact drifted apart again. She was no ideal person, wise intuitively and cultured by instinct. Inevitably the ignorance, the homely surroundings, the uncouth talk, clashed with her finer impulses. She came and went to her daily work, and her life in embryo was almost as unknown to him as his wider, more complex one, was to her.

Three more quiet weeks went by, and then Frank Arnold appeared on the scene, with a mountain of luggage, consisting chiefly of guns, fishing tackle, and shelter tents.

"Why did you bring such a load?" remonstrated Mr. Bartledge, when these objects were laid out for his inspection. "That tent, what on earth do we want of it, with a roof over our heads?"

"A hurricane may carry the roof away from our heads, or a mountain expedition may carry our heads away from the roof. I incline to think it will be the latter. You are going with me, you know."

"I never heard of it before, but I have no doubt I am," replied his friend, tranquilly. "We'll shoot what there is to be shot here first, if you please."

Now for the first time the box of books came into practical use. All through the day Mr. Frank Arnold tramped over the hills with the ardor of two men, and all through the evening he read with the patience of ten men. Meanwhile he found time to fall in love with Jennie, and to become conscious of a certain apathy in his friend which did not suit with the old bright eagerness of the would-be reformer. Mr. Arnold grew first puzzled, then enlightened, and finally anxious. Whichever way they started out in the morning, he noticed that evening always found them returning by one path—the path which led along the side of the brook that separated the factory from the group of houses on the hill. If it was the time of sunset, they often heard the bell ringing and saw the factory people pouring out.

One evening they found the plank missing which formed the primitive bridge at the brook crossing. The two gentlemen leaped over it easily, but Arnold saw Ella coming, and stopped. "She can not cross it in that way," he said, beginning to hunt among the bushes for the missing plank.

Mr. Bartledge looked around, discovered a big stone near by, and rolled it into the brook with a splash that sent the drops all over him. "Now give me your hand," he called, merrily, shaking himself like a water-spaniel.

"The boys must have stolen the board," said Ella, when she found herself on the other side. "I'll have to ask father to put a new one down."

Arnold came up to them; but his friend still kept the girl's hand in his, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Now tell me how high up you are in that tower of yours. I never thought to ask before," he said, glancing up at the huge brick structure.

Ella pointed, with a smile, to the fourth story.

"As high as that? It must be tiresome to climb all those stairs twice a day."

"No, I don't think it is. It's not often I'm tired."

"You've gone up and down them four or five years, Ella."

"Yes."

"And how many more will it be?"

"Five years, I guess."

She had made a pause before answering, as if she were calculating the time exactly. This and the quiet happiness in her face did not escape his notice.

"After that I can go to school," she was thinking.

"After that there will be another cottage on the hill, and another home," he was thinking. He looked at her in a thoughtful, kindly way for a minute more, and then dropped her hand, but his eyes followed her retreating figure till it was out of sight among the trees.

Arnold watched both of them, and seemed in no haste to leave the place. Presently he said, not looking at his companions, but speaking to the universe in general, "That's rather a singular family up there, take them all in all. The little girl, Jennie, is going to be a beauty."

"Not a very ethereal beauty."

"No, nor a very commonplace one either. She's one of the sort that turn out something or nothing according to the hands they fall into. The older sister has more character. Rather an interesting face, too."

"So interesting," replied Mr. Bartledge, speaking very deliberately, and not without a quaint sadness, "that I have sometimes fancied it might be the face of my wife."

"John!"

"Well, my dear fellow?"

"Are you dreaming? Think of your social station, your wealth."

"That's a consideration, certainly," in a sarcastic tone of voice.

"Think of your mother. She is old, and it would distress her beyond measure."

"That's a consideration too;" this time without the sarcasm.

"Think of the unsuitability—the utter unlikeness between you."

"And that's another consideration—to speak the truth, the only one that has weight in such a matter. If a woman could be happy with me and I with her, I'd ask her to come to me from a throne—or a factory. But there's a separation of nature that can't be defied like that of custom. Marriage needs sympathy—a common experience and common thought. Where two can not understand each other, they have no right to come together. If they do, they throw away their own happiness."

After a moment's silence, which Arnold did not break, he added: "That is a law of nature, and not an unjust one. I do not feel it to be unjust. A man like me, who has lived to be thirty-eight, who has a work to do and the means to do it, need not waste much time in self-pity. And it is not a controlling emotion I am talking about, you understand; only a fancy—a fancy."

"I understand," said Arnold, gently.

"We will go away from here at once—to-morrow if you like: there is that mountain trip you were planning; that will fill up the summer. And after that I must find work."

Greatly relieved by the cheerful tone of this speech, Arnold asked him, "What work?"

"Not the old work, you may be sure. It is borne in upon my mind that a man does not make the world better by joining societies. I have money, and I'm going to use it. I have time, and I'm going to use that."

Pacing round and looking up at the great brick factory that towered above them, he said, more soberly, "Did it ever occur to you, Frank, to think how the working-people —especially the working-girls—live in our great cities? Not as these do here."

"No, I'm afraid not."

"They have no chance to, no money to buy a home. Now I'm going to build a house that shall be a home for these girls. All my superfluous riches shall be put into it; perhaps they will be of some use at last. There shall be wise and kind people at the head of it, if I can find such, and there shall be others to go round the streets night and day and search out those who are in need. If they can pay, they may; but they shall pay no more for a home than they have paid before for a wretched den."

"May I ask one question?" said Arnold, cautiously.

"Fifty, if you like."

"Have you any other motive than philanthropy in all this?"

Mr. Bartledge held his peace for a few minutes, the same whimsical, half-pathetic smile on his lips.

"And what if I have?" he said at last. "What if there is a face—like one I have seen, but not the same—that I choose not to forget? What if I fancy that it would brighten to know of this? It hurts no one."

"No, it hurts no one," assented Arnold, quietly.

"And, Frank, if we are to start to-morrow, we must go to the house and be getting our traps together."

Arnold replied by turning into the path that led up the hill, but he grasped his friend's hand in his for a moment before they left the place.

Mr. Bartledge did nothing by halves. Having made up his mind to go, he wasted no time in indecision or regrets. By noon the next day they were off, with many pleasant farewells, but, Mrs. Marten noticed, without any promise to return.

"I doubt it's the las' time we'll see them," she said, as she turned back into the house. "The place must be dull like to such as them."

When Ella went up stairs she found all Mr. Bartledge's books lying in piles on the table, and with them a note for her asking her to accept them, since it was difficult to move them round from place to place.

This gift and the sight of the empty room brought the tears to her eyes—for the first time and the last time. After that, if there was any blankness in her life, any light gone out of it, she did not inquire even of herself the cause, but worked on with the steady persistency that seemed more akin to a force of nature than a wavering human will.

Year after year went by. There was some sickness and many needs for money in the family; it was more than five years before she had the means in her hands to carry out her long purpose. She was a woman of twenty-five when she left her home and went to a distant school, where girls of ten and twelve were able to surpass her in the simplest class-work. Every thing was against her at first. Her ways were not like theirs, her speech was rude and uncultivated, her mind an intellectual blank. All the suppleness and quick memory of early youth were gone. The scholars wondered greatly, and not a few ridiculed, to see that sober, elderly face among their own round, dimpled ones.

She persevered through all, spending days over tasks that took others hours, but still mastering them. Her reward began on the day when she opened the covers of those old books her friend had left her, and found them no longer speaking an unknown tongue.

Four years of work, and then one battle was ended. With nearly half her life behind her, she stood at last where other girls of eighteen could stand without care or forethought, and thanked God that she stood there. In all that time she had not been without friends who saw and loved the grand, simple strength of character that had written itself out upon her face. The influence of some of these gave her a place as teacher in a quiet country school.

Now her thoughts went back to Jennie, and to the second part of her work, which was just beginning. The little child was growing into girlhood, with a face of dream-like beauty, and a nature as restless and undisciplined as any gypsy. She had none of Ella's peacefulness; she hated monotony, hated home, hated all the conditions of her life, and longed for the excitement of new scenes and new companions. In her short visits home Ella saw enough of this to make her anxious, but even she had no idea of the extent of the mischief. She worked the harder, and in two years was able to write for her sister to join her. Jennie was only sixteen; she should go to school now like other girls, and be spared all the difficulties that had hedged her sister in.

The answer to this came in Mrs. Marten's handwriting, scarcely legible for bad spelling, and blotted with tears. Jennie was gone—had run away from home, no one knew where, without leaving a word behind her. Close on this letter followed a telegram, that was given to Ella as she sat nearly stupefied by the blow. It was very brief, dated from "Home for Women," and signed "John Bartledge." Jennie Marten was safe with them, but ill; could her sister come to her at once?

Ten hours later Ella was standing by her sister's bedside. Jennie told her every thing: of her discontent so long concealed, of her longing for change, of her flight from home with just money enough to take her to the city; the bewildering plunge into its uproar, the vain search for work, the homeless wandering about the streets, the perils that had quickly hemmed in so friendless and lovely a face, and her final rescue by one of the kind people from the "Home," whose business it was to search for and save such as she. Mr. Bartledge had heard her name during a chance visit, recognized it, obtained from her her sister's address, and sent off the telegram.

The child was so deeply frightened and penitent that Ella had not the heart to blame her, or do any thing but stroke softly the yellow hair while she told her of the plan that would have given her all she wished if she had only waited—that would still give it if she would promise to trust her sister.

Before they went, Ella saw Mr. Bartledge for a few minutes. It was a strange meeting between the two who had parted so long ago.

She was a middle-aged woman, like, and yet so unlike, the girl he remembered; he a man of fifty, for whom life had settled into fixed grooves that could not be altered.

In a few broken words she tried to let him know her gratitude for her sister's safety, her wonder that it should have been indirectly through his agency. His wonder was greater than hers if she had but known it. He told her all about his work, his hopes and projects, and in return drew from her something of the struggles she had passed through since he left her.

At last the time had come when these two could understand each other, and it had come too late for them to be more than friends. He had too delicate a sense of honor not to know that such a decision once made, and for such a cause, could not be reversed; and at the same time was too old not to have fallen into the habit of acquiescence with unchangeable things. He only had a faint misgiving whether that decision —though made for her happiness as well as his own—was not a mistaken one; and a faint impulse to ask her, some time, when they were both near the end of work, if he had been right or wrong.

As he looked at her noble face, still bearing the marks of what it had overcome—not to mar it, but to make it a help to the weak—it occurred to him how fitted she was to carry out the work he had begun. He could not tell her this now, for her sister needed her, but by-and-by he resolved to go to her again.

So she went away, taking Jennie with her. He himself left home to travel; and again the years drifted in between them.

Jennie was sent to school, and a whole world of new hopes and possibilities opened before her. As Frank Arnold had once said, she was very dependent upon circumstances. In the bright life her sister's long love had made possible, she grew and blossomed like a beautiful flower, drawing all hearts to her by the spell of her face alone. But it was a flower that could not long be unclaimed, and the time came when Ella saw the wedding veil thrown over the young head. Her treasure had gone from her into a happy and honored home.

Then John Bartledge came to her as he had resolved. "There is nothing to keep you now," he said. "Jennie does not need you, and I have sometimes thought you might like to help those among whom you once lived."

He told her of the Home he had built, of its years of work, of all the many women it had saved and blessed; and as he spoke, an old fancy of years ago came back to him vividly, for her face did brighten and smile, as he had thought that visionary face might smile, to hear what he had done.

"And how can I help you?" she said at last, simply.

"I want you to come and take charge of this Home, if you will. The girls need a friend who was once like them, and is now high above them, to show them what they may become. I have had those who were good and kind, but they could not say to

my girls. 'I know; I understand; for I have been through it all.'"

Ella interrupted him, with the tears falling over her face as they had not fallen for any sorrows of her own:

"I *do* know; I *do* understand," she said. "With all my heart I will love them and try to help them if you will let me. I can come as soon as you are ready for me. And I know now," she added, in the tone of one solving a long problem—"I know now what all those years were for."

She went back to the city with him, and he saw her in her place at last—the place that had been waiting for her so many years. He saw her the light and hope of the unfortunate, the misguided, and the weak. He saw her with her sister's children in her arms, and her sister's happiness gladdening all her quiet ways.

And at last, when they were both old and near the end of work, he told her of the love he had once longed to give her, and asked her, as he had so often asked himself, "Was I right in leaving you, or was it all a mistake?"

She looked at Jennie's child sitting on the floor at play, and then up into his face, with a smile he never forgot to the end of his life. "You did right. Any other way would have made us both unhappy—even if that was the only thing to think of."

"Ella, you are always happy now?"

Without seeming to notice the question, she said, slowly, "Do you remember the books I used to read when you were there—the ones I could not understand? I was thinking of them to night, and of the words in one of them: that we may do without happiness, and instead find blessedness." Looking again at Jennie's child, and from the child to her friend, she said, earnestly, "I have found it."

He held her hand, calling her by name, as he had called her in her childhood, and seeing neither the gray hair nor the wrinkles, but only the young face that had hidden away behind that mask.

But there was one thing she never told him, one secret she kept to herself. It was the secret of the money she had given to Aunt Eunice. "If I had kept it and used it," she thought often, "I should have been his wife. I think he will be glad when he knows."

And it was not many years before he knew.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

IT is a difficult piece of navigation from the Sandheads, at the mouth of the Hoogly branch of the Ganges, to the port and harbor of Calcutta. The Sandheads appear more imaginary than real to the stranger, as they are under water, and therefore present neither heads nor bodies to the eye. The light-ship and pilot-brig are anchored there, and thence to the northward one sees a winding line of buoys, which mark the channel. No land is in sight as yet, and it does not require a heavy strain on the imagination to believe that we are in mid-ocean, and looking at the spot where a submarine cable has been lost and is awaiting recovery. The treacherous sands extend far out from shore, and as they are constantly shifting, the channel is not the same from year to year, and sometimes not from month to month. "You see what an excellent means of defense we have in case of war," said the captain of the *Madura*, as we looked out from the bridge of that steamer; "we have only to take up the buoys, and no hostile fleet could find its way inside, even if it had all the pilots in the service to assist in the effort. No one can follow the channel without these buoys, no matter how often he may have been over the route. The maintenance of the harbor of Calcutta and its entrances is a matter of great expense, and has been a puzzle to many of the best engineers. Even after we enter the river we have a good many difficulties to encounter, and the pilot needs a sharp eye, and must keep it well open." We follow the buoys, and steam on and on. Soon we see a dark line on the horizon, and know that the land is before us. It is Saugur Island—a densely wooded spot many miles in area, but rising only a few feet out of the water, and seamed and traversed by numerous bayous and creeks. Here come the wood-cutters who supply Calcutta with fuel, and occasionally (much against their will) furnish a good meal for the tigers for which Saugur is famous. The jungle is dense, and the tigers find in it a secure cover. They lurk in the vicinity of the paths, and spring upon their victims without a sound of warning. Formerly they were numerous, but their numbers have been thinned by the intrepid hunter, and by the tidal wave which swept over the island a few years ago and laid it under water for several hours. All the low land at the mouth of the Hoogly was inundated, and the wave reached to Calcutta, where it caused enormous damage to the shipping. Thousands of lives were lost, and the terrible visitation fills a melancholy page in the annals of the City of Palaces.

All day we are steaming onward, winding our way along the tortuous Hoogly. The banks are low and flat, and present few objects of interest, so that it is not at all surprising that we fall asleep occasionally as we recline in our arm-chairs on the sultry

deck. The double awning over our heads barely serves to keep out the rays of the tropical sun, and though it is in the month of January, our overcoats lie forgotten in the cabin beneath us. Late in the afternoon the white walls of the King of Oude's palace come into view, and we realize that we are approaching Calcutta. The king has lived here under the eye of the government authorities ever since his overthrow at the time of the mutiny; he can do pretty much as he likes within its walls, but he can not venture outside without permission, and as for returning to his former capital, that is quite out of the question. He receives a liberal allowance from the government, is very much married, as he can count his wives by the dozen, and has busied himself with making a collection of birds, beasts, snakes, and other agreeable things, until he has formed a very creditable museum. Numerous stories are told about his way of life, and if the half of them have even the shadow of truth, he is not a gentleman whom one would wish to know very intimately. His palace has a fine situation on the bank of the river, and altogether he is far more fortunate than the majority of exiled kings.

The forest of shipping, the roofs and domes of the city, and the great bridge over the Hoogly indicate the end of our voyage. The *Madura* anchors in mid-stream, and we descend her ladder to the swarm of boats that seek our patronage. "How much?" we demand of the nearest boatman —a dark-skinned native, whose clothing consists principally of his sun-hardened skin. He holds up four fingers of his right hand, and pronounces the word "rupee," meaning that for four rupees (two dollars) he will transport us ashore. There are two of us, a German fellow-traveller and myself, and we demur to paying a dollar apiece. A second boatman offers to take us for three rupees; the original Jacobs falls to two; the other descends to one rupee, and we finally close the bargain with our first love at eight annas, or half a rupee. When you travel in the East you will speedily learn that the price asked for a thing or a service is no criterion of its value. You must do a great deal of bargaining before you make a trade, and even then you do not always come out satisfactorily. At Point-de-Galle, in Ceylon, I bought some amethysts, for which the dealer asked at the beginning a hundred rupees. I secured the entire lot for one rupee, and walked off triumphantly, to learn a little later that I had paid at least twice the value of the gems. Boatmen, cabmen, porters, *et id omne genus* all the world over, have an exalted idea of the importance of their services, and nowhere more so than in the East. They sometimes combine and make a "corner" of prices, and then you are at their mercy; but this is not generally the case in India. Chinese and Malays understand this peculiarity of business much better than do their fellows in the land of the Shasta and the Vedas.

There is a horde of porters at the landing, and near by we find gharries and palankeens in abundance. The palankeen is peculiarly Indian, and consists of a box about seven feet long by three in height and four in width, with sliding doors on each side. A pole protrudes from either end, and rests on the shoulders of the men who are to carry it. To enter the palankeen you rest your hands on the edge of the floor, then bow your head and spring backward, so as to take a recumbent position on the inside. We are doubtful of our ability to perform the trick gracefully, and therefore we put off our experiment to a future day, and enter a gharry. This is not altogether unfamiliar to us, as it is nothing more nor less than a four-wheeled cab, very comfortable for two persons, and capable of holding four at a pinch, though it would require much pinching to make it contain four individuals like ourselves. The gharry takes us along the level streets, past the palace of the Governor-General, the new court-house, and other fine edifices, and lands us at the door of the Great Eastern Hotel—a huge caravansary, whose extent is only equalled by its wretchedness as an inn. When we have secured our rooms, the manager asks us to select our servants, and he points to a score or more of natives who have filed in from a court-yard and formed in line like a company of soldiers. He explains that each of us is to have a servant for his exclusive employment, and that the rate to be paid is one English shilling (twenty-four cents) daily per man. We select our men, and send them for our luggage, and when it arrives we make ready for dinner. My servant does not appear at table, and I am waited upon by my friend's. When the meal is over, I hunt up the delinquent, and find that he belongs to a caste which is not allowed to serve at table. The fellow pleads so hard to be retained that I appeal to the manager, who assigns me another servant for the table, while I keep the first for my room. Thus I had two personal attendants during my stay in Calcutta, and between them I was about half served, or perhaps less than half. The dining-room seated something like sixty people, and the sixty had as many servants. With an attendant for each person at table, the waits were very long, and it was fortunate that my sugary disposition could only find an equal in the not-to-be-ruffled serenity of my friend; otherwise we might have complained of the inefficient service, and we did, but to no purpose.

Calcutta stands on a perfectly level plain;

its streets are wide; and as there has been no effort to crowd buildings closely together, the city covers a considerable area. The population is not far from half a million, and includes Hindoos, Moslems, Christians, and Buddhists, with a miscellaneous lot "too numerous to mention." The Hindoos comprise more than half the population; there are 150,000 Moslems and about 25,000 Christians, mostly Europeans and Eurasians. This last word was the invention of the Marquis of Hastings, and was intended to designate the offspring of European fathers and native mothers. As a rule they are not famed for their ability; and it has been said of them, as of similar people in other lands, that they possess the vices of both their parent races, with the virtues of neither. Some—in fact, many—of the Eurasians have attained high positions in commercial and other employments, and various public offices are filled by them. Nearly all of them wear the European dress, and have adapted themselves to the foreign rather than to the native styles of living. On the streets the mingling of costumes forms a picturesque scene. Red turbans and white, blue turbans and gray, skull-caps, tarbooshes, straw hats, and sola topees are thrown together like the combinations of a kaleidoscope; but the turbans are most numerous, and frequently crowd some of the other head-gear out of sight. The rarest of these things is the sola topee, or ventilating hat—an excellent device to protect the head from the effect of the tropical sun. It is worn almost exclusively by Europeans, is made of pith, covered with white cloth, and is so contrived that the air may freely circulate around the cranium of the wearer. Many of these hats have found their way to America, and it would be well if they should come into fashion for summer use. With the sola topee a sun-stroke is next to impossible—at least so say the sojourners in the East.

The English have done much for Calcutta, and an inhabitant of two hundred years ago would hardly recognize his old home should he revisit it to-day. There are many public buildings that would do honor to any European capital; there are public gardens, beautiful little parks, handsome lawns, artificial ponds, and the like, which collectively present considerable attraction. Along the bank of the river is a magnificent road, known as the Maidan; and here comes the society of Calcutta for its daily drive near the hour of sunset. The scene is a brilliant one, as we have, in addition to the showy equipages of the European residents, some very dashing and gorgeous turn-outs belonging to native princes and other millionaires. Drivers and footmen are in native dress so constructed as to present the most attractive colors in the most attractive forms. Red and blue and green turbans roll by you in endless succession, until you begin to wonder when the swift-flowing panorama will end. Those whose rank allows it have the additional attraction of outriders, and these fellows are by no means less picturesque than the rest. The drive lasts an hour or so; and when dusk fairly comes, the carriages file away, and the Maidan is once more quiet. Following the bank southward, we come to the palace of the King of Oude, already mentioned; following it to the northward, we pass a line of huge warehouses facing the river, and reach one of the triumphs of engineering skill—the great bridge over the Hoogly.

This work deserves more than passing mention, as it is, I believe, the largest of its kind in the world. Owing to the treacherous sands of the river and the great depth required for the piers of a fixed bridge, it was determined to make a floating one, so that it could be economically constructed and easily repaired in case of accident. The bridge is more than 1500 feet long from abutment to abutment, has a roadway forty-eight feet wide, with foot-paths seven feet broad, on each side, and is said to have cost at the rate of ten dollars for each square foot of platform. The platform is of wood resting on iron girders, which are supported twenty-four feet above the water by means of timber trusses resting on iron pontoons. There are twenty-eight of these pontoons, each 160 feet long and ten feet broad; they are each divided into eleven water-tight compartments, and moored both up and down stream by means of iron cables. Viewed from the lower part of the harbor, as one approaches Calcutta from the sea, the bridge appears like a massive fixed structure, and one hears with hesitation that it is only a floating affair resting on pontoons. This is one of the many benefits that the English occupation has conferred upon Calcutta.

To go north by rail we cross this bridge to the Howrah station of the East Indian Railway. At the time of the mutiny, in 1857, there were less than two hundred miles of railway in India; now there are six thousand and odd miles, and by zigzagging across country somewhat it is possible to travel by rail from Tuticorin, at the southern extremity of the peninsula, to Lahore and Mooltan, near the northern frontier. Nearly all the lines have been constructed under a government guarantee on the investment, and the government has had much to say about the location. The railways are of great importance as a military arm. Had they existed in 1857, or even had the single line from Calcutta to Delhi been opened, the mutiny would have proved of little account. The section from Calcutta to Ranegunge (120 miles) was in working order at that time, and even this comparatively short line was of very great advantage. There is an in-

teresting incident connected with its history and that of the movement of troops for suppressing the outbreak.

As soon as the mutiny assumed serious proportions, urgent demands for aid were sent to Madras, Bombay, and other points, and orders were issued for all available forces to be put in motion as fast as possible. The Madras Fusileers, Colonel Neill, were the first to reach Calcutta; they arrived late one afternoon, and immediately proceeded to the railway station. The train for Ranegunge was on the point of starting, and there would be no other train for twenty-four hours.

Neill asked for ten minutes' delay, and promised to have his men and baggage on board at the end of that time. The station-master refused, and said the train must leave immediately.

"Give me only five minutes," said Neill.

"No," answered the station-master, and he raised his hand to give the signal for departure.

Neill seized the hand, and greeted the astonished officer with an emphatic, "I arrest you."

Two soldiers sprang at once to the station-master's side and held him under arrest; two others mounted the locomotive and performed a similar service with the engine-driver. In a quarter of an hour all was ready, the prisoners were released, and the train moved away. The day thus gained enabled the Madras Fusileers to reach Benares a few hours before the time set for the mutiny of the native garrison. The mutiny occurred, according to programme, at the morning parade, but it was of short duration, owing to the unexpected presence of Neill and his regiment. Many an English life was saved by the sudden proclamation of martial law in the railway station at Calcutta.

The general direction of the railway from Calcutta to the Indus is northwesterly. Benares is 476 miles away, Allahabad is nearly a hundred miles further, Cawnpore another hundred. Delhi is 955 miles from the capital, and when we step from the train at Sher Shah, eleven miles beyond Mooltan, we are 1510 miles away from the spot where Neill arrested the station-master and made his first recorded essay at railway management. From Sher Shah we can proceed by steamboat on the Indus to Kotree, in Scinde, whence another railway will carry us 150 miles to Kurrachee (Kur-*rach*-ee), near the entrance of the Persian Gulf. Here are several branches intended as feeders to the main line, and also as military conveniences, notably one from Benares to Lucknow, and another from Cawnpore (city of bloody memory) to Lucknow. In fact, the Presidency of Bengal has an excellent equipment of railways, and one has only to study the map to ascertain that the line runs conveniently near to the frontier of Afghanistan. The movement of troops and supplies is the merest trifle compared to a similar operation twenty years ago. The East Indian Railway Company has a branch from Allahabad to Jubbulpore, where it meets the great Indian Peninsula Railway from Bombay. You can ride without change of carriages from Bombay to Calcutta, the distance being 1400 miles, and the time sixty hours.

From Bombay there is a line northward to Baroda, and another southward to Madras. The net-work in the Bombay and Madras presidencies is quite as good as that of the Bengal Presidency, and one may travel by rail, as before stated, "to the jumping-off place" for Ceylon and the southern islands. From the foot of the Himalayas and the Hindoo Coosh the iron horse has a pathway to Cape Comorin and the tepid waters of the tropic seas. In the north he drinks the melted snows from the loftiest mountains on the globe; in the south he sniffs the spice-laden breezes from palm-clad Ceylon, and sees the pole-star hugging the horizon and anticipating the advent of the Southern Cross.

One can not travel in India without seeing much of the army, and we can hardly read or think of the former without including the latter. Foreign rule in India has always been an affair of arms, whether it be the Dutch and Portuguese occupations on the west coast, the French on the east, or the more recent English one of nearly the whole peninsula. The French refer, in no pleasant words, to the time when the English had a slight hold upon India and themselves a strong one, when the whole country was supposed to lie at the feet of the adventurous Dupleix. *On a changé tout cela*, and now the French possessions in India comprise Pondicherry and a little area of territory behind it hardly larger than a county of New York or Ohio. French arms were unsuccessful, while British arms were victorious, and therein lies the whole story. Oddly enough, there is a French possession two miles square on the banks of the Ganges, twenty-two miles north of Calcutta. It is known as Chandernagore, and at one time the French entertained the idea of making it the metropolis of India. Lord Clive crushed this design. At present it has little importance and but a small population. It receives from the English government an annual tribute of three hundred chests of opium on condition that the inhabitants will not cultivate that article or interfere with the salt monopoly. The English have repeatedly attempted the purchase of Chandernagore and Pondicherry, but the offer has been steadily refused, although the French possessions in India are a heavy expense every year to the Gallic government.

Previous to the mutiny in 1857 the army in India was very largely composed of native soldiers. There were about 240,000 men in the various arms of the service scattered through the three presidencies. More than half of these were in Bengal—in round figures 120,000 natives and 20,000 Europeans. The European troops were in small detachments here and there. Some regiments were in Burmah, and some in the Punjab, in the extreme north. Some of the forts and military posts had only a company or so, and in others there was not even a corporal's guard. When the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached Allahabad, on the 12th of May, 1857, the fort did not contain a single European soldier except the magazine staff of less than a dozen! Six hundred native troops and their officers composed the garrison. The troops made the most earnest protestations of loyalty, and demanded to be led against the mutineers in the north. A report of their offer was telegraphed to the Governor-General, who answered it with a commendatory message. This was read to the soldiers on parade, and received with loud cheers. The officers were convinced that the regiment would stand by its colors, and when the parade was over they returned to their quarters in the calm security which is born of perfect faith. At nine o'clock that very evening the regiment rose, murdered its officers, and then proceeded to the town, where they were joined by the whole population. Every European or Eurasian that could be found was slaughtered, and every house, shop, or other building belonging to the hated foreigner was plundered of its contents.

Scenes similar to the above were enacted at a dozen places, and were rendered possible by the great disproportion between the native and the European troops. It is not my purpose nor have I the space to give ever so brief a history of the mutiny, which has been copiously written by survivors of those terrible days. But the whole history has not been and probably never will be written in all its ghastly details. The pen would corrode and the ink cease to flow should I attempt to repeat the stories that were told me at Lucknow, at Cawnpore, at Delhi, by men who passed through the horrors of '57, and live to recount them. The fireside narrations of my New England boyhood, when we heard, with staring eyes and rustling hair, the barbarities of the American savage toward the early settlers, are as nothing when compared with the annals of the mutiny as one learns them in India.

A most radical change has been wrought in the army of India in the last twenty years. Before the mutiny every regiment, whether horse or foot, had twenty-four English officers, which is very nearly the proportion for the English regiment at home. In addition to these there was a full complement of native officers for each company, who had been promoted from the ranks, and were generally so old that they were about as useful as so many dummies. The natives were not allowed to rise above the rank of company officers, through a fear—well grounded, as the mutiny showed—that they might turn their knowledge and abilities against their instructors. The rebels were without skillful leaders, and during all the terrible events of '57 not one man among them rose to prominence. At Lucknow I went through the Residency, where the little handful of defenders held out so long against the besiegers, waiting for the relief which came at last. My guide on that occasion was the heroic Kavanagh, who, disguised as a native, took his life in his hands and went out from the Residency and through the rebel lines to meet Sir Colin Campbell and show him the road by which he might best advance. "There were fifty thousand rebels besieging us," said Kavanagh, "and we were less than a thousand. If they had possessed any leadership, they might have captured the place with comparative ease. But they kept assailing us at the points best capable of defense and best defended. We had a semaphore telegraph on the tower of the Residency, with which we maintained communication with the Alumbagh, where Havelock left his baggage when he came to our relief. The rebels naturally tried to destroy the tower, but they didn't know how. All through the siege they cannonaded the top of it; most of their shot went over, and those that struck only knocked away a few bricks at a time. Any English officer would have aimed his guns at the base of the tower, and undermined it in a few hours; but not one of all the rebels seems to have thought of that. After Havelock came into Lucknow the rebels concentrated their energies upon the road by which he had advanced, on the theory that any other relieving force would certainly take the same route. They left all other roads quite unguarded, and it was to show Sir Colin one of these that I went out as I did." I shall never forget that sunny morning when I sat at the foot of Sir Henry Lawrence's monument in front of the blackened and crumbling walls of the Residency, and heard from the lips of Kavanagh the story of the siege of Lucknow and the brave deeds of the men and women who suffered and hoped and prayed during many weary days. Honor and glorious memory to Lucknow's dead, honor and glorious praise to its living!

At present each cavalry and infantry regiment has only eight officers, including the surgeon. They are not attached to companies, but are enumerated as follows: commandant, second commandant, squadron officer, adjutant, quartermaster, and first and

second subalterns. Each company is led by its native captain. None of the Europeans are attached to the companies, but are supposed to lead the regiments by wings or squadrons whenever in battle. There are many arguments advanced both for and against the system, and opinions concerning it are greatly divided. Some of the English officers contend that it gives too much power into native hands, and that the peril to the country is greater than before the mutiny, while others argue that it secures a much better and more efficient class of native officers, who are far more likely to remain true to their colors than the captains of the old *régime*, who obtained their places by seniority, and were often ignorant and of low caste. The present native officers are drawn from what may be called the aristocracy of India, and are appointed to their places as in England. As to the rank and file, the system which gave the opportunity for the mutiny has been wholly abandoned. In the old organization the regiments were often composed wholly or in great part of men of a single caste, religion, or nativity, and thus it was easy to reach all by the argument necessary for a single individual. The Brahmin regiments revolted because the cartridges compelled them (as they believed) to touch their lips to grease from the cow—an animal they held sacred; others rebelled because they were to change the shape of their caps, and others for other reasons. I will illustrate by supposing that we have an army before us of twenty regiments, one entirely of Irish nationality, another of German, another of Italian, and so on through the list. To lead this army into mutiny we must convince the Irish that it is the settled purpose of the government to dethrone and exile the Pope, destroy Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, and cover with a bed of salt the velvet sward of Phenix Park. To the Germans we must preach that an invasion of Vaterland is contemplated, to be followed by the execution of the author of "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the destruction of the works of Schiller and Goethe. To the Italians we must aver likewise as regards their country, and we must deal with each nationality according to its patriotic love. A revolt under such circumstances might be a possibility, but we could never succeed if the regiments were indiscriminately composed of all nationalities, even though every man were of foreign birth.

Under the new system in India great care is taken to mix the various creeds, castes, and nativities as much as possible in the companies and regiments, and thus destroy or greatly diminish the possibilities of a plot. Sometimes the companies are individually from one tribe or district, but no two companies in a regiment are of the same kind. As there can be no affinity under such circumstances, there can be no plot, since there would be no common cause for one. According to the figures of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the native army of Bengal contained last year 6000 or 7000 Hindoostanee Moslems, 8000 or 9000 Rajpoots, about 2000 Jats, 6000 low-caste Hindoostanees, 6000 Punjabee Moslems, 1000 Hindoos, 12,000 Sikhs, 1200 Mwybee Sikhs, 5000 Afghans and Pathans, 5000 or 6000 Goorkhas, about 4000 Dogras and other hill tribes, with other classifications of greater or less importance. None of the regiments are allowed to stay long in one place, and whenever the exigencies of a review cause a large concentration of native troops, there is a large British force conveniently at hand and taking part in the manœuvres.

In the old system the artillery was nearly all in native hands, and this circumstance added very largely, perhaps more than any other, to the temporary success of the mutiny. At present all the artillerymen are English, with the exception of a few mountain batteries, which are maintained exclusively for service in the northern provinces. The reason for this is not readily apparent to one unfamiliar with the reverence of the native soldier for artillery—a reverence which comes very near a superstition. The moral effect upon him of artillery fire in action is very great, equally so in encouraging its supporters and disheartening those against whom it is directed. For storming a fortress, charging against a line of infantry, or sustaining an attack of infantry or cavalry, the native troops possess excellent qualities; but it would be a risky matter to attempt to lead them against a well-served battery in full play. Had the Light Brigade at Balaklava been composed of native troops from India, Tennyson's immortal poem of the famous charge would never have been written.

The native army in India, in all the three presidencies, is not far from 130,000 infantry and cavalry. This, it will be seen, is a large reduction from the force of 1856, when it numbered about 240,000. While the native strength has been diminished, that of the English has increased. According to the official records, there are now about 75,000 British troops in the country, and they are judiciously distributed so as to make their services most readily available in case of trouble. The Suez Canal and the large transport fleet of England would enable the government to make a rapid increase of this army in an emergency, while the railway system of India would facilitate a rapid concentration or distribution.

Many of the officers of her Majesty's Indian service are intelligent, industrious, and efficient; but the same can not be said of all. Unhappily there is a large proportion of

drones, who waste their substance in riotous living, and know little more about the real duties of a soldier than a horse knows about political economy. The majority of the officers, unless I am greatly misinformed, live beyond their means, and are consequently heavily in debt; and I was repeatedly told that the high price of European articles was due to the large proportion of accounts which could not be collected. The pernicious system of individual credit prevails throughout India; few merchants expect or ask an officer or other resident to pay on the spot for what he purchases, and the inevitable result is that a large number do not pay at all. The majority of the officers whom I met in India seemed to be more conversant with whist at half-sovereign corners than with military tactics, and could attack a bottle of brandy with greater skill than they could direct a charge upon a hostile column. "Of course he is in debt," said an officer with whom I was one day conversing about an old colonel on his way home at the end of thirty years' service—"of course he is in debt, and must sacrifice half his pension to secure the means of satisfying the most pressing claims against him." That he would pay all his debts was not even hinted, but only those which inconvenienced him sorely. Life in India is expensive, owing to the great number of servants necessary for a household, and the high cost of supplies of various kinds. But the pay of an officer is proportionally high, and sufficient for his ordinary wants. Extravagance is the rule rather than the exception, and there is no indication of an immediate change.

It is a notorious fact that the expense of British rule in India is something enormous, and forms a crushing incubus on the country. The population is roughly estimated at a hundred and ninety millions, and the average taxation last year in various ways amounted to three and three-fourth shillings (English) per head. The gross production of India for the same time averaged thirty-one and a half shillings per head, so that the taxes took twelve per cent. of the product. These figures alone are enormous, and when we add the opium impost and the local and municipal taxes, there is an aggregate of nearly fifty million pounds, or two hundred and fifty million dollars. In 1857 the total was only about half the above amount; there has been no increase of population, and though the railways have caused a development in many parts of the country, it has not kept pace with the expenditure. According to high authorities, India is every year poorer and poorer. The land tax is a burden so great that the cultivation of the soil does not always enable a cultivator to obtain the commonest necessities for himself and family, and the condition of the day-laborer is pitiful in the extreme. The great mass of the people are in a condition of the most wretched poverty, want in all its forms stares you constantly in the face, and the only way for a traveller in India to escape the sight of it is to sail away to some other land. Of all the countries on the globe I have ever visited, India is the one I least care to see again, and largely for the reason given in the preceding sentence. In two widely separated parts of the great peninsula I saw people dying of famine, and their gaunt and haggard forms rise before me all too often to make memory an unalloyed pleasure. That India has reached the highest point of taxation is loudly proclaimed by both native and English residents, and not a few Englishmen predict her bankruptcy before many years shall have rolled away.

A great portion of the natives are indifferent to the foreign rule, and some are warmly in favor of it, especially those who hold offices of greater or less importance, and receive a revenue from them. On the other hand, I think there can be no question that there is great hostility to the British authority, and if the way were open to a revolt, with a promise of success, it would be speedily forth-coming. Several of the native princes, still occupying their thrones, maintain armies of their own which are regarded with no friendly eye by the government. Numerically, at least on paper, these armies are stronger than the whole British force, native and foreign, but their equipment, organization, and discipline are far inferior, so that they are not considered formidable. The most important of these native forces are those of Sindia and the Nizam; both these rulers are on the best of terms, for the present at any rate, with the British. Sindia, who holds the rank of general, has offered his army to the government for a Russian or an Afghan war. Many of the smaller rulers are not so well disposed, and are only held in check because they know that insubordination would take away what little power they possess. That there is an under-current of hostility I had various opportunities of knowing. Several times I had conversations with native gentlemen—some of them the result of introductions by English residents—which were far from complimentary to the rulers of the land. In these instances, which I can not specify without violation of confidence either asked or tacitly implied, the list of grievances included the enormous taxation, arbitrary enactments of an oppressive character, national and individual arrogance, together with other things more sentimental than practical. The English in India leave no doubt to exist that they are the ruling race, and the meanest tramp among them considers himself of more importance

and better by blood and birth than the highest native prince. It is no wonder that the natives should chafe under the yoke, especially when they in turn consider themselves the superiors in point of race and religion, and boast an antiquity far beyond that of the invader. Your servant who will not touch, through fear of pollution, the food you eat, can not hold you in great respect.

The sea bounds India on the west and south and on a part of the east, so that there is little probability of a change of boundary in those directions. But on the north it is quite another thing, and the rectification of the frontier is an occurrence of no remarkable rarity. The case of the farmer who coveted "all the land that joined him" comes to mind when we think of British policy in India, just as it has sometimes been suggested by the policy of the United States toward Mexico and Canada. "Manifest destiny" is as much English as American, and means the same on either side of the world. There is less of cant and hypocrisy with us than with the English: an American says we want this or that territory because it would be a good thing to have, while John Bull never wearies of talking of the mission of England in the East to carry civilization and Christianity to benighted lands, and extend the blessings of commerce. But the blessings aforesaid result in putting money into John's pocket and taking it away from those whom he seeks to benefit. In the interests of civilization he does not hesitate to make war upon people who prefer to remain undisturbed, and to scatter the blessings of commerce he invades China, captures her fairest city, and compels her government to rescind an edict against the importation of a poison that was killing many thousands of its subjects every year. "It was absolutely necessary for us to have a market for our opium," said an Englishman with whom I once discussed the opium war; "India would have become bankrupt without it, and we could not allow China to close her ports against the drug. That's the whole case." The result of my observation in the East is that it *was* the whole case, and that the great "mission" of England is based upon a philanthropy that has its beginning (and most of its ending) at home.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

CHAPTER II.

RODERICK JARDINE was not, I hope, a worse young fellow than most others of his age, or less soft-hearted. Yet when he had fairly bade good-by to his good, tearful mother—who, he knew well, would do any thing in the world for him, except let him do what he felt was best for himself—this parting once over, he breathed more freely than he had done for many weeks. The fogs of Richerden were behind him, and before him was *la belle France*, with its sunshiny climate and its light-hearted people, who seem to take life so much easier than we do. He, with his Celtic blood, also liked to enjoy life; and whenever he crossed the Channel he felt, what Anglo-Saxons seldom do feel—for there is a great mystery in kinship of race—a hearty sympathy for that sweet French politeness, that bright open-air existence, with its simple feeding, its innocent amusements, above all, its kindly gayety. His heart seemed to open at the first clatter of French tongues on Calais pier, the first gleam of clear French sunshine down the long, level, poplar-bordered roads, the first sight of those queer, heavy-looking carts, with the huge Norman horses, and the blue-bloused Norman peasant stolidly following.

"How nice to be really in France again!" thought he, with a sigh of relief—happily unheard by the good mother, driving in her splendid carriage to pay a series of calls in Richerden houses, as handsome and as dull as her own. "I wish I could stay here—at Amiens, perhaps—and spend the whole day in the lovely cathedral. But I suppose it is my duty to go right on to Switzerland."

"Duty" was a rather new idea in this young man's life, and he did not dislike it—just for a change. His "wild-goose chase" had resolved itself into a deliberate purpose, or as much so as was possible to his nature and at his age. He had not been to Blackhall—he hardly knew why, except that his mother had thrown a good many impediments in the way of the journey, so that perceiving she did not like it, he gave it up. But he had had a long correspondence with Mr. Black, the old factor there, who knew all the family affairs.

From him Roderick discovered that there had been, half a century back, three branches of Jardines, represented by Silence Jardine, Archibald Jardine, and Henry Jardine, his father. These, all second cousins, were brought up together at Blackhall. Thence Archibald had suddenly disappeared abroad, taking his little patrimony. After many years he was heard of as a "pasteur" in some Swiss canton—no very great change, he having been intended for the Scotch Church—and he was said to be married, with a family. But he had never revived

acquaintance with either of his cousins, and what were his present circumstances, whether even he were alive or dead, nobody knew.

Still, Roderick had argued, to accept his own little inheritance till he knew his cousin needed nothing, was really impossible. And though Mrs. Jardine reasoned, on the other side, that the money was not Archibald Jardine's, except conditionally, and to search for him was like hunting for a needle in a hay-rick, her more impulsive and romantic son decided that Archibald Jardine must be found, and he, Roderick, was the man to find him. Nor was it so very impossible, seeing that Switzerland—Protestant Switzerland—is not such a very large extent of country, and the name was peculiar; also, by all accounts, the man himself was peculiar too—very clever, very eccentric, likely to have made his mark wherever he settled.

"I'll find him, mother, if he is to be found," Roderick had cried, considerably excited by the quest. It gave him, as he had said, something to do, and (as he did not say, being little given to self-examination) the pleasure was intensified by its being a kindly thing to do. "A few hundreds don't matter to me, and may matter to him. Besides, the thing amuses me."

For, either from caprice, folly, or a certain shyness lest they should discover feelings in him which they could not understand, and might only laugh at, he never pretended to his family that he had any interest in life beyond amusement. His sisters thought Roderick the most unpractical fellow alive; and his mother expressed the utmost astonishment to see him fulfill his duty in arranging all business matters connected with Miss Jardine's will—doing all that was necessary, and even a little more.

Was this, perhaps, because in so doing he had found something to interest him, and deeply too?—the secret of a life which, outside, appeared a mere invalid existence, idle and useless, but underneath was one of the noblest and most pathetic lives the young man had ever dreamed of; wholly unselfish and self-devoted—busy, active, filled up to the last with thoughtful care for others; finally going home, out of the empty world—and not sorry to go home.

"I wonder," thought Roderick, as he looked at the diamond ring, which, though it was a lady's ring, he determined always to wear till he could discover some fair lady to give it to—"I wonder if I shall ever find such a woman to love *me*—a second Silence Jardine?"

Ah, foolish fellow! it was always somebody's loving him that he thought about. He forgot that the great strength of the knights of old was that *they* loved actively, not passively. They chose some noble lady, worshipped and served her, fought for her, and won her. The man who has will to choose, courage to win, and faithfulness to keep is almost unknown in modern chivalry. As rare, alas! is the woman who deserves to be thus adored.

Roderick sat meditating in this wise, not in the crowded Paris railway, but in the empty carriage between Dijon and Pontarlier, where, in the dim dawn of the winter morning, he found himself on the boundary of Switzerland—a country which he had never yet seen. And, spite of all his notion of "duty," he was conscious of a lurking pleasure in being thus forced by "business" to realize the dream of his life, and see the Alps for the first time.

As the sun rose and the morning brightened—one of those glorious days of St. Martin's summer which make all mountainous regions look so lovely—Roderick felt himself growing strangely excited. The country was not unlike his native Scotland, only with the picturesque Swiss cottages dotted here and there. From either window he looked out on green hill-sides and pleasant glens, with dancing burns at the bottom, just as if he had been at home.

"How my father would have liked this!" he said to himself, and sat on the arm of the carriage seat, watching with the eagerness of a very boy—what was he but a boy still?—for the first glimpse of those "eternal snows" which travellers rave about, and painters paint, and poets sing of, and which he was half inclined to fear would be a great "take in," after all. Ay, even when he found himself dashing through the finest bit of railway journey he had ever experienced—the magnificent Val de Travers.

Every body knows that pass through the Jura Mountains, where you dart in and out of about a dozen tunnels, catching between whiles gleams of the ravine, the wildest Roderick had ever seen, a hill-side sloping up to the very sky, one mass of trees—chiefly fir and oak—whose vivid greens and yellows glowed in the clear sunshine; and a river boiling below, all spray and foam, whirling round gray rocks in frantic eddies, and with a noise that was heard even above the puffing locomotive—nature battling with civilization, and almost winning in the fight.

Still, how grand it was!—every moment presenting a new picture, all the finer, perhaps, that it was so momentary. Roderick could hardly draw his breath for pleasure, and for the vague sense that we have in youth of "something going to happen"—some strange, sweet lifting of the curtain of the future, some passionate entering into an unknown, delicious world.

And when gradually the scene grew tamer, the huge walls of the pass seemed to lower, and the narrow glimpse of blue sky overhead to widen, his heart beat, his lips quivered; he strained his eyes to see every thing

that could be seen—above all, to catch the first glimpse of what he surely must be nearing—the lake of Neuchatel.

Yes, there it was, no mistake about it; a long, wide, calm blue water, like an inland sea; and beyond it, in an almost endless wavy line, every indentation of which was as perfect as if drawn with a pencil, rose, or rather lay—for they were too distant to be more than mere outlines in the horizon—the great white Alps.

Though he was quite alone—or rather because he was alone, or he would certainly not have made such a fool of himself—Roderick sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure—pleasure so keen that it even made the tears come into his eyes. No such sight, visionary yet real, new yet infinitely beautiful, had ever yet burst upon his eyes—eyes so like his father's, dreamy, tender, passionate, intense—eyes which from babyhood had seemed to foretell the whole story of the coming life. If his father, if any one who loved him, could have seen them now, as he watched the scene before him, at once a revelation and a prophecy! Roderick could not say why, but he felt as a young man would feel at the first sight of the face of his first love.

But few young men have a first love, the thing having been already frittered away into half a dozen foolish fancies or flirtations, and fewer still have love at first sight. So I doubt not Roderick will be much laughed at, as he was conscious he would have been at home. The one person who had never laughed at him, who despised no harmless bit of sentiment, and who hated nothing but what was mean and base—his father—was away. Grown man as the son was, he gulped down a sob, almost like a girl's, to think of the face which here he would involuntarily have turned to to read in it the reflection of his own delight—the dear face which on earth he should see no more.

Thus with a sacred sadness that was scarcely pain, he found himself nearing the little town which he had often heard about and traced in maps; nay, he once remembered getting the "tawse" on his hand because, being one of those gentle lads who can be very obstinate sometimes, he would persist in calling it "Neufchatel" instead of "Neuchatel." He had not laughed then, but he laughed now at the recollection. Long afterward, how strange it all seemed!

The lovely day had faded a little; nevertheless, having settled himself at the hotel, Roderick started out again to see if his beloved Alps were still "découverts," though the "colorization," which the garçon informed him only happened sometimes, did not seem likely to happen this sunset. Still, he got a map and tried to find out the outline of the mountains, from Mont Blanc at the one end to the Bernese Alps on the other, before they quite melted into mist, as they did soon melt, and the lake too. But he had seen them—seen the Alps, and he felt as if he had not been so happy for years.

He had to hive all his happiness for private consumption during four of the wettest of days. Never, even in his own pluvious land, had Roderick seen such a deluge as that which shortly swept down upon the poor little town hour after hour. It was useless to grumble or scold; so he sat, laughing at his misfortune, or at the hapless Neuchatellerois who went meekly paddling through the flooded streets. Once or twice he himself sallied out and took a melancholy wander by the lake-side, peering hopelessly into that abyss of gray mist beyond which had gleamed such a lovely vision; but he soon came back again, and lounged in the dreary salon, smothering under the close air of the heated Swiss stoves, trying to read a few stray volumes of the Tauchnitz Library, and to persuade himself he was not a very great fool for having visited Switzerland in November, attempting vainly to do what any lawyer's clerk could have done equally well, perhaps better.

For he had only been able to catch one clew whereby he might find his cousin. Mr. Black, the Blackhall factor, a strong Free-Churchman, had taken some interest in a similar disruption in the Swiss Church, and in one of the controversial writers therein, a "professeur" or "pasteur," or both—the good man's ideas on the subject were very misty—at Neuchatel. To this M. Reynier, Roderick brought a letter of introduction, but on delivering it found the family were still at their summer retreat in the Jura Mountains. So he decided to make the best of a bad business, and amuse himself till they came back. He knew the language—that was one comfort—and he was not of the stolid Saxon temperament which refuses to take in any new ideas, or to see any perfection in things to which it is unaccustomed. He was a true Celt, impressionable and flexible by nature, ready to love, quick to hate, until the experience of life should teach caution in the one and tolerance in the other. "The world will go hard with you, my boy," his father had sometimes said, half tenderly, half pensively; and Roderick, shaking his black curls, had only laughed, afraid of nothing.

Nor was he discouraged or afraid now. In fact, he rather enjoyed this dropping from the clouds—oh, what soaking clouds!—into a new place and new people. Not so very new after all, for when on Sunday morning he followed the dripping multitude up the steep street which led to the cathedral—now a Protestant church—he found everything so like home that but for the language he could have imagined himself "sit-

ting under" his mother's favorite minister at Richerden. Only when the psalm arose, to a quaint and beautiful tune, and it was a beautiful psalm too, for he read it out of his neighbor's book, beginning,

"Grand Dieu, nous te louons, nous t'adorons, Seigneur,"

it contrasted favorably with the nasal hymns which so tormented him in Scotland. It was sung not badly, especially by one pure high soprano a few seats behind, a voice so good that he vainly tried to catch sight of the singer; and in its sweet musical French it seemed to express what he missed so often at home—the sense of cheerfulness in religion. To the last verse,

"Nous n'esperons, O Dieu, qu'en ta grande bonté:
Ta seul peut nous aider dans notre adversité.
Rendre nos jours heureux et notre âme contente,"

the invisible singer behind gave such a pathos that it went right to his heart. The young man, called often "irreligious" by his mother, because his religion lay very deep down, longed earnestly for those *jours heureux*, that *âme contente*, and wondered if by any means he could attain to the like—he, all alone, with nobody to help him to be good, hundreds ready to allure him to be bad.

It was a small thing, one of those trifling incidents which befall us all—only some of us note them and others do not—but long afterward he remembered it with a strange solemnity, like a person who, believing he was walking his own way, on his own feet, finds out that hands unseen, unfelt, have been leading him all the while.

Plunging back through the muddy streets "home"—what a ridiculous word!—to the dreary hotel, Roderick made up his mind to give one day's more chance to the weather, and to the absent Professeur Reynier, upon whom, and his *famille charmante*, the garçon dilated enthusiastically; for every body seemed to know every body in this innocent little town. If on the morrow it did not cease raining, and some token did not come in answer to his letter and card, Roderick resolved to change his quarters, and try "fresh woods and pastures new," take, in short, to pleasure instead of duty, and pursue the search after this vague distant cousin no more.

But next day in rising, behold! a change. And such a change!

The mist had entirely lifted off from the lake. Its wide bosom lay, still gray, but motionless and clear in the soft dawn. And beyond, their intense purple sharply distinct against the bright amber of the sky, was the long line of Alps. Through one deep indentation, between the Jungfrau and the Fensterhorn, the sun was slowly rising, dyeing the snows rose-color, and then, as he mounted above the cleft, pouring a sudden stream of light right across the lake, that "golden path of rays," which always feels like a bridge whereon delivered souls might walk, they to us or we to them—those that on earth we see no more.

Roderick, as he gazed, was conscious of the same sensation which had come over him a few days before, that intuition of approaching fate—bliss or bale—which by those who have it not is esteemed mere fancy, and supremely ridiculous; and even those who have it have need to be rather afraid of it, just as a very imaginative person would be less in fear of the ghosts he beheld than of the ghosts he created.

"*Absit omen*," murmured Roderick, as having stood in an ecstasy watching the gorgeous sunrise, he saw it melt into common daylight, as all sunrises do, in November especially. A dull rainy mist began once more to gather on the distant peaks. "Another wet day, after all. Richerden itself could not be worse than this. Shall I go home again?"

But it was so ignominious to go home, having done nothing, seen nothing, that he thought he would make an effort at least to get to Berne and back before the short day closed. And descending, beside his solitary plate at the dreary table-d'hôte breakfast he found a letter, the daintiest, most politely worded *billet*, inviting him, in the name of M. le Professeur and Madame Reynier, to pass the evening at their house.

"Six o'clock, and a soirée! What simple folk they must be here!"

But, finding he could be back in time, he accepted the invitation in his very best French, and started off to the railway station, on his little bit of solitary sight-seeing.

No one shared his carriage—abroad there is a saying that nobody travels first-class except fools and Englishmen—so he admired all alone the picturesque country which skirts the long chain of lakes; very comfortable, but just a trifle dull. Not that Roderick disliked his own company; on the contrary, he preferred it to that of most people he met; but he had had so much of it lately. It would have been rather pleasant to have somebody to whom he could say that Berne was a most curious old town, with whom he could have thrown buns to the bears, those important personages, "rentiers" on their own account; still better, when inquiring his way to the Terrasse, and finding the view hopeless, the mountains being again "couverts," he had to content himself with admiring the river which flows below it, circling the pretty town like a tender arm. Still more would he have liked somebody, any body, beside him with whom he could lean over the low wall and argue about the sensations of the man on horseback who leaped down—Heaven knows how many feet—without being killed; and what sort of sermons he preached, since, the in-

scription says, he at once entered the Church, and was a minister in it for many years.

"Suppose I, Roderick Jardine, were to jump down now, just to feel a sensation, or create one—Folly!"

And laughing at himself and his inordinate vexation at the dull gray day, the miserable mountains, the solitude, every thing, he went to feed at a restaurant, and lounge away the time till the return train.

Just before it started, by a sudden impulse, hoping against hope, he walked back to the Terrasse, and turned a last look in the direction of the mountains. One instant—one wonderful, bewildering instant—and then—

"If, after death, I open my eyes in paradise, I know, I feel, it will look like that."

Such was the thought which passed through Roderick's mind—the only thought, for every feeling was absorbed into mere gazing—drinking in through eyes and soul a vision utterly undescribable to those who have never seen it.

The Jungfrau in the sunset, spiritualized by a clear amber glory till it resembles nothing earthly, only that New Jerusalem "coming down from heaven like a bride prepared for her husband"—Roderick gazed and gazed, almost out of himself with ecstasy, thinking of nothing, seeing nothing, though there was a little group beside him gazing too. But he never noticed them, till, stepping backward, he came against somebody, and said, "Pardon, madame"—then turned and saw it was no madame at all—mademoiselle.

She had not observed him—not in the least. Her eyes too were fixed upon the mountains in entire absorption—large, calm, blue, almost English eyes. And her short curly fair hair might have been English too. But when at the second "Pardon" she turned, there was an unmistakable foreign grace in her slight acknowledgment. She and her companion, an older lady, exchanged a word or two, but it was French, spoken with the purest of accents. So if Roderick had any hope of finding a country-woman, it faded out at once.

Faded—as the lovely vision of the Jungfrau and Fensterhorn already had begun to fade. Yet still the little group stood silently gazing, in a common sympathy. Roderick never looked even at his young neighbor, until, suddenly turning, their eyes met. Both were full of tears.

"At the first sight
They have changed eyes."

People dispute this truth, and yet it is a truth to some people, and under some circumstances.

Startled to a degree that almost annoyed him—bowing instinctively, and then blushing deeply to think that he had done so, that he had taken such a liberty with any stranger lady, Roderick hurried away, having, indeed, waited so long that his swift young feet and the happy tardiness of Swiss railways alone saved him from losing his train and the Reynier soirée.

"But I will come back to Berne to-morrow," thought he. "It is a far prettier town than Neuchatel; and—I wonder if she is a Bernoise? I wonder if I shall ever see her face again?"

Just then—was it possible?—in the dim light a gray gown passed him and slipped into a third-class carriage. And he had an impression that *she* wore a gray gown.

"Nonsense!"—laughing at himself as he lounged back in his luxurious "wagon." "A creature like that couldn't possibly travel third-class."

So he tried to forget her, and think only of the Jungfrau; then, secondarily, of the means he must take to interest M. Reynier in his search for Archibald Jardine, in whom, it must be confessed, his own interest was fast dying out. Any thing tedious, or dull, or unpleasant, was so new to him. He did not appreciate it at all.

The train being late, he had only just time to dart out and fly to his hotel to dress for the evening.

He was not a fop—this foolish young Roderick—but he was just a trifle of a dandy; that is, he liked to dress well, and was particular about minute points of costume. And when dressed he was a goodly young fellow to look at. Even the garçon, who smiled secretly at his ordering a *voiture* for a *course* of a street's length to M. Reynier's, gave an approving glance to "ce monsieur Anglais."

It is so much the fashion to make one's hero grumpy, middle-aged, boorish, plain—always snubbing the heroine, and all the more adored by her—that I quite hesitate to confess how, when Roderick descended from his most unnecessary equipage, in complete evening dress, with diamond studs and daintily tinted gloves, he was the very opposite of this rather unpleasant personage. He had a fine face and a graceful figure, a bearing that was "every inch the gentleman," and manners—well, he could not have said a harsh or discourteous word to a woman—any woman, high or low, ugly or pretty, young or old—for his life! Thus he appeared as he entered the salon of M. le Professeur Reynier.

It was very dimly lighted, with shaded lamps, so that at first Roderick distinguished nothing; then he became aware of a gray-haired gentleman, a matronly lady, and a cloud of young people of different ages, down to quite small children; of a courteous and kindly reception, and of passing into a *salle à manger*, where was laid out a simple but abundant meal, corresponding to the "hungry tea" of Scotch habit. Every

thing, indeed, was extremely simple—but so pretty! from the shiny parquet floor to the tastefully decorated table, with its dainty china, flowers, and fruit. One missed a little the bright English fire; and the stove gave a certain closeness to the room—a sense of warm darkness, which, however, was not unpleasant; there was a sort of mystery about it, and youth likes mystery. Roderick glanced round him at the party, evidently quite a family party. There was no occasion whatever for the diamond studs and light gloves, which he ardently wished he had never put on. But, true to his Celtic nature, he began to accommodate himself to circumstances.

He had wont to be conceited over his aptitude for foreign tongues, but when, after a brief pause in deference to the English guest, conversation rolled back like a tide, he felt himself completely drowned in the flood of French—bright, lively, impulsive, energetic, as only French talk can be—darting to and fro, scintillating around and across the table, at which he sat like—like a stone, or an ass, he said to himself—unable to make out a single word.

By-and-by, however, things cleared a little. That sweet courtesy to the stranger which one always finds abroad began to make the Babel intelligible; his host soon led him into conversation, and seeing that no one present attempted a word of English, he tried to get over his own shyness and do his best in French. Besides, he soon found the great antidote to shyness—self-forgetfulness. He became interested at once in this happy, merry family circle—elder sons and their wives, growing-up daughters, down to little boys and girls. Evidently the old professeur had his quiver full.

How he had managed to bring them up in this remote corner of the world, as it seemed to Roderick, and in comparative poverty, for the house was not even a house—Mrs. Jardine would have called it "a flat"—and the one servant who waited was quite a common peasant girl; how he had imparted to them all that intelligence and refinement, *bien instruits* as well as *bien élevés*—for they seemed to be as familiar with English literature as with their own—passed the young man's comprehension, the rich young man who had believed that money alone could do this.

It was an odd thing, a very odd thing, but, dropping down as if from the clouds upon this little town, which a week ago was to him a mere dot on the map, he felt himself quite at home there—he, a Cambridge man and a man of fortune—more at home than he had done in Richerden society all his days. And when, re-entering the *salon*, he found there a few other guests, scarcely visible in the dim light, he was introduced expressly to a "Meess Somebody from Edinbourg," who responded with painful blushes in the broadest of Scotch accents, he heartily wished his own country-people were—well, that they were all safe at home!

"And here, monsieur," continued his host, leading him up to another lady, middle-aged—"here is one of our best friends, though but newly settled near us, who I doubt not will have the pleasure of conversing with you in your own tongue—Monsieur Arond—Madame ——"

Roderick was so amused by the transformation of his own name that he scarcely caught the lady's, but he was too shy still either to correct the one or inquire about the other.

"M. Reynier is very polite," said his neighbor, still speaking in French. "But he forgets that it is my daughter who knows English so well; her papa took the greatest pains to teach her. For me—I was always too busy and too stupid. Besides"—with a slight sigh, which directed Roderick's attention from the gentle face to the widow's mourning, though not exactly "weeds"—"my husband loved French best. It was the language of his adopted country."

"He was not Swiss born, then?" asked Roderick, sitting down by her. She was neither beautiful nor even pretty—never could have been; but there was a great charm in her manner—a mixture of French grace and Swiss earnestness—which attracted him much.

"No, monsieur, he was English, or rather Scotch, naturalized here. My daughter!"—but no translation can express the tender intonation of that word *ma fille*—"will you come and tell this gentleman the name of the place—I can not pronounce it—where your dear papa was born?"

Roderick's gaze followed madame's to a tall slender girl, dressed, not like her mother in black, but in pure white; no floppy, flouncy muslin, but a thick soft woolen material, up to the throat and down to the wrists. She had a small, well-set, curly head—actual curls, like a child's—and turning quietly round she met him with those calm blue eyes, the very same eyes which had filled with tears at the sunset beauty of the Jungfrau!

Once more the young man started, absolutely started. He seemed taken—nay, clutched—by the very hand of destiny itself. For on entering the room he had looked into every fresh face of these pleasant Swiss girls, vaguely hoping to find again those wonderful blue eyes. They faced him now in entire unconsciousness, and with a direct child-like simplicity corresponding with the childish curls.

"Mamma," she said, bowing to the stranger a grave, dignified, self-possessed bow, more like a young Englishwoman than these timid foreign maidens, "pardon. I am just

going to sing with Sophie Reynier; but I will come back presently, as M. Reynier desired me, and speak English with this gentleman, if he wishes it."

He did not wish it at all; he would infinitely have preferred French. He thought that language, as she spoke it, in tones lower and softer than he had ever heard before, sounded like the tongue of the angels.

And when, in the duet, after Mademoiselle Reynier had sung a few bars, there broke in, like a lark in the dusk of the morning, a clear, fresh soprano—the very voice he had heard behind him in church—Roderick felt himself literally trembling. He was impressionable, it was true, almost as much so as a woman: there was a deal of the woman in him, for all his manliness—rather, I should say, *with* all his manliness, since the best woman has always somewhat of a man's strength, the noblest man a woman's gentleness; but no impressionability could account for the delight, nay, the ecstasy, with which he listened to the song.

It was not much of a song—the girl's voice made it all; but when it ceased he awoke as out of a dream, and looked round as for something he had been in search of all his life long.

She came forward from among the group of girls—sweet, graceful girls they were, but none like her. She seemed distinct from any girl he had ever seen. The very style of her dress, so different from what he had left behind in Richerden drawing-rooms, caught his fancy. Instead of the fashionable eccentricities of dress which he hated so in his sisters, were these simple girlish curls—natural curls—clustering tightly round her head, and these long, soft lines of drapery, like Flaxman's women. In truth, she might have stood just as she was for a Penelope, an Andromache.

"Mamma," she said, still in French, and creeping, French-girl fashion, close to her mother's side, "I shall be very happy to speak English to monsieur, whom I think I have seen before—on the Terrasse at Berne to-day. It is he, mamma, who, as I told you, did us the honor to be so charmed with our beautiful mountains."

Then she, too, had observed him. But she had come home and told the incident at once to her mother. He, now, could not have told it to any mortal soul.

"It is mademoiselle who honors me by even a passing remembrance," answered Roderick, striving hard to infuse into his blunt speech—how rude and blunt it seemed!—even a tithe of her gracious courtesy. "May I claim you as a country-woman? Your father was English?"

"No, Scotch. There is a difference, is there not? though I fail to make mamma understand it. Papa was a Highlander."

She said this in English, speaking slowly, but with great purity and correctness, pronouncing all her "h's" and "th's."

"Mademoiselle has a perfect accent; she must of course have visited our country?" said Roderick, eagerly.

"No; I have never left my mountains. I am entirely Swiss; only papa used sometimes to talk to me of Scotland, and tell me I looked almost like a Scotch lassie. Do I?"

"Heaven forbid!" the renegade was near exclaiming, but contented himself by explaining in a very eccentric and confused manner that she had certainly the fair hair and blue eyes of the North.

"So had papa; but he was little, and I am tall—very tall for a Swiss girl. That was why he thought I resembled the girls of his country, and especially a cousin he had whom he loved—liked—is not that the right English word?—very much. But here I am going on talking of ourselves and our affairs, which is very unpolite, you know. Only we are always so glad to meet any English person, mamma and I. I must go and tell her; she will be so pleased that you think me a little—just a very little—like my papa's country-women."

He would have told her that the thing she was most like was an angel, but of course such a point-blank truth was quite impossible; and, besides, she had already flown away on her invisible wings and hid herself among the crowd of ordinary girls. There was nothing for him, poor man, but to go and make love, or rather politeness, to her mother with all the skill and the best French of which he was capable.

"Mademoiselle has a most beautiful voice, and sings charmingly," said he at last.

"Ah, monsieur is too kind. But indeed it is true. And she does every thing charmingly, if a mother may be pardoned for saying so. But she is the last of seven, and her father is dead. We are alone together, she and I." Then suddenly changing into brightness, "Perhaps monsieur is one of a numerous family?"

"No, I have only three sisters, and my father too is dead—my dear father!"

"Ah!" with a quick intuition; and after a glance at his face, a kindly hand was laid on the young man's arm. "But monsieur has his mother still living?—and a happy woman in possessing him is Madame— Pardon, but I did not catch the name."

"Jardine—Roderick Jardine."

The Swiss lady drew back with a surprise that he could not have failed to observe, had he not been wholly preoccupied in the difficult task of trying at once to be polite to her, and to see and hear all that was passing at the far end of the room.

"Madame, I perceive your daughter is going to sing again, and I am so fond of music. May I go and listen?"

He was off as if there were wires to his

feet. Poor fellow! it was a very bad case, but not the first, nor probably the last, that has happened in this world.

However, he maintained his composure very creditably, talked courteously to all the Demoiselles Reynier at once, turned over their pages, examined their music, French, Italian, and German, and at last, lighting upon an English song, asked if any of them sang it.

The girls all shook their merry heads, pointing to the one whom he had not addressed, scarcely even glanced at, though he knew exactly how she looked, sitting there at the piano with her blue eyes cast down, and a faint color, like a China rose, on her soft cheek.

"*She* sings it; ask her."

"Will mademoiselle do me that honor?" said Roderick, quite humbly, feeling more timid than he had ever felt in his life.

"It is written for a tenor voice, monsieur. It is not a young lady's song."

"Yet I have often heard young ladies sing it, and very badly, too"—remembering how he had hated it at Richerden dinner parties.

"Perhaps I also—" with an amused look, which he answered by another.

"No, no. Mademoiselle is too honest to finish her sentence. She knows she could not sing very badly."

"I will try my best."

It was a simple little song. Most people have heard it "done to death" in many a drawing-room—"My Queen." This girl sang it in her pretty foreign English—not broken English, but of course with a slight accent, which rather increased the charm; sang it, not impetuously, but with a tender reserve, her China roses slowly growing into crimson ones as she did it, till at last she seemed to forget herself in the song:

"When and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words that she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now: it will come some day.
With this self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Shining down on her ringlets' sheen,
She is standing somewhere; she I will honor—
She that I wait for—my Queen! my Queen!

* * * * * * *

"I will not dream of her tall and stately:
She that I love may be airy and light.
I will not say she must speak sedately:
Whatever she does, it will sure be right.
She may be humble or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
But, whenever she comes, she will find me ready
To do her homage—my Queen! my Queen!

"But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure, sweet, and tender, the girl I love.
Whether her birth be humble or lowly
I care no more than the angels above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on my own shall lean;
And the stars shall fall and the saints be weeping
Ere I cease to love her—my Queen! my Queen!"

"Thanks," said Roderick in English.

It was a mere word, scarcely audible, the briefest and most commonplace acknowledgment, yet it seemed to imply the gratitude, the benediction, of a lifetime, given from the man to the woman whom he at once recognizes as *the* woman sent by Heaven (if he has eyes to see and strength to accept and hold her) to be to him his "helpmeet," his joy, his crown, and his salvation.

The feeling was so sudden, so solemn, so overpowering, that he never attempted to fight against it. Without another word he withdrew from the group—from her even; indeed, it seemed easier to watch her from a distance than to speak to her—and waited till the mother and daughter should retire, when he was determined to find out from M. Reynier all about them. At this moment—it was almost ridiculous—he actually did not know their names.

Another half hour—spent Roderick scarcely knew how, except that he was talking to half a dozen people and watching one other person all the while—and he saw them retire, passing him with the usual distant bow. He had half extended his hand, English fashion, but happily drew it back in time.

"Au revoir, monsieur," responded the mother, with a courteous smile; but the daughter merely bent her head without a word.

"A charming pair," observed Madame Reynier, after they were gone. "My husband thought you would like to meet them. Mademoiselle speaks English so well."

"Perfectly."

"And yet she has never quitted Switzerland. Her father lived in the very heart of the Alps, a most learned and amiable man, but eccentric—decidedly eccentric. He left them poor. She is obliged to teach—to give music lessons—this dear Mademoiselle Silence."

"What did you say?—what is her name?" cried Roderick, feeling all the blood rushing to his heart—to his face.

"It is an English name. I will call my daughter to pronounce it English fashion."

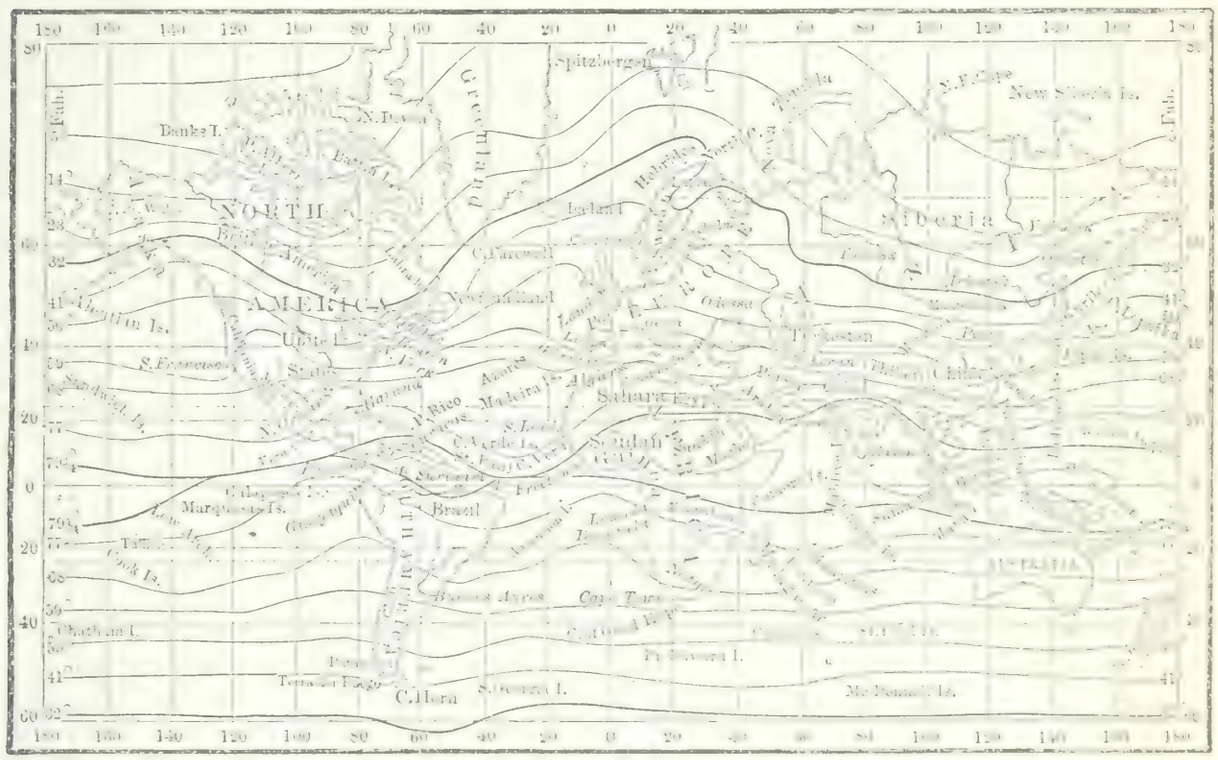
And with an amazement that even amounted to awe, Roderick discovered that this girl—the first girl in all his life who had won from him a second thought—was his cousin—very distant, but still a cousin, and another Silence Jardine.

In his Quixotic search he had done nothing—had almost forgotten what he meant to do—yet here was all done for him. With a feeling as of a man pursued by fate—blind, irresistible, and yet most blessed fate—he, without asking a single question more, got away as soon as he could. Once outside that friendly door, and away from every body's sight, he rushed, almost staggering as he went, down to the water-side, and spent an hour there, walking wildly to and fro in the moonlight—the wonderful sweet moonlight, bright as day—which poured itself in a silver glory over the smooth lake and the sleeping town.

CLIMATES FOR INVALIDS.

TO say that the climates of the Old World and the New are essentially the same, may sound like a paradox. Nothing, however, is now better proven. In both the Old World and the New three independent climates are to be distinguished, and these repeat each other with a remarkable similarity in the eastern and western hemispheres. In each there is, first, a mild climate upon the western coast; second, a severe and dry climate in the interior; and third, a severe and comparatively moist climate between the mountains and the eastern coast. Let us first examine briefly the general causes and features of these great climatic divisions, and then somewhat more minutely the traits of a few particular climates in not too distant regions.

But we are now concerned with the more general traits of climate, and for studying these we have a great help in the isothermal lines which A. von Humboldt first brought into use—lines, that is to say, laid down upon a map of a country or of the world, which connect all the places that have the same mean temperature for the month, season, or year. Thus the isothermal line of 51° F. (I use the Fahrenheit notation throughout this article) passes through Vancouver Island, New York, Paris, Girin in Manchooria, and Kanagawa in Japan; all these places, though in other respects their climates differ, have the most important single element of it in equal share—they receive the same or nearly the same amount of heat in the course of the year. From Stieler's excellent "Hand-Atlas" I take the accompanying reduction of Dové's general chart of isotherm-



DOVE'S CHART OF ISOTHERMAL LINES.

Imprimis, we may define climate as those conditions and changes of the atmosphere and of the light which sensibly affect our organs. The warmth or coldness, dryness or moisture, of the air, its pressure, its calmness, purity, the brightness or cloudiness of the sky, the tension of the atmospheric electricity—these are the main features in any climate. And of these the first—the amount of heat and its equal or unequal distribution in a given place—is the most important single factor, though we must not forget that we can never judge of any climate simply by the thermometer. Had I to decide by a single proof whether a given climate was favorable, I would rather have a list of the plants, wild and cultivated, that grow in the neighborhood, than all the observations of the thermometer that could be made.

al lines—a little map which condenses into smaller space, perhaps, a greater amount of the results of scientific observation than was ever before put into an area of twenty square inches. Here the labors of thousands of observers, the record of many millions of readings, are traced in a simple short-hand, which will have the interest of curiosity, at least, for many of my readers. For those of us whose health may depend in greater or less degree upon the suitable choice of a climate, the lines of temperature will have a more significant message.

These isothermal lines, giving only the average heat for the year, do not show the variations of temperature in the three great classes of climates. For these, and for the degrees of moisture, we should have to examine more detailed charts, such as those

DIFFERENCES OF CLIMATES IN THE SAME LATITUDES.

MEAN TEMPERATURES (FAHRENHEIT) FOR THE YEAR.

I. *Northern Hemisphere (Continents Warmest on the West).*

	New World.			Old World.		
	West Side.	East Side.		West Side.	East Side.	
Lat. 52 N.	50° Fah. (North of Vancouver Island)	32° Fah. (Labrador)	Lat. 52 N.	50° Fah. (Cork)	32° Fah. (Kamtchatka)	
Lat. 46 N.	52° Fah. (Astoria, Oregon)	44° Fah. (Montreal)	Lat. 45 N.	59° Fah. (Southern France)	41° Fah. (Manchooria)	
Lat. 42 N.	52° Fah. (Klamath River, Oregon)	48° Fah. (Boston)	Lat. 36 N.	65° Fah. (Gibraltar)	58° Fah. (Kingtad, Corea)	

II. *Southern Hemisphere (Continents Warmest on the East).*

	New World.			Old World.		
	West Side.	East Side.		West Side.	East Side.	
Lat. 2 S.	76° Fah. (Guayaquil)	80° Fah. (Para)	Lat. 10 S.	77° Fah. (West Africa)	78° Fah. (East Africa)	
Lat. 23 S.	66° Fah. (Cobija, Chili)	73° Fah. (Rio)	Lat. 28 S.	67° Fah. (Orange River)	69° Fah. (St. Lucia River, E. Africa)	
Lat. 35 S.	59° Fah.	64° Fah. (Monte-Video)	Lat. 34 S.	62° Fah. (Cape Darwin, Australia)	64° Fah. (Sydney)	

published by the Signal Service Bureau and the Smithsonian Institution. But they show the dominant feature of climates very clearly. See how, north of the equator, the lines of 14°, 23°, 32°, and 41° trend away to the northwest; that means that in the northern hemisphere the west side of the continents is the warmer, the east the colder. Exceptions to the rule occur, as in Greenland and California, but they are few in comparison to the cases that prove it. Even in the island groups of the northern hemisphere this rule holds good; the islands are cold upon the east and warm upon the west.

But in the southern hemisphere the case is reversed. There the warmer side of continents and islands is the eastern. When Mr. Darwin was crossing the northern boundaries of Patagonia at the Rio Negro (1834), he found that in that latitude, 41° S., "grapes, figs, olives, oranges, water and musk melons, produce abundant fruits," while on the western side of the continent in the same latitude "grapes and figs are not common, olives seldom ripen even partially, and oranges not at all."

The annexed table, made up from several sources, will show some of these reversed correspondences of climates. The figures are in round numbers, and are approximate only.

If now we examine good general charts of the ocean currents, the winds, and the rains, we may note other chief causes of the climate in any given region; while others still, not to be forgotten in any systematic account of climates, are the configuration and the exposure of the given region, its continuity with polar ice or its separation from it by water, its foresting, and of course its latitude and its elevation. Let us look at a main feature among all these—the effect of the ocean currents.

In all the coast climates the ocean currents play a leading part, and in the two great basins of the North Atlantic and the North Pacific that part is the same. In each an ocean stream of warm water, bringing its heat from the equatorial regions, revolves slowly from left to right—in the direction of the hands of a watch, as that rotation is more definitely named. The Kuro Siwo stream in the Pacific, the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic, complete their courses in mighty circuits of about 18,000 and 10,000 miles respectively, each throwing off warm streams for thousands of miles northeastward toward the polar circle, and each discharging itself full upon the western shores of a great continent.

Both the Pacific and the Atlantic streams flow by the eastern coasts of the Old World and the New respectively, but though they pass almost within hailing distance of these shores, they give the benefit of their warmth to neither coast. In each case an unfriendly seam of cold water, working down from the far north, intervenes between the land and the warm sea current. Along our east-

ern shores this chilly wedge insinuates itself as far to the southward as the middle of the Florida coast, cutting off our seaboard from the genial temperatures of the Gulf Stream. Along the Asiatic eastward coast just such another cold stream penetrates from the polar circle southward to the tropics, or nearly to the latitude of Canton; and Northeastern Asia, *except the Japanese Islands* (note the exception), is, like Northeastern America, deprived of the benefits of the warm currents. It is not easy to overstate their influence for good and for evil respectively upon the countries that either receive these thermal benefits, or are, literally speaking, left out in the cold by the truant ocean streams. Mr. Croll computes that the amount of heat carried to the north by the Gulf Stream is equal to one-half of all that falls within the arctic regions, or to the entire quantity that falls upon the belt of land and sea, sixty-four miles wide, that surrounds the globe at the equator. Were the Gulf Stream to stop flowing, he adds, the mean annual temperature of London would fall thirty degrees, or far below the freezing-point; England, in a word, would become as cold as Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen now are. London is eleven degrees farther north than New York, yet its annual mean is less than two degrees lower (the figures are 50.39° and 51.92° respectively).

For Americans, then, and for our companions, the Chinese and the Tartars, in the misfortune of what Buffon aptly calls "excessive climates," this distribution of the truant ocean currents is a misfortune upon the grandest scale. It is a climatic larceny. In either world the great streams of genial warmth flow by the gateways of the empires that occupy the eastern coasts; and they empty themselves like liquid cornucopiæ upon the opposite or western shores, bringing with them the potential power and wealth of nations, the conditions of both "high thinking" and high living. One may say, almost without paradox, that whatever makes nations great flows shoreward with these thermal currents. Their touch creates civilizations. The Gulf Stream has builded up the power and splendor of Western Europe, from the Straits of Gibraltar to Great Britain, and has made even the Scandinavian peninsula comfortably habitable far within the arctic circle. What the Gulf Stream has done for the British Islands, the great Pacific current has done for a group of Asiatic islands which it laves. The Kuro Siwo stream has brought to flower the exquisite and fragile civilization of Japan. Those islands lie in the latitudes of California, and have a not dissimilar temperature. Why did not the same ocean current ripen a civilization, too, between the banks of the Columbia and the Sacramento rivers? That is rather too difficult a question for to-day, and it would lead us farther than we wish to go from the consideration of the types of climate.

Glancing now at the southern hemisphere upon a map of ocean currents, we shall find the rule of temperature reversed. We see the warm streams striking the eastern sides of the continents. From the Antarctic Ocean great gulfs of cold water move to the northward and eastward, chilling the western coasts of South America, Africa, and Australia, and slanting toward the west and north the isothermal lines of our chart. We are not now to study climates of the southern hemisphere, but it is interesting to remark, in passing, how in one part of South America, more than in any other country in the world, all the conditions of climatic abundance—if I may use the phrase—are united, and united to the injury of that country as an abiding-place for man. In Brazil the equatorial heat of the atmosphere unites with that of the warm Atlantic current that comes from the east, while excessive rains are poured upon the land by the northeast trade-winds that bring to it the moisture of the equatorial Atlantic. The result is, as Buckle points out, that the rivers of Brazil are the largest in the world, the most furious in their overflowings, the hardest to cross; the wild animals are among the most formidable; the storms the most fearful; the vegetation the most excessive. No indigenous civilization has ever sprung out of that teeming soil; it could not develop itself or hold its own against the overwhelming natural forces of that too bounteous climate. Nature, in a word, has been too much for man in Brazil.

Returning now to our own hemisphere, let us note its classes of climates. Both in the Old World and the New, as we have seen, they are of three distinct types: 1. The ocean stream climates: those of the western coasts of the great continents, and of islands situated within the warm currents. 2. Interior climates: those of the central continental plateaus and mountain ranges. 3. Climates of the continental plains to the east of the mountains.

Among all these let us select a few that are not too far away from us to be recommended for invalids, and particularly to those who suffer in greater or less degree from pulmonary complaints. What sort of climate, in general, is suitable for this large class of invalids? Without raising controverted points, I may say, in the first place, that such a climate will be *equal;* that is to say, there will be but a small difference between the night and day temperatures during the given twenty-four hours. Second, it will be *equable,* or show a comparatively small range between the different monthly means of a given season, as in West-

ern and Southern Europe: or, if the invalid is to stay the whole year round, between the different seasons of the year, as in island climates. Third, there will be equability in the supply of moisture; a drier climate being preferable for the early and a moister climate for the more advanced stages of pulmonary disease. It is to be noted here that moisture of the ground is much more dangerous than moisture of the air currents. Many a person has lived over a damp cellar or an undrained foundation, or near a piece of wet, marshy soil, and has gone to California or to the south of France in vain, who would never have lost his health if he had lived on dry soil, or would have regained it on moving away, even in the same town, from the damp house or neighborhood. Fourth, the desirable climate will be free from excessive wind, cloudiness, and dust. And, finally, it is argued by good authorities —Pouget and others—that a heavy barometrical pressure is beneficial both in the prevention and the cure of pulmonary disease. This condition is found in some of the islands of which I shall speak.

Let us now note the main climatic traits of the following five regions, numbering still from west to east, and taking a glimpse at the Mediterranean climates: 1. The Pacific coast from Southern California to Vancouver Island. 2. Colorado and the bulk of the Territories—the interior Cordillera or mountain climate. 3. The climate of the States proper, from Maine to Florida, east of the 100th degree of longitude. 4. The Atlantic islands that lie in the Gulf Stream. 5. Western Europe from Portugal to Lapland—also a Gulf Stream, or, as Humboldt called it, an essentially island climate.

1. The Pacific coast climates repeat, as has been already suggested, many of the features of the Western European climates. But they repeat them upon a restricted territorial scale, the strip of country west of the mountains, and extending from Mexico to British America, being equal in area to only about one-tenth part of the plain of Northern Europe. Blodget compares the Pacific climates, from north to south, to the "Norwegian, English, and Spanish or Portuguese, with the intermediate France blotted out, and an anomalous temperature substituted so cold at midsummer as to cut off the vines and corn which ought to be found there;" *i. e.*, to the north of latitude 36°, near Monterey, where the vine climate of Southern California ends, the mean annual temperature falling off to 55°. It need be, indeed, but 49° for the production of "potable wine," yet the mean summer temperature must not fall below 64°; in Monterey it is but 60°. The summer temperatures of the western coast are anomalous, increasing as you leave the shore and go inland; they average 52° at the coast, 60° a few miles inland, 65°, 70°, and 75° as you approach and pass the coast range of mountains. You must keep to the shore for a cool summer. The winter is warm; its temperature is 65° in the south, 50° at San Francisco, and 45° in Southern Oregon. The climate is nowhere extreme. The ranges of both the thermometer and the barometer are limited, as in Western Europe. "The winter and cooler months are delightfully equable on the whole coast, but the summer is harsh and widely different from the summers of [those parts of] Europe which have the same temperature for the winter."* The cause of this is partly a cold current which sweeps the coast toward the 35th parallel; its strongest effect is felt in the region of San Francisco, chilling the summer temperatures. September is there the warmest month of the year. October is warmer than July, while the difference between the averages for July and for January is only 9.17°, as against 44.2° for the same months at Washington. The temperature of San Diego, near the southern boundary of California, is 62° for the year, the same as that of Lisbon and Cadiz, and it corresponds very nearly, month by month, with that of those places, the coolest month in each having a mean of 54°, the highest of 72°. Comparing the means of the same month for successive years, the same equability is observed. At San Diego for six years the extreme mean temperatures for December differed but 4.8°; at San Francisco, for four years, 6.3°; at Benicia, for six years, 3.5°. Compare with these the ranges of the same month in the east—18.5° at Baltimore, and at Norfolk 22.8°. The number of cloudy days at San Diego is small; the annual rainfall is ten inches. In San Francisco the rain and snow fall amounts to twenty-four inches, and there are raw winds from the sea during the summer along the whole northward coasts. Periodic rains too occur, distinguishing the colder months as the rainy season. But, on the whole, the coast climate is dry, elastic, and singularly invigorating, and to the south of Monterey it is well adapted for the relief of pulmonary troubles. Santa Barbara and Los Angeles are especially favorable localities.

2. The interior or mountain climate of the United States—the Territorial climate—is analogous to that of Central Asia, and it has been recommended, in the majority of cases mistakenly, for the relief of lung complaints. This is the dry, severe climate of Montana, the Black Hills of Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, the California Sierras, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and the great mountain ranges of Oregon and Washington Territory. This bleak and elevated region, for which Professor J. D. Whit-

* Blodget, *Climatology*, p. 193.

ney proposes the apt name of the "Cordilleras," is vastly greater in extent than the geographies distinctly tell us. It includes more than a million square miles, or a full third of the area of the United States and Territories. Most of this region, on account of its elevation or its sterility, or both, is not arable land; it can never support a dense population. There are fertile valleys, like that of Salt Lake City, but they are the exceptions. The climate of this mountain country is characterized by sudden and violent changes of temperature, and by a dry and thin atmosphere. In the northern part of this region the extremes of *heat* as well as of cold are more excessive than in the southern. In Northern Montana, close upon the British frontier, the mean temperature at 4.35 P.M. of the hottest week in 1872 was 90°; of the coldest, at 7.35 A.M., 12° below zero—a difference of 102°. At Fort Yuma, at the extreme southwestern boundary of this region, the mean daily range for the summer months is 20° to 30°, as against 10° to 15° for New York. The annual mean of Denver, Colorado, at an elevation of 5135 feet, is 48°. The Signal Service reports show a range in the monthly means from 22.4°, the mean of December, 1873, to 76.1°, that of July, 1874. When we come to the extreme ranges we find the Colorado thermometer accomplishing startling things. Denver lies south of the latitude of Naples. But in January, 1873, the extreme temperatures were 62° above and 17° below zero—a range of 79°; in April they were 10° and 81°—a range of 71°; in July, 42° and 99°—a range of 57°; and in October they touched 5° and 86°—a range of 81°. At Fort Lyon, 4000 feet above the sea, they reach 107° in June, and 108° in July and August. (For condensed tables of Denver temperatures see a convenient little book of *Suggestions to Invalids*, by President Winston, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.) For neither one of the four seasons, therefore, in Colorado can equability of temperature be truthfully claimed. In Dakota, at Fort Sully, 1689 feet above the sea, the annual mean is 46°. The monthly means ranged from 9.6° for December, 1872, to 75.5° for the following August. Nor was there equality even between the means of the same month in different years. Thus for October and for November, 1872, the means were 52.3° and 24.5°. The next year they were 42.1° and 35.1° respectively, and the extremes are 30° below and 115° above zero (Schott).

Within these limits I must not multiply figures. But those just given are fairly representative of the case, and the thing to remember is that this interior climate is every where essentially the same—a dry climate of excessive and racking extremes—while the very thinness of the air is a source of danger to delicate invalids. "New-comers in Colorado," says Bayard Taylor somewhere, "may be recognized by the spots of blood upon their handkerchiefs." The tourist and rover, the man of vigorous temperament and out-of-door aptitudes, may find health and stimulus in that thin dry air. But as a rule the delicate invalid can not be too strongly warned away from the "Cordillera" climate.

3. We come now to the climate in which most of my readers live, and to which, "for better or worse," most of us are committed—the climate, namely, of the region east of the 100th meridian, or of the States from Maine to Florida and Mississippi. The annual means of heat range from 40° in the northern to 76° in the southern belt of States. But from Canada to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, this vast region is climatically one. Throughout this great plain—for the old distinction between the climate of the Atlantic States and that of the Mississippi Valley is found to be untenable—we are still in a region of "excessive climates," corresponding in the main with those of the Eastern Asiatic plain—of China and Tartary. Rapid and violent changes in heat, atmospheric pressure, moisture, and electric tension characterize our climate, the storms sweeping over this vast area with quite predictable regularity, moving from the mountains to the Atlantic upon "the eternal west wind" of North America.

The difficulty is to choose from the vast mass of observations which show these racking changes. The climate of St. Paul, Minnesota, fairly represents that of the whole Northwestern region. Turning to the admirable Smithsonian temperature tables, by Charles A. Schott, we shall find its yearly mean 42°; a mean for the winter of 15° (or 17° below the freezing-point), 41° for the spring, 68° for the summer, and 45° for the autumn—a difference of 53° between the means of the winter and of the summer. The winter is very severe, but not equably severe; on the contrary, the monthly variations during the winter are considerably greater than those during any other season, generally exceeding 60° in any winter month. Between the means of the hottest and the coldest month in two years (Signal Service Reports) the difference was 68°, those of January, 1873, and July, 1874, being 6.7° and 74.7° respectively. Between the extreme temperatures of a particular month the range was never less than 42° (in August, 1874), and it went as high as 74.5° in March, 1873, averaging 51°. The extremes of the year range from 39° below to 99° above zero. The daily variations, too, contrary to a common opinion, are very trying; they frequently amount to 20°, not rarely to 30°, and sometimes to 40°, during the twenty-four hours, the mercury during seven months of

spring, autumn, and winter passing and repassing the freezing-point about one hundred times. These daily variations are no greater than ours in the Eastern States. But a severe commentary on the Western climate, as a whole, is found in the small number of cures recorded. It has been estimated that of all those who visit Minnesota with consumption only one in fifteen recovers.* The coldest region in the United States is in Northern Minnesota and Dakota; the hottest, the lower course of the Colorado and Gila rivers.

We shall find the record of climates nearer the sea-board similar to that of the West, except that the cold is not quite so excessive and long-continued. In Boston, from October, 1872, to September, 1874, there was no month during which the range of temperature was less than 40°; it was 73° in April, 1874. The extremes during the two years were 98° above and 8° below zero. New York, merely as to temperature, as Humboldt says, has "the summer of Rome and the winter of Copenhagen." No point in Western Europe, from Portugal to the extreme point of Scotland, is so cold in winter as even Philadelphia. At latitude 37° the average summer heat registered exceeds that of any climate in Europe, with extremes rising, as in the Northern States, above 100°. Going southward, we find in Augusta, Georgia, and elsewhere, that the temperature easily overleaps 100° (Signal Service Reports). In Charleston the ranges during the first five months of 1874 were 42°, 41°, 44°, 37°, and 42° respectively. June and July were more equable, having extreme variations of but 27° and 23°; but in August the differences of temperature were 44°. The figures for Savannah correspond nearly with these, and in Jacksonville, Florida, the monthly ranges are even greater. From February to September, 1874, they were 44°, 50°, 49°, 46°, 31°, 24°, 34°, and 36° respectively, with a highest temperature of 100°.

This table will illustrate the extreme and the average ranges of summer temperature of points at considerable distances from each other:

Highest and Lowest Summer Temperatures.

		June.	July.	August.	Average Range.
St. Louis	Highest	95°	95°	95°	39.7°
	Lowest	51°	58°	57°	
Baltimore	Highest	92°	94°	91°	33.7°
	Lowest	54°	62°	60°	
Charleston	Highest	89°	90.5°	89°	22.1°
	Lowest	66.5°	72°	70.3°	
Key West	Highest	88.4°	89.7°	89.7°	13.7°
	Lowest	74.5°	76°	76°	

Throughout this eastward climate the supply of moisture and the barometric pressure are almost as variable as the heat. The most rain falls in the southern and eastern portion of it; in Florida the summer is the wet season.

These figures may be tedious except to some of my invalid readers; but they are necessary to show that for the whole area east of the Rocky Mountains extreme variability is the leading climatic feature. In the Southern States, again, the cold is less severe, and a visit to Georgia or Florida will often be of the highest use for rest and relaxation. These, indeed, rather than the specific influence of climate, are often what do the most good to the invalid who is suffering from overwork or anxiety. For such a person it is not mainly the "change of air," but rest and change of place and habits that work the cures that are often mistakenly credited to climate. But when the specific influence of climate is really needed, we must look, as a rule, to milder skies than most of those already described. Except in Southern California, few spots in our country can rightfully claim to possess a climate that is beneficial for pulmonary complaints.

Where, then, can good climates for weak lungs be found? Those that are warmed and equalized by the Gulf Stream possess, on the whole, the highest sum of advantages for those who are able to leave the States for a continuous residence. These come next in the order of our classification, and are the most equable of all mild climates. They are:

4. The Atlantic islands of the Gulf Stream —Madeira, the Canaries, the Azores, the Bermudas. The climate of Madeira has been studied ever since the observations of Heberden in 1749, and has shown no change until lately. Since the cultivation of the sugar-cane upon the island there is somewhat more of moisture being noticed than formerly. I will rapidly sketch its features, premising that the climate of Teneriffe in the Canaries is at least equally good, though that island is not as yet so much resorted to.

The annual mean at Funchal is 68°; the means of the seasons, from winter to autumn, are 63°, 65°, 71°, and 70° respectively; and those of the months, in order, 60°, 61°, 62°, 62°, 63°, 67°, 70°, 72°, 71°, 67°, 64°, 61°. In a given month the greatest range is but 11° (in August and in January). The daily variations are commonly from 4° to 8°; less frequently they are 3° and 9° or 10°. There are rare days when the variation is as little as 1.5°, or, on the other hand, as much as 15° or 17°. In Santa Anna, Madeira, for nearly forty years "the mercury did not go below 60° nor rise above 80°." There are a few hours during the year, however, when the *leste*—a hot wind from the Sahara—may raise the mercury to 85°. The atmosphere contains a moderate amount of moisture, in which the variations are not violent. There are from 160 to 200 clear days in the year.

* Dr. J. W. Howe, *Winter Homes for Invalids.*

The rain-fall averages thirty inches, varying considerably with different years; and "weak storms," says Dr. Barral, who lived long in Madeira, "occur from six to twelve times a year." He adds, what many a sojourner in Madeira has found to be true, that it is a particularly pleasant place to live in, having good society and every comfort that an invalid can require.*

5. The Western European and Mediterranean climates are mild and equable, though less so than those of the islands which we have just left. Equability, however, is not the only thing to be considered in choosing. For a single season at least these climates offer, each according to its special features, a variety of recruiting places suitable for every class of invalids but the most delicate. For a winter residence the coast climates of Southeastern France and Spain are the best, those regions being protected by Alpine barriers, crowding down to the very shore, from the winter storms that sweep southward from the Arctic Sea, sometimes as far as Algeria. In no part of Europe can winter be left quite behind, as in the Atlantic islands of the temperate zone. But under judicious medical advice the invalid need not go astray in his search for a climate. Dr. Henry Bennet prefers Mentone, in the Riviera, for the winter, living there from mid-October to the third week in May, and spending the rest of his time in London. This, indeed, he calls the best summer climate in Europe, differing from the poetic or lay view, so to speak, of Byron, who complained that the London summer was "too severe." Statistically it averages 62°.

I annex for reference a table showing the season temperatures in different places, which are arranged in the order of equable climate by the difference of the summer and winter means. It is compiled from the works of Sir James Clark, Blodget, Bennet, and the Signal Service and Smithsonian reports. In conclusion, I may add that the ease and economy of living in the countries of Western and Southern Europe, and the incomparable charm of their natural scenery and their art, may be counted, not unfairly, as real hygienic advantages to a certain degree. By the delight these give to the mind they are likely to benefit the condition of the invalid who may pitch his tent for a season, with intelligent choice, in some one of the climes where modern civilization has blossomed the most beautifully.

TABLE OF SEASONS.

Mean Temperatures (Fahrenheit).

Places.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Difference between Means of Winter and Summer.
Funchal, Madeira	62.88	64.55	70.89	70.19	8.10
St. Michael's, Azores	57.83	61.17	68.33	62.33	10.50
Santa Cruz, Canaries	64.65	68.87	76.68	74.17	12.03
Nassau, New Providence	70.67	77.67	86.00	80.33	15.33
San Diego, California	54.09	60.14	69.67	64.53	15.58
Cadiz	52.90	59.93	70.43	65.35	17.53
Lisbon	53.00	60.00	71.00	62.00	18.00
Malta	57.46	62.76	78.20	71.03	20.74
Palermo	53.10	59.30	74.70	66.80	21.60
Algiers	55.00	66.00	77.00	60.00	22.00
St. Augustine, Florida	58.25	68.69	80.36	71.90	22.11
Naples	48.50	58.50	70.83	64.50	22.33
Corfu	54.28	59.85	77.09	70.97	22.81
Rome	48.90	57.65	72.16	63.96	23.26
Mentone	49.50	60.00	73.00	55.60	23.50
Nice	47.82	56.23	72.26	61.63	24.44
New Orleans	56.00	69.37	81.08	69.80	25.08
Paris	38.43	50.40	64.47	52.30	26.04
Cairo, Egypt	58.52	73.58	85.10	71.48	26.58
Jacksonville, Florida	55.02	63.88	81.93	62.54	26.91
Marseilles	45.50	57.56	72.50	60.08	27.00
Montpellier	44.20	53.33	71.30	61.30	27.10
Savannah, Georgia	51.80	68.20	79.30	66.81	27.50
Pau	41.86	54.06	70.72	57.39	28.86
Pisa	46.03	57.20	75.15	62.80	29.12
Florence	44.30	56.00	74.00	60.70	29.70
Siena	40.50	54.10	70.80	57.10	30.30
Genoa	44.57	58.60	75.03	62.24	30.46
Aiken, South Carolina	45.82	61.32	77.36	61.96	31.54
Avignon	42.60	57.13	74.66	59.00	32.06
Boston, Massachusetts	28.08	45.61	68.68	51.04	40.60
New York	31.93	48.26	72.62	48.50	40.69
Denver, Colorado	27.66	46.33	71.66	47.16	44.00
St. Paul, Minnesota	15.09	41.29	68.03	44.98	52.94
Minneapolis	12.87	40.12	68.34	45.33	55.47

* A somewhat detailed account of the effects of this climate upon invalids may be found in Dr. Barral's book, *Climat de Madère* (Baillière, Paris, 1858). See, too, the works of Mason, Mittermaier, Grabham, and White upon the same subject; and Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's pleasant volume on *The Atlantic Islands* (Harper and Brothers, 1878).

MISS VEDDER.

"THEY live across the river, in the Palmer house."

"That old shell?"

"Yes," replied Miss Vedder. "They do not seem to mind its condition; but that is explained by their Southern origin, I think. The old-time Southern country houses always looked dilapidated to Northern eyes; the inmates seemed to be quite indifferent to broken locks and latches and sagged piazzas. But it did not come from want of money; on the contrary, they were the richest people I ever knew."

"She has a curiously unworldly look," said Dwight, in a musing tone.

Miss Vedder came back to personal applications; she spent a good part of her time in coming back. Her tendency was to generalize, to take broad views of subjects, but she found that almost every body else preferred personal applications, and instead of looking at the whole South, for instance, brought the matter down to Fanny Singleton.

"That is because she *is* unworldly," she answered.

Dwight shrugged his shoulders, and sent a spiral of cigar smoke up into the air above his head. He was leaning back in an arm-chair before a cheery little wood fire which lit up the cavernous recesses of the old fireplace, whose fire-dogs were two stiff little Continental soldiers steadfastly presenting arms. Not much fire was needed, since it was still early October, and not really cold. Households that live by rule, and those unpleasant and leathery-hearted persons who are "never cold," would have scorned a fire. But Miss Vedder loved fire-light, and preferred to burn her wood and open the windows rather than to sit with them closed before a dark and neutral hearth. Wax candles burned in the chandelier overhead, their soft light screened by porcelain shades; the room was very clearly lighted, yet there was no glare. There was rich and solid coloring, and plenty of open space; no small tables or floor vases for people to stumble over, no array of knickknacks. It will be seen from the fire and the cigar smoke that it was a parlor given over to comfort; from the lights, that even a plain woman could look well there; from the luxury, that its owner was rich.

"You may shrug your shoulders, but she *is* unworldly, Howell."

"Then she is rarely ignorant."

"No."

"Or a fool."

"Neither."

"The old subject," said Dwight, looking up with a smile. "For how many years, Rachel, have we discussed old subjects?"

"For about twenty-five," replied Miss Vedder.

Dwight put up his hand as if to ward off the figures.

"I was ten years old and you sixteen when we first met, Howell; I am now thirty-five, and you—"

"Never mind me; a man is always young. I still look young."

"Not so young as you might."

"What do you mean?"

"You are not quite straight."

Dwight threw back his shoulders.

"You have grown careless in dress and attitude."

He surveyed himself.

"And you will soon be what is called stout."

"The last I deny," said Dwight, with decision. He left his arm-chair, went over to the long mirror, and looked at himself critically. He had been a fine young man, with brown eyes and hair, strong, well-cut features, a tall, broad person, and an appearance of vigorous health; at forty he impressed one as carelessly dressed and large, and older than he really was, older than many a man of his own age who was lean and active and had taken care of himself. "Oh, I look well enough, Rachel," he said; "you are mistaken."

"You only see the front view," replied Miss Vedder; "the face is comparatively unchanged. But the back view and side view are very different."

"I am glad you acknowledge at least the face," said Dwight, coming back to his chair. "I was always a handsome fellow, and I am now, but you like to put me down." He spoke in his usual half-bantering way, and resumed his cigar. After a while he asked her to play. She put down her knitting, went over to the piano, and played selections from Beethoven and Schumann with remarkable exactness, but with under rather than over expression. She never allowed herself the least personal feeling in her music. "It is a pity you do not sing," said Dwight.

"Yes, I am sorry I do not," she replied, coming back to her seat. "But you like what I played." She spoke affirmatively, and it was true. Howell Dwight entertained the idea that it was his natural delicacy in all artistic matters that gave him his comprehension of classical music, but in reality it was the persistence of his cousin Rachel. It began in childhood; when she comprehended a new passage and enjoyed it, she never rested until he comprehended and enjoyed it also. It was like teaching Shakspeare's plays orally to a person who can not read; the scholar learned more by the teacher's patience than by any effort of his own. Still he learned.

At ten o'clock a maid brought in supper. "Isn't it rather early?" said Dwight, glancing discontentedly at the tray.

"It is ten o'clock, and you have half a mile to walk," replied Miss Vedder, rolling up her knitting.

"What a martinet you are, and always were, Rachel! As I look back, I see nothing but laws and rules."

"Nothing?" said his companion, with a slight touch of feeling in her voice. She was standing up, carving a cold chicken; the fire-light shone on the yellow and blue china, the wine-glasses and tall wine-bottles.

"You are the best woman in the world, and I owe every thing to you," said Dwight, brushing her hand with his brown mustache. She laughed at him for mingling sentiment with cold chicken, and very comfortably they enjoyed the little supper by the fire. Then he started on his half-mile walk to the inn on the beach, where he was domiciled, and all Miss Vedder's dogs went with him down to the turn in the road, where stood old Polly Malone's cabin, with its boards all painted a bright pink; here Bandy Malone came out, and gravely went with his neighbors back to their own gate—a piece of etiquette from which he never varied, although he was now an old dog, and troubled with rheumatism.

The next day the sun shone brightly; here and there a scarlet branch fired the dark green maples, and the thick little leaves of the beeches began to curl at their edges and turn yellow. Dwight came over, and they went out rowing. He had been in the habit of shooting on the hills more or less in the autumn, and of going to the duck shore, a mile or two below. Even now he went through the form of bringing his gun as far as Miss Vedder's cottage. But he had outgrown his taste for discomfort, and having been once really lost on the Balkans, he felt as if he had exhausted that sort of thing. So this morning, after talking a while with Aunt Maria, who, not his aunt at all, but Rachel's, had, however, long ago accepted him as an inevitable nephew, he went out in the row-boat, sitting at the stern and steering, while Rachel rowed. She liked to row; it was her favorite exercise. She had a firm, strong hand, not small, but finely shaped and vigorous. They went down the river some distance, and then came back, crossing the bows of another boat which was going toward the landing. "Good-morning," said Miss Vedder, resting on her oars for a moment. "When you have finished your lesson, will you come and lunch with us, Fanny?"

The young girl in the other boat smiled and nodded assent, rowing on toward the landing.

"What lesson does she take?" asked Dwight.

"A music lesson, from Mrs. Green, the rector's wife."

"The parsonage is inhabited again, then. How many Greens?"

"Only two—madam and her husband."

"So that is the order of naming, is it?"

"He is an able man and a good man; but you will understand what I mean when you see them," replied Miss Vedder.

"The child rows well, doesn't she?" said Dwight, watching the other boat.

Now Fanny did not row well at all; but her slender figure, outlined with clear distinctness, as a figure in a row-boat always is on smooth water, looked girlish and graceful. She tied the boat to the little dock, took a roll of music in her hand, and walking up the road, disappeared among the trees on her way to the parsonage.

"She walks well," said Dwight—"like an Andalusian."

The gait that he admired was yielding and slightly languid; it came from want of strength; yet the young girl's figure was so slender and light that it seemed more like indolence. Her waist was very small, and she was long for her breadth, like the grasses; she conveyed a marked impression of litheness, as though she could wind herself about like a vine, or bend and curve in any direction. She liked easy-chairs and cushions, and was almost always tired.

She stopped at the cottage after her lesson, crossing the parlor with the same yielding step, and sinking into an arm-chair, her roll of music sliding to the floor.

"Tired?" asked Miss Vedder.

"No," said Fanny, smiling. "But Mrs. Green scolds me so!" She threw her head back, and let her straw hat drop by the side of the music.

She was seventeen years old. Her face had a peach-like fairness, her hair was light brown, and she had pearly little teeth, slightly separated from each other in an infantile way; her blue eyes had long lashes, and she had soft, useless little hands, and an especially white, soft, round throat, which always made Miss Vedder think of poor Anne Boleyn's last jest. For the rest, her features were irregular, and any one could see that her beauty was the beauty of youth: at thirty she would be plain. Yet when Mrs. Green remarked that one day, Miss Vedder replied that youth was the time for beauty, so what did it matter? A woman could be attractive and fascinating after thirty, but not beautiful; and a regular profile often became the most wearying thing on earth.

It was a sunny day, and Fanny wore a white dress—a reminiscence of summer which struck Dwight as pretty and peculiar. In truth, it was simply indolence. A woolen dress was lying half made on the table at home, and would continue to lie there until the stern snow drove her to her thimble. She put out her feet to warm

them by the fire, and displayed a little pair of kid boots, well worn and shabby, but made in the extreme of an absurd fashion, the high heel running forward under the instep; she had spent all her spare money for them in the spring when passing through the city. She was a sweet-tempered little creature, seeming to have a secure confidence in the good-will of every body. That her straw hat was shabby and no other forth-coming, that she lived in a forlorn old house across the river, while Miss Vedder had houses and lands and gems and velvets at command, did not trouble her in the least. As for position, was she not a Singleton? As for all else—oh! something would happen.

She trifled with the substantial part of the lunch, took a little fruit, laughed at Dwight's badinage—a sweet, childish laugh—talked of her old Southern home with quick-springing tears, went to drive with them wrapped in one of Miss Vedder's India shawls, came back to dinner with her hair half down, and allowed it to remain so, although Miss Vedder offered the services of her maid and a share of her dressing-room. Miss Vedder always dressed for dinner, so she disappeared, leaving Fanny with Aunt Maria, who, established in her usual corner, was engaged in her usual occupation of knitting tidies. Aunt Maria made them of all shapes, round, oval, square, and oblong; fringed and plain. All her friends had dozens of them: she sent them to all the charitable institutions; the very Indians had received them. If knitting was her occupation, the playing of a voluminous game called solitaire was her amusement; there were fifteen different ways of playing it, and she never went to bed happy unless she had succeeded in "getting them all out." Immediately after the five-o'clock dinner she began, on an especial table appropriated to her use, and as nine was her hour for retiring, she was obliged to be extremely diligent to accomplish her task, often not speaking a word voluntarily during the entire evening, and answering all questions with a distraught air.

There was a room in the wing which had for years been Dwight's whenever he chose to appropriate it. He fully intended to go there now in a moment or two; a coat of his hung in the closet, and different masculine belongings were scattered about comfortably. Yet when Miss Vedder came back, robed in plain black velvet with a little fine old lace, she found him where she had left him, talking to Fanny, Aunt Maria placidly knitting near by. Aunt Maria liked the Singletons; she had disposed of a number of tidies among them, and Mrs. Singleton had taught her a new solitaire. She remarked to her niece that it was great good fortune having them in the old Palmer house, and that certainly Mrs. Singleton was more agreeable than Mrs. Green. Miss Vedder replied pleasantly, but in her heart she had small patience with the drawling, affected little Southern widow, who, with her six children and her poverty, was trying to play at aristocracy in the old house across the river. Her boys were not to seek any ordinary occupation—they were Singletons; some of the professions might eventually have the honor of receiving them. In the mean time they could barely read. She lived in a halo of romance as to her daughter Fanny; according to her account, every body fell in love with the child at first sight. To do the sentimental little woman justice, it was love, and not money, that occupied her thoughts. She had married for love herself, and had adored her husband; they were all rich then, and had time to adore. Things were different now; but Fanny would win the same romantic and chivalrous devotion. And in thinking of this (and talking about it too), mending was postponed, and the dinner forgotten. Miss Vedder related all this to Dwight after Fanny had gone home in the carriage, and they were left alone together by the fire.

"They came here last June," she said, "after your May visit was over. They have taken the house for a year."

"Aren't they going to freeze over there this winter?"

"Oh, it will end in their having wood from here, and Mrs. Singleton will write me a letter thanking me as a queen thanks a farmer's wife! However, Fanny is a lovely child, and I am interested in her, and glad to help her."

"What are you doing for her?" asked Dwight.

"I am having her take lessons from Mrs. Green. She has a sweet voice, and after a while I shall find her a good place in a church choir."

"Why not let me hear her sing?"

"Of course you shall hear her. I will have her here again to-morrow; and the Greens too."

"Will *they* add?"

"Yes; Fanny sings better when Mrs. Green plays the accompaniment. But aunt and I will entertain the clericals; you needn't be afraid."

"I declare, Rachel, you are the best creature in the world," said Dwight, throwing back his head and laughing. Miss Vedder laughed also, and laughed frankly, making no disclaimer against his inference. She had accompanied him through a long list of fancies and love affairs, hearing all he had to tell, never objecting, always interested, giving her opinion when it accorded with his, and saying nothing when it did not. He had now a fair income of his own, but during many years he had been helped by

his cousin, who at her majority had come into possession of a fortune. They were in reality only second cousins, but had been from childhood like brother and sister. Howell had insisted upon paying back what he had borrowed, and Rachel had allowed it because it pleased him to do so; but he never could repay her years of kindness and sympathy, and he knew he never could. Once at twenty-five and once at thirty he had been upon the verge of marrying, but both times had drawn back. Since then he had had many fancies, and still continued to have them, although he had acquired also a fixed belief in the worldliness and hypocrisy of women, and their native tendencies toward deceit. His acquaintance was principally among women of the world and of fashion, who liked him because he was never at a loss, never ill-tempered, and because he never revolted against the little usages and phrases which are the fences of society, although in reality *doing* exactly as he pleased. Lately, however, a change had come: Howell Dwight had begun to perceive in a disgusted sort of way that his opinion was not so infallible as formerly, and that his eyes were not so important. This, however, was only occasionally. Women are so much more merciful than men that they conceal for a long time their opinions as to Corydon's advancing age and girth, but Corydon has no such thoughtfulness for Phyllis grown commonplace and stout.

Rachel Vedder kept her place quietly in society by her cousin's side. Rich, entertaining regularly and handsomely, agreeable, and well-informed, she was a prominent figure in her own circle; as she did not care personally for attention, the women were all her friends. Of course she had suitors; the Vedder fortune was a thing that could not run away. But she did not favor her suitors, and she had none of the common tricks of encouragement while pretending to discourage, which are the bane of almost all women who are really good, and the especial failing of the pious. The Vedder fortune has been mentioned; the Vedder face was equally well known, and Rachel Vedder had it. Her eyes were of a light blue color, and small; her hair, pale flaxen in hue, was of the peculiar sort which separates into lifeless little locks, showing the skin of the head between; her cheeks were broad, her features somewhat heavy, and her complexion, strong and unchanging, while not in the least what is called sallow, was yet yellow, almost of the same shade as her eyelashes and hair. It was said of her sometimes that she "matched beautifully." Brilliantly white, strong, even teeth added an appearance of vigorous health to this plain, quiet face, and the effect was increased by a straight, firm, broad-shouldered form, rather under than over medium height. Certainly Miss Vedder was not handsome; if you sought for an adjective, you would probably select commonplace. Nobody thought much how she looked, one way or the other. She was always richly but plainly dressed, and she had a voice that pleased the ear unconsciously, full of round tones.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Green and Fanny dined at the cottage. It was still comparatively warm weather, and Fanny wore another white dress, and, from some freak, she had tied her hair back and allowed it to flow down over her shoulders, like the sunny fleece of a child; she looked about fifteen. The dress was patched and old; a dealer in second-hand clothes would hardly have given a dollar for her whole equipment; yet the general effect was very picturesque. Mrs. Green entered next, and moved down the centre of the long apartment like a frigate going into action. She was a large, rawboned woman, also with blue eyes and light hair, like Fanny and the hostess, but as different from them as they were from each other. She wore a robe of some light green woolen material, flounced to the waist, and she had a large rosette of green satin on each side of her head, a background for the two orbed prominences of her yellow hair, arched over puff-combs in the style of her youth, and brought down low over the forehead. Broad lace under-sleeves of the fashion known as "flowing" shaded her large hands, and below her strong throat and the beginnings of the collar-bones, like the roots of a tree and the tree trunk, reposed a lace collar and a shell cameo breastpin of imposing size. This lady, after ceremonious greetings, sat down and crossed her feet. They were visible. In large Congress gaiters without heels, there was something about them that fascinated Dwight's eyes, so that he caught himself looking at them almost continually. He studied their pose and their self-respecting calmness. There was a good deal of sole.

In the mean time Miss Vedder talked to the clergyman. Of course the Reverend Abner Green was a small man; yet he was a man of decided opinions, intelligence, and ability. The trouble was that his wife, with her size and her affection, overshadowed him. She was a German, and musical to the inmost fibre; left in her own sphere, the atmosphere of strings and brass, of symphonies and musical ecstasies, she would have been a power. But, borne away into plain American life, she was constantly out of place despite her vehement efforts to accord herself with it. She was that curious mixture of intense romance and fervor combined with minutest attention to the details of domestic affairs which seems peculiar to German women. Her favorite dish was cabbage soup, and she called her husband "my adored."

In spite of this it was, however, impossible to laugh at her.

The dinner moved on through its courses pleasantly. Aunt Maria, who never knew quite what to do with Mrs. Green, kept up a purring little conversation with the Reverend Abner, while Miss Vedder talked to the German wife, who went by the name of Sophia-Charlotte. Dwight chatted with Fanny, save when a wind of general conversation blew for a few moments, and they all talked together.

"Sophia-Charlotte, what was that selection you played last Sunday?" said the clergyman—"Mrs. Blake wishes to know."

Aunt Maria, who did not cherish any violent wishes on the subject, and was afraid some one would write down the title and expect her to remember it, looked frightened.

"It was from Bach, my adored; page twenty-nine in the brown book," replied Sophia-Charlotte.

"We must have some music by-and-by," remarked Miss Vedder. "I want Fanny to sing."

"She shall, she shall," replied the teacher, nodding at her pupil encouragingly. "We do the 'Serenade' now quite nicely—yes, quite nicely."

"Schubert's?" said Dwight, looking at Fanny.

"Yes," she answered; "but I do not like it much."

"Yes, you do," said Sophia-Charlotte, shaking her long forefinger severely at her scholar; "but we shall see—we shall see. You will feel the heavenly fire."

Later in the evening the music began. The German woman played magnificently in the most denuded, strictly classical style; and then Fanny sang the "Serenade." Before she began they all changed their positions a little, as people do after a long listening to music. Miss Vedder moved into the shadow of the bay-window, and Dwight walked to the end of the room, where he stood leaning over the back of a chair.

"*Now*," said Sophia-Charlotte, in an under-tone, as she finished the prelude, "do your best!" She spoke with dramatic briefness, and Fanny, with one quick glance around, obeyed. We all know that "Serenade," and its passionate appealing; it is sometimes called old-fashioned now, but fortunately Sophia-Charlotte knew nothing of fashions. Fanny sang the French words, and sang them as Howell Dwight had never heard them sung before; there was meaning in every note. The German woman, colorless and wooden as she looked, played as if inspired; but nobody noticed her. It was Fanny, with her crimson cheeks, upon whom all eyes were fastened; it was Fanny's sweet voice, dying away and then rising again, to which all listened. She sang with so much intensity that Dwight found himself clutching the chair back with force enough to dent the leather.

It was over. "Ach! mein Herz," said Sophia-Charlotte, letting her hands drop from the keys with a deep, long sigh. Fanny was breathing quickly.

"Oh, I must get some fresh air," she exclaimed, rushing out on to the piazza, and closing the door behind her. But Dwight followed.

"She will certainly take cold," said Aunt Maria.

"Ah, Abner!" sighed Sophia-Charlotte. Her eyes were full of tears; her large hand rested on her husband's shoulder. She always went straight to him when she felt the divine ecstasy of music in her heart.

"Yes, yes, dear," he replied, understandingly. And if they had been as young and beautiful as the Huguenot Lovers, they could not have loved each other more.

Aunt Maria, very uneasy as to night air, wished to call in the truants. Miss Vedder pleasantly but decidedly prevented any interference. The two figures could be seen through the long windows walking up and down the piazza in the moonlight. Presently they came in, and soon afterward Dwight accompanied Fanny home in the carriage.

"No, I think I will not come back to-night, Rachel," he said. "I will send the carriage home, and walk over to the beach from the bridge."

The next day, strolling through the wood, they came upon Fanny, sitting on a fallen tree, surrounded by the younger children, putting the finishing touches to a little cross made of twigs, mosses, and lichens. Her hat was on the ground, the children crowded around her; she looked absorbed.

"Wasn't that a very pretty little thing she was making?" asked Dwight, as, after a few moments' conversation, they passed on. "Quite a poetic idea, wasn't it?"

Miss Vedder had herself taught Fanny how to make the crosses; her parlor always held a few woodland decorations of exquisite workmanship and taste. But Dwight had never noticed them. She now replied, simply, that the cross was indeed very pretty, and said no more.

"The children seemed fond of her," continued Dwight.

"She is a good and affectionate sister," replied his companion, cordially.

The next Sunday, as she sat in her place before the morning service began, Dwight came in and took his seat beside her. He hardly ever came to church; generally but once during his half-yearly visit. The little temple had been beautified by the modern Vedders; it had stained-glass windows, an open roof, and a fine organ. But it was rather an unfortunate little church, after all, since the small country congregation relied

upon the Vedder family to do every thing, and then abused them for doing it. A succession of rectors had vainly tried to enjoy the hospitality of the leading family and be friendly also with the other members of the congregation; but the other members held off, and when winter came, and the Vedders were gone, they had their innings. The Rev. Mr. Green was new to the place, and the spectacle of Sophia-Charlotte at the organ still newer. Miss Vedder had made up the deficiency in the salary, the weather was still pleasant, and active warfare was for the present dormant. The congregation came to church. A ritualistic Vedder had placed the organ on one side of the chancel, and as the chancel was too small for it, the organist and the choir became prominently conspicuous, like a row of scholars on a recitation bench. Fanny Singleton sang in this choir; it was part of her training under Sophia-Charlotte. The seats had been arranged for choristers, but as there were no boys, Fanny had appropriated a corner where the carved wood, arching over her head, gave her the appearance of a very young Madonna in a niche. She had not thought of the appearance; it was the cushioned back which had attracted her. Something troubled her to day; her eyes showed traces of tears. She broke down once or twice in the chants, and seemed glad at every prayer to sink upon her knees and hide her face. Nobody noticed these little changes in her save Dwight (and perhaps one other). And Fanny certainly did not notice any one at all. He could not flatter himself that she was in any way thinking of him.

They were but two hours' journey from the city. The next day Dwight proposed that they should go up and see a collection of paintings which had been placed on exhibition for the benefit of some charity.

"But we have seen almost all of them," said Miss Vedder, somewhat surprised.

"I thought perhaps Fanny might like to go," said Dwight, a little consciously.

"Of course she would," said Miss Vedder, responding to his project immediately; "but not to-day. Let us say Wednesday." She knew that the woolen dress would have to be finished first.

They went. Miss Vedder added the pretty gloves that made the costume passable. Dwight was well dressed that day and in excellent spirits. He led Fanny to all the finest pictures, and listened to her comments. They were but few: the young girl had small appreciation for the works of art before her, and she was far too natural, and too well-bred also, to feign an admiration she did not feel. After a while the sense of being on Dwight's arm, among so many nice people, hearing cultivated accents, brushing rich fabrics, and breathing soft perfumes, began to arouse her. She was an indolent little creature, not often aroused. Rachel, who had been on the other side, disengaged herself and walked behind them, in order not to present too broad a phalanx in the crowded room. After a while she was separated from them, and they missed her; when she came up again they did not see her. They were in front of a painting representing a woman standing alone on a dreary heath; the woman was neither young nor beautiful; she was gazing westward, but there was nothing for her to see. Not a living thing broke the monotony of the heath, and on every side the brown earth met the sky-line solidly and squarely. Yet a dreamy smile lit up her face; plainly she saw something which no one else could see.

"'Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,'"

murmured Fanny, in a low voice, her face catching for a moment the very expression of the face in the picture. Miss Vedder fell back instantly into the crowd again; they did not see her at all. She was trembling a little. She had a photograph of that picture at home, and had herself written those lines under it, and Fanny had read them. It was some time before she joined them again, and when she did she came from the opposite direction, so that they could see her approach.

"Where have you been so long?" asked Dwight.

"I met some acquaintances," she replied, which was true. She had many acquaintances.

"I must tell you something remarkable, Rachel," said Dwight that evening, as they sat alone over the fire. It was late, but she had waited for this. She felt sure it would come. "You remember that picture of Boughton's—I forget what he calls it—the pre-Raphaelite woman alone on a heath, with that dreamy smile on her face? What do you suppose that child quoted as we stood before it? Those lines of Wordsworth:

'Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.'

The very essence of the idea of that picture, as it has always seemed to me. Think of a girl of sixteen quoting the 'Ode to Immortality!'" He was evidently deeply impressed. After a moment, as if to cover his thought, he added, "But I suppose the Southerners are more familiar with old poetry than we are. I know they are with old prose."

"Mrs. Singleton often quotes Pope," said Rachel, "and Milton too." She spoke in rather a measured voice, adding "and Milton too" as if to make her statement quite

accurate. She was embroidering, and her face was bent over her work. Dwight looked at her and smiled internally. "You dear, good Rachel," he thought, "how little you suspect!" Then he went away, and Miss Vedder sat and thought, her embroidery thrown aside now, her cheek resting on her hand.

Three weeks passed, and still the bright weather lingered. Aunt Maria was surprised to find herself lingering too; they had never staid so late in the country before. The Greens enjoyed the prolonged season of Vedder hospitality innocently, not perceiving the injured air gradually extending over the congregation, nor dreaming of the cold bleakness in store for them. There was music almost every evening in Miss Vedder's parlor, although Miss Vedder herself did not touch her piano. "Mrs. Green plays so much better than I do," she said.

"She *is* like a full orchestra and an organ and a steam-engine combined," answered Dwight.

"She has intense feeling, Howell."

"Perhaps so, but not the sort of face that goes with it," replied the masculine voice.

The little summer inn on the beach had finally closed its doors, and Dwight was staying at the cottage. He seemed possessed by a desire for excursions of all kinds, and Miss Vedder aided him. Fanny was always ready to go, accompanied by small detachments of brothers, and once or twice Mrs. Singleton herself went with them. When there was no excursion, the young girl, stopping at the cottage on her way home from her music lesson, would be easily persuaded to spend the day, or even the night: the old Southern habit of visiting and having visitors made this quite natural to her, however purposeless it might seem to the others. There was hardly a day, therefore, of the three weeks which Dwight did not spend either wholly or in part with her. If the girl had had a trace of worldliness in her the man of the world would have found it out, and lost his interest at once; but it was her uncaring truthfulness, and the real indifference which every now and then broke through her little coquetries, and, above all, the transient moods of sorrow which flitted over her face, that attracted him, piqued him, and lured him on. She was intensely devout, going to every service, kneeling, bowing, making little signs of the cross, and lifting her eyes as reverentially toward the Reverend Abner as though he had been an archangel: at the very time, perhaps, the feather on her round hat would be held in its place by two large white pins, a long rent in her skirt would be plainly visible, and the buttons on her sacque hanging by a thread or gone entirely. Aunt Maria noticed this carelessness and commented on it.

"I must say it seems pleasant to me to see a girl who is *not* thinking all the time about her clothes," said Dwight.

Miss Vedder was now waiting for a confession. For years Dwight had enjoyed all his love affairs doubly because he could relate them in all their windings to her; a man over forty likes the slow analysis and retrospect which the youth of twenty scorns. But this time the confession came in a new guise. It was not a confession exactly, only a hint; Dwight began to turn the conversation when they were alone together toward religious subjects. He and his cousin had been over the ground before, and were of much the same opinions, although the woman, as usual, made her life more consistent with them than the man did. But now he began talking as though they were both in error, going off into long rhapsodies about the wonderful attributes of "an unquestioning belief."

"It took the early Christians into the arena, and held them smiling at the burning stake," he said. "Isn't that better than this?"

"Than what?" said Miss Vedder. "Do you mean the room, the fire, these luxuries?"

"Not exactly; I mean the endless power of such a belief." Then he paused, and with a shade of embarrassment added, in a lower tone, "Have you not noticed a change in me, Rachel?"

"No, I have not," replied Miss Vedder. For the life of her she could not utter the sympathetic response which would have drawn out the whole; she was too deeply hurt. What! were her long years of consistent faith, charity, and good works to be as nothing beside a few signs of the cross, a tear or two, and some transient church-going? Love is never so deceitful as when he puts on a religious guise. It is remarkable what extraordinary holiness is often found in eyes lifted in devotion, if the eyes happen to be of a good color and young.

"A simple, child-like faith seems to me very beautiful," continued Dwight. But his cousin answered not a word.

A perfect Indian-summer morning broke; a last excursion was planned. They were to drive to the top of the mountain to see the brown earth and blue ocean in the golden haze. All the Singletons joined the party in a farm wagon; but Fanny, as usual, was with Miss Vedder and Dwight. An accident happened. On the way home, coming down the mountain, part of the harness broke, and the horses attached to the farm wagon plunged, reared, and then started down the narrow, winding road on a run. The wagon happened to be first; the carriages were close behind. Dwight stopped his own horses with a sudden wrench, threw the reins to Rachel, jumped out, and ran. Fanny, screaming, followed him. Rachel and

her aunt were left alone. Behind, Mr. Green was tying his horse to a tree and helping out Sophia-Charlotte. He then came and helped out trembling Aunt Maria; but Rachel said she would drive her own horses slowly down the hill, as the carriage might be needed. The wagon had gone over the side, two of the children were hurt, and the farmer's boy who drove was bruised; but poor little Mrs. Singleton was injured internally, and beyond earthly aid. At last she was of some importance, for she was dying. They bore her home, and the old Palmer house never looked so forlorn and shabby as it did when, having laid her upon a couch, they all stood about and waited. She had left it all in disorder—poor, careless little lady, her mind taken up with the pleasure of the day; and now when the blinds were thrown open, the forlorn make-shifts and neglect were plainly apparent. But the follies and the efforts and the pride and the dreams of the poor mother were over now; her life, whether well spent or ill, was drawing to its close.

Mr. Green had started to go for the doctor.

"Your ministrations may be needed, my adored," said Sophia-Charlotte, in a low voice; "I will go." She went out, untied the horse, and drove off alone, with the tears dropping down her broad cheeks.

They all thought death would come in a few moments, but the poor mother lingered till dawn. The doctor could do nothing. Fanny knelt by the bedside, her arms around her mother; the two had been companions from the daughter's earliest childhood, and were devotedly fond of each other. In the middle of the night the mind of the dying woman recovered its consciousness, and seemed to become preternaturally clear; they could do nothing with her. She wailed for her children, but most of all for her daughter. "Fanny! Fanny! what will become of Fanny?" was her constant cry, which sounded through the silent house with distressing persistence. Miss Vedder bent over her, and promised to care for all the children. "You are kind, and you mean it," wailed the mother; "but you will grow tired, and other things will come between. It is not the same. Oh, Fanny! Fanny! what will become of Fanny? Nobody knows, nobody understands—"

"Hush, mother," said the girl, caressing her lovingly. "I will do any thing you say." She kissed the wizened cheek next to her and stroked the thin gray hair.

"Fanny! Fanny! Fanny!" wailed the weak voice. It answered all the Reverend Abner's ministrations with the same cry. "The world is hard to girls. I can not die and leave my daughter—I can not. The others are boys, and they can take care of themselves. But Fanny! Fanny!"

Faint dawn came at last, and sharp cold with it; winter was upon them. The small, withered body upon the couch seemed to be already dead, but the soul was still alive. Dwight, sitting by one of the windows, had heard every thing—Fanny's sobs, Miss Vedder's efforts, the clergyman's prayer, and the wail of the mother. As it grew lighter Mrs. Singleton suddenly raised herself up and threw out her arms. "I will not die!" she cried, in a terrible voice. They all started forward. She looked into each face, one by one, with the strange clearness that sometimes comes into dying eyes. "Fanny!" she said again, in a whisper, addressing them all. It was like a last appeal.

"Give her to me, Mrs. Singleton," said Dwight. "She shall be my wife, if you are willing, before the sun rises."

The effect was electric. Fanny shrank still closer to the pillow, like a drenched blossom blown against the side of the house in a storm; Miss Vedder sank into a chair. The words once out, Dwight pleaded ardently. "I have loved her for a long time," he said; and stooping, he took the little hand lying on the counterpane in his. The mother, her strength all gone now, looked at her daughter; Fanny's face was close beside her own on the pillow. Her lips formed the word "Fanny," but she could no longer articulate.

"Yes, if you wish it, mother," replied the girl. A tremor shook her from head to foot as she spoke. But the mother smiled at last, and peace stole over her poor, set, anxious face, which could now close its eyes and die.

They were married then and there, the Reverend Abner reading the service reverentially. The rising sun shone through the windows. In an hour Mrs. Singleton was dead.

The old house was closed; the boys were sent to good schools; Dwight took his wife to the city. Miss Vedder went South for a few weeks; but returning to her winter residence, she formed a kind and steadfast background for the young bride whenever she ventured into society, which was not often, on account of her deep mourning dress. Fanny was a sweet-natured little creature, and her husband made an idol of her. She never opposed his will or wish, but yielded to him in every thing. He said to himself that gradually she would learn to be a woman. He was fascinated with the idea of her youth, innocence, and ignorance of the world. The summer came; they went to the mountains. The autumn began; they came down to the Vedder cottage. The Greens were already gone, driven out by the freezing winter atmosphere of the congregation; Sophia-Charlotte was adjusting herself as well as she could, poor soul! to the ideas of vestrymen's wives elsewhere. Fanny seemed glad to be back in the old neighborhood again. They

all staid together in the cottage nearly three months.

Toward the end of the first month Miss Vedder noticed a change in the young wife; she seemed inwardly excited. A woman reads a woman better than any man can, even though he be the husband, for a woman can deceive any man. Miss Vedder began to observe; she noted what Fanny did, her restlessness and absent answers. Fanny had never in her life told a lie, and did not know how to begin; but she hesitated, and cut off her sentences. Most of the time she seemed to be in the highest spirits; her husband had never seen her so happy. He smiled as he watched her swinging in the great piazza swing or running across the lawn to untie her little boat. She must row or walk all the time now. Generally he went with her, but not always. "How beautiful she is this fall!" he said to Miss Vedder one day as her boat disappeared around the curve. She answered "Yes," but she was not satisfied. Howell, however, did not dream of a doubt; contented and happy, he was beginning to look middle-aged. Contentment at forty-two is dangerous.

One afternoon he went to the city, called by business; he was to be absent two days. That same evening Miss Vedder caught sight of Fanny stealing softly out of the house, wrapped in a shawl. She followed her. At the turn in the road where the cottage was out of sight, and Polly Malone's pink cabin in view, she caught up with her. "Where are you going, Fanny?" she said. The girl shrank back against the fence as if for refuge. There was cold and watery moonlight; they could see each other. "Fanny," said Miss Vedder, following and putting her arm around the slender shoulders, "I am not an enemy; I am your steadfast friend. I will not betray you, no matter what it is, but you *must* tell me all."

A sense of warmth and support in her mere nearness came to Fanny at once; with her quick, impressionable sensitiveness, she turned and clung to her husband's cousin as though she really trusted her. Bandy Malone by this time had come down the road to meet them. He fawned upon Fanny.

"What is this?" said Miss Vedder.

And then, with a burst of tears, Fanny told. Her first lover—her only lover, as she pathetically called him—had appeared in the neighborhood; he was, in fact, staying in Mrs. Malone's cabin. She was engaged to him once, but her mother had disapproved of it, and the engagement was broken; but she was still fond of him, and he of her. "I could not help marrying Howell," she added, with sobs, "when mother looked at me so with those poor dying eyes of hers. She was afraid I would go to Robert, and she had no faith in Robert. Poor Robert!"

"But now that you *are* married, Fanny, what is it you wish to do?"

"Only to see him once more, and say good-by. That is all, Rachel; that is really all."

"How many times have you seen him already?"

"Only four times; in the woods or on the river."

"Will you come home with me now?"

"Not without seeing him."

They looked at each other in silence, one questioningly, the other defiantly, but both with a settled determination.

"Then I will go with you," said Miss Vedder. "Come."

At the gate of the little cabin garden, in the deep shadow cast by the near hill-side, a figure was standing. It did not stir although they stopped.

"Robert," said Fanny, tremulously.

Then Robert Strain came forward. He was a handsome youth, a year or two older than Fanny, but careless in his dress, and with signs of dissipation on his face.

"Mrs. Dwight has come to bid you good-by," said Miss Vedder; "I have accompanied her for the purpose. But it would have been much better if you had called at the house, Mr. Strain." While she thus made talk for them, the two, who were once lovers, stood and gazed at each other in silence; then Fanny gave her hand, burst into tears, and went away with her companion, who, while encircling her with one arm, turned and made a stern and menacing gesture toward the figure at the gate, as much as to say, "You shall never see her again on earth."

Fanny cried all night, going from one fit of hysterics into another. Miss Vedder, dismissing the maid, staid with her and tried to soothe her. At last she gave up speech, and merely held her in her arms, and stroked her hot forehead and falling hair. About an hour before dawn Fanny grew quiet and seemed to slumber; then Miss Vedder stole away to her own room. If she had been almost any other woman, she would have gone to bed, as she was worn with fatigue; but being Rachel Vedder, she would not give up her watch. She would never give it up until Fanny was safely in her husband's charge again. It was now dawn; the sun would soon be up. She heard a step in the hall; it stopped at her door, then went down the stairs lightly as a cat. She sprang forward, threw open the door, and followed. It was Fanny. Rachel, with stern hold, took her back into her room, her own room and Howell's; and there, surrounded by all the tokens of her husband's presence and his love, the elder woman confronted her. The door was closed; they were alone.

"Were you going again to see him, wretched girl?"

"I was," said Fanny, trembling, but at bay. Her eyes were brilliant and feverish;

her dry lips were stretched apart over her little babyish teeth in a way that made Rachel think even then of a little squirrel she had once found dead in the woods.

"You shall never go," she said, determinedly.

"I mean no harm, Rachel."

"No harm! And your husband, Fanny?"

"He was always too old for me," said the young wife, shaking herself free from the detaining arm; "but he is kind and good, and I never intended to wrong him, you need not fear. And who are you that you set yourself as a guardian over me? I am not aware that you have any authority. What is it all to you, anyway, Rachel Vedder?"

"It is this: he loves you, and you shall not make him miserable."

"Well, I have never loved him, and have I made him miserable?" said Fanny, tauntingly. "You know as well as I do how happy he has been."

"He would not be if he knew," said the other woman, feeling in her inmost heart the truth of the wife's words like a knife's edge.

"Are you going to tell him?" said Fanny. "He would never believe you. I can make him believe any thing I please." Then her face changed. "Why should he have all the happiness?" she cried. "You have always spoiled him, Rachel. I am miserable, Robert is miserable. I only ask one last word. Let me go."

"You shall never go," said Miss Vedder, grasping her again. They struggled together.

"What do you care?" said Fanny.

A pallor came into Rachel Vedder's face. "I care this," she answered, steadily: "I have loved Howell Dwight all my life. Is it likely now that I will let you go?"

"Why, yes; why not?" said Fanny. "If you really love him, and if I was once gone, perhaps—"

Then Rachel Vedder lifted her hand and struck her.

It was not a hard blow; the hand's purpose had altered ere it fell. But if it had been the blow of a colossus, it could not have affected Fanny more. That she had been struck—she, a Singleton—was the unforgivable act, and in it was swallowed up the cause. All her mother in her was aroused at once. Deeper feelings were lost in the anger of the moment. At the same time Rachel Vedder was standing overwhelmed with her own self-contempt; never in her life before had she felt such humiliation. She had lost control of herself entirely, and insulted Howell's wife. Fanny, weak and helpless now and sobbing, had thrown herself upon the sofa; Miss Vedder silently and gently undressed her, and carried her to the bed, adjusting the pillows and smoothing the coverings, Fanny all the time turning away from her like an angry child. Miss Vedder then rang for the maid, sent a man on horseback for the doctor, saying in a tone that Fanny could overhear that Mrs. Dwight had been taken suddenly ill, and that the halls must be kept quiet. When all orders had been issued for illness in the house, and the maid had brought in tea for Fanny and gone out again, then Miss Vedder knelt down by the bedside, and, alone with her cousin's wife, implored her pardon. "Forgive me, Fanny," she said, humbly. "I have no excuse to offer save that your words seemed to tear and bruise the inmost feelings of my heart. I lost all control of myself, and I feel ashamed and self-humiliated before you. My child, you are young and tender-hearted; you should be sorry for me, since, even if you do forgive, I can never forgive myself."

Her voice shook; she covered her face with her hand. Fanny turned; there was something strange to her in the sight of this strong, self-controlled woman on her knees, and moved with so much emotion. She realized suddenly that Rachel would remember that blow long after she herself had forgotten it; Rachel had such a way of remembering. With one of the quick impulses which made her so lovable, she threw her arms around Rachel's neck, forgave her every thing, nestled close to her, and then began to cry again so weakly and hysterically that she was soon in need of aid, and a fit subject for the doctor when he stood by the bedside. "In any case I must take her up to the city to-day, doctor," said Miss Vedder, whose face, with the curious immobility which seems to belong to unbeautiful but healthy middle-aged faces, appeared unaltered in spite of her vigil and her past agitation. "It is absolutely necessary."

Fanny was now too ill to pay any attention to this ultimatum; they gave her soothing medicines, and the maids packed the trunks and made all the preparations for departure. A telegraphic dispatch was sent to Dwight saying that Fanny was not well, and that they would be in the city that evening. As the close carriage rolled past the pink cabin of Mrs. Malone, Fanny roused herself from her apathy and looked out. No one appeared.

"He has gone," said Rachel, drawing her down into her reclining position again. "I went over myself to see him. He will not trouble you again, Fanny."

"Let me tell you every thing; it will make me feel better, Rachel," said the girl, twisting the fringes of the shawl nervously. "I would rather do it before I see—Howell."

"Then you are not going to tell Howell?"

"I will if you think best; but I thought perhaps he would be happier if he did not know. There was no real harm done. It seems a pity to disturb him; don't you think so?"

"*You* must decide that, Fanny."

"I do not like to decide things, and you know I do not," said Fanny, impatiently. There was a silence; the elder woman would not speak. While life lasted she would never betray what she knew; to ask her for more was too much.

"Oh, well, then," said Fanny at last, "I will take your own argument—nothing must be done that would make him unhappy. To tell him would certainly make him so; therefore I will not tell him. But I must tell somebody, so as to feel clearer in my conscience, and, Rachel, I will tell you."

When they were safely on the little steamer, and Fanny in a sheltered corner was lying on a couch of shawls with her head in Rachel's lap, the story was told. It was a simple one—a boy-and-girl affection. He was a Southerner, and was mixed with all her memories of childhood and her old home. Her mother had forbidden the engagement, and soon afterward they had separated, as she supposed forever.

"I was very miserable," she said, in a half-sobbing voice; "I used to go to church and pray for him every day. Do you not remember how I used to go to church? It was all for Robert. I always liked attention, Rachel; I could not help liking it; but I did not really try to gain Howell's love—indeed I did not. I used to sing those songs exactly as Mrs. Green taught me to sing them, because I saw they made an impression upon him; and now and then, when there was a good opportunity, I have quoted things I had heard *you* say. But it was only my love of admiration, Rachel; I never planned. It was very easy to impress him. He seemed to have made up his mind to a certain idea of me beforehand. But I never really sought to win him. It would have been just the same with any one else, if there had been any one else there; but there was not. You know how I came to marry him at the last. I could not refuse my dear, dear mother." She began to sob again, and Miss Vedder soothed her with a caressing gentleness, to which Fanny always responded as a thirsty plant responds to the rain.

"Howell is very good to you," said the elder woman, trying to comfort her.

"I know he is," replied Fanny, remorsefully. "Do believe me, Rachel, when I assure you that Robert's coming was a surprise, and that I only wanted to explain all to him, and make him feel more reconciled. We only had a few short interviews, for I was always hurried and afraid, and watching lest somebody should come. But I *was* glad that he cared for me still; I am glad now."

Rachel did not doubt any of these words. But she had her own intentions as to guarding the girl in the future.

By the time they had reached the city, Fanny, relieved by her confession, tired in body and ill, felt an immense desire to be comforted and petted. She let Howell lift her from the carriage, and clung to him with affection and trust. Alarmed by their unexpected coming, he was full of anxiety and questions.

"Fanny was ill," said Rachel, briefly. "I thought it better she should be with you."

He lifted his little wife tenderly in his arms and bore her up stairs. Rachel went alone to her own room.

Life went on with these three for several years longer. Fanny was just the same. The quiet but constant unswerving aid and support which Rachel Vedder gave her supplied what she lacked, and Howell's wife was the ornament of their circle, loved and petted by all. As Fanny had foreseen, but long since forgotten, Rachel never forgave herself for that blow. Her voice was always peculiarly gentle when she spoke to her cousin's wife, and she deferred to all her changing little opinions with unaltering respect. Nothing more was ever heard of the young Southerner in that household; one hand, however, had helped him, controlled him, and given him his career elsewhere.

One more scene—Fanny died. During a severe winter a cough seized her; the Southern blossom faded. Howell was beside himself with grief; every body mourned for the sweet young wife.

One afternoon Rachel was with Fanny, and they were alone; they had never spoken again of the events of that night at the cottage, but had consigned them to that silence which women often keep for each other, in spite of man's maligning, into and through the gates of death itself. But now Fanny had something on her mind.

"Rachel," she said, in her weak, whispering voice, "you see I am to die anyway, and nobody is to blame about it at all. Poor Howell will be so lonely! He has always liked you better than any one in a certain way. Do you not think that if he knew—if I should tell him—perhaps he might—" She paused; her large eyes fixed themselves inquiringly on Rachel's face.

A dull color rose in the elder woman's cheeks. It seemed as if the blood was struggling to show itself for once through that unyielding skin. "No, Fanny," she answered; and even then the surging feelings in her heart could not get to the pale, unmoved windows of her eyes. "Promise me that you will not tell him."

"If you wish it," said the other, disappointed. "But I should so like to repair any wrong I have done, and leave you happy behind me. If he *knew*, Rachel—"

"That he has never known in thirty years proves that he can not know. And even I have my pride, Fanny. I will not be loved from pity. Promise me not to tell."

And Fanny, with a sigh, promised.

Howell Dwight went abroad when his little love was taken from him. He was bitterly unreconciled and inconsolable. At the end of two years he drifted back, and fell into the old ways. Every spring and autumn he came to the cottage, and they lived the old life over again. Aunt Maria still knitted tidies and played solitaire. Howell looked at her sometimes and thought of the young life ended while the old one lingered. He had had himself baptized and confirmed in a despairing sort of way. "She was always so sweet and devout, and seemed to find such comfort in it," he said to Rachel. He spoke of her always as of one exceptionally gifted. Her singing, although she neglected it after her marriage, was in her early youth phenomenal; did not Rachel remember it? Her mind, too, although so childlike, possessed many deep thoughts. And as for her affection— Here his eyes would fill with tears, and he would turn his head away, and gaze out over the water where her little boat and slender figure once made a picture on the silvery surface. After a time he took his place in society again, but not with any interest. He found all the women double-minded and insincere, mercenary and deceitful; his criticisms were scathing.

"You are too severe," said Rachel. "There are mercenary women, but not all are mercenary; and in matters concerning their affections all women can, often must, deceive."

"Not all," answered Dwight, in the old tone she knew so well—the deep, softened tone sacred to the memory of Fanny.

As he grew older he deteriorated somewhat. Always indolent, he grew self-indulgent and cynical. Nobody cared much for Howell Dwight now. What he said, thought, and did was of little consequence. But over one woman he still held unbroken empire, and gradually he grew into the habit of relying upon her more and more. Each one of his faults she saw with clearness, but she never ceased to love him. And although it may seem a strange and even a laughable thing that a woman of fifty should feel her heart beat faster at the sound of a certain footstep, and raise her eyes with inward happiness when a certain figure appeared at the door, the stout, careless figure, too, of a man of fifty-six, still it was a true thing, and sets one to thinking about the possibilities and attained ideals of another world. We need them. At sixty-two years of age Howell Dwight died. His last words were of Fanny. He was buried by her side.

Miss Vedder lived all the year round now in the homestead cottage. Aunt Maria, aged and infirm, lived with her. The old woman was ninety when she died. Her mind was clear. She wept to leave her niece alone. "If you had only married Howell; if he had only known about it; very likely he would have been living now, and you would have had somebody to take care of you, Rachel," she said, during the last night of her life.

Her niece started. "Why, aunt, did you know?" she asked, in a quick whisper.

"Oh yes, I knew, I knew," said the old woman. "Men are like that about young girls always when they get to be toward forty and a little *blasé;* they believe anything. But afterward, if he had *known*, Rachel, he would have married you. It's a great pity." Then her mind wandered, and at dawn she died.

Miss Vedder was left alone.

GARY'S MAGNETIC MOTOR.

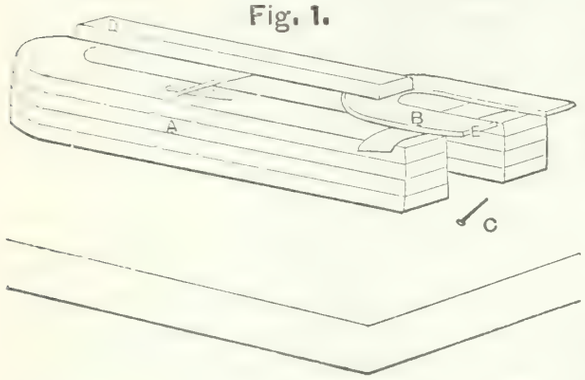
WITH an ordinary horseshoe magnet, a bit of soft iron, and a common shingle-nail, a practical inventor, who for years has been pondering over the power lying dormant in the magnet, now demonstrates as his discovery a fact of the utmost importance in magnetic science, which has hitherto escaped the observation of both scientists and practical electricians, namely, the existence of a neutral line in the magnetic field—a line where the polarity of an induced magnet ceases, and beyond which it changes. With equally simple appliances he shows the practical utilization of his discovery in such a way as to produce a magnetic motor, thus opening up a bewildering prospect of the possibilities before us in revolutionizing the present methods of motive power through the substitution of a wonderfully cheap and safe agent. By his achievement Mr. Wesley W. Gary has quite upset the theories of magnetic philosophy hitherto prevailing, and lifted magnetism out from among the static forces where science has placed it, to the position of a dynamic power. The Gary Magnetic Motor, the result of Mr. Gary's long years of study, is, in a word, a simple contrivance which furnishes its own power, and will run until worn out by the force of friction, coming dangerously near to that awful bugbear, perpetual motion.

The old way of looking at magnetism has been to regard it as a force like that of gravitation, the expenditure of an amount of energy equal to its attraction being required to overcome it; consequently its power could not be availed of. Accepting this theory, it would be as idle to attempt to make use of the permanent magnet as a motive power as to try to lift one's self by one's boot straps. But Mr. Gary, ignoring theories, toiled away at his experiments with extraordinary patience and perseverance, and at last made the discovery which seems to necessitate the reconstruction of the accepted philosophy.

To obtain a clear idea of the Gary Mag-

netic Motor, it is necessary first to comprehend thoroughly the principle underlying it—the existence of the neutral line and the change in polarity, which Mr. Gary demonstrates by his horseshoe magnet, his bit of soft iron, and his common shingle-nail. This is illustrated in Fig. 1. The letter A represents a compound magnet; B, a piece of soft

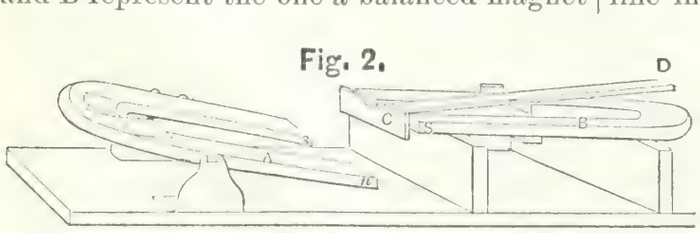
Fig. 1.



iron made fast to a lever with a pivoted joint in the centre, the iron becoming a magnet by induction when in the magnetic field of the permanent magnet; C, a small nail that drops off when the iron, or induced magnet, is on the neutral line. By pressing the finger on the lever at D the iron is raised above the neutral line. Now let the nail be applied to the end of the induced magnet at E; it clings to it, and the point is turned inward toward the pole of the magnet directly below, thus indicating that the induced magnet is of opposite polarity from the permanent one. Now let the iron be gradually lowered toward the magnet; the nail drops off at the neutral line, but it clings again when the iron is lowered below the line, and now its point is turned outward, or away from the magnetic pole below. In this way Mr. Gary proves that the polarity of an induced magnet is changed by passing over the neutral line without coming in contact. In the experiment strips of paper are placed under the soft iron, or induced magnet, as shown in the figure, to prevent contact.

The neutral line is shown to extend completely around the magnet; and a piece of soft iron placed upon this line will entirely cut off the attraction of the magnet from any thing beyond. The action of this cut-off is illustrated in Fig. 2. The letters A and B represent the one a balanced magnet

Fig. 2.



and the other a stationary magnet. The magnet A is balaneed on a joint, and the two magnets are placed with opposite poles facing each other. The letter C is a piece of thin or sheet iron, as the case may be, made fast to a lever with a joint in the centre, and so adjusted that the iron will move on the neutral line in front of the poles of the stationary magnet. By pressing the finger on the lever at D the iron is raised, thus withdrawing the cut-off so that the magnet A is attracted and drawn upward by the magnet B. Remove the finger, and the cut-off drops between the poles, and, in consequence, the magnet A drops again. The same movement of magnets can be obtained by placing a piece of iron across the poles of the magnet B after the magnet A has been drawn near to it. The magnet A will thereupon immediately fall away; but the iron can only be balanced, and the balance not disturbed, by the action of the magnets upon each other when the iron is on the neutral line, and does not move nearer or farther away from the magnet B.

It may not be found easy to demonstrate these principles at the first trials. But it should be borne in mind that it took the inventor himself four years after he had discovered the principle to adjust the delicate balance so as to get a machine which would go. Now, however, that he has thought out the entire problem, and frankly tells the world how he has solved it, any person at all skillful and patient, and with a little knowledge of mechanics, may soon succeed in demonstrating it for himself.

The principle underlying the motor and the method by which a motion is obtained now being explained, let us examine the inventor's working models. The beam movement is the simplest, and by it, it is claimed, the most power can be obtained from the magnets. This is illustrated in Fig. 3. The letter A represents a stationary magnet, and B the soft iron, or induced magnet, fastened to a lever with a joint in the centre, and so balanced that the stationary magnet will not quite draw it over the neutral line. The letter C represents a beam constructed of a double magnet, clamped together in the centre and balanced on a joint. One end is set opposite the stationary magnet, with like poles facing each other. The beam is so balanced that when the soft iron B on the magnet A is below the neutral line, it (the beam) is repelled down to the lower dotted line indicated by the letter D. The beam strikes the lever E with the pin F attached, and drives it (the lever) against the pin G, which is attached to the soft iron B, which is thus driven above the neutral line, where its polarity changes. The soft iron now attracts the beam magnet C to the upper dotted line, whereupon it (the soft iron) is again drawn down over the neutral line, and its polarity again changing, the beam magnet C is again re-

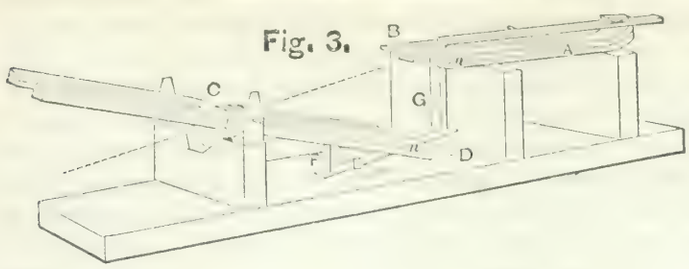


Fig. 3.

pelled to the lower line, continuing so to move until it is stopped or worn out. This simply illustrates the beam movement. To gain a large amount of power the inventor would place groups of compound stationary magnets above and below the beam at each side, and the soft iron induced magnets, in this case four in number, connected by rods passing down between the poles of the stationary magnets. A "Pitman" connecting the beam with a fly-wheel to change the reciprocating into a rotary motion would be the means of transmitting the power. With magnets of great size an enormous power, he claims, could be obtained in this way.

One of the daintiest and prettiest of Mr. Gary's models is that illustrating the action of a rotary motor. There is a peculiar fascination in watching the action of this neat little contrivance. It is shown in Fig. 4. The letter A represents an upright magnet hung on a perpendicular shaft; B, the horizontal magnets; C, the soft iron which is fastened to the lever D; E, the pivoted joint on which the lever is balanced; and F, the thumb-screw for adjusting the movement of the soft iron. This soft iron is so balanced that as the north pole of the upright magnet A swings around opposite and above the south pole of the horizontal magnets B, it drops below the neutral line and

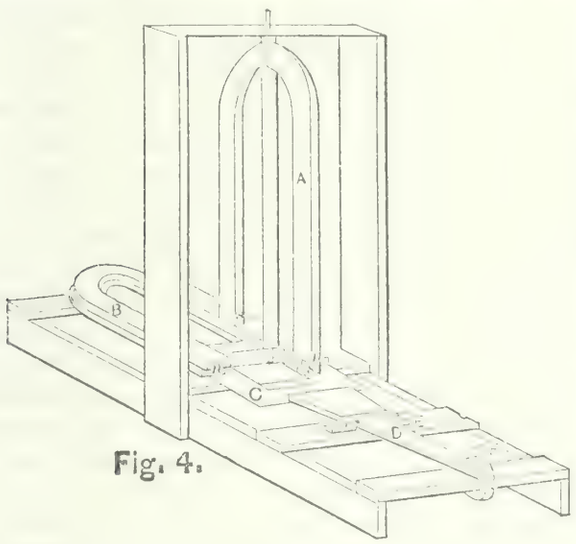


Fig. 4.

changes its polarity. As the magnet A turns around until its north pole is opposite and above the north pole of the magnets B, the soft iron is drawn upward and over the neutral line, so that its polarity is changed again. At this point the polarity in the soft iron C is like that of the permanent magnets A and B. To start the engine the magnet A is turned around to the last-named position, the poles opposite like poles of the magnets B; then one pole of the magnet A is pushed a little forward and over the soft iron. This rotary magnet is repelled by the magnets B, and also by the soft iron; it turns around until the unlike poles of the permanent magnets become opposite; as they attract each other the soft iron drops below the neutral line, the polarity changes and becomes opposite to that of the magnets B and like that of the magnet A; the momentum gained carries the pole of A a little forward of B and over the soft iron, which, now being of like polarity, repels it around to the starting-point, completing the revolution. The magnets A and B now compound or unite their forces, and the soft iron is again drawn up over the neutral line; its polarity is changed, and another revolution is made without any other force applied than the force of the magnets. The motion will continue until some outside force is applied to stop it, or until the machine is worn out.

The result is the same as would be obtained were the magnets B removed and the soft iron coiled with wire, and battery force applied sufficient to give it the same power that it gets from the magnets B, and a current-changer applied to change the polarity. The power required to work the current-changer in this case would be in excess of the power demanded to move the soft iron over the neutral line, since no power is required from the revolving magnet under these circumstances, it being moved by the magnets compounding when like poles are opposite each other, three magnets thus attracting the iron. When opposite poles are near together, they attract each other and let the iron drop below the line. The soft iron, with its lever, is finely balanced at the joint, and has small springs applied and adjusted so as to balance it against the power of the magnets. In this working model the soft iron vibrates less than a fiftieth of an inch.

This rotary motion is intended for use in small engines where light power is required, such as propelling sewing-machines, for dental work, show windows, etc.

When Wesley Gary was a boy of nine years, the electric telegraph was in its infancy and the marvel of the day; and his father, who was a clergyman in Cortland County, New York, used to take up matters of general interest and make them the subject of an occasional lecture, among other things, giving much attention to the explanation of this new invention. To illustrate his remarks on the subject he employed an electro-magnetic machine. This and his father's talk naturally excited the boy's curiosity, and he used to ponder much on the

relations of electricity and magnetism, until he formed a shadowy idea that somehow they must become a great power in the world. He never lost his interest in the subject, though his rude experiments were interrupted for a while by the work of his young manhood. When the choice of a calling was demanded, he at first had a vague feeling that he would like to be an artist. "But," he says, "my friends would have thought that almost as useless and unpractical as to seek for perpetual motion." At last he went into the woods a-lumbering, and took contracts to clear large tracts of woodland in Western and Central New York, floating the timber down the canals to Troy. He followed this business for several years, when he was forced to abandon it by a serious attack of inflammatory rheumatism, brought about through exposure in the woods. And this, unfortunate as it must have seemed at the time, proved the turning-point in his life. His family physician insisted that he must look for some other means of livelihood than lumbering. To the query, "What shall I do?" it was suggested that he might take to preaching, following in the footsteps of his father, and of a brother who had adopted the profession. But this he said he could never do: he would do his best to practice, but he couldn't preach. "Invent something, then," said the doctor. "There is no doubt in my mind that you were meant for an inventor." This was really said in all seriousness, and Mr. Gary was at length persuaded that the doctor knew him better than he did himself. His thoughts naturally recurring to the experiments and the dreams of his youth, he determined to devote all his energies to the problem. He felt more and more confident, as he dwelt on the matter, that a great force lay imprisoned within the magnet; that some time it must be unlocked and set to doing the world's work; that the key was hidden somewhere, and that he might find it as well as some one else.

At Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, Mr. Gary made his first practical demonstration, and allowed his discovery to be examined and the fact published. He had long been satisfied, from his experiments, that if he could devise a "cut-off," the means of neutralizing the attractive power of a stationary magnet on another raised above it and adjusted on a pivot, unlike poles opposite, and so arrange this cut-off as to work automatically, he could produce motion in a balanced magnet. To this end he persistently experimented, and it was only about four years ago that he made the discovery, the key to his problem, which is the basis of his present motor, and upsets our philosophy. In experimenting one day with a piece of soft iron upon a magnet he made the discovery of the neutral line and the change of polarity. At first he gave little attention to the discovery of the change of polarity, not then recognizing its significance, being absorbed entirely by the possibilities the discovery of the neutral line opened up to him. Here was the point for his cut-off. For a while he experimented entirely with batteries, but in September, 1874, he succeeded in obtaining a movement independent of the battery. This was done on the principle illustrated in Fig. 2. The balanced magnet, with opposite poles to the stationary magnet, was weighted so that the poles would fall down when not attracted by the stationary magnet. When it was attracted up to the stationary magnet, a spring was touched by the movement, and thus the lever with the soft iron was made to descend between the two magnets on the neutral line, and so cutting off the mutual attraction. Then the balanced magnet, responding to the force of gravitation, descended, and, when down, struck another spring, by means of which the cut-off was lifted back to its original position, and consequently the force of attraction between the magnets was again brought into play. In June, the following year, Mr. Gary exhibited this continuous movement to a number of gentlemen, protecting himself by covering the cut-off with copper, so as to disguise the real material used, and prevent any one from robbing him of his discovery. The publication in the local newspaper of the performance of the little machine, which was copied far and wide, excited much interest. But the inventor was by no means satisfied. He had succeeded in securing a continuous motion, but not a practical motor. He had invented a unique plaything, but not a machine that would do man's work. So he made further experiments in one direction and another, using for a long time the battery; and it was not until some time after he moved to Boston (which was about two years ago) that he was convinced that the points in the change of polarity, with which he was so little impressed when he first hit upon them along with his discovery of the neutral line, were the true ones to work upon. Thereafter his progress was most rapid, and in a little while he had constructed working models, not only to his own satisfaction, but to that of those experts who had the fairness to give them a critical and thorough examination, clearly demonstrating his ability to secure motion and power, as they had never before been secured, from self-feeding and self-acting machines. His claim, as he formally puts it, is this: "I have discovered that a straight piece of iron placed across the poles of a magnet, and near to their end, changes its polarity while in the magnetic field and before it comes in contact with the magnet, the fact being, however, that actual contact is guarded against. The conditions are that

the thickness of the iron must be proportioned to the power of the magnet, and that the neutral line, or line of change in the polarity of the iron, is nearer or more distant from the magnet according to the power of the latter and the thickness of the former. My whole discovery is based upon this change of polarity in the iron, with or without a battery." Power can be increased to any extent, or diminished, by the addition or withdrawal of magnets.

Mr. Gary is forty-one years old, having been born in 1837. During the years devoted to working out his problem he has sustained himself by the proceeds from the sale of a few useful inventions made from time to time when he was forced to turn aside from his experiments to raise funds. From the sale of one of these inventions—a simple little thing—he realized something like ten thousand dollars.

The announcement of the invention of the magnetic motor came at a moment when the electric light excitement was at its height. The holders of gas stocks were in a state of anxiety, and those who had given attention to the study of the principle of the new light expressed the belief that it was only the question of the cost of power used to generate the electricity for the light that stood in the way of its general introduction and substitution for gas. A prominent electrician, who was one day examining Mr. Gary's principle, asked if in the change of polarity he had obtained electric sparks. He said that he had, and the former then suggested that the principle be used in the construction of a magneto-electric machine, and that it might turn out to be superior to any thing then in use. Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Gary set to work, and within a week had perfected a machine which apparently proved a marvel of efficiency and simplicity. In all previous machines electricity is generated by revolving a piece of soft iron in front of the poles of a permanent magnet. But to do this at a rate of speed high enough to produce sparks in such rapid succession as to keep up a steady current of electricity suitable for the light, considerable power is required. In Mr. Gary's machine, however, the piece of soft iron, or armature, coiled with wire, has only to be moved across the neutral line to secure the same result. Every time it crosses the line it changes its polarity, and every time the polarity changes, a spark is produced. The slightest vibration is enough to secure this, and with each vibration two sparks are produced, just as with each revolution in the other method. An enormous volume can be secured with an expenditure of force so diminutive that a caged squirrel might furnish it. With the employment of one of the smallest of the magnetic motors, power may be supplied and electricity generated at no expense beyond the cost of the machine.

The announcement of the invention of the magnetic motor was naturally received with incredulity, although the recent achievements in mechanical science had prepared the public for almost any thing, and it could not be very much astonished at whatever might come next. Some admitted that there might be something in it; others shrugged their shoulders and said, "Wait and see;" while the scientific referred all questioners to the laws of magnetic science; and all believers in book authority responded, "It can't be so, because the law says it can't." A few scientists, however, came forward, curious to see, and examined Mr. Gary's models; and when reports went out of the conversion of two or three of the most eminent among them, interest generally was awakened, and professors from Harvard and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology called, examined, and were impressed. More promptly than the scientists, capitalists moved; and before science had openly acknowledged the discovery and the principle of the invention, men of money were after Mr. Gary for the right to use the motor for various purposes: one wished to use it for clocks, another for sewing-machines, others for dental engines, and so on.

It is as yet too soon to speculate upon what may result from the discovery; but since it produces power in two ways, both directly by magnets and indirectly by the generation of unlimited electricity, it would seem that it really might become available in time for all purposes to which electricity might long ago have been devoted except for the great expense involved. Within one year after the invention of the telephone it was in practical use all over the world, from the United States to Japan. And it is not incredible that in 1880 one may be holding a magnetic motor in his pocket, running the watch which requires no winding up, and, seated in a railway car, be whirling across the continent behind a locomotive impelled by the same agency.

THE "TOM" SIDE OF MACAULAY.

MOST of us know Lord Macaulay, but to how many of us has "Tom" Macaulay become an intimate friend?

He was a boy in spirit all his life long, and yet, when he was a boy, it was one of a queer kind. What would the boys themselves say to a boy who never knew how to skate, or swim, or shoot, or row, or drive, and didn't care enough about his ignorance to try to mend it? a boy who never liked dogs? What would the boys of an older growth say to a boy who was so clumsy that, when a barber said he might pay him what-

ever he usually gave the person who shaved him, he replied, "In that case, I should give you a great gash on each cheek?" a boy who, when he reached the kid-glove age, always wore out-doors perfect new dark gloves, into which he never got his fingers more than half way; who has left on record only one instance in which he knew one tune from another; and who seems never to have been in love in all his life? And yet he was the exact opposite of a little prig. He was the life and soul of his father's big family of boys and girls — Selina, Jane, John, Henry, Fanny, Hannah, Margaret, and Charles. In this circle he was king. They played on Clapham Common, which was an enchanted land to little Tom Macaulay. He knew every nook and corner of it; wove countless legends about it out of his busy head; named its little hills and ridges and ponds with names that the children, the best people in the world to keep alive traditions and hand down usages from generation to generation, preserve to this day. He was never so happy, either in early or later life, as when he was with his brothers and sisters, and they were never so happy as with him. His sister Hannah says: "To us he was an object of passionate love and devotion. His unruffled sweetness of temper, his unfailing flow of spirits, his amusing talk, all made his presence so delightful that his wishes and his tastes were our law. He hated strangers, and his notion of perfect happiness was to see us all working round him while he read aloud a novel, and then to walk all together on the common, or, if it rained, to have a frightfully noisy game of hide-and-seek. I have often wondered how our mother could ever have endured our noise in her little house."

Nothing could be more beautiful than Macaulay's love for his sisters Hannah and Margaret, which they repaid with a devotion all the more profound because the brother they loved was a brother to be very proud of. They were the nearest to him of all the children in sympathies, but not in age, being respectively ten and twelve years younger than he. Both of his parents Macaulay loved with all the strength of his warm heart, but his father was the source of much secret sadness to the son. The policy which the parents pursued of giving the child no opportunity to suspect that he was considered in any way remarkable, was a most excellent one, but Zachary Macaulay carried it to an extreme. He was constantly reprimanding his son for trifling faults that might be found in any headlong, lively boy—because he wrote a bad hand, forgot to brush his jacket, wash his hands, or comb his hair; writing him long and sorrowful letters because it was reported by some gossip that he was too loud a talker at school, or because he couldn't fold a letter properly, or—and this was when he was at Cambridge—because somebody had given him the name of "the novel-reader." He rebuked him for his political opinions, sometimes expressed in his letters home with a boyish looseness and freedom; was in real distress of mind because the magazine which Macaulay and a group of college friends wrote had not the religious tone which he should have liked to see, though there was nothing either immoral or heterodox about it; and when young Macaulay at twenty-six had made a brilliant public speech in defense of the antislavery cause, to which his father had devoted his life, he stifled all his pride in his son, and rewarded him only with a cold criticism upon the impropriety of speaking with his arms folded in the presence of a royal duke. All this came of poor Zachary Macaulay's sad habit of mind, which he could not alter; but it is not strange that, though loving and revering his father's memory as he did, Tom Macaulay could not help remembering that from him he had not met quite the encouragement which he received from others. Whatever respect and affection, therefore, he might have for his father—and there is universal testimony that he was the best of sons—they could not be on terms of hearty companionship. This was what he found in his two favorite sisters. In the afternoon he walked with them; in the evening he read novels to them, and completely vanquished them in capping verses and making puns. Once he made two hundred, on a wager, in two hours—nearly two a minute. His articles were read to them, and when they criticised any thing, he was glad to please them by changing it. The same frank and happy relations that subsisted between them as children lasted all their lives long.

The period between the removal of the family to London and Macaulay's election to Parliament must have been a stirring time in the Macaulay home on Great Ormond Street. "The fun that went on was of a jovial and sometimes uproarious description. Even when the family was by itself the school-room and the drawing-room were full of young people, and friends and cousins flocked in numbers to a resort where so much merriment was perpetually on foot. There were seasons during the school holidays when the house overflowed with noise and frolic from morning to night; and Macaulay, who at any period of his life could literally spend whole days in playing with children, was master of the innocent revels. Games of hide-and-seek that lasted for hours, with shouting and the blowing of horns up and down stairs and through every room, were varied by ballads which, like the scalds of old, he composed during the act of recitation, while the others struck in with the chorus." Then for the evenings there was

the capping of verses and the manufacture of puns against time, the latter by no means his regular habit. "All the family were quick at capping verses, but his astounding memory made him supereminent. When the time came for him to be off to bed at his chambers, he would rush out of the room after uttering some long-sought line, and would be pursued to the top of the stairs by one of the others who had contrived to recall a verse which served the purpose, in order that he might not leave the house victorious; but he, with the hall door open in his hand, would shriek back a crowning effort, and go off triumphant."

It was one of the good things about Tom Macaulay that he was just as fond of his sisters' society when he was a great and busy man as he was before, and that when his little nephews and nieces began to grow up about him, they never knew that he was any body in particular, expect dear Uncle Tom, who was always giving them great treats and taking them to see the shows. Margaret records in her diary one day in 1832, when he was both in Parliament and in office, that he came to dine with them, and talked almost uninterruptedly for six hours. Other days she records having spent very agreeable afternoons with Tom. Of late they have walked a good deal. She remembers pacing up and down Brunswick Square and Lansdowne Place for two hours one day, deep in the mazes of the most subtle metaphysics; up and down Cork Street, engaged on Dryden's poetry and the great men of that time, making jokes all the way along Bond Street, and talking politics every where. Talking about the hard work the heads of his party had got now, she said, "How idle they must think you when they meet you here in the busy part of the day!" "Yes, here I am," said he, "walking with two unidea'd girls. However, if one of the ministry says to me, 'Why walk ye here all the day idle?' I shall say, 'Because no man has hired me.'" Then came a talk with the ministry about his taking office, and these two fond sisters were in a flutter of hope and uncertainty, for if he took office they would probably live with him, and Margaret asks herself whether she can possibly look forward to any thing happier. Some months before this their mother died. Margaret says: "Tom was from London at the time my mother's death occurred, and things fell out in such a manner that the first information he received of it was from the newspapers. He was in an agony of distress, and gave way, at first, to violent bursts of feeling. During the whole week he was with us all day, and was the greatest comfort to us imaginable. He talked a great deal of our sorrow, and led the conversation by degrees to other subjects, bearing the whole burden of it himself, and interesting us without jarring with the predominating feeling of the time. I never saw him appear to greater advantage—never loved him more dearly." This blow came just at the time Macaulay was enjoying, in his fresh and earnest and unaffected way, the first-fruits of his sudden Parliamentary fame. This triumphant young man never attempted any thing—except shaving himself or riding on horseback—that was not a great success, and two speeches had sufficed to make him, at thirty, one of the best-known men in London. His mother lived just long enough to share her son's honest pleasure in his success. He was going much into great society, and his letters to his sisters, describing the noted people he met and the famous houses he entered, form the most delightful passage in his biography. He was never too busy to "scrawl a line or two to a foolish girl in Leicestershire" (their hope of living together had not been realized), and a pretty long line it usually was for a busy member of Parliament to write. His missives were as frequent as lovers' letters, and quite as long. Indeed, he used to complain that he outdid both his sisters put together in the matter of correspondence. He vows, after he has taken a position in the Indian Office, that he has written more letters by a good many than he has received, and this with India and the *Edinburgh Review* on his hands, the *Life of Mirabeau* to be criticised, the Rajah of Travancore to be kept in order, and the bad money which the Emperor of the Burmese had had the impudence to send them exchanged for better. In his own letters he describes, *à la* Richardson, as he says, the dinners, the hosts, and the guests, repeats the gossip he hears and the compliments he gets upon his speeches, just as any manly school-boy might do it. He talks about Lady Holland and Holland House, Rogers and Sydney Smith, Tom Moore and Campbell, Talleyrand and Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel, and all the rest of that brilliant company. He describes divisions in the House, speeches and debates, the coronation of William IV., and the passage of the Reform Bill, with all the fullness and a good deal more than the picturesqueness of the special correspondent. Every day or two one of these precious packets left London for Leicestershire, no matter how busy the time was, and in the busiest of times some of these letters would make in an ordinary hand ten or a dozen pages. It was for his sisters that he kept almost all of his playfulness that ever let itself out on paper. This is the way he plunges into one of his joint letters, for he was fond of addressing his letters to both:

> Be you Foxes, be you Pitts,
> You must write to silly chits;
> Be you Tories, be you Whigs,
> You must write to sad young gigs.

And this is the way he opens his description of a breakfast at Holland House:

Fine Morning. Scene, the great Entrance of Holland House.

Enter Macaulay and two Footmen in Livery.

First Footman. Sir, may I venture to demand your name?

Macaulay. Macaulay, and thereto I add M.P.,
And that addition, even in these proud halls,
May well insure the bearer some respect.

Second Footman. And art thou come to breakfast with our lord?

Macaulay. I am; for so his hospitable will,
And hers—the peerless dame ye serve—hath bade.

First Footman. Ascend the stair, and thou above shalt find
On snow-white linen spread the luscious meal.

Sometimes his poetical nonsense takes the turn of a summary of the news of the day, like this:

Peel is preaching, and Croker is lying,
The cholera's raging, the people are dying.
When the House is the coolest, as I am alive,
The thermometer stands at a hundred and five.
We debate in a heat that seems likely to burn us,
Much like the three children who sung in the furnace.
The disorders at Paris have not ceased to plague us;
Dom Pedro, I hope, is ere this on the Tagus;
In Ireland no tithe can be raised by a parson;
Mr. Smithers is just hanged for murder and arson;
Dr. Thorpe has retired from the Lock, and 'tis said
That poor little Wilks will succeed in his stead.

But he was not always writing nonsense, by any means. These letters give the whole inside of his life at this period, for he told his sisters every thing—what articles he was writing, what speeches he had made, and what praise he had had for them, and the newest thing in politics and literature. He is always delighted, in true boyish fashion, to know that his letters are found amusing or interesting. One day he writes to Hannah, who was his favorite of the favorites, that he will not omit writing two days running, because if his letters give her half the pleasure which her letters give him, she will, he is sure, miss them; and again and again he says how glad he is to know that they amuse her. The day after one of his first speeches he tells her that he spoke with a success beyond his utmost expectations. He is half ashamed to repeat the compliments which he has received, but she will know that it is not from vanity, but to give her pleasure, that he tells her what is said about him. Lord Althorp told him twice that it was the best speech he had ever heard; Graham, Stanley, and Lord John Russell spoke of it in the same way; and O'Connell followed him out of the House to pay him the most enthusiastic compliments. His greatest pleasure in the midst of all this praise is to think of the pleasure which his success will give to his father and his sisters. It is happy for him, he says, that ambition had in his mind been softened into a kind of domestic feeling, and that affection has at least as much to do as vanity with his wish to distinguish himself. This he owes to his dear mother, and to the interest which she always took in his childish successes. From his earliest years the gratification of those whom he loved has been associated with the gratification of his own thirst for fame, until the two have become inseparably joined in his mind. The sisters had evidently criticised the article on Mirabeau in one of their letters, and he retaliates in this fashion: "I am delighted to find that you like my review on Mirabeau, though I am angry with Margaret for grumbling at my Scriptural allusions, and still more angry with Nancy [Hannah] for denying my insight into character. It is one of my strong points. If she knew how far I see into hers, she would be ready to hang herself."

But even the friendships of brothers and sisters can not always remain undisturbed. Margaret married, and the blow fell all the heavier because Macaulay seems never to have had, so far as his biography shows, a thought of marriage himself. He hid his grief, however, in his brave, loyal way, though it is recorded that he never recovered his former tone of thorough boyishness. This is the sad reflection which he makes in secret upon this change in his life: "I have still one more stake to lose. There remains one event for which, when it arrives, I shall, I hope, be prepared. From that moment, with a heart formed, if ever any man's heart was formed, for domestic happiness, I shall have nothing left in this world but ambition." In the very hour of victory over the rival candidate for Parliament at Leeds he writes to Hannah that he is sitting in the midst of two hundred friends, mad with exultation and party spirit, all glorying over the Tories, and thinking him the happiest man in the world. And it is all that he can do to hide his tears and to command his voice when it is necessary for him to reply to their congratulations. "Dearest, dearest Hannah," he cries, "you alone are now left to me! Whom have I on earth but thee? But for you, in the midst of all these successes, I should wish that I were lying by Hyde Villiers."

His sisters were the first to be told that he would be offered the appointment as a member of the new Supreme Council for India, which meant £10,000 a year and independence for life, and which gave to the world the *History of England*. They were told even before his father, because he wanted Hannah to accompany him. She insured the happiness of his whole life, as the event proved, by consenting, and Macaulay set about making the most thorough preparations for her journey. No effort is to be spared to give her a pretty boudoir on board ship, and she is to have a handsome outfit; he is to arrange a fortnight for her in London, where she is to have a taste of the society of the great capital before she goes to

that of Calcutta; and he goes about telling his near friends what a dear sister he has, who is going with him. In a few months after their arrival his sister was married to a husband worthy of her—Mr. Trevelyan, of the Indian service. (Macaulay's biographer was their son.) Macaulay was spared, however, the pain of a separation, for they made one household. In announcing the marriage to Margaret, Macaulay says: "My parting from you almost broke my heart. But when I parted from you I had Nancy; I had all my other relations; I had my friends; I had my country. Now I have nothing except the resources of my own mind, and the consciousness of having acted not ungenerously. But I do not repine. Whatever I suffer I have brought on myself. I have staked my happiness without calculating the chances of the dice. I remember quoting some nursery rhymes, years ago, when you left me in London to join Nancy. These foolish lines contain the history of my life:

> There were two birds that sat on a stone,
> One flew away, and there was but one;
> The other flew away, and then there was none,
> And the poor stone was left alone.

Still another trial was in store for him, happily the last of this quick series. Margaret, now a young mother, died while this letter was still on its way to her. A month after he received the news he declares that he can not write about it without being altogether unmanned, and adds: "That I have not utterly sunk under this blow I owe chiefly to literature. What a blessing it is to love books as I love them—to be able to converse with the dead, and to live amidst the unreal!" Nearly a year later he says: "The tremendous blow has left marks behind it which I shall carry to my grave. Literature has saved my life and my reason. Even now I dare not, in the intervals of business, remain alone for a minute without a book in my hand." This affectionate nature was so deeply wounded that it is a pleasure to think that from this time on his life was unbroken by any great sorrow save the long-foreseen death of his father, and in spite of forebodings to the contrary, was passed in the midst of a rare happiness. When he returned to England his sister and her husband went with him, and a government appointment kept them there, so that he was seldom without her cherished society. Happy with her and her children, he lived twenty years of a laborious, famous, and ardent life, and died at last peacefully and suddenly, as he had always hoped to die. And when the time came that his sister should die also, she had herself taken, knowing it was her last drive, to the house in Great Ormond Street where life had been so full of innocent pleasure with him, and after gazing at it for a long time, left it behind forever.

Macaulay's love for children stood next to his love for his sisters, and in some measure took its place. He always wanted somebody to play with, and it is within the bounds of moderation to say that the children were always glad to play with him. When he was a young man his sisters' writing-master, having seen Macaulay for the first time, said, "Ladies, your brother looks like a lump of good humor." That description tells the whole story of his popularity with children. In India, at a time when he was deep in the preparation of his code, and for mere diversion read enough in the classics to have exhausted the mental strength of almost any other man, he tells a friend in England how he spends an hour or more every day in playing with his little niece, of whom he is as fond as her father, and in teaching her to talk, and records the fact that she has got as far as Ba, Pa, and Ma. After his return from India, while hearing mass in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, he notices an inscription on a baby's tomb—"The most beautiful little boy that ever lived"—that brings tears to his eyes as he thinks of another little niece who lies in the grave-yard at Calcutta.

The writer of Macaulay's biography was himself one of the children who were Macaulay's playfellows, and he says that it is impossible to exaggerate the pleasure which Macaulay took in children, or the delight which he gave them. He could always invent a new game or play an old one, and was always ready with a drama of "contemporaneous interest," in which he played any number of parts. Half of the entry in his diary for one day is his brief account of one of these little performances for the amusement of his niece Alice. He was Dando at a pastry-cook's, and then at an oyster shop. Afterward he was a dog-stealer who had carried away her little spaniel Diamond while she was playing in Kensington Gardens, and who came to get the reward advertised in the *Times*. The same day he is content to record in two lines of the diary the fact that his history has reached the unparalleled sale in something over three months of 22,000 copies. Another of these performances is thus described in a letter from a family friend to one of the nieces: "I well remember that there was one never-failing game of building up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and of enacting robbers and tigers; you shrieking with terror, but always fascinated, and always begging him to begin again; and there was a daily recurring observation from him after that, that, after all, children were the only true poets."

It is one thing to be fond of children, and another never to get tired of them; and Macaulay, Hannah says, was one of those who never got tired. He often spent the whole morning at her home playing with the chil-

dren, and then after luncheon carried one of them off for a long walk. But the great treats for him, as well as for them, were the excursions into the city to see the shows. These did not come often enough to suit either him or the children—twice a week is said to have been the average he would have liked—and they used to last till the little ones, to use his own expression, "could not drag one leg after the other." The afternoon's diversion began with a bountiful luncheon in London, to which Macaulay always added some knickknack for which the children had an especial contempt, for the pleasure of seeing them reject it with scorn. The afternoon's sights were the lions and bears, the panoramas and the wax-works, or even the British Museum. One day he tells their mother in a letter how, all the other exhibitions being exhausted, he took the children to the National Gallery, and how, while Charley and Margaret played the connoisseur, Georgy said, honestly, "Let us go; there is nothing here that I care for at all;" and again, "I don't call this seeing sights; I have seen no sight to-day." All of which seems to have amused Macaulay greatly. The elaborate process of sending a valentine to his little niece Alice is recorded at length in his diary. February 12 he buys a superb sheet of paper and writes the valentine. February 13 he sends it off to his sister Fanny at Brighton to be forwarded. February 14 the whole entry of the day is about the valentine: how Fanny came at three with the children, Alice in perfect raptures, and begging quite pathetically to be told the truth about it. When they were alone together she said—the little witch—she was going to be very serious, and down she goes on her knees, lifting up her hands in supplication: "Dear uncle, do tell the truth to your little girl. Did you send the valentine?" And then he had to own it. Macaulay would do almost any thing to please his favorites; he even tried to like their dog, and dogs he was not fond of. In one place in his diary he denounces the animal as "a beast that is always spoiling conversation." But when the dog was a pet of the children, that was another matter, and he bought things for it at the shops, and made poetry about it to an extent which made the children happy, if it had no particular effect upon the dog. When he was busy upon the second installment of his history, he would spend some precious time inserting a gold piece in the seal of a letter to his nephew George, so that it might slip past the post-office authorities, and would transmit it with the casual remark that while the best part of a lady's letter was in the postscript, the best part of an uncle's was in the seal. One day, coming out from a collection of pictures, he saw a more delightful picture, he says, than any there. It was four pretty little sisters, from about eleven to six years old, riding in a donkey-cart in a deep shady lane, and quite beside themselves with delight at the treat. They were laughing and singing in a way that almost made him cry with a sense of the beautiful, and when he asked them to go on, they sang like little larks. Whereupon all the silver he had in his pockets went to buy dolls.

Keenly sensitive as his nature was to all appearances of sorrow or suffering, it was especially so where children were concerned. He writes to ask a friend if he has read the first number of *Dombey*. There is one passage in it, he says, which made him cry as if his heart would break. It is the description of a little girl who has lost an affectionate mother, and is unkindly treated by every body. Images of that sort always overpowered him, he said, even when the artist was less skillful than Dickens. The suicide of a poor girl, as reported in the newspapers, affected him deeply. He could not get it out of his thoughts, nor help crying when he thought of it. When his little niece Margaret was sick with scarlet fever, he was full of anxiety and foreboding, and the sickness of her mother at the same time, with this added to it, made the double distress the severest shock he had suffered since his sister Margaret died twenty years before.

"The Judicious Poet" was a mysterious person who played a large part in Macaulay's life with his sisters and his sisters' children. Macaulay's letters to them and his conversations were filled with quotations from this prolific author, who seems to have written tons of verses, many of which had a striking and unexpected applicability to the incident just in hand. The Judicious Poet seems to have written a good many verses from Parliament about circumstances which had come under the immediate personal observation of Macaulay. He composed also a good many rhymes to the children and the dog, and the children often wondered how it was that the Judicious Poet should have written lines which really would have looked, if any body but Uncle Tom had repeated them, and if he had not solemnly assured them that they were the work of the bard above mentioned, very much like lines that Uncle Tom might have made up himself on the spur of the moment. Perhaps this suspicion deepened when the children had hunted the library in vain for a volume of the collected works of this author. At all events, it was not likely to be dispelled when they found Uncle Tom attempting to palm off on them poetry curiously like that of the Judicious Poet for the composition of some more distinguished person—as, for instance, when he suggested to one of his older nieces that this stanza, from what he said was the fa-

vorite Puseyite hymn to accompany the Michaelmas goose, might be by Bishop Wilberforce:

> Then ply the fork and draw the cork,
> And keep the bottle handy;
> For each slice of goose will introduce
> A thimbleful of brandy.

And the suspicion that it was Uncle Tom, after all, must be confirmed in the mind of the impartial reader when he finds that the Judicious Poet was just as fond of children as Macaulay was, and wrote poems for them five and ten stanzas long—real children's poems too, with no deep political or literary allusions in them—which Uncle Tom would print out in big, handsome capitals.

No doubt the secret of his popularity with children, and of his intense enjoyment of their society, was that his own nature was as fresh and child-like in the midst of great successes as in the earlier and quieter years of his life.

MISS MORIER'S NERVES.

I.

I WAS walking home one evening along an autumnal road, and hurrying, for I was a little belated, when I thought I heard a step following mine. I stopped; the step also stopped. I looked back; there was no one to be seen; but when I set off again I once more heard the monotonous footfall. Sometimes it seemed to miss a beat; sometimes it seemed to strike upon dead leaves, and then to hurry on again. This unseen march or progress was no echo of my own, for it kept an independent measure. The road was dull; twilight was closing in; the weather was dark and fitful; overhead, the flying clouds were drifting across a lowering sky. All round about me the fogs and evening damps were rising. I thought of the warm fireside at Rock Villa I had left behind me. To be walking alone by this gloomy road was in itself depressing to spirits not very equable at the best of times, and this monotonous accompaniment jarred upon my nerves. On one side of the road was a high hedge; on the other, a rusty iron railing with a ploughed field beyond it. A little farther away stood a lodge by two closed gates. The whole place had been long since deserted and left to ruin—one streak in the sky seemed to give light enough to show the forlornness which a more friendly darkness might have hidden. It is difficult to describe the peculiar impression of desolation and abandonment this place produced upon people passing along the high-road. The place was called "The Folly" by the neighbors, and the story ran that long years ago some Scotchman had meant to build a palace there for his bride; but the bride proved false; the man was ruined. The house for which such elaborate plans had been designed was never built, although the gates and the lodge stood waiting for it year after year.

The lodge had been originally built upon some fancy Italian model, but the terrace was falling in, the pillars were cracked and weather-stained, the closed gates were rust-eaten; the long railings, which were meant to inclose gardens and pleasure-grounds, were dropping unheeded. In the centre of the field a great heap showed the place where the foundations of the house had been begun, and on the mound stood a sign-post, round which the mists were gathering.

Meanwhile I hurried along, trying to reason away my superstitious fears. The steps were real steps, I told myself; perhaps there was some one behind the hedge to whose footsteps I was listening. I thought of the old Ingoldsby story of the little donkey and the frightened ghost-seer. I scolded myself, but in vain; a curious feeling of helplessness had overcome me. I could not even summon up courage to cross the road and look. I felt convinced that I should see nothing to account for the step which still haunted me, and I did not want to be thrown into terrified intangible speculations, which have always had only too great a reality for me. I was still in this confusion of mind when I heard a sound of voices cheerfully breaking the silence and dispelling its suggestions, a roll of wheels, the cheerful patter of a pony's feet upon the road. . . . I turned in relief, and recognized the lamps of my aunt's little pony-carriage coming up from the station. As it caught me up, I saw my aunt herself and a guest snugly tucked up beside her, with a portmanteau on the opposite seat.

The carriage stopped, to exclaim, to scold, to order me in. After a short delay the portmanteau was hauled up on the box to make room; Mr. Geraldine, the arriving guest, gave up his seat to me. I did not like to tell them how grateful I was for this opportune lift, or for the good company in which I found myself. The pony was not yet going at its full speed when we passed the lodge.

"Why, that place must be inhabited at last; there is a light in the window," said my aunt Mary, leaning forward as we passed the lodge.

As she spoke, a figure came out to the closed gate, and stood looking through the bars at the carriage. It was that of a short, broad-set man, with a wide-awake slouched over his eyes, and a rough pea-jacket huddled across his shoulders. He seemed to be scanning the carriage; but when the lamps flashed in his face he drew back from the light. I just caught sight of a dull, sullen countenance; and as the carriage drove on, and I looked back, I saw that the solitary man was still staring after us, standing alone in the field where the streak of light

was dying in the horizon, and the vapor rising from the ground.

"That is not a cheerful spot to choose for a residence," said Mr. Geraldine, deliberately. "What can induce any body to live there?"

"Something, probably, which induces a great many people to do very strange things," said Aunt Mary, smiling: "poverty, Mr. Geraldine."

"That is an experience fortunately unknown to me," said Mr. Geraldine, tucking the rug round his legs.

Rock Villa is at some distance from a railway; the garden is not pierced by flying shrieks and throbs; it flowers silently amid outlying fields, with tall elm-trees to mark their boundaries. The road thither leads across that country; it skirts a forest in one place, and passes more than one baked-brick village, with houses labelled, for the convenience of passers-by: Villa, Post-office, Schools, Surgery, and so on. We saw Dr. Evans's head peeping over his wire blind as we passed through Rockberry, and then five minutes more brought us to the gates of Rock Villa, where my aunt has lived for many years.

My cousins came out to greet the newcomer. "Aunt Mary's bachelor," they used to call him in private; in public he was "Uncle Charles." The two little boys, my aunt's grandsons, appeared from their nursery. There was a great deal of friendly exclaiming. The luggage was handed down. Little Dick seized Mr. Geraldine's travelling-bag, and nearly upset all its silver bottles on to the carpet. My aunt, Mrs. Rock, began introducing her old friend.

"You see, we have Nora and her boys, and Lucy and her husband," said she, cheerfully ushering him in, "and my niece Mary you know, and Miss Morier I think you also know; she is in the drawing-room." And then Mr. Geraldine was hospitably escorted into a big room, with lights, and fire, and tea, and arm-chairs, and conversation, and flowers, and a lady in a shawl by the fire, and all the usual concomitants of five o'clock.

II.

We had all been staying for some days at Rock Villa, and enjoying the last roses of summer from its warm chimney-corners. It is a comfortable, unpretending house, standing in a pretty garden, which somehow seems to make part of the living-rooms, for there are many windows, and the parterres almost mingle with the chintzes; the drawing-room opens into a conservatory; there is also a bow-window with a cushioned seat, and a tall French glass door leading into the garden. The conservatory divides the drawing-room from the young ladies' room, or study, which again opens into the hall. The dining-room is on the opposite side, and the windows face the entrance gates. Inside the house, as I have said, the fires burned bright in the pretty sitting-rooms; outside, the glories of October were kindling in the garden before winter came to put them all out. The plants were still green and spreading luxuriantly, stretching their long necks to the executioner; a golden mint of fairy leaves lay thickly scattered on the grass; from every branch the foliage still hung, painting trees with russet and with amber. On the stable wall a spray of Gloire de Dijon roses started shell-like, pink against the sky. The guelder rose-tree by the hall door was crimson, the chestnuts were blazing gold.

The days passed very quietly; all the people in the house were very intimately connected with one another; married sisters are proverbially good company. The outside world was almost forgotten for a time in family meetings and greetings and personalities; Nora's husband, the colonel, was in India; Lucy's husband, the clergyman, came up and down from London twice a week; Clarissa, the only unmarried daughter of the family, made music for us, for Mr. Geraldine especially, who delighted in good music; Miss Morier was also a very welcome visitor in my aunt's house. For many years she had been too ill and too poor to leave her own home; but her health had improved of late, and a small inheritance had enabled her to mix with her friends again. She was a peculiar-looking woman, with dilating eyes under marked brows; she may have been pretty once, but illness had destroyed every trace of good looks. She was very delicate still, and on her way to the South for the winter; she was well educated, well mannered, and full of ready sympathy; gold and silver had she not in great abundance, but what she had to bestow upon others was the ease and help of heart which real kindness and understanding can always give. I could not help contrasting her in my mind with Mr. Geraldine, who was also unmarried, and in his way full of friendly interest in us all; but then it was in his way. He was easily put out of it, easily vexed; punctual, and, alas! often kept waiting; he liked to lead the conversation, and it rambled away from him; he was impatient of bores, and they made up to him; he didn't like ugly people or invalids; he detested Miss Morier, and her place was always by his at table.

Notwithstanding these peculiarities we are all fond of him, and grateful too. Colonel Fox is supposed to owe his appointment to Mr. Geraldine's influence. Lucy's husband, the curate, declares that half his parish is warmed and beflannelled with Uncle Charles's Christmas check; there is no end to his practical kindness and liberality. The intangible charities of life are less in our old friend's way, perhaps. As we were

all sitting round the fire that evening after dinner, the conversation was turned upon our meeting in the road.

"Were you frightened, Mary?" said my aunt; "you were walking very fast."

"I was never more glad to see you, Aunt Mary," said I, gaining courage to speak of my alarm; and I told them my story.

"One has all sorts of curious impressions when one is alone," said my aunt, hastily. "You mustn't go out by yourself so late, my dear. It must have been fancy, for we should have seen any one following you."

"Footsteps?—how very curious!" said the curate. "Do you remember, Lucy, the other day I thought we were followed?"

"Clarissa, will you play us something?" interrupted my aunt, rather uneasily; "and it is time for tea."

"You need not be afraid of my nerves," said Miss Morier, smiling. "I have quite got over my old troubles, dear Mrs. Rock, and I can hear people discuss hobgoblins of every sort with perfect equanimity."

My aunt evidently disliked the subject very much. She did not answer Miss Morier, and again said something about tea-time; but Nora, with some curiosity, exclaimed:

"What was it, dear Miss Morier, that you used to see? I never liked to ask you."

"I don't mind telling you," said Miss Morier, turning a little pale, as if she had somewhat overrated her own strength of nerve. "It was the figure of a man, a commonplace-looking man in a wig, and muffled in some sort of cloak: you will laugh, but you can not imagine what misery it caused me. At times I saw the whole figure advancing toward me; sometimes it was retreating; sometimes only the head appeared. I found out at last that by a strong effort of will I could dispel the phantom. When I was once convinced that it was some effect upon my nerves brought on by physical weakness, I was able to overcome it. The apparition was always accompanied by a peculiar sensation which I can hardly describe—a sort of suspense and loss of will, which came over me suddenly at all sorts of times and in different places."

"I have been reading some of those accounts of Shelley's visions in that edition of Morley's," said Mr. Geraldine, rather scornfully; "and the mysterious attacks upon him, and the apparition of the child coming out of the sea. He was a vegetarian, and he only drank water, which more than accounts for having such cases of brain affection," said he, with a glance at poor Miss Morier, who was a teetotaler.

"I can't agree with you in thinking it altogether physical," said the curate, gravely. "If all the tens of thousands of alleged phenomena witnessed in all parts of the world, and attested by experienced observers, be illusions, the fact would be more marvellous than the greatest marvel among them."

"But surely," said my aunt, impartially, "the more common such things are, William, the more it also proves that it is a recognized affection depending on certain states of health not fully understood."

"All I can tell you," said I, "is that I heard the steps quite plainly." I spoke rather crossly, for they did not seem to give me credit for common-sense. My aunt cut it short by saying I must not walk out alone again; and then came tea, music, bedroom candlesticks, good-nights. The curate went off with a pipe to some spot where tobacco was recognized at Rock Villa; Mr. Geraldine selected a book and a paper-cutter, and also disappeared; Clarissa, my youngest cousin, carried me off to her own room for a long midnight conversation. It lasted till the small hours; and I was creeping down to bed, carefully creaking through the sleeping house, when I thought I heard a faint cry. As I passed Miss Morier's door I again heard it—a sort of agonized sigh. I stopped short, and without further hesitation opened the door, which was not locked, and walked in.

The room was full of moonlight; there was no candle, only a dim night-light burning near the bed; the blinds were undrawn. In the middle of the room stood Miss Morier, in her white dressing-gown, with her long gray curls falling over her shoulders. She looked very pale in the moonlight; she gave a sort of gasp when she saw me.

"Who is it? What was it?" she said, wildly. "Have you also seen? Oh, tell me! Thank you for coming." And then she caught me by the arm and burst out crying. "You will think me so foolish," she sobbed, still clinging to me. "I thought I was cured; my old trouble has come upon me again to-night. I should not have talked of it. I saw him there," she said, pointing to the window and looking away.

I went to the window and saw nothing but the broad moonlight upon the lawn and the shadows of the shrubs. There was a high, clear, frosty sky; a few cold stars were shining above the trees; some branch glistened and seemed to wave in the darkness.

Miss Morier recovered herself after a minute. She drank some water, grew calmer, again thanked me for coming, begged me to say nothing to any one of her fright, and gratefully accepted my proposal that we should unlock the door between our rooms. Her alarm did not affect me, though I was very sorry for her, and after this night a certain slight barrier which had divided us hitherto seemed to be completely done away. I kept her secret as she desired. The subject was never mentioned between us. I could

understand that the less she dwelt upon such nervous affections, the better it must be for herself and for every one else.

III.

But perhaps silence is not, after all, the best receipt for morbid impressions. I used to find myself watching Miss Morier, wondering whether her ghostly visitor was present to her; if she turned, if she looked about the room, as she had a way of doing, I used to imagine unseen visitants among us or peeping over our shoulders. One day, in the garden, I thought I heard some one coming up to join me, and when I turned there was no one to be seen; then a curious uncomfortable sensation of being watched came over me, of something near and yet unrecognizable, of some one haunting my steps. One day Miss Morier came in from the fields and sat down impatiently by the fire. "Can you imagine what it is," she said, "never to be able to shake off the feeling of being followed? I never seem to be alone. I can not bear it; I must get away. I think perhaps change of scene may help me."

I hardly knew how to answer her. This I knew, that I too had felt the same sensations. If we walked in the garden, there would be odd rustlings among the trees and bushes; sometimes of an evening it seemed to me that eyes were looking at us through the uncurtained windows; a sense of an invisible presence used to come over me suddenly as I sat busied with my own affairs; looking up, I might see nothing, but it would seem to me as if something had been there.

That very afternoon, after she left me, I remained alone in the drawing-room, reading by the fire and absorbed in my book, when this peculiar sensation of being watched made me turn round suddenly. This time I did see something, which seemed to me more tangible than a ghost should be. It was a dark figure, starting from a corner of the room and vanishing into the conservatory. I saw it distinctly cross the window. I jumped up and followed, knocking over a table and a vase of flowers on my way; only, when I reached the conservatory there was no one to be seen. The door was open to the garden, and a chill wind was blowing in. Mr. Geraldine, hearing me call, came out from the study where he had been writing. I asked him if he had seen any one pass by, and he began some joking answer.

"It is no joking matter," I cried. "Pray do call some one."

We called every body and looked every where and searched the grounds, but nothing was discovered.

My younger cousins had also been in the study, and had seen nothing, heard nothing but the crash of the table. Mr. Geraldine continued his gibes, and I could see that the others only half believed me. The servants were desired to be careful about closing doors and windows. It was impossible to be really nervous in so large and cheerful a household, and by degrees the subject was dropped. Nevertheless, Miss Morier went on hurrying the preparations for her departure; she engaged a maid, packed her boxes; she was to start at the beginning of the week. She seemed in a fever to be off.

"Maria was always an excitable person," said my aunt, who was vexed by this sudden departure. "Once she gets a thing into her head, there is no changing her mind: she has always been fanciful since her trouble."

"What were her troubles?" said my cousin Nora. Then my aunt told us something of her friend's early life. "She was to have been married to a young officer, who was killed in India, and she never really got over the shock, although she was once engaged to some one else. It was her mother's doing, for the man was supposed to be rich; but it was a miserable business," said my aunt. "Maria nearly died of the strain. She seemed to hate the man, though he had obtained some strange power over her too. He was desperately in love with her: people blamed her for breaking it all off, but I always advised her to do so." My aunt left off abruptly, for as she was speaking the door opened, and Miss Morier came in, ready dressed for a walk. "She had to take leave of a neighbor," she said.

"Is it prudent of you to go out?" said my aunt. "I don't trust these fine mornings."

"Oh yes," cried Miss Morier, eagerly. "The day is fine, and I feel so well, and it is quite early yet." And then, as she seemed to wish for a companion, I offered to go with her.

We had paid our visit, and we were half way home, when the fine sunshine suddenly vanished. It was gone, and then the clouds gathered overhead, and in a few minutes great chill drops began to fall in our faces. We had nearly half a mile to walk, and I felt not a little uneasy about my companion, who was very delicate, and not well able to bear sudden changes of temperature. We were walking along that straight high-road of which I have already made mention, when the storm broke into a great down-pour of rain and hail falling straight from the sky overhead. I felt not a little anxious about my companion, who was hurrying along by my side with flushed cheeks and panting breath. We were very wet by the time we reached the lodge, which looked more dismal than ever, presenting its Italian columns to the rain; but some shelter was to be found in the portico, and there we waited till the violence of the rain should abate. It was a dreary refuge enough; the field looked black, and the mist was creeping along the ground; the railings were dripping. It was early in the afternoon, but the evening seemed sud-

denly to be closing in. Maria Morier shivered and drew close to the door, and then immediately we heard a creaking. The lodge door opened—two shaking hands held it back for us.

"You can come in," said a voice; "the door is open." Maria started, shrunk back, and then, with a strange fixed look, said, faintly, "We must go in; it is too late." And she walked into the lodge.

It consisted only of one room, big and dark and dull, and scarcely furnished. There were two narrow windows looking different ways, with lattice panes. There was a big divan in a sort of recess. In the centre of the place stood a round table with a velvet table-cloth half pulled aside, and all stained and dirty; the walls had once been papered with some red flock paper; it was falling here and there in discolored strips. There was a medicine bottle on one of the window ledges, with a pair of shabby old boots covered with mud, and a candle stuck into a bent and once gilt candlestick. As my eyes became more accustomed I recognized the man I had seen watching us through the gates. "You can wait a bit," he said; but his voice frightened me, it was so harsh and so hollow. His face looked pale and sullen, but his eyes were burning. An old wig was pulled over his forehead. He stood holding on by the back of a chair.

IV.

The rain was still beating and pouring upon the roof and against the windows. The old man had sunk into the chair from which he must have risen to admit us; he sat staring at Maria with a curious watchful inquiring look. He put me in mind of some animal caged away and dazed by long confinement. A sort of mist came creeping from beneath the door. They both looked so strangely that I thought it best to try and speak; I could not understand their curious fixed looks.

"It is very kind of you to let us in," said I. "My friend is not strong, and might be seriously ill if we were out in the rain. It is very good of you to give us shelter."

"Shelter!" said the old man. "Don't you see that this is the gate-keeper's house?—gates to nothing. I'm my own keeper."

He spoke with a sneer, and sank back with the effort. Then he began again, still staring at Maria Morier.

"I knew you were coming. You did not think who it was that was about to give you shelter, or you would have stood out drenching in the rain sooner than come in."

He said all this a little wildly. I could not understand him. Miss Morier looked more and more frightened, and I too began to be alarmed. We had sat down upon the only convenient seat, the divan in the recess. I took Maria's hand; it was icy cold. The man sat fronting us, with his back to the door. He did not speak like a gentleman, nor as if he was a common man. Poor wretch, what a miserable life he must have led for days past in this lonely place! He began muttering to himself after a while.

"There she sits," I heard him say. "She is an old woman now. Who says people change? I do," he shouted, suddenly, starting to his feet: "they change—they lie—they forget, d—— their false hearts!" and he dashed his hand to his head.

I was so startled by his sudden fury that I too started to my feet, still holding my friend's hand.

"Does she look like a woman you might trust?" he cried. "Smooth-spoken and bland, she fools us all—poor fools and idiots, ruined for her sake. Ay, ruined body and soul!"

By this time I was fairly terrified. Miss Morier, strange to say, seemed less frightened than at first. She looked at the door expressively, and we tried to get nearer to it; but he was too quick, and put himself in our way.

"*You* may go," he said, very excitedly, pointing to me. "I've taken you for her more than once, and nearly come upon you unawares, but to-day there is no mistake. I have waited for her all this time, and she can stay a bit, now she has condescended to come to me. This might have been her lodge gate once, all new and furnished up. It's not fit for my lady to bide in for an hour, but good enough for me to die in like a dog, alone."

It was a most miserable, terrifying scene. Miss Morier spoke very calmly, though I could see what a great effort she was making.

"I shall be glad to stay till the rain is over," she said, "and then perhaps you will show us the way back."

Her words, civil as they were, seemed to exasperate him.

"So you speak," he said, in a shrill sort of voice. "Mighty civil is my lady, but she shall not escape for all her silver tongue. I have followed you all these days—followed your steps, waited your coming; and now you are come to me, and you shall not leave me—you shall not leave me!" he cried, in a sort of shriek, and I saw something gleam in his hand—a knife, which he flourished wildly over her head. "Yes, you are come," he cried, "though you have forgotten the past, and David Fraser, the ruined man."

Miss Morier, who had been shaking like an aspen, suddenly forgot all her terror in her surprise and spontaneous sympathy. "*You* David!—David Fraser! Oh, my poor David!" she said, stepping forward with the kindest, gentlest pity in her tones, and only thinking of him and his miserable condition, and forgetting all fears for herself.

I don't know whether it was her very kindness that overcame him. As she spoke he threw up his arms and let them fall at his side, dropping the knife upon the floor. He seemed to catch for breath, and then, before we could either of us catch him, he had fallen, gasping and choking, at our feet. We could not raise him up, but Maria lifted his head on to her knee, while I loosened his shirt and looked about for water. There was no water, nothing in the place, and I could only soak my handkerchief on the wet flags outside and lay it on his head. The rain was stopping; a boy was passing down the road, and I called to him, and urged him to hurry for help—to the doctor's first, and then to my aunt's house. I hastily wrote a pencil line upon a card for him to show, and he set off running. Then I went back into the house; it was absolutely bare—neither firing nor food could I find. There was a candle and there were some lucifers, which I struck, for the twilight was falling. "Some one will soon be here," I said to Miss Morier.

"Rub his hands," she said, in a whisper; and we chafed the poor cold hands. The man presently came to himself, and began muttering again. As I looked at the poor patient I could hardly believe that this was the same man we had been so alarmed by. His wig had fallen off; his brow was bare, but of fine proportions. He was deadly pale, but a very sweet expression had come into the sullen face. His talk went rambling on in some strange way. He seemed to know Miss Morier, for he kept calling her by her name. Then he appeared to imagine himself at some great feast or entertainment.

"Welcome to my house, Maria," he said; "welcome to the Towers. Tell the musicians to play louder; scatter flowers; bring more lights: it is dark; we want more lights."

As he spoke a curious bright reflection came shining through the window that looked toward the field.

"Is some one coming?" said Maria, trying to raise the helpless figure. "Oh, go to the door!"

I went to the door and flung it open, and then I stood transfixed. It was not the help we longed for. I can not explain what I saw—I can only simply describe it. The light which had been shining through the window came from across the field—from a stately house standing among the mists, and with many lighted windows. I could see the doors, the casements, all alight. I could even trace the shadows of the balconies, the architectural mouldings. The house was a great square house, with wings on either side, and a tall roof with decorated gables. There were weather-cocks and ornaments, and many shining points and decorations. It seemed to me that from time to time some dreamy, faint sound of music was in the air. It was all very cold; I shivered as I stood there, and all the while I heard the poor voice rambling on—calling to guests, to musicians. "Welcome to my house," he said, over and over again. "I built it for her, and she has come to live in it."

This may have lasted some minutes; then I heard Maria calling, and as I turned away suddenly the whole thing vanished. "Oh, come!" she said. Some gleam of recognition had dawned into the sick man's eyes. He looked up at her, smiled very peacefully, and fell back. "It is all over," she said, bursting into a flood of tears. A minute after there came a knocking at the door; it was the doctor, but he was too late.

I can not account for my story. I have told it as it occurred. When the doctor came, and I opened the door to him, the field was dark, the black shadows were creeping all about it, the sign-post stood upon the mound.

I asked the doctor afterward if he had seen any thing, coming along, but he said, "No;" and when I told my story he tried to persuade me it was some effect of the mists on the marshy ground; but it was something more than that. Perhaps a scientific name will be found some day for the strange influence of one mind upon another.

AFGHANISTAN.

ABOUT seven thousand miles eastward, as the bird flies, is the beautiful wild inland country of Afghanistan—a land of lofty closely grouped hills connecting by difficult passes the smiling vales between which they rise into the region where the snow upon their summits never melts, their brows white in eternal winter, their feet bedded in flowers and bathed by sparkling summer streams.

This Asiatic Switzerland is peopled with over five millions of a warlike race, whose record is one of the bloodiest and at the same time most romantic in profane history. The *istan* or *land* of the Afghans resembles Switzerland in the grandeur of its natural features, and the Afghans, like the Swiss, are brave and absolutely fearless of death; but here the likeness ceases, for the Afghans are a turbulent people, blood-thirsty and treacherous, and most unlike the sturdy, intelligent, and peace-loving though brave nation of the little Swiss republic.

The courage which inspired the Swiss hero Arnold von Winkelried when he gathered the Austrian pikes into his own breast, that his troops might pass over their slain chief to victory, was the courage of the purest patriotism. An Afghan chief would have embraced death with an equal intrepidity, but from the impulse of ferocity, and from personal bravado.

"In the Afghan's eyes," says Colonel Fer-

rier, "courage so called is the greatest of all virtues; it stands in the place of every other; and to take vengeance upon an enemy, to kill and massacre plenty of human beings, passes with them for courage. As soon as a prince or chief or person of lower grade is in the possession of absolute power, he is expected to prove that he has it by the massacres he orders. They can not comprehend why an enemy vanquished or disarmed should be pardoned, and they regard such an act as one of weakness and pusillanimity. In their estimation he who makes the most victims is the most powerful, the most honored, and it is very doubtful whether there is a family in Herat which has not been deprived of some one of its members by Shah Kamran's barbarity. Yet now that he is dead, the people flock in crowds in pilgrimage to his tomb! With such sentiments it is not surprising to see the history of this nation traced in blood!"

A more incomprehensible study than that of the Afghan character, with its constant tumults of all the passions, its reckless indifference to life and to death, its total ignorance of the sentiment or principle of honor (as we understand it), its delight in brutal exploit, its headlong obedience to its own crude and violent emotions, could hardly be offered to the healthy young New England mind; for there is probably no life on the face of the earth grounded in principles so morally stalwart, and so little believing in the unrestraint of the passions or in the license of individual will, as the life of the Puritan stock peopling New England. For us to conceive of a life and character so radically unlike and so violently different in its manifestations is difficult; yet it is a timely study now that this distant land and its undisciplined people are for some time to come to take part in a drama they themselves probably understand least of all among its actors.

As to the origin of the Afghan people, Eastern writers hold various opinions, but the majority agree in believing them to be descendants of one of the ten tribes of Israel, which is the claim of the Afghans themselves. Their name Afghan is the plural of *feghan*, an Arab word meaning noise or tumult, and Afghanistan literally signifies the *land of the quarrelsome*. According to the interesting manuscript of Abdulla Khan, of Herat,* "The whole Afghan nation was brought together by the arrival of the Abdalees (so named from Abdal, son of Tsera-bend, who was the son of Afghan) in the Suliman Mountains, and then consisted of twenty-four tribes, of which Afghan (the son of Saul, King of the Jews) was the father. This prince had three sons, Tsera-bend, Argoutch and Kerlen, and each of them was the father of eight sons, who gave their names to the twenty-four tribes."

These tribes multiplied and spread over the romantic country of their choice, building towers on its heights, founding cities on its fertile plains, and transmitting with their warlike, heroic qualities their terrible feuds and their unpronounceable names from father to son.

The Afghan may be said to be born with a dagger in his belt, a sword at his side, and a knife between his teeth, and from the moment he can walk alone he is on the watch for known or suspected enemies, and on his own part hesitates at nothing by which he can push himself forward in the race for power or wealth. If father, mother, wife, or child become obstacles in the path of personal ambition, it is the worse for them, especially if the goal be wealth, for with the Afghan avarice and cupidity are predominant and intense. In such a crisis an Afghan does not reflect or vacillate, but accomplishes either by direct atrocity or artful trap the desired end.

Their slaves and the prisoners taken in their unceasing skirmishing—for they have not the system or organization of real warfare—are victims not only of the will and temper of their masters and captors, but of a terrible caprice that takes pleasure in personally inflicting tortures and barbarities that seem incredible. Instead of industries, pillage, forage, and massacres are the routine of Afghan life, and each Afghan well knows that he is almost certain of his portion of its desperate vicissitudes, the rich and despotic chief or serdar of one day being often upon the next overcome and reduced to a servitude such as he has himself imposed.

In spite of their savage character and reckless mode of life, a certain crude barbaric sense of justice makes itself felt. The assassin is in turn slain by the nearest of kin to his victim; and if this avenger happens to be a child, the retribution is postponed until he is old enough to effect it. He can condone the offense if he will, and which he will more readily do for money than for any other consideration; but he is arbiter.

As the Afghans are a nation of thieves, and live upon the fruits of this vice, they are lenient toward it, and a thief is not punished with death before the fourth offense, the earlier ones meeting with comparatively light penalties; but for all crimes the Afghan has always the chance left of buying himself free from his sentence, if he is rich enough to do so. The Afghans are, withal, superstitious, ignorant, and generally un-

* Colonel Ferrier, in his excellent work, *The History of the Afghans*, acknowledged to be a most reliable compendium of the views of the oldest and best Eastern authorities, makes abundant quotations from the MSS. of Mirza Ali Mohammed and Abdulla Khan Heratee, but complains that the latter wholly omitted dates.

cleanly. With them life is a game whose end is almost always certain to be violent, and which they play as if they were a nation of Attilas.

But yet the Afghan character is not without redeeming gleams of better traits, and its very vices and excesses appear to be in part owing to those external conditions for which they are irresponsible, but more to those transmitted qualities and tendencies which constitute an essentially tragical nature, made up of such agitations as seem to prevent the possibility of their ever becoming a peace-loving or peace-living nation. It is more than possible that the immense and varied force of the Afghan character, compressed as it has been for centuries within a circle of activities so narrow and rude, might ultimately manifest itself as greatly in good as it has hitherto done in evil if the vast opportunities of civilization were opened to it. Within the last twenty years, since the influx of Russian commerce into Afghanistan, the Afghans have shown a susceptibility of change and improvement that, in view of their record in the past, is astonishing and full of promise, and they have had some rulers who have reigned with wisdom, patience, and honor, and some chiefs who have shown clemency in the hour of victory.

The Afghans are tall, of large and well-knit frames, muscular, and hardy. Their strong, heavy features and dark skins give them a fierce expression of countenance; their black eyes—"their lids tinged with antimony to add force, beauty, and dazzling brilliancy to them"—are full of fire, so that their swift, bold, and flaming glance is very impressive. They wear their hair shaved from the forehead to the top of the head, the rest falling in black thick masses to the shoulders. The dress of the people is of cotton, or of cloth called *barek*, made of camel's-hair, and is worn in two long and very full robes, the material used by the wealthy classes being of silk or cashmere; blue or white turbans and slippers complete the costume.

The garments of the young chiefs are often quite gay with gold-lace or gold-thread embroidery. This ornamentation is done by the women in the harems, who are very skillful with the needle.

Comte de Gobineau in his *Romances of the East* thus describes a young Afghan chief, whose name was Moshen, meaning *beautiful*: "His complexion was richly tawny, like the skin of fruit ripened by the sun. His black locks curled in a wealth of ringlets round the compact folds of his blue turban striped with red; a sweeping and rather long silken mustache caressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was cleanly cut, mobile, proud, and breathing of life and passion. His eyes, tender and deep, flashed readily. He was tall, strong, slender, broad-shouldered, and strait-flanked. No one would ever dream of asking his race; it was evident that the purest Afghan blood flowed in his veins."

The beauty of young Afghans is frequently spoken of by Eastern writers, but it would seem from the very nature of things as though this glowing description must be overdrawn; just as the handsome, pensive young Uncas of our well-beloved West Indian romancer, James Fenimore Cooper, can hardly be recognized in the modern Modoc. Still, abundant testimony claims a dark and hardy beauty for the Afghan in his prime.

The country is divided into many principalities or provinces, the most important being Cabool, Herat, Kafiristan, and Candahar.

Cabool is the chief city of Afghanistan. It lies between magnificent hills—its site being, however, an almost perfect level. The Hindoo Coosh Mountain rears, turret-like, between Cabool and other Afghan countries; it has seven passes, only one of which, the Abdereh, is passable during the five or six months of winter; and owing to the extent and violence of the spring floods the other passes are available only for a little while in autumn.

If the site of ancient temples or ruins were decided by the fitness of things, one might reasonably look for the tower of Babel in the city of Cabool, for there are spoken in it no less than eleven or twelve different languages, and it is doubtful if so many races and such a "confusion of tongues" could be found in any other one place.

The mountains east and north of Cabool are beautiful with a deep green mountain pine, called the *archeh;* they are rich in springs, their sides are smooth and covered with a fine quality of vegetation and plenty of grass. The mountains to the westward are different, they are barren and wear no grass above the valleys, their streams flow in precipitous glens that can not be descended. The fruits of both hot and cold climates are here. Of the cold district fruits there are apples, pears, grapes, peaches, apricots, quinces, and pomegranates, jujubes, damsons, almonds, and walnuts, and even cherries in abundance; some of these fruits are of great circumference and weight. The warm district fruits are citron, sugar-cane, and orange. Their honey they obtain from the hilly country to the westward, and to Sir Alexander Burnes they owe the introduction of the potato.

The climate is extremely delightful, there being nothing equal to it in the known world, if we may accept the enthusiastic reports of those who have travelled there, or if we believe in the exquisite descriptions of Moore's musical Oriental poem, "Lalla Rookh," whose author travelled in the East in spirit—through the most exhaustive,

faithful study—though never actually setting foot on Asiatic soil.

In the summer, however sultry the day may have been, a *posteen* (lamb-skin cloak) is acceptable to wind about you at night; and though the winter snow-falls are heavy, the weather is seldom intensely cold. The *bade perwan*, or pleasant breeze, is a wind that during the spring blows steadily over Cabool from the north; but as the town of Perwan lies in that direction, it may easily have been the origin of the name of this persistent wind.

There are four beautiful intervals in and around Cabool highly cultivable, and fed and freshened by many clear springs. Some of these meadows are much infested by mosquitoes, but others are remarkably free from these little torments. An extensive forest to the southeast of the city supplies it with fire-wood and timber. The Balar Hissar (palace of the kings) division of the city is walled around with stone. Here are inclosed barracks, stables, palaces, and gardens, and here the governor resides. The Balar Hissar tower itself is on a high hill overlooking the city. In the city are four very large bazars, where wares from almost every mart in the world can be found. In 1842, after the Afghans treacherously surprised and massacred the British army quartered in Cabool, killing Sir Alexander Burnes and Sir W. Macnaughton, the British retook the city, and completely destroyed one of the largest and most superb bazars ever constructed in the East, and generally despoiled the city, retiring from it after enacting this terrible revenge. The streets of Cabool are very narrow, scarcely permitting "two horsemen abreast." The houses, usually two or three stories high, are built of wood and brick, with level roofs on which the people sleep in summer nights, the somnambulist being protected by the sort of lattice-work which is built around the edges of the roofs.

In the shops along the ground-floors of these streets an excellent dinner can be had for *one penny*, and sherbet, ice, and all the delicacies of a first-class Afghan dinner can be had for about three half-pence. If the Afghans were a peaceable people, what an El Dorado would their land be for "tramps!"

On the sides of the picturesque hills that surround the city of Cabool are many beautiful summer homes, with lovely and fragrant gardens walled in, and the view from the Balar Hissar is extended, and comprises not only the softened charm of the spicy vales and hill-side gardens, but the sublimity of the mountains receding from shade to shade of purest blue and tintless white into the glistening skies.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MAJOR ANDRÉ has so long been one of the most romantic and accepted heroes of the Revolution, although he wore the scarlet and not the blue and buff, that the outbreak against the proposition to mark with a stone the site of his execution, and to cut upon it an inscription by Dean Stanley, was somewhat surprising. The simple facts seem to be that the dean went to Tappan during his autumnal visit, and that his host and he agreed that it was desirable to put up such a memorial, for which the dean would supply the proper words. But the mere report of the intention produced a gust of patriotic resentment, and it was asserted that before honoring the British and Hessians who sought to enslave America, America should rather take care of the memories of the sons of liberty; and however hard the fate of André may have been, that it was certainly no harder than that of Nathan Hale, who, instead of asking that the manner of his death might be changed, grieved that he had but one life to give for his country.

The mention of Hale's name recalls one of the most heroic episodes of the Revolutionary war, and one of the noblest of patriots. He was a Connecticut boy and graduate of Yale—"slender, erect, graceful, elastic, wiry, with a broad chest, full face, blue eyes, light complexion, and brown hair," perfectly fearless, and of gentle manners. Early in 1775 he was commissioned lieutenant, and soon rose to be captain in Knowlton's regiment. In September, 1776, he was but a little more than twenty-one years old, and he volunteered to enter the enemy's lines to furnish Washington with the information he needed. Hale was seized upon his return, and frankly told his name, rank, and purpose. Without a trial, General Howe ordered him to execution the next morning. All communication with his friends was refused him, and his papers were destroyed. But the dauntless youth went calmly to his death, uttering the memorable words that will live forever in our heroic traditions. "His countrymen," says Bancroft, with manly pathos, "never pretended that the beauty of his character should have exempted him from the penalty which the laws of war imposed; they complained only that the hours of his imprisonment were imbittered by barbarous harshness."

It will be some time probably before an Englishman offers to erect a memorial to Nathan Hale. But that does not bear upon the suggestion of a stone to André, who was also a brave and gallant man. It is curious, however, that his fate should have so much more impressed the popular imagination, and even the American imagination, than the fate of Hale. It is due to the suppression of Hale's story by the British, and to the British outcry over André, with the poems and the paragraphs and the epitaph in Westminster Abbey. Hale was the unsung Agamemnon; André had all the bards. From the first he was declared to be a hero. It is impossible to read the contemporary account of Dr.

Thacher, who witnessed the execution, without perceiving the deep and strong feeling which André had aroused in the American breast. It was hard that Arnold should escape and André suffer. Dr. Thacher's entry in his journal—one of the most valuable and interesting of all the contemporary books of the Revolution—is this: "*October* 2.—Major André is no more among the living. I have just witnessed his exit. It was a tragical scene of the deepest interest. During his confinement and trial he exhibited those proud and elevated sensibilities which designate greatness and dignity of mind. Not a murmur or a sigh ever escaped him, and the civilities and attentions bestowed on him were politely acknowledged. Having left a mother and two sisters in England, he was heard to mention them in terms of the tenderest affection, and in his letter to Sir Henry Clinton he recommended them to his particular attention." The doctor proceeds to give a detailed account of the execution, and of the universal feeling of sorrow and respect for the accomplished soldier. In a note he copies from Hannah Adams's *History of New England* the account of Nathan Hale; but naturally, as an eye-witness, the full force of his admiration and sympathy is given to André.

In all American histories the narrative has been told with the same sympathy, and the one Revolutionary redcoat for whom American school-boys have a romantic feeling is Major André. Turning over an old Guide-Book of 1826, the Easy Chair recently found the story told at length, as enhancing by pensive association the charms of the Hudson River. The Guide says that the feeling produced in the country by André's death was sincere, deep, and permanent. He was a "noble and interesting character." "His life was published and widely circulated in the United States, and there is scarcely a child to be found at this day who has not mourned over the sorrowful tale of Major André." That a half century later, and a full century after his death, there should be any feeling or protest against the erection of a stone with a suitable inscription would be surprising, and the most diligent efforts to make such a feeling appear to be general have not succeeded. A young American, Mr. Winthrop Sargent, some years since wrote a monograph upon André, the most elaborate tribute that has been paid to his memory, and no American hitherto has spoken of him harshly. Certainly no American would have mourned his fate more truly than Nathan Hale, and no one would have heard more gladly that a century after the war an English dean who had been cordially welcomed in the country, and who had spoken of it most generously, would write an epitaph on the unhappy André. American patriotism does not consist in hating England and Englishmen because the government of George the Third compelled us to fight for our independence. There is nothing more truly American than the prompt and sincere recognition in men of other nations, even in Englishmen, of the qualities that we admire in Nathan Hale. Nor must it be supposed that there has been no visible permanent recognition of Hale's heroism and patriotic devotion. There is a monument in the town of Coventry, in Connecticut, where he was born, and where the woman whom he was to have married lived to old age and died faithful to the lover of her youth. Dr. Timothy Dwight celebrated Hale in prose and verse, and Mr. Stuart has written an excellent life of him. Neither a monument nor a stone will impair or increase the romantic admiration with which these two young men are regarded, and, as marking the spot of a sad and familiar historical event, there can be no reasonable objection to placing a stone where André, raising the handkerchief for a moment from his eyes, said, courteously, to his honorable foes, "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." They did bear that witness, and so do all the patriotic sons of those honorable sires.

The avatar of semi-royalty in our neighboring country of Canada has not been wholly auspicious. The truth is that while there is much sarcasm levelled at Yankee snobbery and the Yankee Jenkins, and while there were a good many Yankee heads turned by the pinchbeck pomp of the lower empire in France, and while it is sometimes said with apparent reason that a Yankee loves Lord Tom Noddy quite as much as the cockney, yet the Yankee, after all, and with these deductions made, is a cool and remorseless critic of royal splendors and etiquettes, which, indeed, can not well stand the light of publicity and of the photograph.

When photographs of the Queen were published and sold every where, and when the Queen's journals were printed and sold, the divinity that doth hedge royal personages began necessarily to disappear. Mr. Bagehot said, with great shrewdness, that very much of the power of royalty lay in the imagination. A great part of the English people, he thought, really suppose the monarch to belong to a kind of superior humanity, and to be the true tutelary genius of the country, actually governing and controlling. This kind of nimbus is evidently a very useful if not essential part of the pageant of royalty, so that whatever dims or diminishes it wounds the idea of royalty and fosters disloyalty. But what could be more fatal to such prestige than emphasis of the fact that a king is possibly a very ordinary man, and a queen, to the eye of the spectator at least, only a motherly woman? The English farmer or matron remote from towns who read the diary of a queen as he or she read that of Mr. Macready, and who saw that, changing the name, a royal household was only the squire's or Gaffer Gray's household with more servants and satin furniture, could never fully recover the breathless awe with which royalty should be theoretically regarded. When so much depends upon the imagination, the imagination should be carefully cultivated, and all essential illusions cherished and not dispelled.

The moment etiquette is philosophically or critically contemplated it is in danger of seeming ridiculous, and then every thing is in peril. The ecclesiastical symbolism which is explained in detail, and instead of being recognized as an instinctive emotional expression is sought to be intellectually justified, is in the same critical situation. A simple conformity to usages is the best way. They will not well bear handling. It is very well for a man to lunch in a frock-coat and to dine in a dress-coat. But why it is desirable to eat a piece of cold beef at two o'clock in a skirt which falls in front, and a piece of roast beef at seven o'clock in a skirt which falls behind, a wise man will not inquire. It is a custom, and very probably may

have had reasons in its origin which have long since disappeared. The curious inquirer will have to betake himself to Charles Lamb's conundrums of the table, as why currant jelly should be eaten with roast mutton and not with boiled beef; why salt fish points to parsnip, and brawn to mustard.

A monarch is a very important personage, a court is often very impressive and interesting, and etiquette is of the very essence of a court, but the moment a man gravely writes of etiquette, or another man or woman gravely reads of it, nothing can save them from immeasurable ridicule. When kings ruled, as was said, by "divine right," and were really believed to do so, they had a real distinction. But when a constitutional monarchy appears, and a certain family is selected to be the hereditary depositary of the executive power of the nation, the imagination requires every kind of protection and stimulant. Napoleon Bonaparte, who makes himself emperor, and who actually rules France because he is the ablest and most unscrupulous soldier in the country, is a very real personage. But George the Fourth commands no respect for any quality whatever, and is honored solely as a ceremony, not as a man nor as a real king, but a dandy whom it is convenient to call king. Imagination, when very powerful, may do something, however, even for him, as appeared when Walter Scott preserved the glass from which George drank his punch.

It is, for every reason, therefore, a little late to begin the romance of royalty just over our line in Canada. It is easy to fancy Cousin Jonathan leaning on the fence, and looking with an intensely quizzical expression at the experiment of a court just under his nose, as it were. "Have I done so ill," his face seems to say, "that my kindred in the next lot prefer this kind of thing? Have they really time and do they care to learn 'the special etiquette of the bow, the train, and the glove' in order to appear in the presence of their Governor?" For, that the experiment of the semi-royal court may be fully tried, a gentleman, who is a military secretary, puts forth an announcement that "ladies are to wear low-necked dresses" when they are presented, and those whose health forbids the low neck are to forward a physician's certificate, and then they will "wear square-cut dresses;" and every body will please to remark that "dresses fastening up to the throat are not to be worn." Cousin Jonathan, as he leans on his fence and sees a military secretary engaged in writing and promulgating this kind of literature, is certainly exceedingly amused, and his laugh is very genuine.

But it is not a military secretary alone who indulges in these interesting directions. There is a "professor" of fashionable dancing who has evidently given his mind to these studies, and he has issued a compendious treatise upon *Court Etiquette*. Some of his general observations show the spirit in which his work is performed. "What," says the professor—"what on this earthly sphere is more enchantingly exclusive than her Majesty's court?" Again: "The impression made by the débutante is a lasting one in England, and consequently art is brought to bear, and the courtesies, the walk, the extending of the arm for the train, and each physical movement, are practiced repeatedly before some competent teacher of deportment, who charges well for the lesson. But," perorates the professor, with an open glance at his own exchequer, "money is no object to the aristocracy of England when it comes to presentation lessons." He then proceeds in the form of a catechism:

"*Q.* Should a lady, on visiting her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, appear gloved or ungloved?—*A.* With the right-hand glove off.

"*Q.* When one of the royal family holds a representative reception, should the ladies appear with one glove off?—*A.* Yes; one off."

If at this point Cousin Jonathan, leaning on the fence, bursts into an audible snicker, it is only because he has not been perfected by some competent teacher of deportment in the special etiquette of the bow, the train, and the glove. He will, however, certainly watch with sincere interest the development of the process to secure the enchanting exclusiveness of her Majesty's court in her trusty dependency. It is whispered, indeed, that there has been some recalcitration about the low necks and the prohibition of dresses fastening up to the throat, which are mentioned admonitively in the treatise of the military secretary. There is evidently room not only for the professor of deportment, but of true loyalty. Can it be that there is something in the American air unfavorable to enchanting exclusiveness, or that the smiling and beaming face of Cousin Jonathan, looking over the fence at his Cousin Canuck, has a certain influence? We are very sure that he has nothing but good feeling under the smile, and if his cousin would see him —— first, rather than wear a dress fastened up to the throat, Jonathan will pray his cousin of the gentler sex to wear the dress that pleases her in making her bow to her Governor-General.

It is not many months since the farewell breakfast to Bayard Taylor at the Century Club and the great dinner at Delmonico's, over both of which Bryant presided. The association of the two names is now very touching. The older man seemed very hale, and the younger very robust, and there was no apparent reason to doubt that when the minister returned from his honorable mission, the old poet might preside at a banquet of welcome as gracefully as at that of farewell. On the morning of the Century breakfast Bryant and Taylor and the Easy Chair chanced to meet at the steps of the club, and after a little conversation they passed in together. The cheerful greeting of the old poet to his younger brother, and the light, happy, expectant manner of the minister, were very pleasant to see and hear. No one who knew the earnest, devoted, high-minded, and true-hearted man whom the breakfast was to honor could help rejoicing in his well-won official laurels and his cheerful anticipations. The company at table in the large room of the Century was such as the Century can assemble on its great days, and the happy speech of Bryant and the modest and graceful reply of the guest fitly expressed on both sides the feeling of the occasion. The company lingered long, chatting and laughing, nor saw nor suspected over the two chief figures the shadow that even then impended.

About a month later Bryant stood in the fervid May sunshine, declining the offer of any shelter, which was nevertheless furnished, so that he was protected from the sun, except for a moment at the end of his speech, when he moved toward the

bust of Mazzini, which was then unveiled. Those who were with him observed no especial exhaustion; but within half an hour he fell suddenly, his brow still moist with the generous warmth of his tribute to a fellow-soldier of liberty, as different in temperament and method from himself as one man could be from another. He revived slightly, but doubtless was never wholly himself again, and a few days afterward he peacefully died. In the autumn the Century held a commemoration of its president, at which Mr. Bigelow, long his associate in the editorship of the *Evening Post*, read a discourse full of interesting and valuable personal reminiscence and fine appreciation of character. Stedman and Stoddard read poems, and Bayard Taylor sent a poem from his post in Germany. Scarcely was the poem published when the Century was mourning the singer, and the country heard of his death with universal tenderness of regret.

At the time of Mr. Taylor's departure for Germany the Easy Chair spoke of the characteristics which had given him his prominence and attracted to him such general esteem. He was a simple, honorable, upright man, with a lofty literary ambition and the most unwearied devotion to literary work. His literary endeavors were of the highest aim, and the excellence of his work is indisputable. He was the most faithful and honest of workmen, but his friends knew him to be overworked. It is, indeed, hard for a literary man of warm social sympathies, of a strong constitution, pressed by many wishes and tastes which can be gratified at his pleasure, if it be only his pleasure to work—it is hard for such a man, living in a city and amidst admiring and stimulative society, not to do more than he should do, and easy to forget, in the pride of his strength, that his strength must be fostered. Taylor would sometimes, perhaps often, toil laboriously with his brain and his pen for more than twelve hours, and then seek the relaxation of the club, and the friendly circle and the cheerful conversation there. These are the allurements, the recreations, and the delights of the literary man, but they are dangerous delights. They do not recuperate, but still further exhaust the vital energies which hard literary work has already depleted. Doubtless Taylor would have preferred to take all the risks, even if risks had occurred to him; but his fullness of life and vigor and hope forbade all thought of more than temporary inconvenience, while all losses were to be repaired by the ampler leisure and greater rest of life at the legation.

But there was to be no other than the unbroken rest, and it is touching to see that the busy man was busy almost to his last moment, and sank tranquilly away, unconscious that it was the end. The sincerity of the general feeling at his death was a fitting tribute to the sincerity of the man. But it was all expressed with exquisite pathos and tender beauty in the little poem by Longfellow, which was read by Dr. Holmes at the memorial meeting in Boston, with some rarely felicitous words of preface. The Tremont Temple, one of the great halls in Boston, was crowded with those who wished to honor the memory of the traveller and the poet. Mr. Emerson, whose presence is always a benediction, sat upon the platform; Whittier sent a letter; and Dr. Holmes, after a happy preface of his own, read the poem. It is impossible not to feel how proud and glad the heart of Taylor would have been could he have known that such men would offer such honors to his memory.

Dr. Holmes truly said of Longfellow's verses: "A tribute from such a singer would honor the obsequies of the proudest sovereign, would add freshness to the laurels of the mightiest conqueror." He then read the poem, and we who were not there can imagine what the reading must have been—how tender, how pathetic, how melodious:

"Dead he lay among his books.
The peace of God was in his looks.

"As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

"So these volumes from their shelves
Watch him, silent as themselves.

"Ah! his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o'er!

"Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

"Let the lifeless body rest:
He is gone who was its guest—

"Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

"Traveller, in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

"In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?

"In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

"Poet, thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse,

"Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own.

"On the ruins of the past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

"Friend, but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells,

"And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea—

"Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks."

Whittier's letter was full of that warm personal affection which was felt for Taylor by all his friends. Mentioning some of his chief works as "sureties of the permanence of his reputation," Whittier added: "But at this moment my thoughts dwell rather on the man than on the author. The calamity of his death, felt in both hemispheres, is to me, and to all who intimately knew and loved him, a heavy personal loss." It is not easy to think of that active frame at rest forever, of that busy brain and beating heart stilled. But thinking of his child-like fidelity and simplicity, the peace of God that the poet sees in his dead face leads our trusting thought forward and further to the life "whose light doth trample on our days."

"HAIL to the capital of New York!" said Mr. Seward, twenty-four years ago, beginning the speech which marked his passage from the Whig party to the Republican. It was in early October, when the weather is delightful, and it was, so far as we remember, the last time that he spoke in the old Capitol, with which his name will be forever associated as one of the great Governors of New York. "Old familiar echoes greet my ear from beneath these embowered roofs. The voices of the Spencers, of Kent and Van Rensselaer and Van Vechten, of the genial Tompkins, of Clinton

the Great and the elder Clinton, of King and Hamilton, of Jay the pure and benevolent, and Schuyler the gallant and inflexible. The very air that lingers around these arches breathes inspirations of moral and social and physical enterprise and of unconquerable freedom." These are lofty words, but their lyrical resonance befitted the accession of a great leader to a great party. They were words whose echoes must have lingered in many memories at the brilliant opening of the new Capitol of the State, and the proudest challenge that the old building can send to its towering and magnificent neighbor, before whom it must soon disappear, is that its glories are these men and their history, and that many a year must pass before the superb Capitol of to-day can hope to have even the beginnings of such traditions.

It was interesting to see in the splendid new chamber one figure which connects the new with the old, and the Capitol of to-day with that which Seward so glowingly described. Mr. Thurlow Weed was himself so important a part of Mr. Seward's own political career, he has seen and known familiarly so many of the most memorable men in the history of the State, and he has been so long one of its recognized political forces, that in seeing him in the midst of the brilliant festivity of the opening night, the spectator seemed to see more nearly the vanishing forms of Clinton the Great and the elder Clinton, of the Spencers and Kent and Van Rensselaer, of Hamilton and King and Jay. These names are amulets. They should be worn in the memory and fixed in the ambition of those who follow them in the new Capitol to serve the State. Well might statues of them all decorate the noble halls and corridors. A range of such New York worthies along the grand corridor would be inspiring—John Jay at the head, of whom Daniel Webster said, "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay, it touched nothing not as spotless as itself."

It was the successor of Jay in the Chief Magistracy of the State who appeared in the midst of the gay and impressive scene, like the severe old Roman in Couture's picture of the "Decadence of the Romans," criticising by his austere glance the wild revel of the decline. At the height of the spectacle, about ten o'clock in the evening, Governor Robinson, in white gloves—a costly frivolity at which his sturdy republican hands seemed to protest as if in some occult manner aiding and abetting the enormity of architecture in which he felt himself obliged to be present—entered the Assembly-chamber, followed by a long file of laced and epauletted gentlemen, his staff. He passed rapidly through the chamber without stopping, and vanished behind the Speaker's chair. Thence he re-appeared in the upper ladies' gallery, where, high in air, he looked sadly down upon the expensive crowd in the expensive hall, as the old prophet may have looked upon the impious orgies of Belshazzar and his court, meditating, perhaps, with stern satisfaction that the next day he should have the opportunity to denounce to the legislators themselves the mad waste and extravagance of which he thought them to be guilty. The denunciation duly fell; and the Governor gravely proposed that, as times are so hard, nothing more should be done at present for the completion of the building; and he seemed almost to insinuate that, as a commodious Capitol could be built for a smaller sum than that which will be necessary to finish this, it would be true republican economy to leave this vast, costly, and inconvenient pile to the bats and the rats, a monument of jobbery and folly. The Governor did not quite say that. He said, indeed, that nothing now remained but to finish as frugally as possible.

The wonder is that the present Commission and the architects have been able to make so noble and imposing a building out of the wretched and worse than wretched beginnings. There are enormous faults, but the mind is comforted by thinking what might have been. The building has already cost more than nine millions, and it will probably cost five millions more. But however large the cost may be, so long as the present Commission continues, the work will be doubtless worthily done. It will be done unquestionably in the same generous manner in which it has thus far advanced. But that is unavoidable, unless we accept what is apparently the Governor's view, that the only thing to do is to finish it at the very lowest possible price of unwrought and unornamented stone. That, however, is idle. The character of the completed building is forecast. It will be finished as a structure of many styles—a Renaissance building of which the New-Yorker in general will be very proud, and which will contain some of the finest rooms for civic purposes in the world.

There was one remark made that evening which will seem to many, probably, very just—that so magnificent a work marks the decline of republican simplicity, and an era of luxury and effeminacy. But this is a curiously distorted and crude theory. Great works of art, whether in architecture or painting or sculpture, however rich and splendid, are not produced in the decline but in the vigor of nations; and if it be answered that this is not a great but a false and meretricious work, the reply seems to be conclusive that whatever jobbery may have tainted the beginning of the work, it was rescued from all doubtful influences, and placed in the hands of as conscientious and able artists as there are in the country. This should be the rule to the end. The Commissioners, true to their duty, can not allow any consideration to affect them in the selection of artists but that of their known and acknowledged excellence. It is their duty to cause the work to be done in the best way. The moment they are induced, for any reason, "to give more people a chance," knowing that they will admit some of those who are less fitted for the work, they begin to yield to the spirit of jobbery, and to lose that loftiness and singleness of purpose which alone is the guarantee of a worthy work. The theory that governments are justly founded on the consent of the governed does not require the maintenance of the amusing doctrine that every body can do every thing. Yet it is evident that gentlemen in active politics are sometimes strongly impressed with the conviction that the true view of equal rights before the law is that every body is equally fitted for every thing, and that all public expenses should be so arranged as to put the most money into the pockets of the most people. It is one of the satisfactions with which the names of the Capitol Commission are contemplated that there are some among them, at least, who do not hold this view.

The citizens of Albany, or that part of them

who held the reception at the new Capitol, spared no effort for success, and their reception was perfectly successful. The halls and corridors will never again be more brilliant and beautiful than they were that evening, and whether the moral influence of imposing architecture upon legislation be precisely definable or not, and whether, therefore, it is fair to anticipate a higher general tone in our Legislatures than has been heretofore known, this at least is to be remembered, that the extreme simplicity and modesty of the old Capitol, hallowed by the venerable traditions which Mr. Seward recalled, did not prevent it from being a den of robbers in the time of Tweed and his gang. It will be many a year before disgrace so deep and foul as that of the Tweed administration will befall the State, and there was no incitement to it certainly in the outward splendor of the State accommodations. It was interesting to wander through the new magnificence, to forecast its enduring date, and, remembering the glories of the old Capitol and of the New York of the last hundred years, to feel the exulting confidence of equal greatness and patriotism and public service in the long and vast future that we revellers of a night shall never see.

There were very just English comments on the artificiality and extravagance of Lord Beaconsfield's announcement to the House of Lords of the death of the Princess Alice. The loss of that lady seems to have been deeply felt by the English people. A certain filial and motherly affection and devotion, her vigils by the bedside of her father and of her children, her simple and unostentatious independence and kindness and charity, had greatly endeared her to the popular heart, which is so easily loyal to sweetness and gentleness and simplicity in high station. But these are graces which are incomprehensible to Lord Beaconsfield. He knows that they exist, but he does not know precisely what they are. In all his brilliant and entertaining stories the figures and the life have a hot-house and exotic air. There is not in all of them one touch like that of Dinah in *Adam Bede*, which shows a genius conversant with the earnest realities of life and character.

As one of the London papers truly said, when the ceremony is a mere pageant like the return from Berlin, or the "opening night," or the reappearance in the Lords, or a Guildhall dinner, nobody is more successful than the Prime Minister. He is a well-graced actor for such occasions, and the curtain falls amid general plaudits. Fortunately many of the great state occasions are of that purely artificial character, and the accomplished player whom Mr. Smalley so graphically described in his account of the Guildhall banquet heightens the pomp and the impression of the ceremony. It is impossible not to feel that he delights in it as Jenkins delights in gazing upon the wardrobe of a royal bride, and in elaborating his finest description of it. But when it is a ceremony full of deep and sincere feeling, such as the announcement by the Prime Minister to the English peers of the melancholy death of a truly beloved daughter of England, the tone of Jenkins, even if the speaker be in coronet and garter, is painfully repulsive.

The Princess Alice was a lovely and amiable woman, and her death was a sincere sorrow. But Lord Beaconsfield first spoke of it, in a letter postponing the reception of a deputation from California, as a "terrible calamity" which had "fallen upon the country." Was an army lost? Was liberty imperilled by some dire event? Was civil war at hand? Had famine or flood swept away multitudes of people? No; but a beloved daughter of the Queen, domesticated in another country, and whose life or death in no way involved more than family feeling, was dead. This extravagant overstatement, plainly resulting not from an excess of grief, but from want of feeling, was the key of the Premier's remarks and conduct upon the subject. It was a thoroughly Jenkins treatment. It tended to cover with ridicule what was essentially pathetic. In the House of Lords this unreality was still more striking and unpleasant. "The physicians," said the earl who as a youth wrote the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, "who permitted her to watch over her suffering family, enjoined her under no circumstances whatever to be tempted into an embrace. Her admirable self-restraint guarded her through the crisis of this terrible complaint in safety. She remembered and observed the injunctions of her physicians. But it became her lot to break to her son, quite a youth, the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy was so overcome with misery that the agitated mother clasped him in her arms, and thus she received the kiss of death." The tragedy and the pathos are complete. The simple story is unspeakably touching. The Lords are men, they are husbands and parents. The sorrow of that stricken home becomes by sympathy their own.

But Lord Beaconsfield, in the true Jenkins vein, must needs paint the lily. He knows a trick beyond the dew. Having thus said all that could be said, he proceeded to show how little he knew and felt the grief he was describing, and—assuming that he did not know it—how poor an artist, how unappreciative an actor, he is. A just instinct should have told him that nothing could be added. But the genius that made Lothair is irrepressible. "My Lords," quoth the Premier, "I hardly know an incident more pathetic. It is one by which poets might be inspired, and in which the professors of the fine arts, from the highest to the lowest branches, whether in painting, sculpture, or gems, might find a fitting subject of commemoration." It is incredible, but it is true. Lord Beaconsfield said it. That fresh and heart-touching sorrow presented itself to his mind as worthy to be cut on shell and perpetuated in a cameo—mounted properly, of course, in frosted gold of a unique Assyrian pattern, and worn as a brooch on the bosom of the Empress-Queen.

It is a slight thing, but this speech, most seriously meant, as undoubtedly it was, will probably serve to show some quiet and intelligent Englishmen why the whole Beaconsfield business seems so artificial to so many other quiet and intelligent Englishmen. It is a business of fine effects in cameo and color, and he is himself a professor of the fine art of producing them.

In his late brief but delightful memoir of Motley, Dr. Holmes has what may truly be called some appetizing remarks upon interviewers. It was an interviewer who made the first trouble between Mr. Motley and his government, and Dr.

Holmes's allusion is a good-natured but earnest and effective protest against a kind of tyranny the endurance of which seems to be wholly voluntary on the part of the sufferer, but which few resist. "Those self-appointed or hired agents," says the doctor, "called 'interviewers,' who do for the American public what the Venetian spies did for the Council of Ten, what the familiars of the Inquisition did for the priesthood, who invade every public man's privacy, who listen at every key-hole, who tamper with every guardian of secrets: purveyors to the insatiable appetite of a public which must have a slain reputation to devour with its breakfast, as the monster of antiquity called regularly for his tribute of a spotless virgin." He then proceeds to show how mischievous the practice is and must be. Every thing in the expression of opinion depends upon the delicacy of shading, the precise word, the real tone, the modification, the qualification. No man is safe if reports of his conversation are to be published without his own careful revision. "Too frequently it happens that the careless talk of an honest and high-minded man only reaches the public after filtering through the drain of some reckless hireling's memory—one who has played so long with other men's characters and good name that he forgets they have any value except to fill out his morning paragraphs."

This is an excellent tonic. It will strengthen many secret sufferers to unloose their tongues and cry, "Ditto." The independence of the press seems to be in danger of destroying the sacred privacy of home, and of reversing the good old English tradition that a man's house is his castle, or, as the irreverent poet of the club sings,

> "An Englishman's house is his castle,
> An Englishman's hat is his crown."

The interviewer blandly ravages the castle, and smashes the crown about the royal ears, and the general feeling of society seems to be a good deal that of the kitchen circle in the presence of a company of masked burglars—that interviewers must be treated politely, or the consequences may be unspeakable.

A ludicrous illustration of this treatment of private persons—and it is the same with public persons in their private relations—appeared in some performances of Jenkins in a California paper last year. Jenkins is the original interviewer, although he interviews by preference the furniture and upholstery, the linen-room and wardrobe and bureau drawers, the gaiters and back hair, the embroidery on the towels, and the charms of personal manners, rather than the "views" of the denizens of the household. An amusing editor, commenting upon these pen-pictures, says that the excellent heads of families who appear in them, instead of taking a little turn hunting up Jenkins with a club, probably look upon him as a noble fellow full of the exuberance of the golden coast. We omit the names which Jenkins carefully prints, and present for public meditation these specimens of the kind of oblivion of the rights of private life which characterizes the Inquisition and Interviewing. Jenkins is, indeed, an incomplete interviewer; for, otherwise, having described with honeyed tongue Miss Dottie and Miss Mamie and Miss Sadie and Miss Carrie and Miss Lulie and Miss Gracie and Miss Mattie, he would have recorded their remarks.

"Miss Dottie ——," says Jenkins, "daughter of —— ——, real-estate operator, with gold-tinted tresses soft and warm, has stolen the fragrance and sweets of our semi-tropical luxuriances. Highly cultured, bounding her life by the sacred impulses of a pure and noble womanhood, she represents one of California's most endeared productions." His hand once in, he proceeds *currente calamo*. "—— ——, the efficient Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., has two estimable daughters—Miss Mattie and Miss Sarah ——. Twin beauties, moulded by harmony and resplendent with wealth, highly educated, skilled in the requirements of society, which they adorn, these fair sisters justly claim a foremost place among our girls." And finally: "Miss Mamie ——, whose natural talent and acquired accomplishments shed lustre upon the luxurious home of our railroad magnate, Colonel ——, is a demi-brunette, with quite dark hair, and eyes that speak from the fullness of intelligence. Besides a most perfect education in Eastern convents, this young lady has travelled beyond almost any of her sex, including not only Europe and the Continent, but China also."

It is possible that there are Dotties and Matties and Mamies who are pleased with this, and who grieve if Jenkins overlooks them in his story of a ball. If that be so, it shows merely that the mischief has done its perfect work, and that so many as are pleased are thoroughly vulgarized. In this part of the world it is pleasant to see that Jenkins has been less obstreperous of late, and it is some time since we have had a *chef-d'œuvre* from his hand. By some chance Dean Stanley's pocket-handkerchiefs eluded Jenkins's admiring observation and description.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE publication in one issue of a new and elegant library edition of the entire five volumes of Macaulay's history[1] revives the recollection of the eager expectation with which the first installment of the work was awaited on its first publication thirty years ago, and also recalls the excited rush that was then made for its possession, the profound interest with which it was read, and the animated discussions that ensued as to its merits. Perhaps no other literary event of like magnitude that has happened during this long period produced an effect so intense and absorbing in both hemispheres as that which attended the publication of the first two volumes in the winter of 1848–49. (The third and fourth volumes of this remarkable work were not completed until late in 1855, and the fifth not until 1858—only a year before Macaulay's death.) Instantly, and to the postponement of nearly every other topic, the two volumes became the sub-

[1] *The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second.* By Lord MACAULAY. Library Edition. 5 Volumes 8vo. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ject of universal talk and debate—in the cars, on the exchange, in the counting-room, in social gatherings, in literary and college circles, and in the press—some of it hostile, far the greater part in a tone of panegyric, but all eulogistic of the charm of its style, the splendor of its rhetoric, the stateliness of its periods, the life-likeness of its portraitures, the amplitude of its details coupled with the marvellous succinctness of its relation of them, the lucidity of its arrangement, and the steady march of its narrative. As rapidly as it could be delivered from the overtaxed press it was distributed to waiting thousands, and within a remarkably short time for that day was read by every cultivated man and woman, and by all who aspired to be considered such, wherever the English tongue was spoken. Thirteen thousand of each of the large and expensive volumes were sold in London in less than three months from its publication, besides large English editions in France and Germany; and in this country the sale was unprecedented. As early as the 4th of April, 1849—less than four months from its publication in England—as we learn from Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Macaulay*, the Messrs. Harper wrote to the historian: "We beg you to accept herewith a copy of our cheap edition of your work. There have been three other editions published by different houses, and another is in preparation, so there will be six different editions in the market. We have already sold 40,000 copies, and we presume that over 60,000 copies have been disposed of. Probably within three months of this time the sale will amount to 200,000 copies. No work, of any kind, has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm." And seven years later Edward Everett wrote to Macaulay, on information which he said was derived from "booksellers of the best authority," that up to that time "no book had ever had such a sale in the United States, except the Bible and one or two school-books of universal use." After the first excitement of expectation and curiosity had subsided, of course the demand receded somewhat from these generous proportions, but it still remained very large, and during the last twenty years has again been on the increase. Meantime, as Professor Von Ranke has declared, Macaulay's masterpiece has attained "a European, or rather a world-wide, circulation, to a degree unequalled by any of his contemporaries." Besides numerous English editions on the Continent, there have been six rival translations into German, and it has been published in the Polish, Danish, Swedish, Italian, French, Dutch, Spanish, Hungarian, Russian, Bohemian, and Persian languages—a tribute of approbation such, we believe, as has been awarded to no similar historical work of like magnitude. It richly deserved the favor it met; nor has any thing occurred since its first publication to render it less deserving of the favor of the new generation that has come on the stage. Not only has it not been supplanted by any other history bearing upon the period it illustrates, but so broad are its generalizations, so microscopic its details, so able and generally just are its conclusions, and so reliable its statements of fact, that no other history of the period has been possible save at the risk of a ruinous comparison and certain failure. The probability is that it will remain for all time the standard and possibly the only history of that important juncture in civil liberty and constitutional government. Nor is it only by reason of its intrinsic merit as a historical composition that Macaulay's history has maintained its superiority and its hold upon popularity. For although two generations have passed since it was given to the world, during which time there have been great changes in literary taste, execution, and criticism, its brilliance has suffered no tarnish from the lapse of time and the changes in taste; its rhetoric and style still remain as splendid, as animated, and as fascinating as ever; the pomp of its diction, the dignity of its periods, and the sounding march of its climaxes are still as effective; its author's clearness and vigor of statement, acuteness of discernment, and soundness of judgment still remain as conspicuous; and men marvel now as then at the strict impartiality with which —veiling his own likes and dislikes so that they are scarcely discoverable—he distributes his censure and his praise. No material facts that he has stated have been discredited, but, on the contrary, when any of them have been impeached, they have generally been sustained by new and cumulative evidence. Although he was a party man, the candid generally concede that his recitals of fact and his judgments and conclusions upon them are rarely charged with bias or partisanship except by those whose bias or partisanship he traverses. To those of the new generation of readers and students who are as yet unfamiliar with this history, and who wish to direct their reading and study to strictly profitable results, a few words outlining its general scope may be useful. The work opens with what Macaulay himself terms "a slight sketch," but which is in reality an unusually clear and comprehensive general view, of the history of England from the earliest times, in which, after passing rapidly over the earlier centuries, and in a more leisurely manner over the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors, he pauses to concentrate the attention upon the great civil contest that was developed in the reigns of the Stuarts, and that was brought to a decisive crisis in the reign of the last of their line. In the remainder and far the greater portion of the work he dwells, first, with extraordinary minuteness, upon the occurrences which made the dethronement of James the Second possible and necessary, and afterward enlarges, with even still greater elaboration of detail, upon the acts and events that signalized the reign of his constitutional successors, William and Mary. All that portion of the history relating to the years before the accession of James is an essential preliminary to a just understanding of the important events that took form prior to, at the time of, and after the accession of William, and which made an indelible impression upon the institutions of all men of the English-speaking race. Strictly, the work is the history of England from the accession of James the Second to the death of William of Orange, and it comprises the recital of the errors which alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the house of Stuart; the record of the course of the great revolution which terminated the long struggle of British sovereigns with their Parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title to the throne; and also the relation of the methods by which the new settlement that the revolution effected was successfully defended against its foreign and domes-

tic enemies, and became the agency by which the rights of the sovereign and the security of property were made compatible with law and order, with liberty of speech, of the press, and of the person. We are shown by the narrative how, through the order and freedom established by this settlement, the nation became prosperous, powerful, and opulent, and was enabled to extend its commerce and possessions in every part of the habitable world; and, in fine, we are enabled to trace the history of England—its government and people, its legislation and administration, its bench, its bar, its eminent personages in civil and military station, its physical and intellectual improvement, its progress in trade, agriculture, and the useful and ornamental arts—and of the manners and customs of those who were its citizens during the years under review, even including the revolutions which took place in their dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements, along with those which affected their religious and political well-being. Nothing is overlooked that is necessary to a lively and faithful picture of the times that are chronicled, and their product of actors and events.

One of the most important episodes in modern history is carefully and graphically outlined in *The Normans in Europe*,[2] the latest of Mr. Morris's excellent series of "Epochs of Modern History." The author of the volume is the Rev. A. H. Johnson, historical lecturer to several of the colleges of Cambridge, and he opens it with a condensed description of the life of the Northmen in their Scandinavian homes before their incursions upon the rest of Europe, and also with a succinct account of the periods of their two invasions upon their continental neighbors, which made so powerful an impression upon the map and history of Europe, the first resulting in their definite settlement in the British Isles, Russia, and France, and the other in their settlements in Spain and Italy, and their conquest of England. This last being the central event in the history of the Normans, attention is chiefly concentrated in the earlier portion of the volume upon their presence in France, from their first settlement on the Seine till they dominated the province which afterward received their name. The recital comprises sketches of the lives and deeds of the great Norman pioneers and leaders, from Duke Rollo and William Longsword to William the Conqueror, with accounts of their military and political wars and alliances, and of the course of contemporaneous history in France and Germany having a bearing upon the development and solidification of their power. The life of the Conqueror is traced with considerable minuteness; and, as incidental to it and the events of his stormy but brilliant career, careful reviews are given of the feudal system, monasticism, and antecedent English history. Large space is devoted to the history of the conquest of England; and this is followed by a consideration of William's English policy, and of the civil, religious, and military policy, external and internal, that characterized the reigns of his successors William Rufus and Henry the First, together with a view of the leading formative events connected therewith. The volume concludes with a brief and lucid statement of the great constitutional work of the Anglo-Norman period, as exemplified by the organization of administrative routine and government.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston is engaged upon a popular series bearing the general title, "Famous American Indians," the first of which, issued some time since, chronicled the life and deeds, the wars, policies, and alliances, of the famous warrior-statesman of the North, Tecumseh. The one just published performs a similar office for the great warrior-general of the Southwest, Red Eagle,[3] also known as the half-breed William Weathersford. Neither of these volumes has any thing in common with the conventional Indian story-books, but are entirely free from the sensational staple of stratagems, outrages, atrocities, and personal encounters with which these others are usually so highly spiced. In the present instance Red Eagle is made the central figure of a minute and well-digested historical sketch of the origin, causes, and events of the Creek war in Alabama, in which that able chieftain was pitted against, and for a long while successfully opposed, some of our ablest soldiers, including Jackson, till he was at length overwhelmed by the superior force and military genius of the latter. Its biographical sketch of Red Eagle, its characterizations of Jackson and our other commanders, its descriptions of the bearing of our troops and of the savages, and its recital of the military operations of this critical campaign, have all the fascination of a romance, and the volume forms an authentic contribution to the history of one of the most interesting of our aboriginal tribes, and also to the record of one of the most threatening episodes in our early annals.

Mr. Hardy's *Return of the Native*[4] is a descriptive and emotional novel of more than average artistic merit, which is chiefly displayed by a succession of powerful scenes and skillful or striking contrasts. His descriptions of the scene of the story, Egdon Heath, as night and mist are settling upon its barren ruggedness, and the surrounding gloom is made to seem blacker and more impenetrable by the huge fires of furze which its denizens have lighted on its central barrow, have many of the features of Rembrandt's paintings of fire-light, camp-light, and torch-light scenes, and, like them, the deep shadows of these artificial lights operate to invest a grim and commonplace reality with a romance that is fruitful of shuddering fancies and creeping half-fears. In this production, as in his *Far from the Madding Crowd*, Mr. Hardy introduces a large body of actors belonging to the class of English peasantry, and their manners, customs, humors, amusements, superstitions, and dialect colloquies are reproduced with picturesque effect. Nearly all the characters belong to these primitive people, one of the exceptions being the admirably painted heroine Eustacia Vye, an exotic from a more advanced state of society, who has been planted on this unattractive wild and among its simple folk by circumstances which she could not control, and against which she unceasingly rebels, and

[2] *The Normans in Europe.* By Rev. A. H. Johnson, M.A. With Maps. 16mo, pp. 273. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[3] *Red Eagle, and the Wars with the Creek Indians of Alabama.* By George Cary Eggleston. 12mo, pp. 346. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[4] *The Return of the Native.* By Thomas Hardy. 16mo, pp. 465. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

whose nature is a singular compound of contradictions—of fierceness and gentleness, resolution and vacillation, love and inconstancy, coldness and passion, strength and weakness. The other exception is one of her lovers, Wildeve, another waif from the outside world, who is a bundle of petty attractions and foibles, sufficient, however, to find grace in her eyes. The subordinate figures, especially those of Mrs. Yeobright, Diggory Venn, and "Charley," are scarcely less engaging than the central ones. The story is powerfully scenic rather than regularly and continuously dramatic. While many of its scenes might be represented upon the stage singly with great effectiveness, they are not knit closely enough together by the tie of a controlling interest, they contribute too slightly to the progress of the plot, and the influence which they exert upon the catastrophe is too remote or inconsiderable to render the story, as a whole, capable of successful dramatization or representation. Nevertheless, it is delightful reading.

Among the works of fiction in recent issues of the "Franklin Square Library" is *Love's Crosses*,[5] a clever story by Mr. Notley, which bustles with an unusual number of animated actors, and keeps the interest constantly on the alert by its rapidly shifting scenes and striking exhibitions of incident and passion. It is a love tale, ingeniously fertile of perplexities, troubles, difficulties, hopes, and joys, and with a tenderly tragic side as affecting one set of the actors in it.—Another of the publications in this form is *Elinor Dryden*,[6] a brilliant tale, by the author of *Patty*. Like the story just laid down, it has an under-tone of sadness, but this is so skillfully subordinated as to give an increased sweetness to the gravity of the prevailing strain. Among the male characters are men of widely opposite temperaments, who belong to equally opposite social conditions, but who have a common resemblance in their masculine power to suffer, to hate, to love, and to endure. There are other portraitures of men of a lower grade, who serve as the dupe and villain of the tale. The female characters, with the exception of the heroine, after whom the story is named, and who is a vigorous figure, are merely sufficiently contrasted in their feelings, tastes, and mental and moral qualities to give variety to the drama. —In strong contrast with these and other novels of the more recent school of English fiction is Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*,[7] in which he paints with the hand of a master the life and manners of the Roman people in the first century of our religion, and in the most civilized period of the empire, during the reign of Titus. Pompeii is made to reflect as in a microcosm the social and public life and customs, the grandeur and degradation, the pomp, the luxury, the civilization and barbarism, of that splendid age, together with the familiar and household associations of the time, its arts, its public amusements and spectacles, and the conflicts and vicissitudes of its religious creeds. As the reader follows the fortunes of the generous Glaucus, the beautiful Ione, and their humble friend the blind flower-girl Nydia, he is made familiar with the early struggles of Christianity with heathen superstition and intolerance, with the habits of life of all ranks of society, with the feast and the forum, the baths and amphitheatres, and is a witness of the passions, the crimes, the intrigues, the enjoyments and miseries, of the people of that distant age, their collisions of policy, interest, and ambition. The novel is rich in ingenious surprises, thrilling incident, and variety of character, and its delineations of the tender passion are as chaste as they are sensuous.

Turning to the less elaborate fiction that takes the form of short stories, an hour of quiet enjoyment may be derived from Jules Sandeau's *Madeleine*.[8] This is a love story in which the heroine is developed from a forlorn and desolate childhood into a beautiful, resolute, self-sacrificing, and loving woman, who brightens the joys and solaces the griefs of her friends and benefactors, and by her constancy, thoughtfulness, tenderness, and invincible sweetness first rescues the man she loves from a slough of despondency and self-reproach, and even from self-destruction, and then restores him to the manhood he had abused, and re-instates him in the station and possessions he had forfeited. The narrative is embellished with paintings of château life in one of the French provinces just after the Revolution, which recall the minute finish and brilliant coloring of a picture by Watteau. Besides being a love tale, the story is a well-conceived illustration of the beauty and dignity of labor, and of its power to contribute to happiness by ministering successfully to a mind diseased.—*The Sorrow of a Secret*[9] is a Devonshire idyl, in which the romance of two lovers—the one a ripe man of the world, and the other an ingenuous country maiden as sweet and pure as her own field flowers—has for its setting rural surroundings which are lavish in simple beauty, and smile with plenty and content. Some of its descriptions of pastoral and farm life and of the wealth of field and orchard, though less extended than those of R. D. Blackmore in *Alice Lorraine* and *Lorna Doone*, fairly rival them in the amplitude and luxuriousness of their coloring. The love passages are delicately wrought, and are sufficiently shaded by trials and difficulties to give a stronger relief to the prevalent happiness.—*'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay*[10] is a piquant story written conjointly by Walter Besant and James Rice, whose scene is laid on the coast of Dorsetshire, and in which the course of true love is interrupted by a press-gang, and otherwise diversified with incidents of smuggling life and adventure.—*Our Professor*[11] is a double love story, interwoven with the threads of life at a Continental watering-place. Without being intense or emotional, it is well stocked with sentiment and incident, and

[5] *Love's Crosses.* A Novel. By F. E. M. Notley. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Elinor Dryden.* A Novel. By Katharine S. Macquoid. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 77. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *The Last Days of Pompeii.* A Novel. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 78. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Madeleine.* A Story of French Love. Translated from the French of Jules Sandeau by Francis Charlot. Small 4to, pp. 244. Chicago: Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.

[9] *The Sorrow of a Secret.* A Story. By Mary Cecil Hay. "Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 112. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.* A Story. By Walter Besant and James Rice. "Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 165. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Our Professor.* By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. "Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 89. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the reader enjoys a relishing sense of embarrassments pluckily overcome, and of unfriendly offices successfully counterplotted.—Grouped under the caption, *Lady Carmichael's Will, and Other Christmas Stories*,[12] are three clever tales by as many authors, either of which may be read as a sort of grace after meat in the dreamy half hour just after the evening meal, and whose cheerfulness will prove the best of aids to digestion. One of them, by Mary Cecil Hay, is a tale of love in refined life, in which the disinterestedness of both the lovers and the strength of their affection are put to a severe test, and triumphantly stand the strain. In the guise of a London cabman, whose witty dislocations of the Queen's English are very amusing, Mr. F. W. Robinson tells a story of the lower grades of life in London, which he styles "Romance on Four Wheels," and in which "cabby" figures as a lover. And Mr. Justin M'Carthy delivers himself of a legend in which there is a spicy admixture of the matter-of-fact and amatory with the supernatural and mysterious.—Comparing favorably with these genial stories by popular English writers is a collection of short tales, originally written, with a single exception, for the Albany *Argus*, and now gathered into a volume under the title of *Hannibal's Man, and Other Tales*.[13] Several of these, without being in any sense imitations, have a strong general resemblance to some of Hawthorne's striking psychological conceptions, and are similarly veined with playful, weird, and grotesque fancies. Moreover, they are written with grace and vigor, are fruitful of ingenious and pleasing combinations, and instead of ministering to morbid fears, as is often the case with ghost stories, are bright, cheerful, and corrective of ghostly tremors.

Lovers of poetry in America are indebted to Miss Marie E. Brown for an introduction to a new and true singer—the Finnish poet Runeberg—through the medium of her spirited version of "Nadeschda,"[14] a romantic poem so beautiful that those who read it will crave a better acquaintance with its gifted and comparatively unknown author. The features of this poem are drawn from the social, serf, and court life of Russia as they existed in the time of the great Catherine, and from natural objects peculiar to the scenery and rural sights of the provinces bordering on the sources of the Volga and the Oka. Its plot, as is often the case with poems of a high order, is singularly free from complexity, and, indeed, is simple almost to severity. Its filling in and coloring, however, are unusually elaborate and effective. The first canto opens with a charming idyl: a beautiful maiden of fifteen, a serf girl, is strolling on a balmy summer day beside the flowery banks of a brook, which, "with its wealth of ripples, pearl-bestrewn," hies gleefully onward to meet its sister brooks in the Volga and the Oka. While she gathers and adorns herself with flowers, she has a sweet day-dream of a youth whom she had seen in her sleeping visions, and who forms the ideal of her love and worship. After surrendering herself to this delightful dream for a few brief moments, the forbidding facts of her actual life and condition as a serf suddenly force themselves upon her thoughts; and she realizes with a pang that not for her are the happy freedom of love and the choice of the ideal youth of her dreams, but that she is merely growing the beautiful creature of a master's whim or will, to be disposed of to whom he pleases, or perhaps to be reserved for the gratification of his passions—"to enchant, to pall, and be disdained." This realization of her hapless case is heightened and her pangs intensified by the appearance upon the stage of her old foster-father, who, untroubled by and incapable of the sensitive thoughts that quicken her mind with agony, bids her hasten to adorn herself that she may join, and with her peerless beauty outshine, the other maidens, her companions, who are gathering to welcome the coming of their prince to his ancestral home. Vividly impressed with the foreboding that her beauty is destined to be her curse and the cause of her degradation, she casts away the flowers with which in her innocent gayety she had bedecked herself, and instead arrays herself in "sedges coarse," and binds a "fetter of straw" around her waist, half hoping thus to hide or disfigure her beauty; and in this guise she bends her way toward the castle. In the next canto the prince is described whose coming had roused this trepidation in Nadeschda's bosom. His name is Woldmar. Noble in mind and body, pure, open, generous, joyous, and magnanimous, he is one of twin brothers, and had been assigned by his dying father to the family homestead—the gloomy castle to which Nadeschda belonged as a serf—because his light-shedding and glad disposition would serve to dissipate its gloom, and make his dependents happy. To Dmitri, the other brother, who was cold, dark, morose, and secretive, the father assigned a more cheerful castle, where he lived with his proud and stately mother—a woman who, however loving and caressing to her sons when all went as she willed, could be stern and unforgiving even to them, and was hard and cruel to her serfs if they dared to indulge in any aspirations save those that befitted slaves. When Woldmar goes to take possession of his patrimony he is accompanied by his brother; and the two, to escape the welcoming crowd that awaits them, determine to reach the castle by a by-road, under pretense of hunting. As they go thither they let loose their falcons; and the fierce birds, descrying a dove nestling on a leafy tree-top, dart together toward the prey, but are diverted from its destruction by their own jealous rivalry, and engage in a bloody strife, during which the dove escapes, and in her affright made trustful of man, rests on Woldmar's shoulder. Meanwhile Woldmar's falcon is slain by Dmitri's, which then swoops toward the dove as it sits trembling on Woldmar's shoulder, but before it reaches and tears her is struck dead by Dmitri. In return for this good office and the sacrifice of his favorite falcon, Dmitri extracts a pledge of compensation from his brother, who thoughtlessly promises the gift of the most beautiful of his serf girls. When the princes reach the castle, and while Woldmar is receiving the welcome of his retainers, Nadeschda steals in among the other maidens, as she hopes unperceived; but her very attempts to disfigure and

[12] *Lady Carmichael's Will, and Other Christmas Stories*. By Mary Cecil Hay, F. W. Robinson, and Justin M'Carthy. "Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 117. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Hannibal's Man, and Other Tales*. By Leonard Kip. 12mo, pp. 371. Albany: The Argus Company.

[14] *Nadeschda*. A Poem in Nine Cantos. By Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Translated from the Swedish by Marie E. Brown. 8vo, pp. 103. Boston: Marie E. Brown.

obscure her beauty only serve to make it the more conspicuous. Brought with downcast eyes and humble mien by her foster-sire into Woldmar's presence, he is unobservant of her; but not so Dmitri, who sees her, is smitten by her rich charms, and, burning the while with desire, tries to draw the attention of his brother to her. Woldmar, however, in his preoccupation, remains careless and unobservant of all but her studiously rude and coarse attire, which he conceives to be an unseemly insult to the occasion; and in a momentary gust of irritation he bestows her with harsh words as a bride upon one of his old slaves. Nadeschda, frozen with horror at the sudden doom, turns her eyes upward beseechingly toward the face of the prince, and as she does so sees, with a feeling of ecstasy that makes her unmindful of her wretched fate, the face and form of the ideal lover of her dreams. Dmitri, whose passion is now all aflame, resolves that so much beauty shall not be lavished on a slave, and claims her in fulfillment of his brother's vow. This incites Woldmar to look more closely at the maiden as she kneels at his feet clothed in her purity and beauty; and, transfixed by the vision of loveliness, he is inspired with a passionate but pure love for her. Resorting to a subterfuge, he replied to Dmitri that the gift he had promised was that of a serf girl, but this maiden was free, and he instantly formally frees her from her thralldom. On this slight superstructure is built a tale of love and envy, of joy and sorrow, of hate and revenge, of suffering and endurance, of tried constancy and final happiness, much of which was foreshadowed in the apologue of the dove and the falcons in the opening of the second canto. The actors in the poem are few but striking, its situations are affluent of tenderness, pathos, and dignity, and it abounds in picturesque descriptions relieved by delicate shadings. Its language is severely simple, yet elegant and expressive; and the verse, though shorn of the pleasing accessory of rhyme, is graceful and melodious. To one accustomed to the elaborate harmonies of our modern English poets, the melody of this Swedish singer (for though born a Finn, the Swedish tongue is the interpreter of his song) comes like the strange sweet music of some new world, freighted, indeed, with human feeling, but human feeling clad in virgin tones suggestive of the dewy rime of poesy's early morning. Prefixed to the poem is a brief and well-written biographical and bibliographical sketch of the author and his various productions.

Both by its matter and manner Mr. Gilder's little volume of poetry, *The Poet and his Master, and Other Poems*,[15] leaves on the mind an impression such as we experience after having enjoyed the society of a cultivated company, where the intercourse was marked by delicacy and refinement, and the conversation, if neither profound, nor vigorous, nor strikingly original, was yet thoughtful, elevated in tone, and unobtrusively graceful. Mr. Gilder's sensitive taste renders him keenly observant of all the proprieties; and hence, and also because of his evidently earnest desire to do good and honest work, his verse is rarely defaced by tricks or make-shifts, and has the merit of being correct, flowing, and musical. It is true that sometimes he sacrifices the vigor and at other times the flexibility of a line to its polish; but this is a fault to which none but a conscientious artist would be prone, and doubtless will become less prominent as years and practice bring greater facility and a truer and less fastidious taste. The interior spirit and quality of Mr. Gilder's poetry are suitable to its exterior form, and, indeed, are reflected by it. Graceful, tasteful, and brilliant, his genius belongs to the delicate world of fancy, and rarely ventures into the more exalted regions of the imagination; and his conceptions rank with the studied elegances of the school of Waller and Cowley, but have little in common with the bolder creations of the masters of English poesy. Never effeminate, his poetry is also never virile. Even when most picturesque—and it is often eminently so—it is deficient in warmth and color. Having its rise in the sentiments, and being the result of a predominance of the perceptive and intellectual faculties over the intuitional or the inventive, it is seldom emotional, and never passionate or sensuous. And thus it fails to quicken the sympathies, or very deeply to stir the feelings or the sensibilities: we admire, but are not greatly moved by it. In his solicitude to attain artistic perfection, Mr. Gilder betrays a tendency to become artificial—a tendency which reveals itself in an undue expenditure of labor upon conceits which, however felicitously elaborated, can yet have no higher merit awarded them than that of being pretty or ingenious. Those of the poems before us which are the least obnoxious to the criticisms we have suggested are the tender and graceful allegory entitled "The White and the Red Rose," the lofty monody dedicated to "The Poet's Fame," and, strongest and most masculine of all, the stately concluding poem, from which the collection derives its title.

Dr. Schaff's extensive learning and great catholicity, conjoined with the large experience resulting from his prolonged application to the reproduction of the American edition of *Lange's Commentary*, eminently qualify him for the task of editing the *Popular Commentary on the New Testament*,[16] whose first volume, embracing the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, is now published, and which he proposes to complete in four volumes. The work comprises the authorized version, marginal emendations, brief introductions, and explanatory notes on difficult or obscure passages, together with maps and illustrations of Bible lands and scenes, the latter derived from photographs, and being of a kind suited to facilitate the understanding of the text. It will be the joint product of experienced and well-known British and American scholars, who have made the Bible their life study, and will be not only international, but also interdenominational in its character. The contributors to this first volume are Professor Schaff himself and the Rev. Dr. Riddle, of Hartford. The general introduction to the New Testament, which is their joint work, is a valuable popular presentation of the results of the latest and best learning and research on the name, canon, character, and arrangement of the

[15] *The Poet and his Master, and Other Poems.* By Richard Watson Gilder. 16mo, pp. 67. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[16] *A Popular Commentary on the New Testament.* By English and American Scholars of various Evangelical Denominations. With Illustrations and Maps. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 508. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

New Testament, on the preservation of the text, the harmony and chronology of the Gospels, the synoptic Gospels, and the separate Gospels. The maps have been prepared by Professor Arnold Guyot, and the material for the pictorial illustrations is furnished by Rev. Dr. W. M. Thomson and Dr. W. H. Thomson. The notes and comments are full without being prolix, concise without being dry, and as they touch upon nearly every sentence in the text, supply helpful exposition or illustration of all that relates to the manners, customs, social and domestic usages and relations, the ecclesiastical and civil affairs, the topography, flora, fauna, and history of the countries to which allusion is made in the inspired narrative. Its fullness and succinctness in these particulars specially adapt it for use in the family and in Bible classes.

An interesting series has been prepared by Miss Warner, intended as an aid to young people who are studying Bible history, in which she traces the story of the chosen people from the earliest record in the Bible to the coming of our Saviour. "The aim" of the series, as she informs us, "is not commentary nor fiction, but truth;" and to this end she has endeavored to clothe the skeleton of the Bible narrative "in flesh and blood, or so to set forth the Bible incidents and course of history as to enable us to see them in the circumstances and coloring, the light and shade, of their actual existence." In carrying out her design she throws the narrative into the form of a familiar dialogue between the members of a household, by this means rescuing the relation from its scattered isolation, and breaking it up into connected, brief, and easily comprehended paragraphs. By this method she also secures a freedom of digression which she avails of to illustrate the manners, customs, productions, natural history, rites, laws, and history of the Jewish land and people, and incidentally of the nations with which they came in contact. The series consists of five volumes, namely: *Walks from Eden*,[17] *The House of Israel*,[18] *The Kingdom of Judah*,[19] *The Broken Walls*,[20] and *The Star out of Jacob*.[21]

It is proverbial that there are few more agreeable companions than a talkative, witty, and light-hearted lawyer; and in the absence of such a one it would be difficult to find a more genial substitute than Mr. O'Flanagan's sprightly book, *The Irish Bar*.[22] As its title indicates, it is a racy collection of anecdotes, good sayings, bulls, national peculiarities, and biographical sketches of eminent Irish lawyers and judges; and it scintillates with their jests and fun and raillery, now comical, now keen, and now caustic, besides being enlivened with interesting incidents illustrative of their pleasant national diversion of duelling. It is one of those agreeable books that one can take up again and again with the certainty of finding something relishing, and with the additional certainty that he can lay it down again without reluctance.

Notwithstanding its familiar and unpretending style, and its lack of the higher graces of composition, Mr. Inglis's *Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier*[23] is an exceedingly interesting and attractive book. Not one in a thousand combines so great a variety of matter, useful, entertaining, and exciting; and its very desultoriness and freedom from the limitations of method and arrangement impart to it a fresh and chatty liveliness such as is seldom found in more ambitious performances. The author being an indigo planter, he naturally conveys a large body of minute and curious information concerning the production of that important article of commerce, including the preparation of the soil for it, the propagation of the seed, the growth and cultivation of the plant with the anxieties attending them, and the manufacture of the leaf into the staple; but while doing this he also gives full and close sketches of the people of India—their dispositions, manners, and amusements, their divisions of caste and occupation, their religions and superstitions, their habitations and villages, their tenure of land, and their systems of police, education, and administration of justice. Moreover, as between crops, or at certain stages of their growth, he had large leisure on his hands for indulging in the hunting and exploring propensities of all Englishmen, he has availed of these opportunities to give graphic accounts of the forests and jungles of India, their wild fruits and birds and beasts, and to tell exciting tales of personal adventure encountered in the fox hunts, boar hunts, deer hunts, alligator hunts, and elephant, rhinoceros, leopard, and tiger hunts in which he participated.

One of the most fascinating pages of modern history is transcribed by Mr. Towle, in a free and flowing hand, for the instruction and amusement of youthful readers, in his account of the adventures and conquests of Pizarro.[24] As the volume makes no pretension to be the result of original research, it reveals no new facts; but its presentation of the results of original investigations is full and careful, its groupings are picturesque and accurate, and its narrative—though necessarily condensed—is graphic, animated, and rich in the thrilling incidents and adventures that impress the imagination of the young and inspire them with a taste for historical studies.—Better suited to home-loving youth of both sexes is a sunny story of a family of children, Irish by race though not by birth, who have been sent home from India to Ireland by their parents to be brought up with their bachelor uncle at Castle Blair,[25] after which the tale is named. Here they are left to

[17] *Walks from Eden.* By the Author of *Wide, Wide World.* 16mo, pp. 426. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[18] *The House of Israel.* By the Author of *Wide, Wide World.* 16mo, pp. 501. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[19] *The Kingdom of Judah.* By the Author of *Wide, Wide World.* 16mo, pp. 385. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[20] *The Broken Walls of Jerusalem, and the Rebuilding of Them.* By the Author of *Wide, Wide World.* 16mo, pp. 313. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[21] *The Star out of Jacob.* By the Author of *Wide, Wide World.* 16mo, pp. 391. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[22] *The Irish Bar:* comprising Anecdotes, Bonmots, and Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Ireland. By J. Roderick O'Flanagan. "Franklin Square Library." 8vo, pp. 59. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier; or, Twelve Years' Sporting Reminiscences of an Indigo Planter.* By "Maori." "Franklin Square Library." 8vo, pp. 53. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *Pizarro: his Adventures and Conquests.* By George M. Towle. 12mo, pp. 327. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[25] *Castle Blair.* A Story of Youthful Days. By Flora L. Shaw. 12mo, pp. 308. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

grow as wild as young savages, and being left to their own resources, indulge in all sorts of pranks, practices, and amusements at the risk of life and limb, and in violation of all conventional ideas of etiquette and all the commonplaces of moral obligation. Their native soundness of heart and generosity of disposition, together with their natural sense of honor and justice, however, are redeeming qualities which prevent them from wandering very widely from the right path, and, on the whole, we think we like them the better for their occasional aberrations from it.

Editor's Scientific Record.

Astronomy.—Herr Jakob Hilfiker has recently published a pamphlet of ninety-one pages, *Ueber die Bestimmung der Constante der Sonnenparallaxe* (Bern: 1878). This contains a full account of the ancient and modern methods, and is particularly valuable for its very complete bibliography of the subject. This is given in foot-notes in connection with the text. It appears to be complete up to 1878.

On the 26th and 27th of last September, while Mercury and Venus were in close conjunction, Mr. James Nasmyth had a good opportunity of comparing their relative brightness. Venus had the bright lustre of pure silver, Mercury appeared like lead or zinc. Mr. Nasmyth supposes that as the latter planet is so much nearer the sun than Venus, the absorption of light must be due to some peculiarity of its surface not yet ascertained.

In a paper on the transit of Mercury, read before the Albany Institute, Professor Lewis Boss, the director of the Dudley Observatory, has discussed a large number of observations of contacts, and deduced the corrections to the American Ephemeris and to the British Nautical Almanac respectively. In the former, Leverrier's old theory of Mercury is used, and in the latter his recent tables, and the importance of the comparison lies in the circumstance that these latter include a term due to the supposed attraction of an intra-Mercurial planet. The mean corrections to the predicted times of contact resulting from the observations are as follows:

					s.		s.
1st contact,	6	ob.	corr. to	Am. Eph.	−45.7	to N. A.	−4
2d "	15	"	"		−61.8	"	−20
3d "	11	"	"		−124.4	"	−18
4th "	19	"	"		−141.7	"	−35
Means					−93.4		−19.3

Thus it appears that the later tables, with the term due to an intra-Mercurial planet, give a satisfactory representation of the fact. The apparent corrections to the Nautical Almanac range from −10s. to −1s. for first contact, −32s. to −10s. for second contact, −26s. to −4s. for third contact, and −41s. to −24s. for last contact. Taking simply the discordances from the mean in each case in the tables given by Mr. Boss, the mean error of an observation is 2s. for first contact, 6s. for second, and 5s. each for third and fourth. Considering the small number of observations of first contact, we should not be far wrong in taking the mean error as about the same for all four contacts, and equal to 5s.

Micrometrical measures of the diameter of Mercury during the transit gave $11.30'' \pm 0.14''$, uncorrected for irradiation or possible expansion of the screw. This value would give 176.6s. as the interval between external and internal contact; the observed interval was 172.4s. between first and second, and 171.2s. between third and fourth.

In *Physics*, we note some experiments made at Woolwich by Captain Templar on military ballooning, which are reported to have been entirely successful. The balloon employed was made of lawn dressed with boiled oil and glue, and had a capacity of 10,000 cubic feet. The gas with which it was inflated was hydrogen, generated by the action of iron upon steam. An iron tube six or eight inches in diameter and six feet long, filled with iron turnings, was heated red-hot in a furnace, and steam was blown into it. Hydrogen was evolved at the rate of 1000 cubic feet per hour, no care being taken to condense the excess of vapor. About 9000 cubic feet of hydrogen was placed in the balloon, and this amount lifted balloon, aeronaut, ballast, and rope to a height of 700 feet, the balloon being a captive one. The buoyancy was scarcely lessened after twelve hours, and with another water-proof coating it is expected it will be retained for twenty-four hours. It is proposed to condense the hydrogen to one-fourth its bulk, in iron cylinders, for transportation in the field.

Lacour has devised what he calls a phonic wheel for regulating the synchronism of motions. It consists of a toothed wheel, connected with the moving parts of the machine, which revolves so that the teeth pass very close to the poles of an electro-magnet. The current through this magnet is made periodic by a vibrating tuning-fork, adjusted to the rate required. These pulses in the magnet pull the teeth forward or backward according as the wheel tends to revolve too slow or too fast, thus regulating the speed of its motion very exactly.

Gernez has discussed the influence exerted by vibratory motion on chemical and physical decomposition, and has given some striking examples of such decomposition. If, for instance, a tube of glass a meter long and six millimeters in diameter be cleaned with caustic potash, boiling water, hot sulphuric acid, boiling alcohol, and distilled water, used successively, filled three-quarters full with boiled distilled water, placed in ice, and nitrogen tetroxide be poured into it, there will collect at the bottom of the tube a blue layer of nitrous acid. The tube under these conditions may be heated to 20°, or even higher, without showing the least trace of decomposition, even for several days. But if it be held by its middle portion, and made to vibrate longitudinally by friction on the lower half, the liquid explodes, projecting the water to a distance of several meters. Superheated liquids, and liquids sursaturated with gas, act similarly. Liquids boiling below the ordinary temperature may be heated ten, twenty, or thirty degrees above their boiling-points in such a tube as that described. Methyl chloride, for example, which boils at −23°, may be brought to the temperature of the air under these conditions, and remain quiescent. But if the tube be now

made to vibrate longitudinally, a sudden ebullition takes place with more or less violence. The same experiment may be made with water supersaturated with carbonic gas. The author explains these results by supposing that the vibration causes a rupture of continuity at a great number of points throughout the liquid, producing numerous free surfaces at which the decomposition can take place.

Fawsitt has recorded a curious experiment on the resonance of flames. A tuning-fork struck upon the table, and then held till its sound was inaudible, was placed in the tip of the flame of a Bunsen burner. The sound came out again loud enough to be heard at some distance. Sir William Thomson explains this result by supposing that the flame acts as a resonator owing to the differences in the density of the gases which it contains.

Gee has observed that under certain conditions the ordinary Bunsen burner is sensitive to sounds. If a burner be taken the flame of which has a tendency to strike down, and so adjusted that the flame burns quietly, being about four inches high, with a gas pressure of about one inch of water, it will be observed that a slight tap on a cylinder a yard distant causes the flame to duck, and sometimes to strike down. The rattle of glass against glass, so familiar in the laboratory, seems to produce the effect most readily.

Hirn has recorded a curious case of heating of a bar of iron. A workman holding a cylindrical iron bar about a meter long and eight centimeters in diameter on another piece, so as to be struck with a hammer on the free end, said he felt the bar at each stroke greatly heated and then as quickly cooled. M. Hirn verified this himself with surprise. He estimated the sudden elevation of temperature to be 35°. The best observation is obtained by coming very near the bar and seizing the iron about a centimeter from the end struck—a position requiring some faith in the skill of the workman. M. Hirn thinks that the phenomenon is entirely subjective, *i. e.*, is a matter of sensation purely. In certain conditions sonorous vibrations affecting the sensitive nerves may cause at the periphery of the body a sensation of heat, just as, for instance, pressure or a blow on the eyes may awaken in these organs the sensation of sight. He offers this opinion with some reserve, and desires physicists to test a bar under these conditions with a thermo-pile.

Bergner has studied the phenomena of the radiometer in liquids. To prove that they may be produced under these circumstances, a disk of mica gilded on one side and blackened on the other may be suspended in carbon disulphide. The light of a candle at first attracts the disk and then vigorously repels it. Sunlight is, of course, still more energetic. The phenomenon may be produced equally well in water, only a longer time is required for the movement to take place. If a rectangular box, with its longer sides horizontal, be placed in cold water, supported by a funnel fixed to its upper surface, about which it can turn as an axis, the two opposite vertical faces being covered with a poorly conducting substance, when hot water is poured into the box, the latter begins to rotate in a direction showing repulsion of the heated walls.

Duter has called the attention of the French Academy to a new phenomenon of static electricity, in which electricity apparently changes the volume of bodies. A large thermometric envelope containing water is made into a condenser by pushing a piece of platinum wire into its interior, and fixing outside a sheet of tin-foil. Whenever, like a Leyden-jar, it receives a charge, the water is observed to descend, remain stationary while the state of charge continues, and resume its former level on discharge. The same result is obtained whatever the armatures employed. To test the question whether this result is due to dilatation of the glass or to contraction of the glass envelope, the experiment was made of inclosing this apparatus within another similar envelope also containing water. On electrifying as before, the water in the measuring tube of the outer envelope rose, while that in the inner tube fell. In the discussion of this paper Jamin mentioned that Govi had made, ten years ago, a similar experiment, but that he attributed the result to contraction of the liquid. Duter has gone further, and proved that the true cause is the expansion of the glass. Subsequently Govi replied to Duter's communication, asserting that as different liquids give different amounts of contraction, and mercury none, the hypothesis of expansion of the glass is untenable. He believes the phenomena are to be accounted for by condensation of the liquid against the walls of the containing jar.

Barrett, in a series of excellent papers on the history and recent improvements in the telephone, published in *Nature*, has examined the claim put forth by Hughes that Edison was anticipated in the use of the varying resistance of carbon in the telephone by a French telegraphic engineer named Clérac. He says: "A reference to the *Journal Télégraphique*, of Berne, for 1874, wherein it was asserted that M. Clérac had anticipated the use Mr. Edison has made of the varying resistance of carbon dust under varying pressures, fully confirms the statement we made in our last article, that the merit of this application is not due to M. Clérac at all, who simply used *permanently compressed carbon dust* as a rheostat." Edison claims that he was the "first to use finely divided conducting material for the purpose of translating sonorous vibrations into electric waves;" and this claim seems, so far, to be entirely sustained by the facts which are on record.

Trant has discussed the question, now of so much practical interest, whether the electric light can be profitably divided. Assuming that Edison purposes to produce his light by incandescence, he says that such a light can be obtained and divided only by a great sacrifice of light and power, as is evident from the fundamental principles of electrical science. If a circuit be divided into two branches whose resistances are equal, a current of half the strength passes through each branch. But since the heat developed in the circuit is proportional to the square of the current strength, the light produced from each of the two lights in the above circuit would be only one quarter of that given by a lamp in the single circuit. To this objection Jacob replies that in this statement the resistance of the circuit, which determines the current strength, is left out of account. In the circuit spoken of, the resistance of the two parallel circuits is only one half that of the single circuit. Hence to make it equal, so that the same current strength would flow through it, a second

lamp could be placed in each branch, making four lights in all. As then the light in each lamp, from the law given above, would be one quarter, the light from the four would be four quarters, or precisely the same as that given by the lamp in single circuit.

In *Chemistry*, an occurrence of note has been the delivery by Adolphe Wurtz, of Paris, of the Faraday Lecture before the London Chemical Society. He chose for his subject, "The Constitution of Matter in the Gaseous State," and after a sketch of the connection of Faraday with the subject of gaseous chemistry, he proceeded to discuss the kinetic theory of gases, the relation of liquids to vapors as shown by Andrews, the condensation of gases by Cailletet and Pictet, and finally the molecular constitution of bodies as the starting-point in chemical theory. He regards the atomic theory as representing an actual fact, which is that gases, as well as matter in general, are made up of molecules, and these of atoms. "It is probable," he adds, "that gases are composed of small particles moving freely in space with immense velocities, and capable of communicating their motion by collision or by friction."

Boussingault has analyzed some specimens of the milky juice of the so-called cow-tree of South America, which were exhibited at the Paris Exposition from Venezuela. He finds of wax and fatty matters 35.2 per cent., of sugars 2.8, of casein and albumin 1.7, of earthy matters 0.5, undetermined substances 1.8, water 58.0. This vegetable milk resembles, therefore, in its general constitution, the milk of the cow, containing fatty, saccharine, caseous, and phosphatic substances; but the proportions are quite different. The vegetable milk resembles cream more closely in its composition. The vegetable product is obtained by incisions in the bark of the tree *Brosimum galactodendron*. The juice is rather thicker than the milk of the cow, is feebly acid, sours on exposure to the air, and deposits a curd like cheese. It is said to be very fattening.

Anthropology.—In the November supplement of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. James C. Southall publishes a reply to certain strictures in English journals upon his work entitled *The Epoch of the Mammoth*. Dr. Southall takes the ground that the chronology of the received version of the Scriptures is substantially correct, that many of the statements concerning the conditions under which human remains and human relics were found have been falsely interpreted, and that those which have been correctly reported do not need so long a space of time to account for them as is demanded by Professor Dawkins and others.

In No. 71 of the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, Mr. Stephen Salisbury, Jun., presents us with Professor Philip J. J. Valentini's "Vortrag über den mexicanischen Calendar-Stein." The stone is claimed by Professor Valentini to present "the peculiar division of time which existed among the people of Anahuac before the Spanish conquest. The Mexican year was a solar year of 365 days, the last five being without names, and regarded as *nemotemi*, or evil days. The 365 days were divided into two parts: the first, of 260 days, was called moon-reckoning; the second, of 105 days, was called sun-reckoning. There were in each year eighteen months of twenty days each, each month being also divided into four weeks of five days each. Fifty-two years constituted a cycle. They had also four periods of creation. The day consisted of sixteen hours. Professor Valentini points out on the stone the appropriate symbol for each of these divisions of time. Moreover, of the symbols indicating the eras of fifty-two years there are twenty-four, making 1248 years in all. Assuming the year 1479 A.D. as the one in which this stone was dedicated, and subtracting the 1248, we reach the year 231 of our era as the beginning of the Mexican nation. The inscription contains also the dates 1063 and 1375 A.D.

At the ninth annual meeting of the German Anthropological Society two very important reports were made. One was by Dr. Schaaffhausen, upon the public and private anthropological museums of any interest in Germany. The other was by Dr. Fraas, upon a prehistoric chart of Germany.

Mr. Albert Jahn, the secretary of the Swiss Department of the Interior, has made a successful attempt to settle the mooted question of the origin of the Burgundians, who played such an important part in early mediæval history. That portion in which Mr. Jahn treats of prehistoric and primordial society will prove of great interest to American archæologists.

One of the most important contributions to anatomical anthropology which have recently appeared is a paper of 175 pages, in *Archivio per l' Antropologia e l' Etnologia*, 1878, Fascicolo Secondo, upon the third molar, by Dr. Paul Mantegazza. The doctor examined 277 crania, of all grades of civilization and of all times, and comes to the conclusion that "the dogmatical assertions of Owen upon the number of roots in crania of negro races and of white races are therefore false, and the morphology of the roots of the third molar has no appreciable connection with evolution."

The *Athenæum* of November 20 informs us that a peasant of Settimo, near Piacenza, turned up with his plough a two-lobed bronze disk five inches long and three inches broad, which for philological interest competes with the famous disk of Toscanella. The same number contains a letter by Julius Schubring upon the Olympia exhibition at Berlin, in the Campo Santo, October 25.

Among recent text-books on *Zoology*, of value to the general student, is Schmarda's *Zoology*, published in 1877, and beautifully illustrated with fresh wood-cuts. The introductory portion is especially valuable. Pagenstecher's *General Zoology* is not so well illustrated, but, as its name implies, is written from the side of general biology and comparative anatomy. By far the most useful book, however, is the English translation of Gegenbaur's *Elements of Comparative Anatomy*, the most authoritative German work. The style of treatment and the introduction of speculative questions into anatomical descriptions will be quite new to English-reading students.

Besides its zoological laboratory in Vienna, the university of that city has founded a zoological station on the Adriatic Sea at Trieste, the director of which is Professor Claus. Under the title of *Work done at the Zoological Institute of the Vienna University, and at the Zoological Station in Trieste*, Professor Claus has edited the first part of a handsome volume containing memoirs on the minute structure of the *Siphonophores*, represented by the Portuguese man-of-war. A

paper on the male reproductive organs of the crabs, and one on the origin of the *vagus* nerve in the sharks, with especial reference to the electrical batteries of the torpedo, also appear in the part issued.

M. Charles Barrois contributes to the *Journal de l'Anatomie*, etc., an account of the development of a spider. He claims that at one period of its embryonic life it passes through a "Limulus stage;" but the resemblance of the embryo spider to the king-crab, so far as the drawing indicates, is so slight as to be scarcely worthy of mention.

Mr. Scudder continues, in the Bulletin of Hayden's United States Geological Survey of the Territories, his descriptions of Western fossil insects, the last paper treating of the tertiary insects of the Green River shales, comprising ants, ichneumons, crane-flies, etc., beetles, bugs, grasshoppers and dragon-flies, a spider, and a galley-worm (*Iulus*).

Farther researches by Mr. Riley on the gall-producing plant-lice, allied to *Phylloxera*, the grape-vine pest, are of interest. Recently Dr. Kessler, of Cassell, by a series of ingenious experiments, has concluded that these insects hibernate on the trunk of the elm. In 1872 Mr. Riley, led by his previous investigations into the habits of the grape *Phylloxera*, discovered that some of our elm-feeding species of *Pemphiginæ* produce wingless and mouthless males and females, and that the female lays but one solitary impregnated egg. Continuing his researches the past summer, he has been able to trace the life history of those species producing galls on our own elms, and to show that they all agree in this respect, and that the impregnated egg produced by the female is consigned to the sheltered portions of the trunk of the tree, and there hibernates, the issue therefrom being the stem-mother which founds the gall-producing colony the ensuing spring. "Thus the analogy in the life history of the *Pemphiginæ* and the *Phylloxerinæ* is established, and the question as to what becomes of the winged insects after they leave the galls is no longer an open one. They instinctively seek the bark of the tree, and there give birth to the sexual individuals, either directly or (in one species) through intervening generations."

Among descriptive papers on fishes lately received are a list of marine fishes collected on the coast of California, near Santa Barbara, in 1875, with notes, by Dr. H. C. Yarrow and H. W. Henshaw, extracted from Lieutenant Wheeler's report, and Professor Jordan's report on the collection of fishes made by Dr. Elliott Coues in Dakota and Montana in 1873 and 1874, the latter appearing in Hayden's Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey.

Certain batrachians and reptiles found in California, Arizona, and Nevada in 1875–77 by Dr. Yarrow and Mr. Henshaw are catalogued, and a new toad from Hudson and James Bay, in British America, is described under the name of *Bufo copei*.

In a paper on the association of dwarf crocodiles with the diminutive mammals of the English Purbeck (oolitic) strata, Professor Owen has reaffirmed his opinion that these crocodiles were unable to drown mammals. He shows that mesozoic crocodiles in general were not able to drown mammals, from the peculiar nature of their skeleton, as the recent ones are, and he points out the conditions which have to be fulfilled in the case of recent crocodiles to enable them to drown a large mammal without inconvenience to themselves, and showed that these conditions were realized in the crocodiles now living, while there was no reason to suppose that any mesozoic crocodiles possessed the adaptations in question.

In a paper in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, Professor Marsh describes some dinosaurian reptiles which he regards as the least specialized forms of the order, and in some of their characters show such an approach to the mesozoic crocodiles as to suggest a common ancestry at no very remote period. One of the forms described was probably about forty feet long, walked on all fours, was probably very sluggish in its movements, and had a brain proportionately smaller than any known vertebrate.

The birds of the Colorado Valley are elaborately discussed by Dr. Elliott Coues, U.S.A., in a volume of over 800 pages, issued as Miscellaneous Publications, No. X., of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories under Professor Hayden. It is full as regards the habits, distribution, and synonymy of Western birds, and while of peculiar value to Western naturalists, is a valuable book to ornithologists in general.

It appears that most if not all of the sperm-whales which have for three centuries past been stranded on the European coasts are males, which, when fully grown, appear to go singly in search of food.

A writer in *Nature* suggests that the indiscriminate slaughter of the African elephant be stopped, and that this animal, so useful to man in Asia, be utilized in Africa, as it is possible that the African species was domesticated in ancient times.

Professor Boyd Dawkins confirms Falconer's opinion that the mammoth appeared in Britain before the glacial period. The remains of the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) have been found as far south as Naples and as far north as Hamburg, but not in Scandinavia. Its remains, however, as is well known, abound in Siberia, and it ranged over North America from Eschscholtz Bay to the Isthmus of Darien, *Elephas columbi*, *E. americanus*, *and E. jacksoni* being only varieties.

Engineering and Mechanics.—From the annual report of the *Railroad Gazette*, the number of miles of new railroad constructed in the United States during the year 1878 is stated to have reached 2688, or 407 miles more than during the preceding year. The following tabulation, given on the same authority, gives an oversight of the total additions to the railroad mileage of the country since 1872:

Year.	Miles.	Year.	Miles.
1872	7340	1876	2450
1873	3883	1877	2281
1874	2025	1878	2688
1875	1561		

Upon the recognized authority of *Poor's Manual*, there were, at the beginning of 1878, 79,208 miles of railroad in the country; the addition of 2688 miles would, therefore, give us 81,896 miles of railroad at the present time, which, estimating the population of the country at 48,000,000, would give 585 inhabitants per mile of railroad. Of all European countries Sweden has the largest railroad mileage in proportion to population, and there each mile of road has 1667 inhabitants to support it, or nearly three times as many as in

the United States; or, taking the whole of Europe, there were, in 1876, 3333 inhabitants per mile of road, or nearly six times as many as in the United States.

The addition of 2688 miles of road during 1878 is equivalent to three and a half per cent. of the total mileage, while for the same period the increase of population probably did not exceed three per cent., from which figures and comparisons it would appear that, though the total increase of railroad mileage during the past year was small in comparison with the gigantic work of 1872, the progress is sufficiently rapid to keep pace with the growth of population. Of the 2688 miles laid in 1878, 1541 were in States and Territories west of the Mississippi River, Minnesota heading the list with 338 miles, or thirteen per cent. of the whole, and Iowa, Missouri, and Colorado following in the order named, with 256, 209, and 193 miles respectively. Two Territories, Arizona and Idaho, had their first railroads in 1878, and a third, New Mexico, was attacked by a tunnel, which the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad is engaged in leading into it from Colorado. There remain only two Territories, New Mexico and Montana, which at the present time are entirely without railroads.

Of the new mileage of 1878, finally, thirty-three per cent. was of narrow gauge, the number of miles during the past year being 871, as against 761 during 1877.

From the annual report of Wells, Fargo, and Co., just published, the production of precious metals in the States and Territories west of the Missouri (including British Columbia and the receipts in San Francisco from the west coast of Mexico) during the year past was as follows:

Gold	$38,956,231
Silver	38,746,391
Lead	3,452,000
Total	$81,154,622

—showing a decrease of $11,267,132 from the production of 1877. California shows an increase of $2,068,000 in gold, but a decrease in silver, etc., of $1,323,000. Nevada shows a decrease of $16,398,341, which represents the falling off of the output of the Comstock mines from $37,911,710 in 1877 to $21,295,043 in 1878. Montana shows a marked decrease, all in silver, while Utah and Colorado both show a slight falling off. The following tabulation gives the production by States during the past year:

California	$18,920,461
Nevada	35,181,949
Oregon	1,213,724
Washington	13,311
Idaho	1,868,122
Montana	9,763,640
Utah	6,064,613
Colorado	6,232,147
New Mexico	453,813
Arizona	2,281,183
Dakota	2,215,804
Mexico (west coast)	1,594,995
British Columbia	1,293,460

Mr. Swank, the secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, has, at our solicitation, given us the following estimate of iron and steel production in the United States during 1878, which, being in anticipation of the fuller returns that will be several months in coming to hand, are to be looked upon as being only approximately correct:

	Net Tons.
Pig-iron (same as 1877)	2,314,000
Bessemer steel ingots	700,000
Bessemer steel rails	600,000
Iron rails	300,000
Open-hearth steel	50,000
Crucible, blister, and other steel	50,000
Rolled iron, excluding rails, and including nails (same as 1877)	1,144,000

The past year, though it has not witnessed any great or even notable telegraphic discoveries, nevertheless witnessed the substantial progress (in this country) of telegraphic interests, since the Western Union Company, having been relieved of the necessity of defense against ill-advised competition, has been enabled to devote more attention than had hitherto been possible to the improvement of its service, though beyond the extension of lines into territory and localities hitherto destitute of telegraphic facilities it is questionable whether the advantages enjoyed by this great corporation have been shared by the public. In Canada the lines of the Dominion Telegraph Company have been extended to the maritime Provinces, and the government line to the Pacific has been pushed forward. In England the quadruplex system has proved so successful that it has been established upon additional circuits. Much attention has been devoted during the past year to the improvement of the telephone for practical uses, and many of the defects which were complained of when the instrument was first introduced have been remedied. The most practically useful application of this apparatus has probably been realized in the establishment of the system of telephone exchanges, by which a large number of subscribing patrons are placed in telephonic communication with each other, with economy, through a central station. The past year likewise witnessed the successful solution of the problem of duplexing submarine cables, by which their capacity has been notably increased. The Direct Cable has been thus duplexed by Dr. Muirhead, and several of the Anglo-American Company's lines by Mr. J. B. Stearns. In Germany the extensive system of under-ground lines, the progress of which we have from time to time reported, has been considerably extended, and, so far as we can glean, with successful results. The progress of the electric light, which subject attracted so much of public attention during the past year, has been so fully reported in these columns that no further reference here is necessary.

Great interest is felt in scientific circles by the recent announcement to the French Academy by Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, the distinguished astronomer, and editor of *Nature*, that, reasoning from analogies furnished by the behavior of certain substances, he had succeeded in demonstrating that calcium and other substances hitherto supposed to be elementary are really compound. The proofs of this startling statement he alleges are furnished by the spectroscope.

The *Chemical News* of recent date contains the announcement of the discovery of a new metal in the mineral *samarskite* of North Carolina. Delafontaine, its discoverer, has named it *Decipium*.

Professor König, of the University of Pennsylvania, has devised a new and ingenious process of analysis with the blow-pipe. The author calls his method chromometry, and it may be briefly defined as a method of colorimetric analysis by complementary colors.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of January. —Congress re-assembled, after the holiday vacation, January 7.

Senator Edmunds introduced a resolution, January 7, instructing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill for the protection of citizens in their right to vote for Congressmen, under the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution. On the 20th, resolutions agreed to in a Democratic caucus were offered in the Senate, declaring that the punishment of the violators of electoral rights rests with the States, and not with the United States.

The House, January 18, by a vote of 113 to 93, passed the Geneva Award Bill as reported by the minority of the committee. It revives and continues the Court of Commissioners of *Alabama* Claims for eighteen months. It increases the rates allowed to owners of whaling vessels and other claimants, and provides for the payment of premiums for war risks, limited to the actual loss.

The House, January 15, passed the bill authorizing the issue of ten-dollar certificates of deposit, drawing three per cent. interest, and convertible into four per cent. bonds.

The following United States Senators have been elected: From New York, Roscoe Conkling; from Pennsylvania, J. D. Cameron; from Illinois, John A. Logan; from Connecticut, O. H. Platt; from North Carolina, Z. B. Vance; from Missouri, General James Shields for the short term, and G. G. Vest for the long term; from Florida, Wilkinson Call; from Indiana, D. W. Voorhees.

The Connecticut Legislature, January 9, elected Charles B. Andrews (Republican) Governor.

The British campaign in Afghanistan progresses without encountering as yet any serious opposition. General Stewart's force marched through Candahar January 9. The report of General Roberts's victory over the hostile tribes is confirmed.

The Senatorial elections in France, January 5, resulted in a Republican majority of fifty-seven. The Republican victories rendered a political crisis imminent, but on the 20th a compromise was agreed upon between the government and the members of the Left, and a vote of confidence was passed, 223 to 121. The Right abstained from voting.

Prince Bismarck brought before the Federal Council a Parliamentary Discipline Bill for the punishment of improper language in the Reichstag. The power given by the bill is to be vested in a committee consisting of the two Vice-Presidents and ten members of the Reichstag.

The King of Holland was married to the Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont January 7.

DISASTERS.

December 10.—The steamer *Emily B. Souder*, of the Clyde Line, two days out from New York, for San Domingo, foundered. Loss of nine passengers and twenty-five of the crew.

January 13.—Explosion in the Dinas Colliery, Wales. Sixty lives lost.

OBITUARY.

December 25.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Henry K. Hoff, U. S. N., aged sixty-nine years.

December 27.—In Brooklyn, Major-General Daniel Craig M'Callum, manager of military railways during the civil war, aged sixty-four years.

January 6.—In Philadelphia, Morton M'Michael, an eminent journalist, and ex-Mayor of that city, in his seventy-second year.

January 8.—In Washington, D. C., the Hon. Julian Hartridge, Representative in Congress from Georgia, aged forty-six years.

January 10.—In Washington, D. C., the Hon. Gustave Schleicher, Representative from Texas, aged fifty-four years.

January 20.—In New York city, John Blair Scribner, senior partner of the publishing firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, aged twenty-eight years.

January 21.—In Longwood, Massachusetts, George Stillman Hillard, the author, in his seventieth year.

January 10.—Cable announcement of the death of Joaquin Baldomero Espartero, the Spanish statesman, aged eighty-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

CONCERNING laughter, and certain kinds thereof, Charles Lamb, in one of his letters, tells a correspondent of a visit he lately had at his office from an eccentric acquaintance, who laughed at his own joke with "a laugh which I did not think the lips of mortal man were competent to. It was like a thousand people laughing, or the Goblin Page." He imagined afterward, it seems, that the whole office had been laughing at him, so strange did his own sounds strike upon his "*non*sensorium."

Leigh Hunt, when an inmate of Surrey jail, after the government prosecution, appears to have been almost equally impressed by Haydon's laugh, even within prison walls: "He was here yesterday morning before I was up, calling for his breakfast, and sending those laughs of his about the place that sound like the trumpets of Jericho, and threaten to have the same effect, namely, bring down the walls."

The Shepherd, in *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, is graphic about a guffaw, when he defines it to be "that lauchter that torments a' the inside o' the listener and looker-on, an internal earthquake that convulses a body frae the pow till the paw, frae the fingers till the feet, till a' the pent-up power o' risibility bursts out through the mouth, like the lang-smouldering fire vomited out o' the crater o' a volcawno, and then the astonished warld hears, for the first time, what heaven and earth acknowledge by their echoes to be indeed—a guffaw!"

Cowper could "lie awake half the night in convulsions of laughter" at the story of John Gilpin, which Lady Austen had that evening related

to him at Olney with a vivacity and archness all her own.

Luttrell thus depicts a crabbed crew:

"No smile is on their lips, no word
Of cheerful sound among them heard,
As if all virtue lay in gravity,
And smiles were symptoms of depravity."

Rigid repressers and reprovers of laughter, as in itself a thing to be rigorously and vigorously, at all seasons and for all reasons, reproved and repressed, would seem to have based their system on a literal and exclusive reading of the once uttered woe: "Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep." Equally they would seem to have never read, or else to have clean forgotten, the benediction that by only a few verses precedes that woe: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." He that pronounced the blessing recognized, therefore, a time to laugh, and recognized it as the good time coming, all in good time to come.

In these days, when the temperance question absorbs so much of public attention, it may not be out of place to quote the saying of an eccentric English gentleman, Sir John Delafield Astley, a candidate for Parliament, at a recent meeting of his constituents. A man in the crowd called out, "What about the liquor bill?"

"Well," said Sir John, "*mine* was uncommonly high last year. *How was yours?*"

Judge Lindley, of the St. Louis Circuit Court, like many another good judge, is fond of a quiet joke. A raw German who had been summoned for jury duty desired to be relieved, giving this reason: "Schudge, I can nich goot Inglish onderstan'."

Looking over the crowded bar, his eye filled with humor, the judge replied: "Oh, you can serve. You won't have to understand *good* English; *you won't hear any such here.*"

Instead of indulging in language that polite people regard as improper, especially when goaded thereto by the pangs of jealousy, Mr. Frederick Heller, of Eureka, California, inserts a card in the Humboldt *Times*, warning off all suitors for the hand of the lady who has macerated his heart. Which it is to the following effect:

WARNING TO HUM IT ME CONCERNT.

Missis Christine Rossow, wido of Gotfried Rossow desised, had prommisset me, to go in the bounds of mattrimony with me. From anknoing grounds now, she decline to fulfill her prommisses. In regard to that I heard from good autorita, that zum underhandet game bin plait behint my bac, from zum anprinciple fellos, knoingly, given my prommisset bride boggy rides and promenadings; *probaly der is were the rabbit lais in the pepper!* bout to there bennefit I publicly notefy them herewith, keep hands of! or prossecution in lawoffle way will follow. I intende to let them not impose and tramp on me.

Frederick Heller.

It has been intimated in official circles that Mr. Stoughton is quite ready to retire from the Russian mission, having had a surfeit of the very red tape of diplomacy, and quite enough of dwelling in the icy regions of the North. In Mr. Stoughton's case the wonder is that a gentleman of fortune and culture like himself, accustomed to the most intellectual society, a giver of the most *recherché* dinners, who could give instructions to culinary artists, such as are so felicitously described by Disraeli in the first chapter of *Tancred*, should so long have endured absence from New York for the temporary *éclat* that attaches to an ambassador. It is a mystery how any good New York man could live in Russia or parts adjacent. Ross Browne, in his charming book, *The Land of Thor*, published by Harper and Brothers, gives a ludicrously exaggerated account of his experiences in that frigid part of the world:

In the due course of a vagabond life, after visiting Russia and Sweden, I found myself one day on the road to the Dorre Fjeld, in Norway. I sat in a little cariole—an old peasant behind. The scenery was sublime. Poetry crept over my inmost soul. The old man leaned over and said something. Great heavens! what a combination of luxuries! His breath smelled of whiskey and tobacco. I was enchanted. I turned and gazed fondly and affectionately in his withered old face. Two streams of rich juice coursed down his furrowed chin. His leathery and wrinkled mouth was besmeared with the precious fluid; his eyes rolled foolishly in his head; he hung on to the cariole with a trembling and unsteady hand; a delicious odor pervaded the entire man. I saw that he was a congenial soul, cottoned to him at once, grasped him by the hand, swore he was the first civilized human being I had met in all my travels through Europe, and called upon him, in the name of the great American brotherhood of chewers, to pass me a bite of his tobacco. From that moment we were the best of friends. The old man dived into the depths of a greasy pocket, pulled out a roll of black pigtail, and with joy beaming from every feature saw me tear from it a goodly mouthful. We talked, we chewed, we spat, we laughed and joked; we forgot all the discrepancies of age, nativity, condition, and future prospects—in short, we were brothers by the sublime and potent freemasonry of tobacco. All that day my senses were entranced. I saw nothing but familiar faces, gulches, cañons, barrooms, and boozy stage-drivers; smelled nothing but whiskey and tobacco in every flower by the way-side; aspired to nothing but Congress and the suffrages of my fellow-citizens. I was once again in my own, my beloved California.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam—
His first, best country ever is at home."

"Dost like the picture?" Does not Mr. Stoughton yearn for a tread upon his native heath? True, Ross Browne subsequently became a foreign minister; but in China they use opium instead of tobacco, and are not accustomed to that "wine of the country" which has had a certain degree of popularity in the U. S.

Not bad for an infant of Illinois:

"One day," writes our correspondent, "I was compounding a simple cough remedy for my little three-year-old, who had a severe cold. He stood watching the process, and asked if it was "good." On letting him taste, he exclaimed: "It's awful good, mamma. *Let's keep it all for papa!*"

Curious things are done in "meeting." Not long ago the Wesleyan Methodists in England resolved to raise the sum of £200,000. The first meeting was held soon afterward, when the sum of £31,000 was raised. It was a humorous subscription, for one gentleman rose and said he would give £1000 in memory of his sainted mother; another said he would give £500 in memory of a dear wife; another £50 in honor of a beloved sister; and for a long time this style of giving went on. At length one man said he would give £200 because he was not on board the ill-fated *Princess Alice*. This became immediately contagious, for shortly after a man rose and volunteered £100 because he was not a shareholder

in the City of Glasgow Bank. It was expected some gentleman would give £1000 because he was not a member of the opposition, or a British Afghan.

During the proceedings of the Congress of the British Archæological Society held in Wisbech in August last, the following epitaph in the parish church of Croyland Abbey was read:

Beneath this place in six feet in length against ye Clarks pew lyeth the body of Mr Abrh Baly he died ye 3rd Jany 1704. Also ye body of Mary his wid: she dyed ye 21st of May 1705. Also the body of Abrm son of ye said Abm & Mary; he dyed ye 13th Jan 1704. also 2: wh Dyed in there Enfentry.

Mans life is like unto a winters day
Some brake there fast and so departs away,
Others stay dinner then departs full fed
The longest age but supps & goes to bed,
O reader then behold and see;
As wee are now so must you bee.

Filled with things witty and interesting is *The Irish Bar*, just published, for fifteen cents, as No. 32 of the "Franklin Square Library." Vide the following:

The late George Bennett, crown prosecutor on the Munster Circuit, raised a laugh at a medical witness, in a case of death, by his interrogation: "Well, doctor, you attended the deceased?"

"Yes."

"*And he died accordingly?*"

Barry Yelverton, who in 1871 was made Attorney-General, was at a stag-hunt in Killarney with his friend the witty Father O'Leary. A hunted deer fell quite exhausted at his feet. "Dear Mr. Yelverton," exclaimed Father O'Leary, "what wonderful instinct that stag possesses! He comes directly to you, expecting that in your official capacity you'll at once issue a *nolle prosequi* in his favor."

After Curran left college and went to London to study for the bar his finances were very low. A story is told of his going dinnerless to St. James's Park, where, sitting hungry on a bench, he began whistling an Irish tune. An elderly gentleman paused to rest on the same seat, and, struck by the melancholy look of the youth, inquired how he came to be sitting there, whistling an Irish tune, when other people were at their dinner. Curran replied that he would be at his dinner too, but a trifling matter—delay in remittances—obliged him to dine on an Irish tune.

Plunket felt dissatisfied that Bushe retained the office of Solicitor-General after he himself resigned his post of Attorney-General in the breaking up of the Grenville cabinet. Plunket being absent from court when a cause in which he was counsel was called on, the judge inquired of Mr. Bushe if he knew what detained Mr. Plunket.

Bushe jocosely replied: "I suppose, my lord, he is cabinet-making."

When Mr. Plunket appeared, some good-natured friend told him of Bushe's joke, on which Plunket proudly said, "I assure your lordship I am not so well qualified for cabinet-making as my learned friend. I never was either a *turner* or a *joiner*."

Isaac Burke Bethel, an old member of the bar, was ever ready to accept any meals he could get, or take any fee that was offered. On one occasion, when engaged in a prosecution, he said, very pompously, "I appear for the crown, my lord."

"Oftener for the *half crown*," replied a wit, who knew Bethel's line of practice.

Harry Deane Grady exercised much influence in court by what he termed "his jury eye," which was constantly winking at the jury when he wished them especially to note some particular answer from an adverse witness. Appearing in court one morning in rather depressed spirits, a sympathizing friend said, "Harry, are you unwell? You are not as lively as usual."

"How can I be, my dear fellow?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"*My jury eye is out of order*," was the reply.

By far the best compilation of gems of ancient literature, Oriental and classical, is that recently published in a neat duodecimo by Harper and Brothers. This admirable and finely illustrated work has been prepared by John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D., and will not be more welcome to the student than to the general reader. Here are a few passages appropriate to the Drawer:

FROM ZENOPHANES.

If sheep and swine, and lions strong, and all the bovine crew,
Could paint with cunning hands, and do what clever mortals do,
Depend upon it, every pig, with snout so broad and blunt,
Would make a Jove that, like himself, would thunder with a grunt;
And every lion's god would roar, and every bull's would bellow,
And every sheep's would baa, and every beast his worshipped fellow
Would find in some immortal form, and naught exist divine
But had the gait of lion, sheep, or ox, or grunting swine.

Homer and Hesiod, whom we own great doctors of theology,
Said many things of blissful gods that cry for large apology—
That they may cheat, and rail, and lie, and give the rein to passion,
Which were a crime in men who tread the dust in mortal fashion.

The maxim, "Know thyself," does not suffice;
Know others! know them well—that's my advice.

Abel Curran, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, was superfluously happy—he married a young lady, then her sister, and then their mother. On his tombstone this touching epitaph appears:

Here lies Abel Curran, aged forty-two,
A native farmer of Kalamazoo.
Pray stop and read, for pity's sake:
He unto himself did three wives take.
The first one died—how much he missed her!
Consoled himself, and wed her sister.
And then she died, followed by her brother,
And Abel thought he'd try the mother.
She now survives—may her tribe increase!—
He lived happily, and died in peace.

We are frequently indebted to our friend Colonel Yard, of the Monmouth *Democrat*, for anecdotes illustrative of the character of the peculiar people who live in New Jersey. He sends us this:

The Hon. G. T—— tells a good story of a slow railroad in the northern part of the State. He says he went there gunning, and came to a short line of road on which was run a single car, the

BURLINGAME
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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—HAWKING IN CENTRAL PARK.

forward end of which was partitioned off for baggage. He took his dog in the car with him and put him under the seat. Presently the conductor came along, and insisted that the dog should go into the baggage-room, which, after some altercation, was done; but here the baggage-master demanded a fee of fifty cents, which was denounced as a "swindle," a "put-up job" between the conductor and the baggage-master, and that sooner than pay it he would tie the dog to the train and let him "work his passage." The conductor assented, and the dog was hitched to the rear of the train. The dog—so T—— says—kept along easily with the train, but the conductor began to get uneasy, making frequent trips to the engineer, urging him to increase the speed of the train, and back again to watch the effect upon the dog. The latter began to show signs of fatigue, but after a while caught his "second wind," and was keeping along as before. The conductor now ordered the engineer to heave all the coal into the furnace and stir up the fire, which being done, the speed was perceptibly increased. The conductor again went to the rear of the car to observe the effect, but the dog had disappeared, whereupon he triumphantly called T——'s attention to the fact. The latter, after taking a glance at the situation, quietly pointed to a crack in the floor of the car, "and there," says he, "was the dog, comfortably trotting along under the car, and *licking the grease from one of the axle boxes!*"

Which is a very good story.

Quite as good, but in a little different vein, is one told by our contemporary of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, of a venerable colored gemman, Old Ike, who met another darky with a carpet-bag: "Whar is you gwine to now, Ebenezer?"

"Dis town is too dull fo' me, Uncle Ike, an' I's gwine fo' to take der train."

"Jess so. Is you gwine *froo* on de ke-ars?"

"Dat 'pends, Uncle Ike, on de weakness of de bridges an' de tressles. Ef one o' dem gits tired hol'in' itself up in de cold wedder jess about de time de ke-ars I's on comes along, *den I'm gwine froo.*"

"Well, my boy, you take my advice, an' set on de tail gate o' dat ar train o' ke-ars, an' de minnit you heah dat slowcomoter gin a yell, an' heah somefin crack, you frow yer kearpet-sack an' jump; kaze I bin dar twice. De fus time de ke-ar frowed me, an' de las' time I fo'got fo' ter jump, an' I nebber did wake up, boy, ontel some white folks fotch me a pint o' corn oil and frowed it inter me. You jump. *S—o—long!*"

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXLVII.—APRIL, 1879.—Vol. LVIII.



BERG UND THAL.

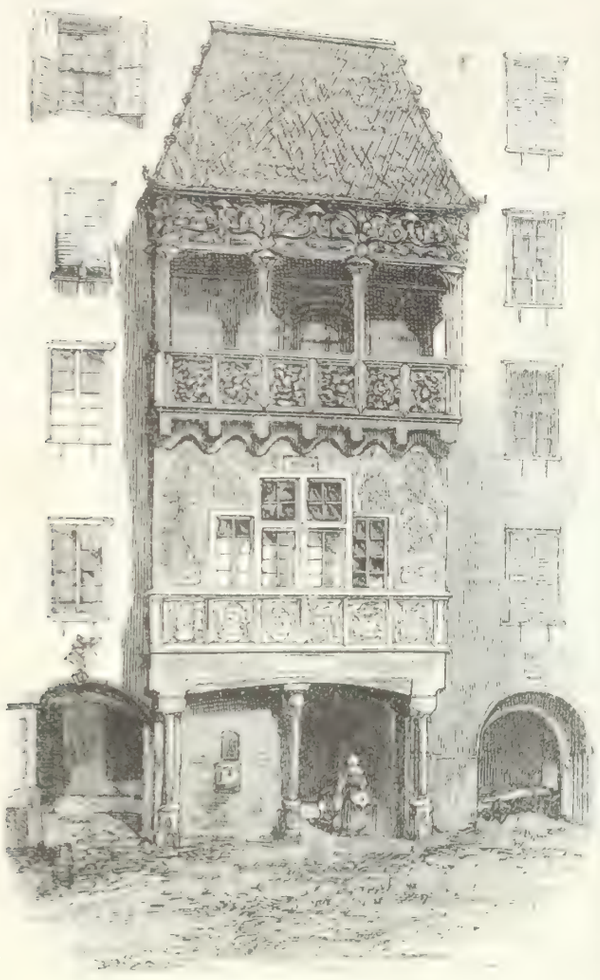
SKETCHES IN TYROL.

II.

ALL travellers have their fancies and their predilections. I am by no means alone in giving Innsbruck a high place among my own. Heine rung its praises fifty years ago: "Innsbruck ist eine unwohnliche, blöde Stadt." Another has called it a "pearl in Austria's beautiful crown of cities." It was the Emperor Maximilian's favorite town, and the beautiful Philippine Welser loved it hardly less than she graced it. A single autumn twilight and starlight glimpse, years ago, impressed upon our own minds a picture of quaint and curious interest, of bright and cheerful beauty, and of grand and noble surroundings, which has lasted undimmed through the intervening time, and which is now only brightened and freshened and more deeply imprinted by familiarity with scenes which then were only suggested. In detail, there is not very much to describe, but the little that there is is most noteworthy. The *tout ensemble* is lively, bustling, cleanly, and handsome. Our windows look out upon the broad main thoroughfare of the town—a street of great width and finely built. In front of us stands a tall marble shaft bearing the statue of St. Anna, its high base surmounted by life-sized figures. Far away to the left, over the tops of the houses and the triumphal arch of the time of Maria Theresa, are the blue peaks bordering the Brenner Pass. To the right, rising like a vertical wall, as if from the very heart of the town, is the sturdy snow-streaked mountain, whence the wolves, as is told, used to look down into the streets and startle the citizens with their hungry howling. From the cab stand below us the drivers of the odd little three-cornered Einspänners beckon us to drive. Yonder, above the dim arcades of the older town, beside the broad roof of the palace, rises the tower of that little court church which is more full of historic and artistic interest than many a great cathedral—a church whose broad nave is nearly filled with the superb sarcophagus of the great Emperor Maximilian I.

The chief of Innsbruck's street sights is

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GOLDENES DACHL.

the Goldenes Dachl—a heavily gilded copper balcony roof, which Count Frederick of Tyrol (surnamed "of the empty pocket") built against the front of his palace in 1500, at a cost of $70,000, as a substantial refutation of the popular taunt. The palace is long out of date, and the old quarter in which it stands is given over to the commoner walks of trade, but this beautiful balcony, with its gilded roof, ever remains the richest monument of the city's streets. The large park and the shaded walk beside the swift-rolling Inn might well grace a larger and richer town; but these and all else that Innsbruck has to offer must give way before the attractions of Maximilian's tomb. Subsequent visits have served to define but not to materialize the unearthly impression remaining from the first visit, made in the dusk of a warm November evening, when the gloom of the church was deepened by the solitary altar light and the faint glimmer of candles in a hidden chapel where vespers were being chanted. High up in the middle of the church the kneeling form of the robed monarch faces the altar. At the corners of the slab on which he rests are beautiful figures, and the sides and ends of the sarcophagus are panelled with twenty-four reliefs in marble, representing prominent events of Maximilian's life. Most of these are by Alexander Colin (sixteenth century), and were said by Thorwaldsen to be the most perfect existing work of their class. The sarcophagus is inclosed by a light grille of the most graceful and delicate iron-work richly gilded. On entering the church, this fine tracery is in harmony with the exquisite wood-carving of the first line of pews. At each side of the nave, between the large pillars, and at the ends of the altar steps, stand colossal bronze statues of the emperor's family, his chosen friends, and his most admired heroes—twenty-eight in number. Both the tomb and these surrounding figures are made in accordance with his own instructions and in compliance with his last will. Aside from his relatives and family connections, the company includes Clovis, King of France, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, King Arthur of England, Godfrey de Bouillon, and Ferdinand of Aragon. Of these, Theodoric and Arthur, by Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg, are of great artistic merit, that of Arthur especially so. The others, by different artists, are often grotesque and curious, but as a company of guardian spirits about a great man's tomb they lend a dignity which no other device could compass. They certainly give an in-



KING ARTHUR.

terest to this small church which distinguishes it in a very marked way from all others. Without this tomb and its accessories the church would still be memorable as being the burial-place of the great Tyrolean patriot fine modern monument to those who fell under their lead.

In a chapel adjoining the church, founded by Ferdinand II., Count of Tyrol, are his grave and that of his wife, Philippine Welser.



ANDREAS HOFER.

Andreas Hofer, who rose from the position of a village innkeeper (always a position of distinction among Tyrolean peasants) to be a patriot leader in the uprising against the Bavarians. He was to Tyrol what Garibaldi has been to Italy. His house in the Passeier Thal is a chief historic centre of the country, and the rooms in which he slept during his campaigns possess a similar interest for the people to that of those in which Washington slept in his campaign through New England. His portrait in the museum at Innsbruck represents a sturdy Teutonic countryman, gorgeous with the embroidery and green and red of the costume of his valley. The engraving here given is after the miniature which is considered the most faithful likeness. Here, too, are tablets commemorating the death of Hofer's comrades Haspinger and Speckbacher, and a

The central figure about which the interest of this region most gathers is that of this beautiful daughter of an Augsburg merchant, who made here her cherished home, and whose virtues and gentle character no less than her beauty so fixed her memory in the hearts of the people that she is as real a personage to them now as when she lived among them three hundred years ago, and who has rescued her worthy husband from the oblivion which, in much less than three centuries, so few escape. Their castle, Amras, stands on a superb hill an hour's drive from the town, with a view reaching from the highlands of Bavaria to the lofty peaks of the Upper Inn, and stretching across the fertile maize-grown plain to the great snow-covered mountain back of Innsbruck. It is now the property of the Emperor of Austria, and the principal part of

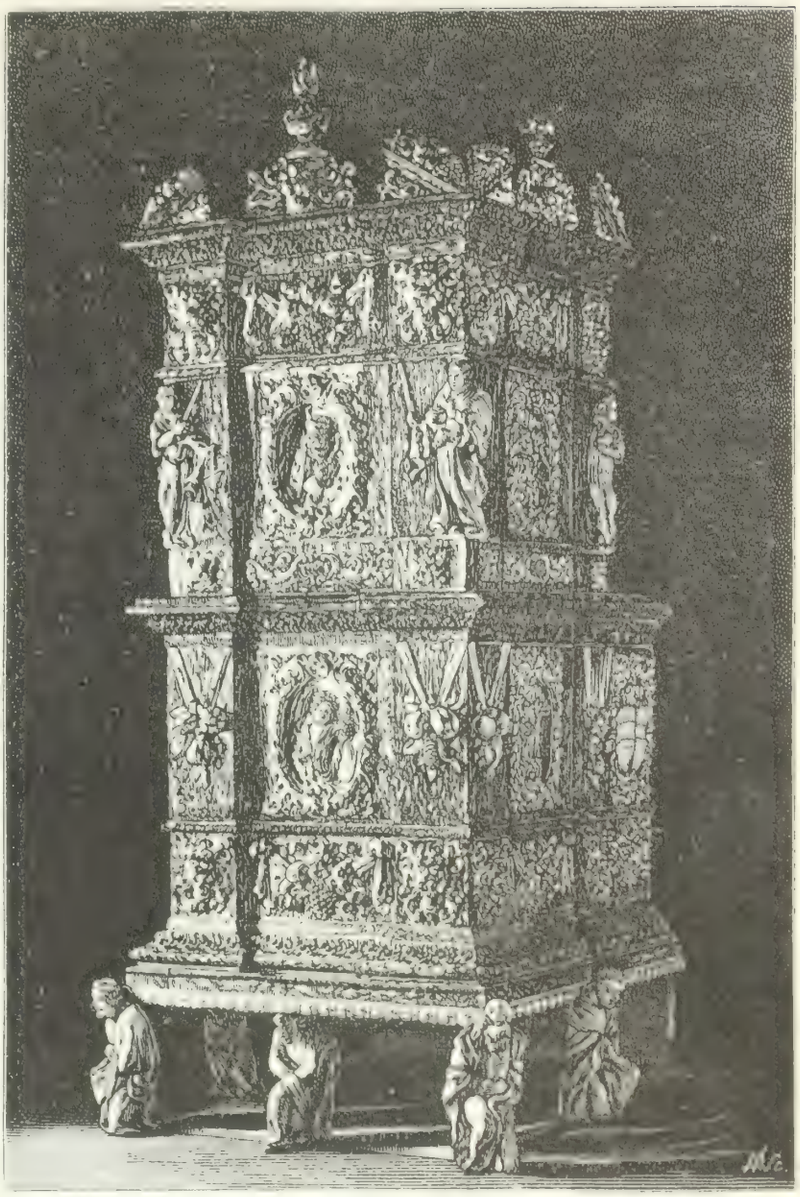


PHILIPPINE WELSER, COUNTESS OF TYROL.

its artistic collection, formed by Ferdinand, as well as the best portrait of its beautiful mistress, has been removed to the Imperial Museum at Vienna. It is still, however, rich in objects of great interest, having a fine collection of armor and arms, and the best of the furniture of Philippine's apartments. Among these are rare cabinets, organs, spinets, and writing-tables of the choicest workmanship and of extravagant cost. In many of the rooms the fine old carved four-posters are still standing, and the countess's bedroom is still furnished as when she used it, including the cradle in which her babies were rocked. The collection of portraits is of great interest, among them one of Philippine Welser at fifty-two, still beautiful, and a late portrait of Maria Theresa in her widow's dress. Most of the rooms were heated with highly ornamented terra-cotta stoves. Even in these minor details the profuse expenditure, which is every where noticeable, is conspicuous. The whole castle is beautifully maintained, and one needs to be told, so rich is it still, for the time when it was occupied, that its chief treasures have been taken away.

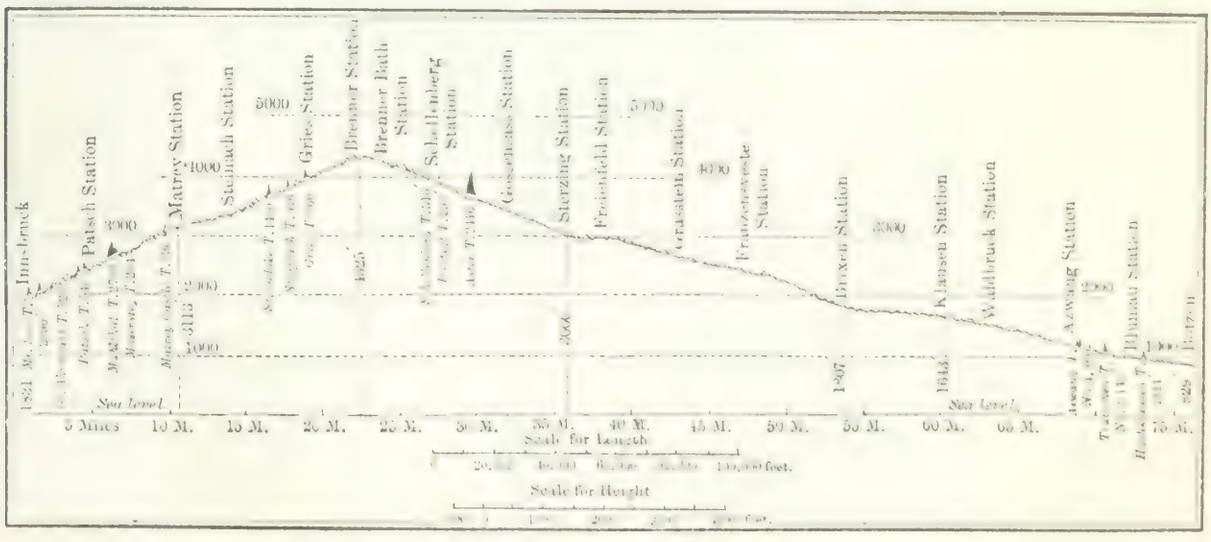
It is not the least good thing about Innsbruck that its surroundings afford most charming walks and drives. We drove one afternoon up the zigzag course of the great Brenner highway, climbing always, but always gently, up the valley of the Sill, made more interesting now by the remarkable construction of the Brenner Railway, whose cuttings and tunnels and arches and embankments, seen from the opposite heights, look like toy marvels of Lilliputian engineers. Such a combination of rich hill-side, wooded slope, deep gorge, rushing glacial river, rocky mountain-top, and peaceful sunlit beauty is rarely seen. Closing the view before us, and rising like a barrier against the apparent trend of the valley, stands the great pointed peak of the Serlos. Leaving the road and climbing a short, steep cart path, we come suddenly upon the deep and steep-sided Stubaier Thal, at whose head, lapping over the edge of a great mountain-top, hangs the eternal Stubaier Glacier. This is the very heart of the mountains—a valley scored deep among their highest peaks. The group by which it is surrounded carries no fewer than eighty glaciers,

four of them of the first rank. No less than forty peaks to which its side valleys lead are close to the 10,000-foot line of elevation, and other members of the Oetzthal group, and other gorges draining their glacial floods away, help to make up this wildest centre of the Tyrolean Alps. Our view into this valley of grandeur was from a sweet-smelling hay field, where cheerful women and girls were raking the windrows, where fragrant-breathed cows were drawing hay-wagons, and where sturdy men were busy loading the fresh-cured crop. Far down in the valley, high up on its little alps, and clinging to its steeper acclivities, farm-houses and Sennerin's huts and peaceful villages shelter a population to whom this mountain valley is the centre of the universe, who here toil and weep and love and die, all unconscious of the great world which lies beyond their almost impassable cliffs. The field where we sat belongs to a great mountain Gasthaus, where Andreas Hofer held his last head-quarters. It is a very large house, and its cheerful Kellnerin showed us all its mysteries: its clean bedrooms; its "Speise-Saal;" its quaint old wood-finished "Sitz," where the peasants gather for their evening beer; its milk-room, with brimming pans and well-scoured utensils; its stables for horses and cattle—all under the same huge roof; its ornamental garden, with a little fountain, and the saints and Madonnas frescoed on its outer walls.



TERRA-COTTA STOVE AT AMRAS.

It would be ungrateful to dismiss the subject of Innsbruck without referring to Mr. Franz Unterberger and his shop, which is a sort of travellers' head-quarters, stored with wood-carvings, Tyrolean knickknacks,



PROFILE OF THE BRENNER RAILWAY.

and the beautiful collection of photographs which his enterprising camera has brought from all quarters of the land. "Bild-hauing" (picture-hewing), or ornamental wood-carving, is nowhere more artistic than in this part of Tyrol, and Unterberger's exhibits at Philadelphia and at Paris gave evidence of the great excellence here attained. The relief carvings of Tyrolean character scenes are incomparably fine. To a stranger the best thing about the shop is Mr. Unterberger himself. He speaks English perfectly, and is a man of the quickest intelligence, and learned in Tyrolean matters. We found him always ready, without the least reference to his interest in us as customers, to give us the fullest information and advice.



MARIA THERESA STRASSE, INNSBRUCK.

The valley of the Inn above Innsbruck — the Oberinn Thal—lies out of the route of ordinary travel, the Brenner road striking off to the left and winding up the wild Sill Thal. The upper valley presents the same general character as that below the city, save that its mountains are drawn closer together, and its bed, rising higher and higher, comes nearer to their summits. It is essentially a part of this "Val Deliciosa," fertile, populous, busy, and cheerful. Telfs, one of its considerable villages, is a charming example of the larger valley centres. In its remoteness it promises to remain forever unconscious of the march of more modern improvement.

The summer heats of the Inn Thal are far greater and more persistent than would be supposed from its position on the northern slope of the Alps and its considerable elevation (Innsbruck is nearly 2000 feet above the sea). Its interval for miles is almost exclusively occupied with broad fields of Indian corn, giving it a home-like air to the American eye.

A good idea of the characteristics of the country and the people of North Tyrol is given by Grohman in his *Tyrol and the Tyrolese*, from which one may gather information concerning the winter climate and occupations unknown to those who only make a holiday run through the country in the summer months. Mr. Grohman is half Tyrolese himself, and seems to be as familiar with the hardy sports of the country as with those of England, where his other half belongs. He describes vividly the terrible straits to which the frugal Tyrolese peasants are reduced by the deep and persistent snow, which entirely cuts off many of the valleys from communication with the outer world for months together. Mountain huts are sometimes entirely buried; and he recounts the rescue of an aged couple who had been imprisoned for nine days, with only a goat and a few loaves of bread for their support. Chamois-hunting and the shooting of the black-cock, both confined to the higher and more remote mountain-tops, are sports involving the greatest fortitude and power of endurance, and are always attended with danger. For a picture of Tyrolean life in the remoter valleys I know of nothing so striking and effective as a little story called *Geier-Wally*—nothing the reading of which so exactly anticipates the impressions which one's first trip produces.



TELFS.

The persistence with which humanity attaches itself to fertile land without regard to danger is illustrated elsewhere than here. The peasants on the slopes of Vesuvius push their cultivation and plant their homes in the very track of a possible lava stream, and, all the world over, facility for obtaining a livelihood blinds the cultivator to all risks. Grohman says: "In the Wild-Schönau, North Tyrol, not a few of the houses are built on such steep slopes that a heavy chain has to be laid round the houses and fastened to some firm object—a large tree or bowlder of rock higher up.....In one village off the Puster Thal, and in two others off the Oberinn Thal, many of the villagers come to church with crampoons on their feet, the terrible steep slopes on which their huts are built, somewhat like a swallow's nest on a wall, requiring this precautionary measure.....In Moos—a village not very far from the Brenner, having a population of eight hundred inhabitants—more than three hundred men and women have been killed since 1758 by falls from the incredibly steep slopes upon which the pasturages of this village are situated. So steep are they, in fact, that only goats, and even they not every where, can be trusted to graze on them, and the hay for the larger cattle has to be cut and gathered by the hand of man."

I have myself seen, in walking among the hills, little stores of grass piled against the upper side of protecting trees, where it had been brought in armfuls when cut by the spike-shod mower. The hay-makers gather their little crops here and there on the steep grass-patches, almost at the limit of vegetation, pack it in nets or in sheets, and bring it on their shoulders down the steep and dangerous paths. My earlier idea of an "alp" was that of a level plateau at the top of the lower mountains. Alps which are even nearly level are very rare, especially among the higher elevations. Generally they are so steep, so broken, and so inaccessible that one wonders how cattle are got to them, and how they can be trusted to graze over them. These alps are bounded by no fences, and it must be an anxious task for those who have the herds in charge to get them safely together at milking-time. Each animal wears its bell, not the hollow-sounding dull cow-bell with which we are familiar, but musical in tone, and heard for a much greater distance. The alpine hut and the Sennerin, or dairy-maid, who spends the whole summer in nearly solitary attention to her arduous duties, are not altogether what one's imagination might depict. She



"WRESTLING."—[FROM A PAINTING BY DEFREGGER.]

is not the dairy-maid of poetry, nor is her temporary home filled with the more ethereal pastoral associations. Yet these people, too, have a romantic and imaginative side to their lives, and are happy and wholesome and content.

The agriculture of North Tyrol, outside of the valley of the Inn, is mostly confined to very small operations. A few cattle, a few sheep, a little poultry, a few small fields, and a mountain pasture constitute the stock in trade on which the industrious and frugal pair bring up their family in comfort and decency, accumulate portions for their daughters, and lay aside a provision for their own old age. Labor-saving hardly exists. Every thing is accomplished by unmitigated and unremitted toil. In youth and in early life the people are stalwart, active, and hearty; but old age comes very early, and at forty the vigor of manhood and womanhood is passed—the activity and vigor, but not the endurance: up to really old age even slight little women carry enormous loads in the baskets at their backs up and down steep rough hill-sides and mountain paths, where an unaccustomed tourist must puff and toil to move his own unencumbered person.

It is not easy to see how in a country so broken as this, and where so many farms and even whole villages have no access to market except over mountain foot-paths, any system could be introduced which would lighten the labor of the people. On not one farm in fifty in the mountain valleys could the mowing-machine be used, and from at least one-half of the hay and grain fields the whole crop has to be carried away on the heads and shoulders of the people. Something might be gained by the introduction of a better race of cattle, but it is a question whether these too would not deteriorate under the constant exercise needed to pick up a living on these broken pastures. The conditions of living are very much modified by the wandering propensity which is so common among the Tyrolese. As musicians, as peddlers, as cattle-dealers, and as mechanics they wander over the wide world, bringing home a comfortable profit and a quickened intelligence.

The mental and moral characteristics of any people can of course be only very imperfectly measured by the casual traveller. The Tyrolese are represented as being extremely superstitious and priest-ridden, but no evidence of this was obvious to me. They are unquestionably honest and faithful, and universally temperate. Probably every man, woman, and child in Tyrol drinks beer and wine as constantly and as freely as we drink water; but during all of my journeyings in all parts of the country I have not seen a single person either drunk or under any considerable influence of drink. There are, too, very slight evidences of poverty, and beggars are rare. Among themselves, especially at the Gasthäusern in the evening, the younger men are noisy and uproarious, and much given to bad music and harsh play. Some of their games are rough to brutality, and it is not long since the use of the knife was a constant accompaniment of their quarrels.

Wrestling and "finger-hacking" (hooking

the middle fingers and twisting for the mastery, even at the risk of the joint) are still common, and are watched by comrades with the same interest which attaches to a cock-fight or a dog-fight in England. Among a people whose life makes physical endurance a cardinal virtue, these trials of strength and of the ability to endure pain are regarded as tests of manliness, and even the women who witness them applaud their most brutal manifestations.

There are few railways more interesting to a traveller familiar with the construction of public works than that which crosses the Brenner Pass from Innsbruck to Botzen. It is nearly eighty miles long, and was built in four years. The natural difficulties were even greater than those of the Semmering, or of the Apennine road from Pistoja to Bologna. Within a distance of little more than twenty miles it makes an ascent of 2500 feet, with a nearly uniform gradient of 1 in 40. Its escarpments and embankments are prodigious, and their protection against the wash of the mountain-side is admirably provided for. At one point where the banks of the Sill afforded an insecure foundation for the abutments of a bridge, the river itself was turned by a tunnel through the rock, the old bed being crossed on an embankment. The road passes through twenty-two tunnels, the longest of them 2750 feet. Several of these tunnels are built on considerable curves, and of one near Gossensass both of the mouths are in sight from the car windows at the same time. The scenery traversed throughout the whole distance is of the wildest and most romantic character, and as the road follows the course of the old highway between Germany and Italy, it is full of historic interest from the repeated and stoutly contested struggles for its possession from the time of the Romans down to that of Andreas Hofer. Old castles and monasteries, some in ruins, some still occupied by private families, some turned to Stadthauses and some to breweries, give that marked difference which always exists between European scenery and our own. After crossing the Brenner the course of the road strikes the valley of a little brook which gathers re-enforcements as it goes, and becomes a roaring river—the Eisach—long before it falls into the Adige at Botzen. Botzen lies 3500 feet below the summit of the pass, deep down between the red porphyry cliffs by which its plain is bordered, and in the luxuriant



"FINGER-HACKING."—[FROM A PAINTING BY DEFREGGER.]

climate of North Italy. The hill-sides and the valley are covered with abundant vines, grown on thickly covered sloping trellises, and slow-turning wheels of Egyptian device lift up the water of the Eisach to irrigate the grass that grows beneath them.

As Innsbruck is the metropolis of North Tyrol, so is Botzen that of South Tyrol. But what a suffocating, close, stuffy, foul-smelling metropolis it is! It has the cred-



PARISH CHURCH, BOTZEN.

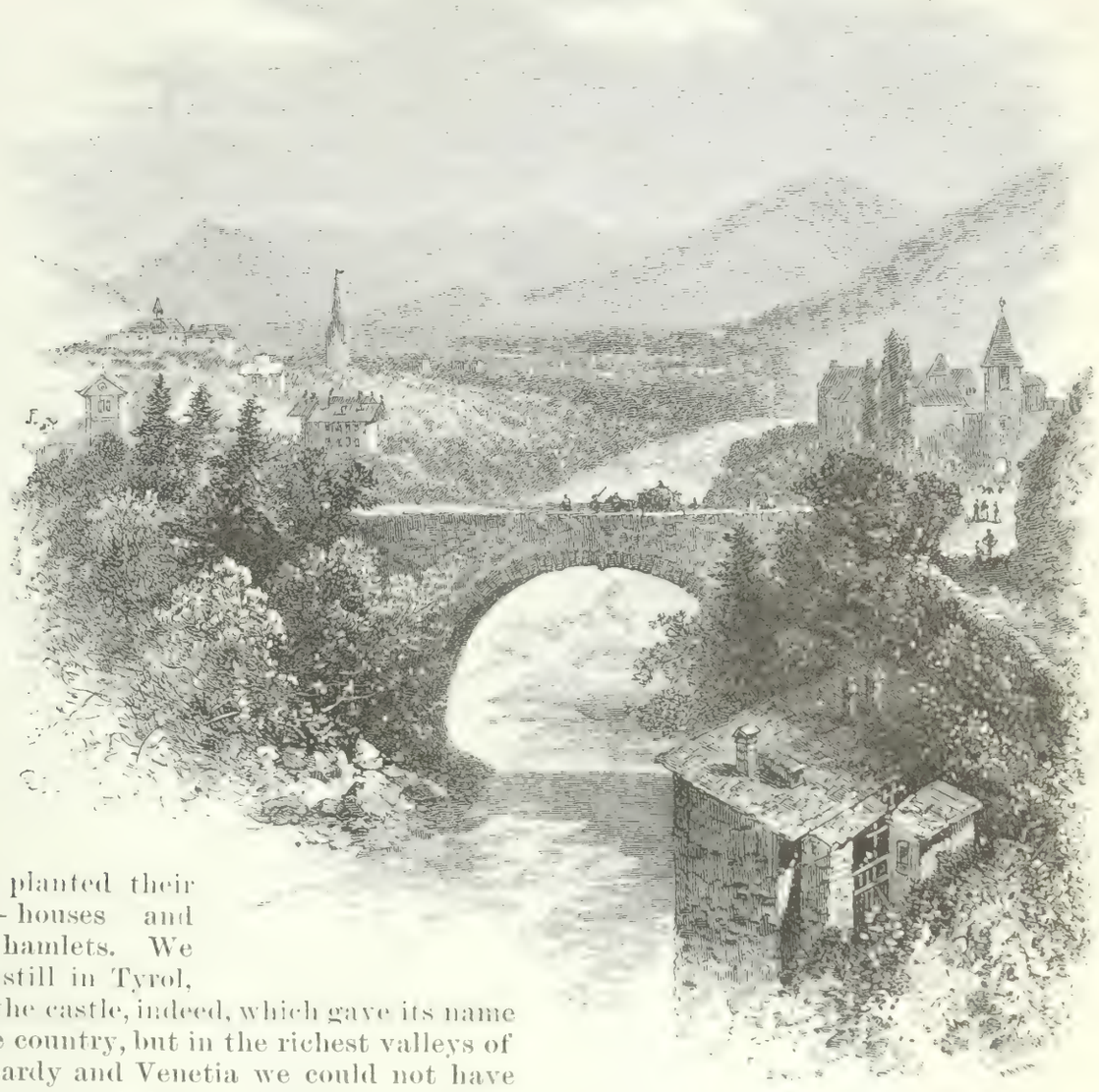
it of having been founded by the Romans, and its business streets are bordered by the heavy and gloomy arcades common to hot climates. Many have spoken of it as a charming town; but in our repeated experiences we have found ourselves assailed by such indescribable odors and oppressed by such an absence of light and cheerfulness that we have come to regard it rather as a necessary stopping-place on the road to other points. Whence its smells come—its street smells, I mean; the source of its house smells is too obvious to be doubted—I have never been able to discover; for Botzen is essentially a city of clean streets. It is well supplied with fountains of clear water, and the turbid tide of the Adige sends a copious and rapid flow through all its streets. This latter runs through covered gutters with openings at frequent intervals, where women kneel over their wash-boards as at a brook-side. It was a stifling hot night when we arrived, and we supped in the open air in front of a restaurant. The broad sidewalk was already filled with guests, and our table was set out in the open roadway, where friendly dogs assisted at our meal, and made themselves and us much at home. The fare was unusually good, and I had the curiosity to make a memorandum of our *menu* and of our bill, which is as follows (for two persons):

English filet of beef, with egg	0.430
Potatoes, *sautées*	0.043
Macaroni à l'Italienne	0.043
Salad, with cheese	0.156
Omelette aux confitures	0.112
Tyrol red wine (one bottle)	0.120
One cup of coffee with milk	0.016
One cup of black coffee	0.008
One cigar	0.030
Fee to waiter	0.125

Making a total of one dollar, five cents, and three mills.

Botzen has a church of somewhat celebrated beauty, and the piazza commands a glorious view of the high-perched Rosengarten, one of the most characteristic groups of the whole dolomite formation, more completely a collection of grand "pinnacles" than any other that we have seen. The view of this followed us well out on the road toward Meran, through the broad and fer-

tile Adige Valley, luxuriant with fig-trees and vines, with olives, tall cypresses, and all the characteristic vegetation of the South, walled in and sheltered on both sides by grand porphyry mountains, high up on whose slopes the hardy cultivators of its rich soil have planted their farm-houses and their hamlets. We were still in Tyrol, near the castle, indeed, which gave its name to the country, but in the richest valleys of Lombardy and Venetia we could not have been surrounded by a landscape of more thoroughly Southern aspect.



MERAN, FROM THE KUCHELBERG.

The nobles and the monks of the olden time knew well how to select the most beautiful and commanding sites for their habitations, and the high hill-sides of the Adige Valley are as rich as the banks of the Rhine with the ruins of their castles and their monasteries. At Terlan, an hour's drive from Botzen, the village church has a conspicuous leaning tower, said to have been built by the architect of the tower of Pisa, who is claimed by the Tyrolese as a countryman. If the tower of Pisa is no more successful in its architectural effect than the tower of Terlan, it is a shabby builder's trick, without beauty and without special interest. The Terlan tower is a very large one, and is inclined at an awkward and uncomfortable angle; but its centre of gravity falls well within its base, and no especial skill was needed in its construction. The tradition of the neighborhood says that it was built erect, and has taken its inclination from a settlement of the foundation, which rests in the alluvial deposit of the valley, and is often deeply submerged by the floods of the Adige.

The Einspänner horse seems to be unacquainted with oats, but he takes his hay at very short stages of his journey. "Lisa," our comfortable bay mare, was hauled up at the tumble-down little inn of a tumble-down little village, among the vines and olives, for her habitual refreshment. We found the interior comfortable and clean, and the Terlaner wine delicate and good. The gradations of rank among the working people always struck us as curious. The peasant drivers of our humble drags seemed never to perform the office of groom. The stable-boy of the Gasthaus always takes charge of the feeding and watering, the driver meanwhile taking his quarter liter of red wine, and tipping the hostler with a petty fee, like a gentleman. As the afternoon wore on, our wrinkled and antiquated Jehu grew communicative. He was proud

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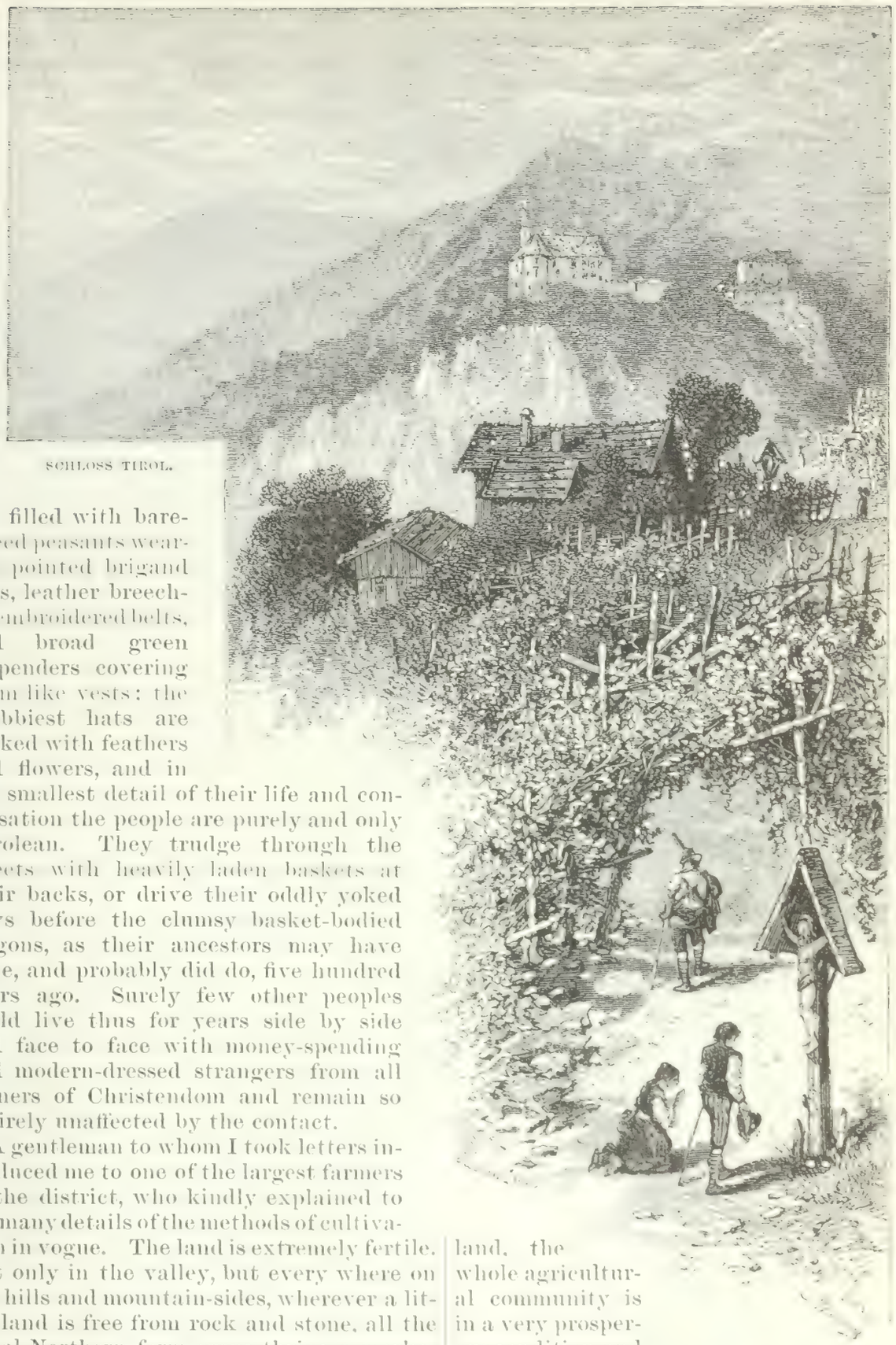
of his age (seventy-two), and he needed little encouragement to wander back to the old days before the time of railroads, when he rode postilion with the diligences over the great post routes. Of all the hard-riding company to which he had belonged, he alone is left. He seemed to regard himself as the sole remaining monument of a period that has gone never to return. The present with its swift travel and frequent changes had no interest for him. He was a dreamy old Rip Van Winkle, with whom the interest of life lay only in the past, until, we being discharged, and a return freight from Meran being in order, the present, with its daily bread, came bravely to the front.

Few places along the southern slope of the Alpine range have such a reputation, and few deserve it so well, as the beautiful health-resort of Meran. It lies at the north side of the broad valley of the Adige, close under the shelter of the mountains, and where a bend of the valley carries the protection well around toward the west and east. Its drawback to those in robust health lies in the prominence every where given to its restorative characteristics. It is emphatically and conspicuously a "Kurort"—a resort for invalids. On the other hand, many of the appliances for the comfort and entertainment of the sick are of a sort to increase the attractions for the well. Through the town runs the very swift and copious torrent of the Passeier, the banks of which are pleasantly laid out—the sunny side as a winter promenade with sheltered basking places, and the shady side (the summer promenade) with cool retreats and rustic seats under the cover of dense trees and immediately over the rapids. By municipal regulation every guest, whether a *Kur* subject or not, must contribute his weekly fee for the support of the Kursaal, the reading-room, the brass-band, etc. He enjoys them all the more perhaps for his sound condition.

No community of Yankees could have turned the whims and fantasies of invalids to better account than have the physicians and the lodging-house keepers of Meran. They seem to have left no curative stone unturned. The grape cure, the whey cure, the cow-milk cure, the sheep-milk cure, water cure, pneumatic cure, and every thing which may tickle the fancy of a *malade imaginaire* is worked up to its last pitch; and if faith in means is equal to the abundant and various healing provision, Meran must be a sick man's very paradise. It may, indeed, well be that without any of these artificial accompaniments, for its pure mountain air, its great freedom from wind and dust, and its most equable climate (save in the heat of summer), must combine with its abundant vegetation and its most charming landscape to stimulate nature to her own best restorative processes. Whatever may be its effect upon the sick, I can vouch most heartily for its value to the well, for in few places have I found myself so incited to the best mental and bodily effort as here—not the stimulus and excitement of the higher, crisper mountain air, where one may be led to tax life's powers inordinately, but a wholesome feeling of energy which fits a man for his best and steadiest work. And not work only, for nowhere else does solid and uninterrupted idleness, the *dolce far niente* of able-bodied and vigorous manhood, come so natural and leave so little regret. It seems as though time spent in the purest loafing here were really time gained in one's life and memory.

There is no rose without its thorn. Meran, the charming, the sunny, the serene, the health-giving, the life-cheering Meran, has a skeleton in its closet—a skeleton whose dry bones rattle and send a shudder through the nerves, through the very marrow, even of its most robust visitors. How much more must it affect those who are already unstrung by real illness, or, still worse, by fancied invalidism! The deep sleep which its pure fresh air so fosters is broken as with the very falling of the heavens. The tranquil reverie to which its soft acacia shade invites the happy soul is crushed as with the angry voice of devils. The idle saunter beside its noisy, tumbling Passeier Bach, the complete absence of thought to which the most active mind is wooed by its ceaseless swirl is changed to torture as with the sudden crashing of the very ear-drums. In the still sweet hour of the night and in the broad light of serene day it comes, all unawares and unexpected, and grinds the very soul with its harsh turmoil. The enterprising doctors and landlords, and the municipality itself, may do their bravest and best to make their town a haven of health and rest: the priests, whose hand seems turned against all mankind, hold the instrument of torture with a firm grasp, and turn it remorselessly in every suffering breast. By day and by night, in season and out of season, and without rhyme or reason, the "harsh iron clangor of the bells, bells, bells," leaves no rest for body or soul, and makes life here, where all else is calm and quiet and peaceful, a constant alternation of delight and misery. Indolence, reverie, sleep, and all tranquillity are hour by hour jarred and broken by a senseless jangle of brazen noise, as church tower after church tower takes up the oft-repeated alarm, and sends its fiendish vibrations through every unaccustomed brain.

In all parts of Tyrol the common people adhere to their native characteristics, little influenced by any tide of foreign travel that may flow past them. Nowhere else is this more true than at Meran. The streets



SCHLOSS TIROL.

are filled with bare-kneed peasants wearing pointed brigand hats, leather breeches, embroidered belts, and broad green suspenders covering them like vests: the shabbiest hats are decked with feathers and flowers, and in the smallest detail of their life and conversation the people are purely and only Tyrolean. They trudge through the streets with heavily laden baskets at their backs, or drive their oddly yoked cows before the clumsy basket-bodied wagons, as their ancestors may have done, and probably did do, five hundred years ago. Surely few other peoples could live thus for years side by side and face to face with money-spending and modern-dressed strangers from all corners of Christendom and remain so entirely unaffected by the contact.

A gentleman to whom I took letters introduced me to one of the largest farmers of the district, who kindly explained to me many details of the methods of cultivation in vogue. The land is extremely fertile. Not only in the valley, but every where on the hills and mountain-sides, wherever a little land is free from rock and stone, all the usual Northern farm crops thrive remarkably; and not only these, but the vine, the fig, and the Spanish chestnut as well, save in too high or too exposed situations.* The land is almost exclusively owned by those who till it. As is always the case with an industrious people farming its own rich land, the whole agricultural community is in a very prosperous condition, and individuals of more than comfortable wealth are by no means rare. The grape is the most conspicuous crop, and very fair red wine is abundant and cheap. Here, as in most of Northern Italy, the vines are grown on trellises, forming, with their thick foliage, what may best be described as a series of "lean-to" roofs, facing toward the sun, and supported by substantial timber at a height which makes it possible to cultivate Indian corn under them. Excepting a strip a few feet wide along the rows of vines which is

* The statement often made that the lemon grows out-of-doors here and ripens its fruit well is practically a misstatement. It does grow out-of-doors (in the summer-time), and it does ripen its fruit (in warm sunny corners), but the tubs in which it grows have to be moved into glass houses for winter.

kept clean and well hoed, the intervening ground is occupied by grass or corn, or occasionally by other crops. These vineyards are far more picturesque and attractive than the Lima-bean-like plantations along the Rhine and the Mosel, but it is possible that the dense shading of the whole ground, and the cultivation of grain and grass on the intervening spaces, have much to do with the quality of the wine made, which, though wholesome and palatable, is by no means



VINEYARD WATCH.

comparable to wine of a corresponding grade grown in the Rhineland, or in France, where, also, the bean-pole system prevails.

Not only in the valley, but almost equally on the hills, even to a great height, irrigation seems to be the sheet-anchor of the farmer. Water is abundant, and, as the streams are fed from the mountain-tops (often from glaciers), it is constant throughout the summer; during the summer months there is never a lack. It is applied to the vines at certain seasons, and to wheat and other grain crops, but the great use of this aid is upon the grass fields, which are copiously flooded about once a week. I have read so much about the processes of irrigation for years, without getting any thing like a clear idea of its methods of practical operation, that I shall not attempt any complete description of them here. All of its details are extremely simple. On other than quite flat land the inclination given to the gutters, and the consequent rapidity of the flow, is much greater than I had supposed. Even in the minor channels in a grass field the current runs nimbly on, and the main feeder for a ten-acre field is a babbling brook. The quantity of water used is more than I had thought, but not so great that (by the use of simple methods of storing and occasional discharge) the process might not be adopted very widely in our Eastern States.

I had equally failed to realize the effect to be obtained by thorough irrigation; it is one of those things which "must be seen to be understood." I think that there was hardly a day from the time when we left Salzburg until we reached Turin when we did not see irrigation going on, and quite up to the end of September there was hardly a day when we did not see hay-making. In many cases the fourth and in some cases the fifth crop was being cut, and always crops of very respectable yield. If I had learned no other lesson from my journey, I should be amply repaid by the realization it has given me of the great importance of irrigation, on the very small scale as well as on the large; of the almost universal ability to make use of it in one way or another; and of the extreme simplicity and cheapness of its methods.

Our short stay only sufficed for the merest taste of the excursions which are one of the chief attractions of the region. We were told that we might renew every day for a month the delightful experiences in walks and rides and drives which made our sojourn in this land of the vine and the fig and the snow-capped peak seem quite unique among our adventures. The great object of interest, that which is first pointed out by the arriving coachman, which holds the most prominent place among the vanities of the community, and which really deserves all its praise, is the venerable Schloss Tirol. Curious and interesting, but not in itself especially remarkable, it trembles on the border line between ruin and restoration, between neglect and care. Standing on a low hill with an indifferent outlook, it would be no more than any ordinary castle in Tyrol; but planted on the crest of a grand spur of the mountain, 1200 feet above the town, with an outlook up and down the valley of the Adige, it commands a view of unrivalled beauty and variety. To the left, the broad deep trough where the Adige flows to join the Eisach at Botzen is a very paradise of fertility and luxuriance, bordered by the deep green vegetation and the grand red rocks of the porphyry mountains through

which it has been cut. Standing sentinel over this valley is the high sharp profile of the Mendel Spitz. To the right, far below, is the tumbling white torrent of the river tearing its way over sharp rocks and among bowlders, and making a rapid descent of nearly a thousand feet. Farther on, the colder and higher but still rich agricultural vale of the Vintchgau. Over and beyond this are seen the Ortler Spitz, the Laaser Ferner, and other white-shrouded members of the Oetzthal group. The whole transition from the warm and fertile plains of the South to the dead reign of eternal snow is covered by a mere turning of the eyes from left to right.

This old stronghold has the unusual distinction of having given its name to the land to which its possessions were added by the marriage of one of its daughters, Margheretta Maultasch, to the reigning count.

Seen from the town, it seems neither very far away nor very high, but I found it a hard hour's scramble for my little mountain horse from the hotel to its dependent village, Dorf Tirol. At first the roadway—paved with long stones laid across it—was almost like a staircase, and its steep course continued so long that when we came out upon the crest we had the curious illusion of water running up hill. The irrigation ditch at the road-side was flowing rapidly toward us, but the sudden change in the grade of the road, and the steep mountain-side in front of us, made it hard to realize that we were not descending.

The old lords of Schloss Tirol added to the inaccessible steep on which they founded their fortress the further security of a long tunnel through the hill as an easily defensible entrance, with the inscription, "Imperator Gloriosus Viae istius Autor." The hill is of a sort of hardened clay or softened stone, which is slowly washed away by rain. Here, as in other similar formations, there occurs the curious "phenomenon" of *earth pyramids*. The whole hill-side is flanked by tall pinnacles of earth, each surmounted by a large bowlder. These stones have served as umbrellas to protect the earth under them from the reach of the rain, which has gradually washed away the intervening mass, and left them standing like light-houses with black rocks in the place of lanterns. They are a weird-looking company to come upon at twilight, and one almost hesitates to leave them behind unquestioned as he dives into the dark *Knappenloch*, and rides on among the shades of the Middle-Age bandits and marauders who used to make its vault echo with their riotous jeers, as they rode home, booty-laden, in the old barbarous days of the robber knights.

Another castle, "Schloss Trautmansdorf," to which we were taken quite unawares by a driver who gave us a twilight airing, is, in its very different way, hardly less interesting. It is a real castle of very old date, but it has been preserved from decay and kept fresh and most habitable. Like all of its contemporaries, it stands on a cliff which is difficult of access.

It was on our way to this castle that we first saw the traditional vineyard guardian of the Tyrol—an example of "costume" in its maddest development—wearing the Tyrolese dress, resplendent with unusual colors, and a huge head-dress of feathers and fox tails and all manner of outlandish decoration. The ancient purpose of this "get up" was to strike terror into the hearts of grape-loving boys and girls. More recently its object is said to be the amusement of tourists, the more serious business of protecting property depending on the fact that the guardian carries fire-arms and has authority to use them.

Notwithstanding all the inviting journey that lay before us, and despite its miserable and incessant bells, the temptation was strong to lay aside all energy and ambition, and to idle away the rest of our holiday in lovely Meran; but it would be as hard to tear ourselves away a month later, and we drove back one fine morning toward Botzen. But what a freight we took with us!—what a fund of new-found impressions, what memories of the sweet valley of Meran, and of the mountains and hills, and of the great Vintchgau portal to the high Alpine country where the Oetzthal group guards the western frontier of Tyrol!

THE TRUE HEAVEN.

The bliss for which our spirits pine,
  That bliss we feel shall yet be given—
Somehow, in some far realm divine,
  Some marvellous state we name a heaven—

Is not the bliss of languorous hours,
  A glory of calm measured range,
But life which feeds our noblest powers
  On wonders of eternal change;

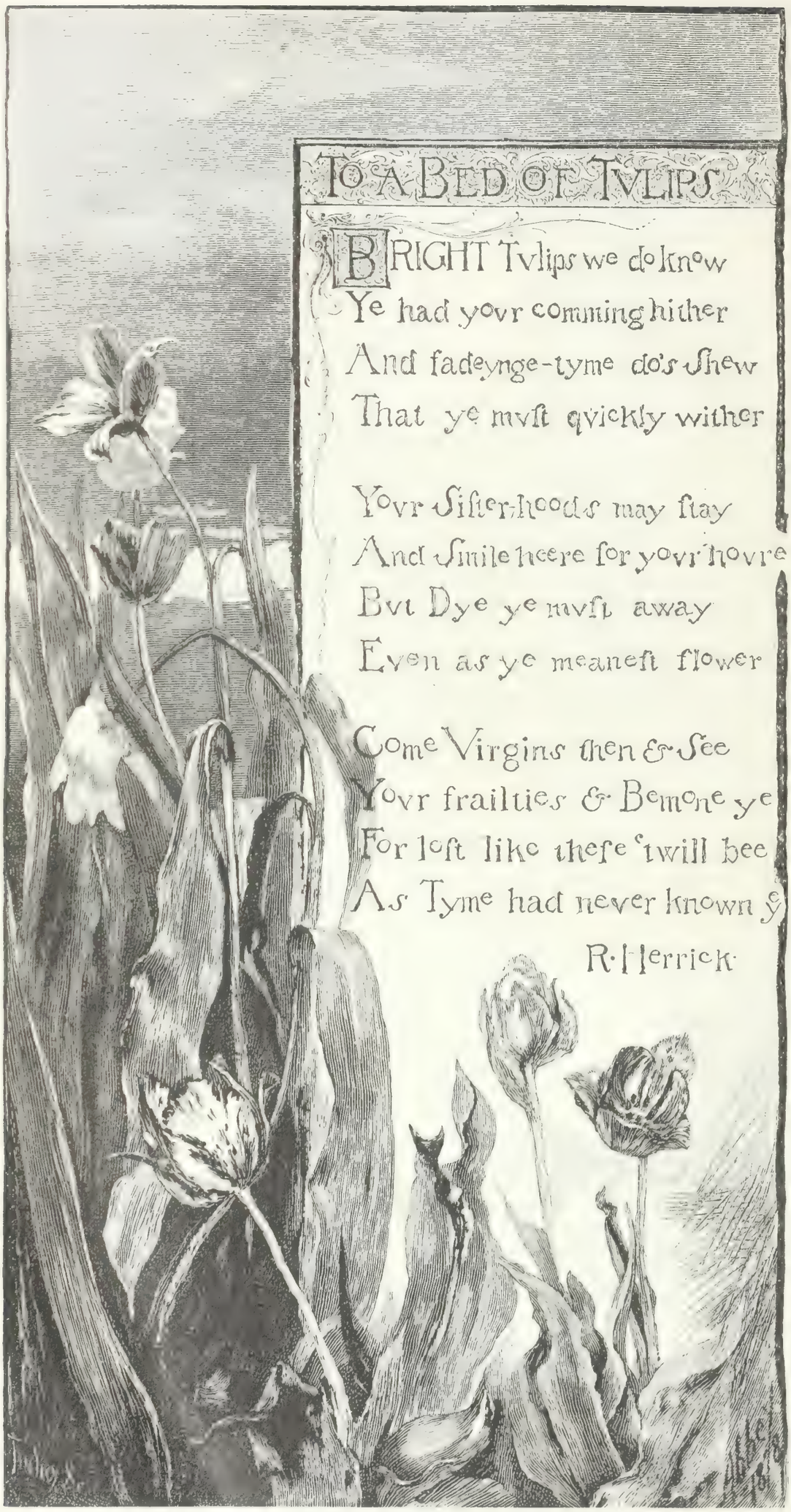
A heaven of action freed from strife,
  With ampler ether for the scope
Of an immeasurable life,
  And an unbaffled, boundless hope;

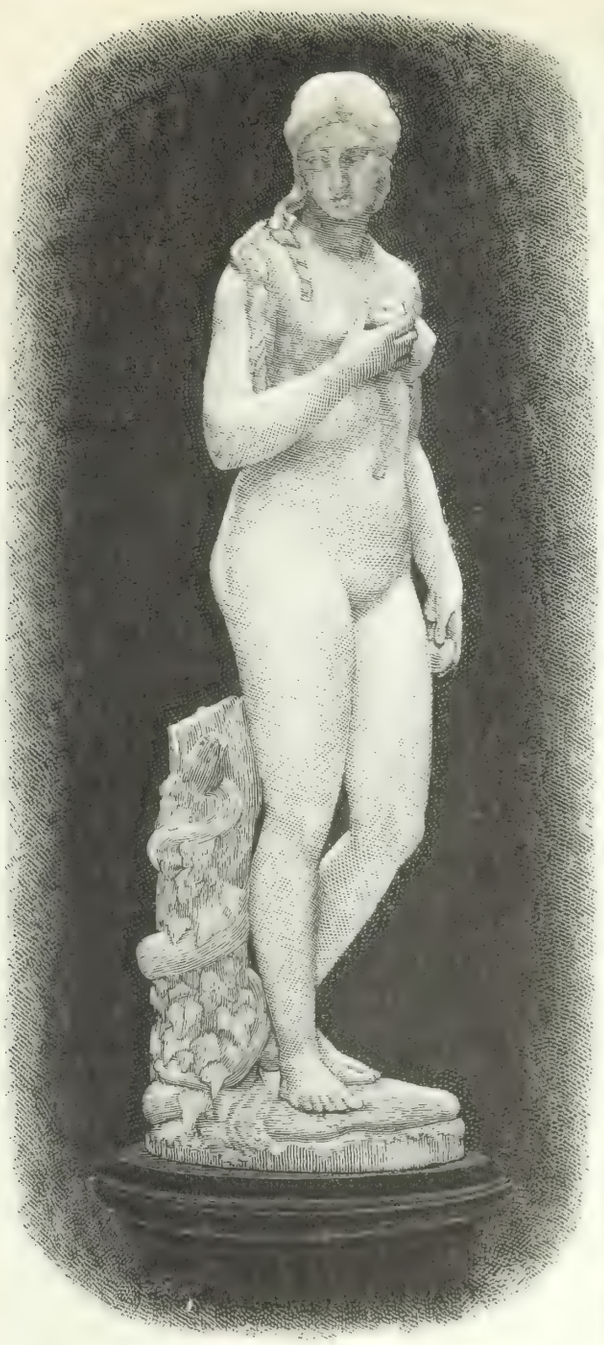
A heaven wherein all discords cease,
  Self-torment, doubt, distress, turmoil,
The core of whose majestic peace
  Is God-like power of tireless toil—

Toil without tumult, strain, or jar,
  With grandest reach of range indued,
Unchecked by even the farthest star
  That trembles through infinitude,

In which to soar to higher heights
  Through widening ethers stretched abroad,
Till in our onward, upward flights,
  We touch, at last, the feet of God!

Time swallowed in Eternity!
  No future evermore, no past,
But one unending Now to be
  A boundless circle round us cast.


TO A BED OF TVLIPS
BRIGHT Tvlips we do know
Ye had yovr comming hither
And fadeynge-tyme do's shew
That ye mvst qvickly wither
Yovr Sister-hoods may stay
And smile heere for yovr hovre
Bvt Dye ye mvst away
Even as ye meanest flower
Come Virgins then & See
Yovr frailties & Bemone ye
For lost like these 'twill bee
As Tyme had never known ye
R. Herrick



"EVE BEFORE THE FALL."—[HIRAM POWERS.]

SCULPTURE IN AMERICA.

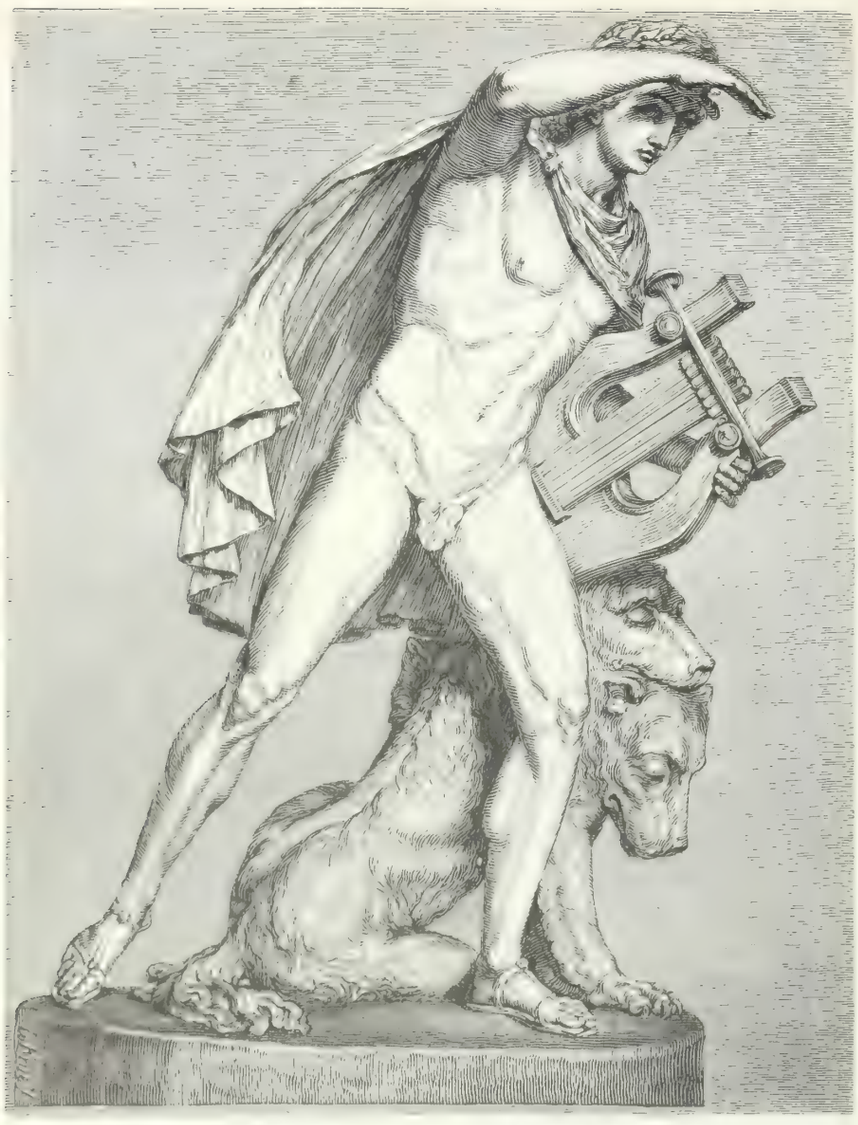
IT is a generally conceded fact that since the death of Michael Angelo the art of sculpture has made little progress in the expression of the ideal. It has, instead, indicated a lack of steadiness of purpose and a want of freshness and intellectual grasp that place the plastic art of the last three centuries in a lower rank than that of the classic and the middle ages.

It is, therefore, a matter of surprise that in a people apparently so unideal as our own, and engaged in struggling to win for itself a right to exist among the wilds of a new world, that we find that so much evidence has already been shown of an appreciation for sculpture. It is true that we have not yet produced any masterpieces that can rank with those of antiquity; but, on the other hand, some of our plastic art compares favorably with the best that has been created in modern times.

Some of our most successful sculptors have never been abroad, or at least have not systematically placed themselves under the tuition of a foreign master, while all have indicated in their tendencies a natural sympathy with the movement of modern sculpture, which has been rather in the direction of allegory, portraiture, and genre suggested by domestic life. When the ancients represented Venus or Jove in marble, they sculptured a being in whose actual existence they believed, and thus a profound reverence inspired the work of the master. When the sculptor of the Middle Ages carved the deeds of the Saviour, or the saints, or the Last Judgment, he was moved by deep love or reverential awe, and an unquestioning belief in the events he was commemorating. But the sculptor of our time, believing in none of those things as actual realities, but possibly as types of certain emotions and conditions, is unable to regard them with heart feeling, but merely with intellectual perception, and thus resorts to allegory as a form of expression for the finer sentiments which inspire his efforts. It is a law that the greatest art can not be created except when emotion stimulates the imagination no less than the reason. Portraiture was characteristic of the Roman school of sculpture, and at its best may take a very high rank in the art, when a careful study of the real results in an ideal grasp of character. A mere representation of outward features alone is not entitled to the same consideration.

It is, then, in imitations of the antique or allegory, and portraiture and genre, that our sculpture has exerted its best efforts. General Washington has also proved a sort of Jupiter Tonans to our sculptors. Elevated to a semi-apotheosis by the people, he has been the most prominent subject for the plastic art of the West, and has thus afforded a fair standard of comparison between the merits of different artists, since very few of them but have tried their hand with the national hero. As regards popular appreciation or pecuniary reward, it must be admitted that our sculptors have relatively little cause for complaint.

The art of sculpture was by no means unknown here when the white man first stepped foot on our shores. The pipe-stone quarries of the West are an evidence of what had already been attempted by the aboriginal savages. Tobacco, so much maligned by certain zealous philanthropists, was at least an innocent cause of some of the earliest attempts at sculpture made on this continent. The writer has in his possession an Indian pipe carved out of flint which represents a man sitting with hands clasped across his knees. Simple as it is, it indi-



"ORPHEUS."—[THOMAS CRAWFORD.]

cates good skill in stone-carving, and considerable observation of race characteristics and anatomy.

Before the Revolution, however, excepting in the carving of figure-heads, the plastic art, unlike painting, seems to have been quite unknown in the United States. And so little sign was there of its dawn that John Trumbull declared to Frazee, as late as 1816, that sculpture "would not be wanted here for a century." But even then the careful observer might have noticed indications that a genius for glyptic art was awakening in the new republic. William Rush, who was born some twenty years before the Revolution, had already shown that even in ship-carving the sculptor may find scope for fancy and skill. Rush was undoubtedly a man of genius; for although all the art-education he ever had was confined to an apprenticeship with a ship-carver, his figure-heads of Indians or naval heroes added a singular merit to the beauty of the merchant marine which first carried our flag to the farthest seas, and the men-of-war that wrested victory in so many a hard-fought battle. Rush worked only in wood or clay; but original strength and talent, which under better circumstances might have achieved greater results, are evident in some of his portrait busts, and in a statue of a nymph at Fairmount. A bust of himself, carved out of a block of pine, is remarkable for a force and character that entitle it to a permanent place in the records of American sculpture.

Sculpture, however, was much more backward in gaining a foot-hold in the country than the sister arts, for it was not until 1824 that the first portrait in marble by a native was executed—that of John Wells, by John Frazee, a stone-cutter whose sole art-education was obtained during an apprenticeship in a yard where rude monumental work was turned out for the bleak cemeteries in use before such sumptuous retreats as Greenwood and Mount Auburn were planned. There was a feeling after the ideal in the nature of this unassisted artist which enabled him to be potential in influencing younger artists, while his opportunities were unfavorable to the just development of his own abilities.

Rush began to model in clay in 1789, and at that time not one of the artists who have given celebrity to our native sculpture had

seen the light. Frazee was born in 1790, and Hezekiah Augur, of New Haven, in 1791. The latter was engaged in the grocery trade, and failing in that, took up modelling and wood-carving, without any guide except his natural instincts. Like many of our first sculptors, his efforts are interesting rather as evidences of what talent entirely uninstructed and untrained can accomplish, than for any intrinsic value in his work. Many of the artists who have succeeded him have also begun life in some trade or profession altogether at variance with the art to which they afterward consecrated their lives.



"COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL."—[FROM THE BRONZE DOOR OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—RANDOLPH ROGERS.]

It was not until the year 1805, long after Copley, West, Malbone, Allston, and Stuart had demonstrated our capacity for pictorial art, that the genius of the country seemed inclined to allow us a plastic art of our own. In that year Hiram Powers was born—one of the foremost sculptors of the century. The same year witnessed the birth of Horatio Greenough. In the remote wilds of Kentucky, still harried by the Indians, Hart was born in 1810, and Clevenger, Crawford, and Mills followed in 1812, 1813, and 1815, all artists of note, even if of unequal merits, and important as pioneers in the art rather than the creators of a great school of sculpture. Thus we see that without any previous apparent preparation a strong impulse toward plastic art and the men to direct and give it strength simultaneously sprung up in the land. When one considers the disadvantages under which they labored, and that, so far as can be known, they were not even aided by any heredity of genius in this direction, criticism is tempered by surprise that they achieved the results they did, and that two of them at least, Powers and Crawford, succeeded in winning for themselves a European renown which made them almost the peers of some of the leading foreign sculptors of the age, who were born amid the trophies of classic and Renaissance art.

Hiram Powers must always occupy a commanding position in our Western art, even from those who are not enthusiastic admirers of his works. A farmer's boy of the Green Mountains, he early exchanged Vermont for the bustling streets of Cincinnati, where an ampler scope was found for



"THE GHOST IN HAMLET."—[T. R. GOULD.]

the aspiring energies of the founder of American sculpture. Like many of our sculptors, a turn for mechanics, characteristic of the inventive mind of the people, was combined in him with a turn for art, and this, which at first found vent in a study of the inventions of the time, enabled him in maturer life to facilitate the means of art expression by valuable inventions. Palmer and several other American sculptors have also aided the art in a similar way. From modelling in wax, which aroused great local interest, young Powers proceeded to modelling in plaster, under the tuition of a German artist resident in Cincinnati, and, aided by the generous patronage of Mr. Longworth, to whose liberality toward our artists American art is greatly indebted, he soon received numerous commissions for portrait busts of some of our most notable public men, such as Webster, Jackson, Marshall, and Calhoun. Notwithstanding his lack of training and art associations, Powers executed some of these portraits with a vigor worthy of the subjects, and scarcely surpassed by any of his subsequent work.

In 1837 Powers decided to go to Italy, whither Greenough had already preceded him, led thither, like many since, by superior art advantages and economical reasons, which still sway our sculptors at a time when it would seem that it would be more advantageous, so far as a native art is concerned, for them to remain here. Several of our sculptors have acknowledged to the writer that the time has come for their art to grow up under the home influences which are to regulate the art of the future, but that the question of economy forces them to live in Florence and Rome.

Residing in Florence until his death, Powers devoted his long career to the creation of many works of high finish, and occasionally of a merit entitling them to the fame they have received. Who has not seen the famous "Greek Slave," inspired by the enthusiasm for the Greeks then struggling with the Turk for existence? The "Penseroso," "Fisher Boy," and "Proserpine" are also among the most pleasing works of this artist. The "California," a nude, symbolical female figure, is less satisfactory in conception, and is also open to criticism as to its proportions. In these works we see express-



GEORGE WASHINGTON.—[J. Q. A. WARD.]

ed the thoughts of an artist skilled in the technical requirements of the art, and moved by a lofty ideal, but marked by tender sentiment rather than force, and suggesting sometimes a dryness of style and a reticence of emotion inherited from the undemonstrative people of New England, as if when the artist was executing them the stern genius of Puritanism, jealous of the voluptuous or the passionate in art, had stood Mentor-like



"MEDEA."—[WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.]

at his side and said, "There, that will do; beware lest your love of beauty lead you to forget that you are an American citizen, to whom duty, principle, example, are the watch-words of life." But sometimes genius proved superior to tradition even with Powers, as when he composed the two great ideal statues of Eve before and after the fall. By these noble works, inspired by true, untrammelled artistic feeling, he earned a rank very near to that of Thorwaldsen, and rendered his art worthy of lasting remembrance.

Horatio Greenough had more early educational advantages than Powers, and as one of the first in our country to assert himself in marble, has won a name which we are reluctantly obliged to consider in excess of his merits as an artist. He impresses one as a man of intellectual force and culture, but without any special calling to sculpture. The work by which he will be best known is the Bunker Hill Monument, whose stately proportions he designed. Greenough executed a number of vigorous and striking busts, like those of Lafayette and Fenimore Cooper, which deserve favorable mention. But in venturing after ideal expression he can not be said to have accomplished satisfactory results. The elaborate group called "The Rescue," on the portico of the Capitol at Washington, is ambitious, but leaves one to regret that so prominent a position could not have been more appropriately decorated.

Few statues have ever given rise to more conflicting criticism than Greenough's "Washington" in the grounds of the Capitol. Colossal in size and on a massive throne, seated half nude and holding out a Roman sword in his left hand, some one has observed that the august hero of the republic seems to say, "Here is my sword; my clothes are in the Patent-Office yonder." It is certainly an absurdity to represent so recent a character in a garb in which he was so rarely seen by the public, or so closely and incongruously to imitate the style of the antique. Benjamin West showed more originality and courage when in the last century, and in defiance of the opinion of such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, he dared to break loose from the conventional, and created a revolution in historical art by permitting General Wolfe to die in the clothes in which he went to battle. But in justice to Greenough, whose statue is in some respects meritorious and important, especially in the bass-reliefs on the elegant chair, it should be said that he never designed to have this statue placed in its present position, but under the dome of the Rotunda, where it would undoubtedly be far more impressive, and being sheltered from the winter snows, its nudity would be less striking.

Last year a sculptor died at Florence who was born in Kentucky nearly seventy years ago. His education was confined to three months in a district school, and his first occupation was chimney-building. James Hart, although successful in portraiture, was also an idealist, who, after settling in Italy, produced numerous pleasing works, like his "Angelina" and "Woman Triumphant." There is a delicate, winning sense of beauty and a refined emotional tendency in his art, which pleases while it fails to master us, because it was a facile fancy rather than a lofty imagination that conceived his creations.

Clevenger, a stone-cutter of Ohio, presents another instance of the sudden yearning toward the plastic art which early in the century sought vent in various parts of the country. Like so many others, he turned his face to Italy to find the knowledge which it was impossible for his native land to give him at that time. The nation owes a debt of gratitude to him as to several of our early sculptors for many truthfully realistic portraits of our leading statesmen and poets.



"THE PROMISED LAND."—[FRANKLIN SIMMONS.]

In point of date as well as in ability we find that Thomas Crawford, a native of New York State, was one of the first of our sculptors. If Powers was remarkable for the refined beauty of his work, in the sculpture of Crawford we find a certain grandiose style not too common in our art, and at the same time so harmoniously rendered as to avoid exaggeration. Crawford occupies among our sculptors a position corresponding to that of Allston among our early painters. There is a classic majesty about his works, a sustained grandeur that is warmed by a sympathetic nature, and brought within the range of the throes and aspirations of this tumultuous century. Among his most important works are the impressive equestrian statue of Washington at Richmond and the

colossal statue of Beethoven in the Music Hall at Boston. They were cast in the foundries of Müller at Munich, and were hailed by all, artists and sovereign alike, with a dramatic enthusiasm which speaks eloquently for the estimate placed upon them in one of the most notable art tribunals of Europe.

The bronze door for the Capitol at Washington, containing panel groups illustrative of the American Revolution, has been considered by some to be his masterpiece, and it certainly indicates imagination and technical skill unusual among us until recently; but the statue of Orpheus descending into Tartarus in search of his wife Eurydice, of which a cut is given, seems, on the whole, to be the most symmetrical and just representative work of this great sculptor. His stately and graceful statue of "Liberty" on the dome of the Capitol is also entitled to high consideration, but one can hardly think of it without indignation, for certainly nothing was ever devised quite so absurd as to create a work of imagination like this, and then to perch it up in the air three hundred feet above the ground, where it is a mere shapeless spot against the sky, its beauty almost as completely snatched away from human ken as if it were buried as far beneath the surface of the earth.

The art of the national Capitol presents, indeed, a most extraordinary farrago of excellence and eccentricity and ignorance. Some of the alto-relievos in the Rotunda are of such exceptional uncouthness that one is astounded to think that the men are still living who permitted them to be placed there. They might easily be passed off for rude Aztec relics. The Sculpture Hall adjoining displays the same amazing incongruity. Its existence suggests a dim perception in the builders that at some future



"LATONA AND HER INFANTS."—[W. H. RINEHART.]

time we should need some statuary, while the inequality in the merit of the sculptures already placed there would indicate that they had been chosen entirely by lot rather than by deliberate selection. Not until a permanent national art commission like that of France is appointed can we hope, in the present unæsthetic condition of Congress, to have such art collected at the national capital as will be entirely creditable to the country. Such a commission, owing to the frailty of human nature, might perhaps show partiality at times toward a favorite school, but what it did admit would at least be of a higher average merit, and mere tyros in art would have no chance to storm the public Treasury by the sheer force of lobbying.

It is to the then absolute ignorance of art on the part of the people that we owe the equestrian statues of Clark Mills—a contemporary of Crawford—of which the most noted is probably the statue of General Jackson opposite the White House, and the

one of George Washington, for which he received $50,000. The former is chiefly notable for the mechanical dexterity which so balanced the weights that the prancing steed is actually able to stand in that position without other support than its own ponderosity. That Mr. Mills has ability is unquestioned, for it is said that before ever he had seen a statue he was able to take a portrait bust of Calhoun which is pronounced a striking likeness; but it is dexterity and talent rather than genius which he possesses. There is little evidence of art feeling in his works, and the prominence given to them is a cause of regret to the lover of art.

It is pleasant among so much poor art to find here and there works like those of Crawford, Ball, and Randolph Rogers, which indicate an earnest striving after a lofty art ideal. Thomas Ball, one of our earliest sculptors, still continues to adorn our public squares with the results of his genius. He will probably be best known by his two equestrian statues—of General Washington, in Boston, and General Scott, at the capital. It is extremely difficult to tell what it is which makes such monuments so rarely satisfactory. If the horse is anatomically correct, it is, perhaps, ungraceful; or if pleasing in that respect, then the horse-fancier comes along, who tells you it can not be justly admired, for it is incorrect in the details. Between these two difficulties one is often at a loss to give an opinion, and in point of fact the famous statue of Colleoni by Verrochio, made in the Middle Ages, seems thus far to be almost the only wholly acceptable equestrian work since the classic times, so thoroughly does it seem in its firm, massive, yet energetic lines to embody the description of the war-horse given in the Book of Job, and so nobly does his mailed rider bestride him. The cause of the difficulty appears to be the same as in marine painting. To paint a ship one should love it intensely, and if he does, he is likely to comprehend the action; to design a horse in motion one should love horses, and in such case the study of them begins instinctively in childhood. But most sculptors have no natural equine bias, and after accepting a commission for an equestrian statue they begin to study the horse for the purpose of information, rather than from sympathetic, enthusiastic feeling.

Mr. Ball has struggled with these difficulties with very creditable success. Neither of the statues mentioned above gives complete satisfaction, but they are doubtless the best yet exhibited in our country. That of Scott represents the finest horse, very graceful and interesting, although the proportions are rather those of an Arab steed than of an American war-horse, while that of Washington is on the whole the most spirited and attractive. The equestrian statue of General Washington on Union Square, New York, by H. K. Browne, compares very favorably with those of Mr. Ball. It is heroic and impressive in its general effect. This artist, who still resides at Newburgh, enjoy-



"ZENOBIA."—[HARRIET HOSMER.]

ing a green old age after a successful career, has accomplished much ideal work, like the pleasing statue of "Ruth," and has shown a fine artistic feeling in his conceptions, although hardly entitled to a foremost rank in this branch of the art.

An equestrian statue that is destined to occupy a high position in our native art is that of General Thomas, by J. Q. A. Ward. It is of colossal size, and is to be cast in bronze. There is a force in the action, an originality in the pose, a justness in the proportions, that render it exceptionally excellent. In Mr. Ward we see one of the most vigorous and individual sculptors of the age. As an influence in our art his example is of great importance, because while placing



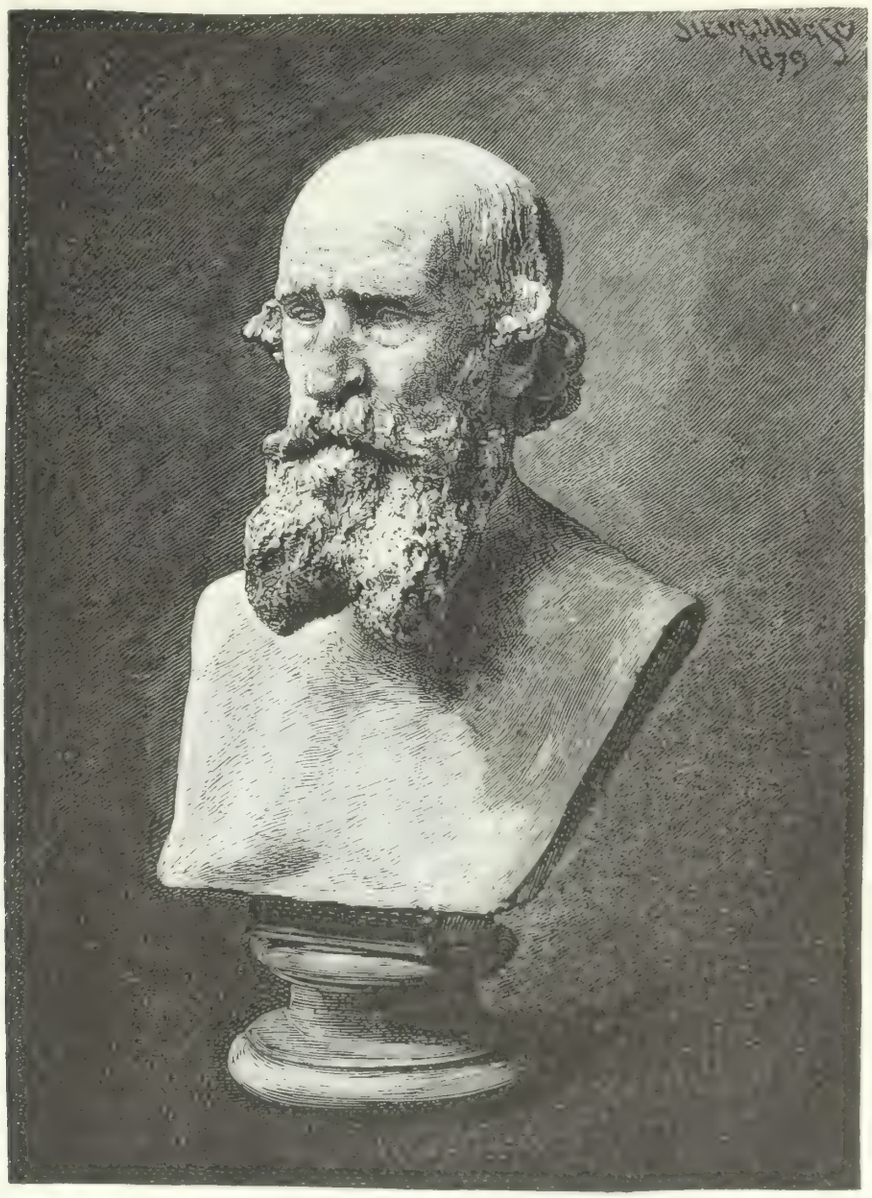
"EVENING."—[E. D. PALMER.]

at its true value the good that may be obtained by familiarity with the models of classic art, whether by the study of casts here or abroad, he recognizes the basal principle of all true art—that its originating force must proceed from within, and that culture can only supplement but can not supply the want of genius in the artist or the people. And thus, while thoroughly conversant with foreign and antique art, Mr. Ward has worked at home, and drawn the sources of his inspiration from home influences. He has a mind overflowing with resources; his fancy is never still; he is ever delighting to sketch in clay, if the term may be so used. Many are familiar with the noble statue of Shakspeare and the "Indian Hunter" in the Central Park. The latter, although not in all respects anatomically correct, is in spirit and design one of the most notable works produced by American plastic art. But the statue of Washington, just cast in bronze, and intended for Newburyport, is perhaps the best existing specimen of Mr. Ward's skill. The subject is not a new one; in fact, it has been treated so many hundred times in one form or another that especial originality was needed to treat it again with any degree of freshness and interest. But the effort has been crowned with success. There is in this statue, which is of colossal size, a sustained majesty, dignity, and repose, and a harmony of design very rarely attained in modern sculpture, entitling it to rank as a work of pure genius by the side of such works as Powers's "Eve" and Akers's "Pearl-Diver."

Benjamin Paul Akers, of Portland, was indeed a man of genius, of a finely organized temperament, and an ability that placed him among our foremost artists. But he died before the maturity of his powers, ere he was able to achieve little more than a promise of immortality. The work mentioned above is an exquisite creation, original and tenderly beautiful, and his "St. Elizabeth" is also a lovely piece of sculpture. His noble ideal bust of Milton, and the "Pearl-Diver," are grandly described by Hawthorne in the *Marble Faun*. Bartholomew, of Connecticut, who died in his thirty-sixth year, was another of our most gifted sculptors. There was an affluence of fancy in his art, rare in our sculpture, which needed pruning rather than urging by foreign study. Naturally his works are unequal in merit; but the "Eve Repentant," "Ganymede," and "Hagar and Ishmael" will long perpetuate his fame. It is a noteworthy circumstance that Bartholomew was totally color-blind. This, in the opinion of many, is no disqualification in a sculptor; but some sculptors not

only think otherwise, but are also conscious of a sense of color when creating a work.

Italy, which has been the home and second mother to most of the artists we have named, has long given a home and inspired the art of a number of our most prominent



BUST OF WILLIAM PAGE.—[W. R. O'DONOVAN.]

sculptors, who are now permanently residing in Florence and Rome.—Randolph Rogers, Story, Rinehart, Meade, Gould, Thompson, Miss Hosmer, and several others, all of whom merit more than a passing notice. Rogers, who has executed many exquisite works indicating fine sentiment and fancy, is most favorably known for the bronze doors in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Eight panels, representing scenes in the history of Columbus, have afforded abundant scope for the exhibition of a genius which, while it borrowed the idea from Ghiberti, had yet ability sufficient to give us an original work. The "Angel of the Resurrection," for the monument of Colonel Colt at Hartford, is also an important and beautiful creation. Larkin J. Meade, of Vermont, has justly won a wide reputation for portrait and monumental works, like that to Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois. It is of colossal dimensions, costing nearly $300,000, and in size and importance ranks with the majestic monument at Plymouth designed by Hammatt Billings. Martin Milmore has also executed some very important civic monuments, and has turned the late war to account by numerous military memorials erected to our dead heroes. The one recently finished at Boston is the most noteworthy. The art represented in these works is, however, not of a high order. Franklin Simmons, whose abilities have been devoted to a similar class of works with those of Meade and Milmore, often exhibits true art feeling, and a sense of the beautiful that makes his art exceptionally attractive. The monument to the Army and Navy, at Washington, which he has designed, is not wholly satisfactory, but it contains some effective points. One of his best works is the statue of Roger Williams. Another Americo-Florentine artist who has created some remarkable and beautiful ideal works is Thomas

R. Gould. Among these may be mentioned "The Ascending Spirit," at Mount Auburn, "The Ghost in *Hamlet*," and his "West Wind." The latter is fascinating rather for the delicate fancy it shows than for technic knowledge, for it is open to criticism in the details; the drapery, for example, is so full as to draw away the attention from the figure. This is a blemish quite too common even in our best sculpture. Mr. Gould has also been very successful in portraiture, and is now engaged on a full-sized statue of Kamehameha, late King of the Sandwich Islands.



ABRAHAM PIERSON.—[LAUNT THOMPSON.]

Another of our sculptors working near the quarries whence comes the marble into which he stamps immortality is Rinehart, of Baltimore, one of the truest idealists whom this country has produced. Criticism is almost disarmed as one gazes at his "Sleeping Infants," or the tender grace of "Latona and her Infants."

In all these artists we find more or less dexterity of execution and delicacy of sentiment, but are rarely impressed by a sense that any of them indicate great reserve force. In William W. Story this idea is more clearly conveyed. No American in the art world now occupies a more prominent position or shows greater versatility. Possessed of an ample fortune, and originally a lawyer, and preparing legal tomes, he then devoted himself to poetry, the drama, and general literature, and has succeeded as a sculptor to a degree which has caused a leading London journal to call him the first sculptor of the Anglo-Saxon race since the death of Gibson. He certainly occupies a commanding place, fairly won, among the great men of the age. But here our praise must be qualified, for it may be seriously questioned whether we are not dazzled by the sum of his abilities rather than by any exceptional originality and daring in any thing Story has done. Of his sculpture it may be said that it indicates the work of a rich and highly cultivated mind; it is thoughtful, thoroughly finished, and classically severe. But it commands our respect rather than our enthusiasm. There is in it nothing inspirational. It is talent, not genius, which wrought those carefully executed marbles—talent of a high order, it is true. "Jerusalem Lamenting," "The Sibyl," and "Cleopatra" and "Medea," are works so noble, especially the first, that one is impatient with himself because he can gaze upon them so unmoved. The "Salome" is perhaps the most perfect work of this sculptor, who might have done greater things if he had not depended so exclusively upon foreign inspiration.

Miss Hosmer, who has resided in Italy ever since she took up art, has achieved a fame scarcely less than that of Mr. Story. This has doubtless been owing in part to her sex, for until this century it has been exceedingly rare to see a woman modelling clay. But Miss Hosmer has a strong personality, and if her creations are not always thoroughly successful as works of art, they bear the vigorous impress of individual thought and imagination. She is best known in such versatile works as "Puck," "The Sleeping Sentinel," "The Sleeping Faun," and "Zenobia," in whose majestic proportions the artist has sought to express

her ideal of a woman and a queen. Other ladies who have essayed sculpture with excellent success are Miss Stebbins, the biographer of Charlotte Cushman, and Mrs. Freeman, of Philadelphia, who has done some beautiful things. Miss Whitney, who studied abroad for a while, but has wisely concluded to continue her work in this country, has shown a careful, thoughtful study of the figure, and is moved by a lofty idea of the position of sculpture among the arts. Among her more important works is an impressive statue of "Rome" in her decadence mourning over her past glory, a statue of "Africa," and one of Samuel Adams, in the Capitol at Washington.

There are other American sculptors deserving more than mere allusion, like Dexter, Richard Greenough, Volk, Ives, M'Donald, Calverly, and Haseltine, who in portraiture or the ideal have won a more than respectable position; but our space limits us to a notice of several artists who, like Ward, combine great natural ability with traits distinctively American. One of these is Erastus D. Palmer, of Albany, who has won transatlantic fame by the purity and originality of his art. The son of a farmer, and exercising the calling of a carpenter until nearly thirty, Palmer did not yield to the artistic yearnings of his nature until comparatively late in life. When he at last took up the pursuit of art, his success was rapid and entirely deserved. Few of our sculptors have been such true votaries of the ideal, few have been able better to give it expression, and none have shown a type of beauty so national, or have more truly interpreted with an exquisite poetic sense the distinctive domestic refinement or religious thought of our people. It is beauty rather than power that we see expressed in the works of this true poet—moral beauty identified with a type of physical grace wholly native. It is an art which finds immediate response here, for it is of our age and our land. Among the notable works of Palmer are his "Indian Captive," "Spring," "The White Slave," and "The Angel of the Sepulchre;" but we prefer to these the exquisitely beautiful bass-reliefs in which he has embodied with extreme felicity the domestic sentiments or the yearnings and aspirations of the Christian soul.

Another sculptor of great ability owes his first instruction in the plastic art to Palmer —Launt Thompson. He was a poor lad who early showed art instincts, but was employed in the office of Dr. Armsby, until Palmer stated one day that he was in search of an assistant, and asked Dr. Armsby if he could recommend any one. The doctor suggested Thompson (who was in the room) as a youth who had a turn that way, but had been unable to find opportunity to gratify his art cravings. Thus began the career of one of our strongest portrait sculptors. In the modelling both of the bust and the full figure, Thompson has been equalled by very few of our sculptors. Among many successful works may be mentioned his Napoleon, Edwin Booth, General Sedgwick, at West Point, and President Pierson, at Yale Col-



"THE CHARITY PATIENT."—[JOHN ROGERS.]

lege. It is a cause for just regret that after having achieved such success at home, Thompson should have deemed it necessary to take up his residence permanently in Italy.

Another artist whose work is entirely native to the soil is John Rogers, whose



"THE WHIRLWIND."—[HARTLEY.]

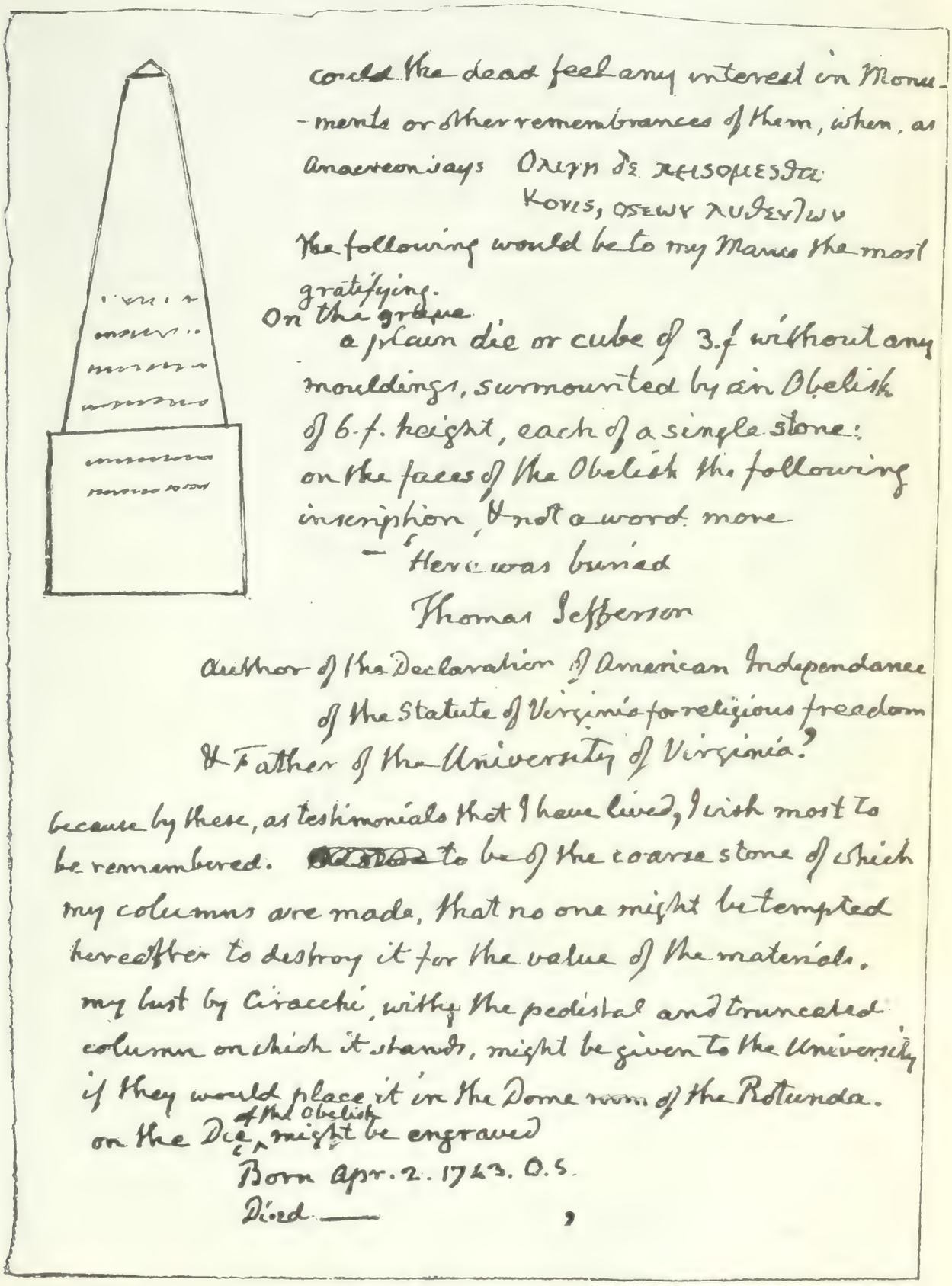
numerous statuette groups in clay have made him more widely known in the country than any other of our sculptors. A native of Salem, Massachusetts, and for a while engaged in mechanical pursuits, this artist was at last able to turn his attention to plastic art, and went to Europe, where he seems to have gained suggestions from the realistic and impressional school of the later French sculptors; but this was rather as a suggestion than an influence, and finding his mind more in sympathy with home life, he soon returned, and has ever since worked here, and from subjects of homely everyday genre around him. The late war has also furnished Rogers with material for many interesting groups. The art of Rogers is to the last degree unconventional, and in no sense appertains to what is called high art, but it springs from a nature moved by correct impulses, beating in unison with the time, and occupying the position of pioneer in the art of the future. It is to be feared, from his later work, that he is yielding too much to the commercial spirit which has ruined so many of our artists.

One of the strongest in promise of the new school of sculpture that is gradually springing up in the community is O'Donovan, of Richmond, Virginia. Fighting sturdily on the side of the South during the late war, he as earnestly gives himself now to the pursuit of the arts of peace. He is not a rapid worker, but handles the clay with thoughtful mastery, and the results are stamped with the freshness and individuality of genius. Mr. O'Donovan's efforts have been most successful in portraiture, of which a striking example is given in the bust of Mr. Page, the artist. Another bust, of a young boy, is as full of naïve beauty and refined sentiment and character as this is vigorous and almost startling in its grasp of individual traits.

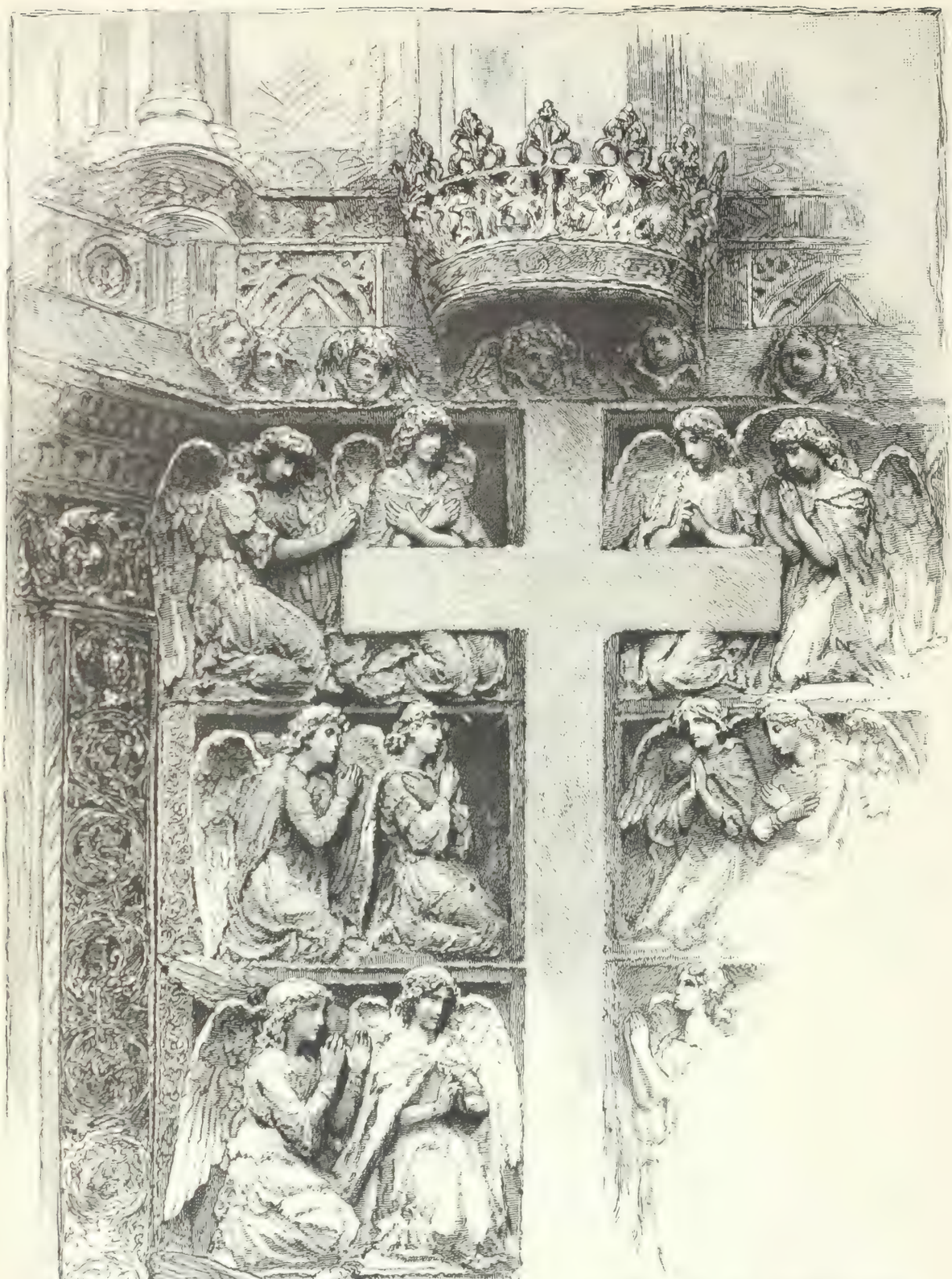
The transition stage through which our plastic art is passing is also indicated by the stirring, realistic, and sometimes sensational art of a number of earnest and original young sculptors who have studied abroad, but have wisely concluded to return home and to found and grow up with a new and progressive school of sculpture. One of these was the late Mr. Dengler, of Cincinnati, who had studied at Munich, and was professor of sculpture at Boston, and others are Warner, of New York, and Howard Roberts, of Philadelphia, who made the "Hypatia" and "Lot's Wife." To these may be added Hartley, who is now professor of sculpture at the Art Students' League. He began his career in Palmer's studio, and afterward studied in London and Paris. The art of these young sculptors is still immature and highly emotional or lyrical, and often verges on the picturesque rather than the severely classic. But it is imaginative and powerful; its faults are those of an exuberant fancy that teems with thought, and they are undoubtedly the forerunners, if not the creators, of a thoroughly national school of sculpture. Superior in technic skill, moved by a genius thoroughly trained in the best modern school of plastic art, that of Paris, St. Gaudens, a native of New York, has given us in the exquisite groups called "The Adoration of the Cross by Angels," in St. Thomas's Church, New York, one of the most important and beauti-

ful works in the country. The Astor reredos, behind the altar at Trinity Church, designed by Mr. Withers, and partly executed here, is also a very rich addition to our plastic art, and is another sign that it is taking a direction little followed heretofore on this side the Atlantic. Dr. Rimmer, powerful in modelling, a master of art anatomy, and author of a valuable work on that subject, is also exerting an important influence in directing the studies of our rising sculptors.

Wood and stone carving, and monumental work and the decoration of churches and civic structures, have rarely been satisfactorily attempted here until recently. A curious paper and design left by Thomas Jefferson, of which we give a reduced facsimile, is one of the earliest attempts at original monumental art in the United States. Here and there one of our sculptors has executed some good work in this field, but costly monuments have too often been



THOMAS JEFFERSON'S IDEA OF A MONUMENT.



"ADORATION OF THE CROSS BY ANGELS."
ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.
[ST. GAUDENS.]

erected in the country without much pretension to art. The increasing attention given to wood and stone carving, as in the new Music Hall at Cincinnati, the State Capitols at Albany and Hartford, and in some of our later churches, is a favorable sign that a broader field is opening at last for the fitting utterance of the rising genius of sculpture, while the numerous schools for instruction in the art, and the well-stored galleries of casts of the masterpieces of antiquity, are increasing the facilities for the growth of a home art. Enough has been said in this brief sketch to show that sculpture, if one of the latest of the arts to demand expression in the United States, has yet found a congenial soil in the New World.



VIEW OF EDINBURGH CASTLE AND THE GRASS-MARKET.

PICTURESQUE EDINBURGH.

"EVERY true Scotsman believes Edinburgh to be the most picturesque city in the world," said Alexander Smith. A stranger approaching that city must experience the same feeling, for not only natural scenery and art, but also history and romance, combine to grace the old capital of Scotland with almost mythical splendor. Of all cities of the modern world, Edinburgh is perhaps the most beautifully located. On every side the architectural masses are relieved by natural forms which enhance them, and which are of even greater beauty. Behind the city are the noble outlines of Arthur's Seat and the exquisite profile of the Crags, while on the left hand are the bold seaward escarpments of the Calton Hill. And of the Castle as a natural feature how is it possible to say too much? Thrust up between the dusky ridges of the Old Town and the long rectangular vistas of the New, it stands there a citadel, a watch-tower, and a landmark seen from afar.

For centuries Edinburgh was a small settlement of straw-thatched huts surrounded by dense forests. It is unquestionably the child of the magnificent fortress of rock which to-day stands in the very midst of the city, crowned by the celebrated Castle. This rock is said to have been used as a fortification in the earliest time by the Angles, and afterward it became an important military stronghold of the Saxons. Edwin, the King of Northumbria, often made his residence there, and the place came to be called Edwin's burgh, or stronghold, which is undoubtedly the significance of the name it bears to-day. After the seventh century, or the era of Edwin, the city increased in size and importance. During the reign of David I., in 1129, it came to be one of the chief burghs in the kingdom, and the royal court was held there. It was David who founded the abbey of Holyrood. To the canons of this abbey he granted the right to build a suburb westward from their church toward the Castle. The new district received the name of *Vicus Canonicorum*, which was gradually changed to the popular form of Canongate. What memories are awakened at the sound of that name! Alexander Smith calls Canongate "Scottish history fossilized." One may pass from under the shadow of the Castle in the Grass-market by the ancient Cathedral of St. Giles, through High Street and Canongate, to Holyrood Palace, every step recalling strange old reminiscences of past time. Old armorial bearings are still visible over ancient doorways. Ghosts of kings and queens haunt the air. Thoughts of King James riding to Flodden Field, of fair Mary of Scots, of John Knox, of bands of fiery Covenanters, crowd upon one, mingled with gentler visions of modern time—of Burns, of Walter Scott, and many other celebrated men with whom we have lived in imagination, if not in reality. There are few places that cradle so many memories, that arouse

> "Such wistful thoughts of far away,
> Of the eternal yesterday."

As the Castle Rock—a natural fortification in itself—is in reality the nucleus

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THE OLD TOWN—NIGHT VIEW.

around which the whole city has gathered, it must demand first attention. The rock itself is a rugged basaltic mass, rising about 400 feet above the level of the sea. It is perpendicular on all sides except toward the east, where it descends gradually to the plain from which rise the picturesque Salisbury Crags and the noble elevation of Arthur's Seat.

The present buildings of the fortress date back only to the fifteenth century, with the exception of the little Norman chapel built by the pious Queen Margaret, the Saxon wife of Malcolm Ceanmore, and mother of David I. She died in the Castle in the year 1093.

The ancient Castle bore the name of Castrum Puellarum—Castle of Maidens—and old legends give as a reason that the Pictish kings used to place their daughters there for safe-keeping until their marriage. A desolate, isolated spot indeed for the home of merry-hearted beauty, and one can imagine these maidens gazing from the battlements with longing eyes, and waiting, like the Princess Thorn-rose, for the daring knight who should deliver them back to the world.

The fortress is of little military value at the present time, and mainly interesting for its connection with Scottish history. Passing the glacis, or esplanade, which in former times was the scene of the execution of many a political criminal, the fortress is entered by a draw-bridge spanning a deep, dry fosse. Here one must pause to consider for a moment the richness of surrounding associations. Over the portcullis gate is the old state-prison where the Marquis and the Earl of Argyll and many other illustrious prisoners passed many dreary hours. There, behind the armory, is the old sally-port where Viscount Dundee scrambled up and held conference with the Duke of Gordon before going north to excite the Highland clans to enthusiasm for King James. Passing into the quadrangle, we come to that portion of the Castle which for centuries formed the royal residence of the Scottish kings and queens. Here, in a wretched little room on the ground-floor, James I. of England was born.

In another part of the residence is the Crown Room, where the coronation of many monarchs took place. The ancient regalia of Scotland is preserved in this room. It consists of a crown, sceptre, and sword of state. The crown is said to be the same one which rested upon the brow of Robert Bruce. Monograms of more modern kings have been added, but the crown itself is of very antique workmanship. This royal regalia was forgotten for a hundred years, during which time it rested in an iron-bound oaken chest in this same room. It was only in 1818 that it was again brought to light.

On the King's Bastion stands the famous old cannon Mons Meg, pointing peacefully over the valley. Its days of warfare are over, and it is regarded only as a curiosity of the past. It is supposed to have been constructed about the year 1476, at Mons, in Belgium, and is known to have been used by James IV. at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489, and again at the siege of Norham Castle, on the Borders, in 1497. It ended its career in 1682, when it burst during the firing of a salute to the Duke of York. This great cannon, once celebrated as the largest in the world, is formed of long staves of malleable iron held together by hoops. Standing in eternal silence on the lonely bastion, it is an imposing reminder of the stormy Border wars of long ago. Resting on the ramparts at the side of this gigantic old war fiend, one may enjoy a magnificent and extended prospect. Half Scotland stretches around: on the south, the blue bulk of the Pentlands; on the north, the green, gnarled, round-headed Ochils, with the Firth flowing between, as if to soothe the wound which made these ridges twain; and on the extreme far northwest, the hills of Rob Roy's country, Ben-Lomond, Ben-Ledi, Ben-Voirlich, and the rest, lifting up their kingly foreheads. Fife, less bold and ambitious, yet attracts and fixes the gaze by the loveliness of its low

and leaning shores. Seaward, every picturesque point and coigne of vantage, Inchkeith, the Bass and North Berwick Law, is strongly protruded, as well as clearly seen, and Leith and its neighborhood come out so distinctly that you can feel as well as pronounce the words:

"The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry."

Eastward, Arthur's Seat towers grandly against the sky, and Salisbury Crag seems a promontory overhanging an unseen and ideal ocean. Nowhere else can you see so well the contrast between the character of the two towns—the Old and the New—the latter gay, glittering, like a section of Paris as seen from Notre Dame, smiling as if there were no such things as Death and Change in the universe; the other with the shadow of a thousand sad memories mingling with the light of other days upon it, sombre, sublime, silent in its age—truly what Wordsworth calls it:

"Stately Edinburgh, throned on crags."

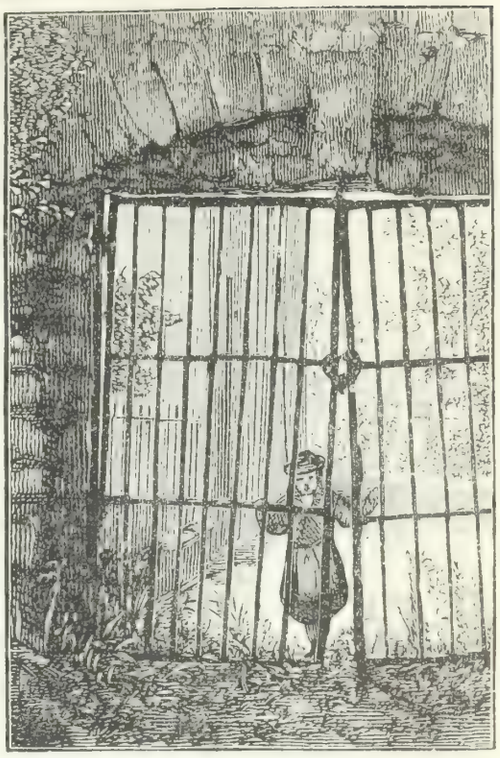
And the valley which separates the one from the other is different from and superior to both—a gulf fixed, but a glorious one, with the bridges and the mound crossing and cheering and peopling the chasm! In the very centre of it rises Scott's Monument—an emblem of his wide and catholic genius, binding together present and perished ages. Almost at our feet, towering above all surroundings, is the crowned belfry of old St. Giles's. Of how much does it not remind us! It takes us back to the Edinburgh of Queen Mary and of John Knox, and we seem to live again in that time of fierce theological strife.

Knox was more closely associated with Edinburgh than with any other place. Born in a small village of Lothian, the county of which Edinburgh was the shire town, nearly his whole life was spent in that vicinity, and his great life work centred there. He passed through many stormy seasons and times of trial, and at last, "weary of the world and thirsting to depart," he died in Edinburgh in 1572. His grave is marked by a small flat stone, over which the Regent Morton pronounced the memorable eulogium: "Here lies he who never feared the face of man!" The house where he lived and died still stands in the Nether Bow, between High Street and Canongate. It is a picturesque old building, one of the oldest in the city.

Near the northwest corner of St. Giles's, imbedded in the pathway, is a small stone, marking the site of the old Tolbooth, whose cant name of the Heart of Mid-Lothian has been rendered familiar as a household word by Scott's beautiful novel.

Passing the Parliament House—a quaint, stately old building, with antique turrets and sculptures, where, on the adjournment of the last legislature of Scotland in 1707, Lord Chancellor Seafield exclaimed, "There's an end of an auld sang!"—one may cross George IV. Bridge and come into the presence of the silent yet eloquent dead lying under the grass of old Greyfriars' Church yard. This was originally the site of a Franciscan monastery, which was destroyed in 1559. Afterward the ground, by a special grant of Queen Mary, was constituted the city cemetery. It is one of the most interesting spots of old Edinburgh. In the old church here, in 1638, after a sermon by Alexander Henderson, the "Solemn League and Covenant" was signed by all the congregation, the Earl of Sutherland heading the list. Afterward it was carried out and laid on a flat tombstone in the yard, where the vast multitude assembled there all pressed forward in earnestness and zeal to affix their own names to the parchment. Many, amid tears and prayers, wrote their names with their own blood—a terrible forewarning of streams of blood that should flow in consequence. The stone may still be seen, inclosed with an iron railing, solid and firm as the hearts of those who crowded around it in that long ago. The walls of old Greyfriars' have echoed with the voices of Scotland's ablest preachers. Here Dr. Robertson, the historian, gave full vent to his eloquence. Robert Rollock, the first principal of the University of Edinburgh, Dr. John Erskine, Dr. John Inglis, and Dr. Guthrie have all been incumbents here.

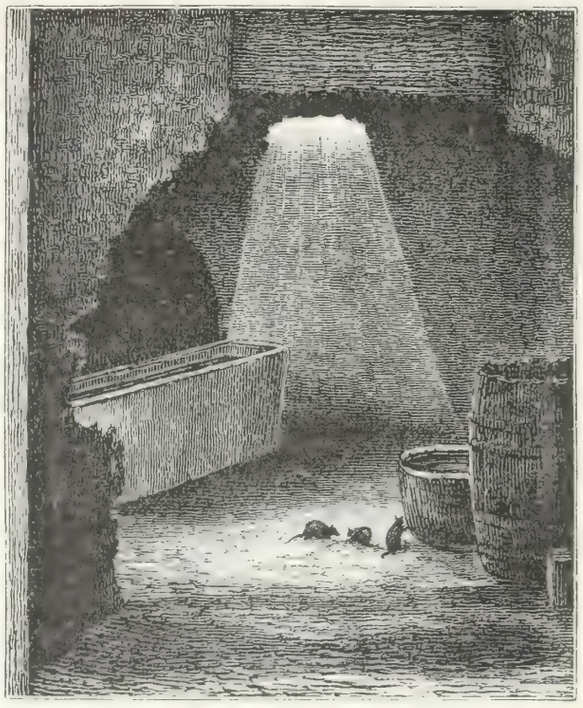
Scott worshipped in this old church when a boy, and his father and other members of the family are buried in the church-yard.



COVENANTERS' PRISON GATE.



MACKENZIE'S TOMB.



CELLAR IN WHICH THE UNION WAS SIGNED.

Here also lie Alexander Henderson, George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, Hugh Blair, together with many other eminent men of Edinburgh—lawyers, professors, and chief magistrates. Here was brought, wrapped in a coarse cloak, at dead of night, the headless body of the once powerful Regent Morton, and secretly buried in an obscure grave. But there are yet nobler sleepers in this "God's acre"—an innumerable company of martyrs. A monument to their memory bears the inscription: "From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, to the 17th February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered and destroyed for the same cause about 18,000, of whom were executed at Edinburgh about 100 of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lie here."

In a desolate corner on the south side of the yard about 1200 Covenanters, prisoners taken at Bothwell Bridge, were confined for five months, and subjected to the most refined cruelties. They were confined in the open air, with no shelter and no provision for their comfort. Four ounces of bread per day, with water from one of the city pipes which passed near the place, was the allowance for each man. If any prisoner rose from the ground at night, he was at once shot at by the guard. Only women were allowed occasionally to communicate with them and bring them food, and these were subjected to every species of insult from the guard posted at the gate. Some broke down under the sufferings of this ancient Andersonville, and signed a bond never again to take up arms against the king, upon which concession they were released. Over 400 remained firm, and many fell victims to the severity of the Scottish winter. A remnant, about 250, were finally sent on a ship to Barbadoes. The vessel was wrecked on the way, and only a few souls were saved. The Covenanters' prison-yard is accessible by an ancient stone gateway, the opening guarded by an iron-rail gate, through which one may look with awe on the ground within sanctified by so much misery. Near by rests one of the chief enemies of the persecuted Covenanters, Sir George Mackenzie. He was King's Advocate in the terrible times of Charles II. and James II., and had a large share in the cruelties then practiced. He was so detested by the common people that they believed his body could not rest in the grave, but was forced to wander, keeping restless and wretched guard, like a sentinel of hell, around the circle of his victims; and boys used to cry in at the keyhole of his monument,

"Bluidy Mackenzie, come out if ye daur;
Lift the sneck and draw the bar."



GRAVE OF THE REGENT MORTON.

Passing from Greyfriars' by College Wynd, where Walter Scott was born, we may cross the South Bridge and go to the Tron Church in High Street, where in the square the good people of Edinburgh for centuries have been wont to meet to exchange New-Year's greeting. When the clock in the church tower chimes the momentous hour of twelve, the whole air rings with shouts of "A happy New-Year!" Friend and stranger are alike grasped by the hand, and mutual good wishes exchanged. There is a tradition that the Articles of Union between England and Scotland were finally subscribed in a cellar opposite the entrance to the Tron Church. The place is at present occupied by a wicker-worker, and nothing may be seen there but the *materia* of a workshop. Here the North Bridge crosses the valley toward Princes Street and the new portion of Edinburgh. Just beyond the bridge, in High Street, is the shop where Allan Ramsay began business as a bookseller. Every step here is full of interest, and the history of each house would make a book. Blackfriars' Street, running from the Cowgate hitherward, was, until recently, a dismal and wretched alley—Blackfriars' Wynd. Robert Chambers speaks of it in his time as being utterly impassable on account of its ruined condition, and it is difficult to fancy that for a period of over five hundred years it was the abode of princes and noblemen. Here dwelt the princely Earl of Orkney, whose dame was attended by "seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with their chains of gold." Queen Mary was entertained here with all the nobles of her court, and through here she passed on her way to Holyrood after her last visit to Darnley, on the very night of his murder. The whole length of the Canongate to Holyrood is alive with associations both romantic and historical. In the cemetery of Canongate Church sleep many of the literary men of the last century. Here lie the remains of Fergusson the poet, whose monument was erected at the expense of Robert Burns, "to remain forever sacred to the memory of him whose name it bears, and who was born September 5, 1751; died October 16, 1774."



BLACKFRIARS' WYND.

Holyrood Palace is a spacious quadrangular edifice possessing very little architectural beauty. The northwest towers were erected in 1528 by James V. of Scotland, and the remaining portion of the building more than a hundred years later, by order of Charles II. Queen Mary's apartments, where all the interest centres, are in the towers of the older part of the palace. The rooms of this beautiful but unfortunate queen are now in the most desolate condition. A dismal stone staircase in the wall, where the murderers of Rizzio ascended, leads to a little closet of a room where he was taking supper with the queen on that fatal night. The adjoining apartment is her bed-chamber, which still retains the furniture used by the fair occupant three centuries ago. It is ancient and dilapidated. The crimson damask curtains of the bed hang in moth-eaten tatters, and the polished stone mirror wherein the features of the lovely queen were reflected is dull with age, and guards its secrets behind its impenetrable



NORTH BRIDGE IN 1876.

surface. Just without the door in the antechamber are the blood stains still visible on the floor where Rizzio fell and died. Modern incredulity asserts that these blood stains are surreptitiously renewed from year to year to keep them in proper condition to show to the curious tourist, but let us for once have child-like faith, and accept appearances as truth. It is better to visit these rooms with a spirit of reverence for ancient things, as did old Dr. Johnson, who once shuffled around here, silent and moody, muttering to himself that line of the old ballad, "Johnny Armstrong's Last Goodnight:"

"And ran him through the fair bodie."

The crumbling ruins of the old abbey of Holyrood, with the royal chapel, form a picturesque spot at one corner of the present palace. The best preserved of these ruins is the chapel. The roof fell in more than a hundred years ago, but the richly ornamented doorway, over which are engraved the initials of Charles I., and the great corner tower, may still be studied as beautiful specimens of early architecture. The aisles of this chapel are paved with flat grave-stones, some bearing a legible date as old as 1455. Here are also buried Lord Darnley and many Scottish kings and queens.

Lying round the rear of Holyrood is the Queen's Park, with the Queen's Drive, which winds around the foot of Salisbury Crags. There, on a rocky eminence overlooking St. Margaret's Loch, are the picturesque ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, centuries ago a hermitage of Carmelite friars.

Life in Edinburgh during the last two centuries appears to have been "most uncommonly jolly," as a humorist of the time expresses it. Dissipation, even among the highest class, prevailed to an incredible extent. Chambers relates that nothing was more common in the morning than to meet men of high rank and official dignity reeling



DOORWAY WHERE RIZZIO WAS MURDERED.

home after a night spent in drinking. A certain famous lawyer named Hay never considered himself fitted for business until he had stowed away at least six bottles of claret. There are many laughable anecdotes told of this propensity for midnight revelling. It is said that a party of eminent lawyers once met together to pass a Saturday night with wine and cards. The hours came and went, and no account was taken by the jolly comrades of passing time. The next forenoon the good people of Edinburgh, passing the house on their way to church, were astonished by seeing the door open and three well-known gentlemen issue forth, their hair dishevelled and their costume in general disorder, while a fourth, with a lighted candle in his hand, was endeavoring to show them the way down the steps.

Even the ladies of that time are said not to have remained entirely free from the prevailing sin, and the custom which existed among them of resorting to so-called oyster cellars gives a curious idea of society during the last century. Raw oysters and porter were the chief refreshment to be enjoyed in these cellars, and sometimes a little rum punch. Ladies and gentlemen indulged without restraint in the merriest conversation, and the evening was generally concluded with dancing. It is said that a party of ladies returning from one of these revels, being slightly confused in their minds, were unable to determine where they were. The night was bright moonlight, so they continued walking until they came to the square by the Tron Church. Here they encountered a difficulty. The broad shadow of the church steeple fell across their path. After much pondering they came to the conclusion that it must be a broad stream which it would be necessary to cross before they could reach home. They accordingly took off their shoes and stockings, tucked up their petticoats, and proceeded to wade across. When they reached the clear moonlight, in their eyes the bank of the stream, they put on their shoes and proceeded. That these parties were attended by the best classes is shown by a story told by Chambers. He says, writing in 1824: "It is not more than thirty years since the late Lord Melville, the Duchess of Gordon, and some other persons of distinction, who happened to meet in town after many years of absence, made up an oyster-cellar party by way of a frolic, and devoted one winter evening to the revival of this almost forgotten entertainment of their youth." Whist was also a great passion among the Edinburgh gentry, and many curious stories are told in regard to it. The sister of Smollett is said to have spent every moment of her leisure time at this game. One evening a city magistrate, who was also a tallow-chandler, called upon her. "Come awa', bailie," said she, "and take a trick at the cartes." "Troth, ma'am," said he, "I hae na a bawbee in my pouch." "Tut, man, ne'er mind that," she replied; "let's e'en play for a pund o' candles."

What first brought about a change in the social habits of Edinburgh was the building of the New Town on the north side of the old Nor' Loch. "He who now sees the wide hollow space between the Old and New Towns," says Chambers, "occupied by beautiful gardens, having their continuity only somewhat curiously broken up by a transverse earthen mound and a line of railway, must be at a loss to realize the idea of the same space presenting in former times a lake, which was regarded as a portion of the physical defenses of the city." The lake was artificial, and formed by a dam, which retained the water of certain springs. In old times it was used as a ducking-place for offenders against morality, and was also the scene of frequent suicides, some of them attempts at self-destruction with an amusing termination. It is related that a man was once seen by his neighbors trying to drown himself there. A crowd of people rushed to the water-side, screaming with horror, when suddenly a window opened, and an old Scotchman thrust his head out,



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.



WATER OF LEITH AND ST. BERNARD'S WELL.

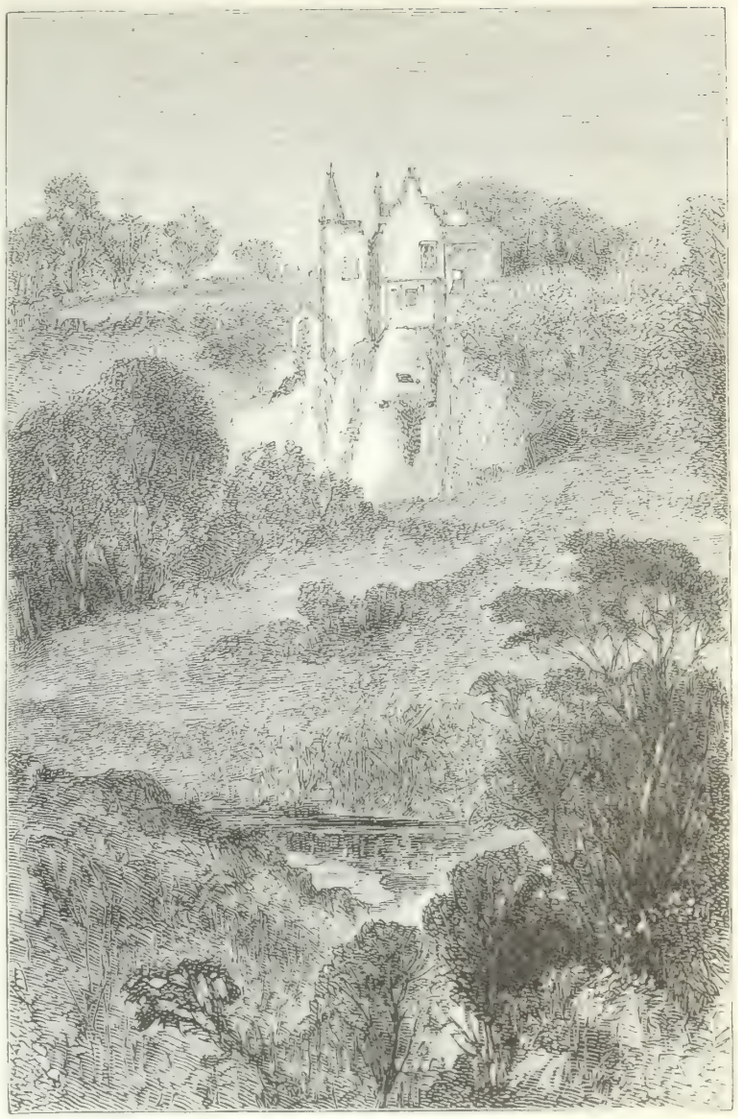
crying, "What's all the noise about? Can't ye e'en let the honest man gang to the de'il his ain gait?" The "honest man" did not like this view of the case, and immediately struggled to the shore.

When Provost Drummond, after much effort, succeeded in gaining permission, in 1763, to lay the foundation stone of the North Bridge, the feeling against building on the "fields to northward" was so strong that the magistrates offered a premium of twenty pounds to the man who should erect the first house there. In spite of popular prejudice, the New Town grew rapidly. To-day it is a noble city, with many princely residences, stately edifices, and public institutions. Leith Water, a stream running through a deep dell, and almost encircling the New Town, is crossed at various points by substantial bridges, which lead to beautiful and picturesque suburbs. Standing on the Dean Bridge, near which, in Dean Cemetery, "Christopher North" lies buried, one may gaze with delight far down the ravine below, where the water reflects the noble old trees upon its banks and the pretty Doric temple over St. Bernard's Well.

In course of years the Old Town mansions, spacious for their time and purpose, and picturesque even in their ruins, were deserted by their wealthy occupants, and converted by a process of partitioning into tenements for the working classes. One morning in the year 1861 the inhabitants of Edinburgh were startled by the intimation of an occurrence which left sorrowful memories, redeemed only by the influence which it had in helping on a great social reform. During the night a huge pile of old buildings had given way and fallen, burying many of the dwellers amidst the ruins. Prompt exertions were made to remove the débris and save as many of the unfortunate sufferers as might be possible. A large space had been almost cleared, the workmen had mounted the ladder to complete some portion of their dangerous and disagreeable task, when they heard a voice cry: "Heave awa', chaps; I'm no dead yet!" Over an archway in the High Street is carved the figure of the little hero, and this motto marks the spot. The event aroused much sympathy, and called attention at once to the defective condition of workmen's dwellings in Edinburgh. A movement was at once started to provide better house-accommodations. Public meetings were held at which men of influence, who intelligently sympathized with the scheme, gave addresses; appeals were made and information was diffused through the press. Gradually a capital of £20,000 was accumulated, land was purchased, and building commenced. In fifteen years good dwellings have been provided for well-nigh 10,000 individuals. One feature in these modern dwellings for the people is specially notable—they are self-contained, each family having a separate entrance. The houses are chiefly the property of the occupants, and have been acquired by the simple and easy process of paying a moderate rental. There is still a large necessity for more ac-

commodation, but the good work is progressing, and there is hope that the entire laboring population of Edinburgh will be better lodged than that of any other modern city.

The surroundings of Edinburgh are rich in beautiful scenery and historic association. Leith, the port of Edinburgh, lies about two miles from the city, on the Firth of Forth. It had a bitter struggle for existence in the early times, when the jealousy of Edinburgh was so intense that it was "ordained that no merchant of Edinburgh should take into partnership with him any inhabitant of Leith under the penalty of forty shillings, and deprivation of the freedom of the city for a year." But modern commerce has forced the two cities to link hands, and to-day Leith is a growing and prosperous sea-port, its harbor crowded with shipping, flying the colors of every nation and country. One can imagine the difference between now and that dolorous day when the heavens were darkened by a thick mist as if to make sad the landing of Queen Mary, returning to her native shores.



HAWTHORNDEN.

No one can think of Edinburgh without at the same time remembering Hawthornden, that "sweet flowery place," the home of the poet Drummond. Here at least the associations are peaceful and sweet. The castle is built on a cliff overlooking the valley of the Esk. For centuries Hawthornden has been the home of the Drummond family. The venerable, ivy-clad ruin of the early mansion still remains a picturesque addition to the modern castle erected by the poet. With true poetic feeling he did not destroy the home of his ancestors, but formed his own dwelling, so far as he might, among the ancient walls. Here, in 1618, Drummond received that memorable visit from Ben Jonson, who walked all the way from London to spend a few weeks of delightful intercourse with his friend. "Better than most myths of the kind," says Professor Masson, in his *Drummond of Hawthornden*, "is the myth which would tell us exactly how the visit began. Drummond, it says, was sitting under the great sycamore-tree in front of his house expecting his visitor, when at length, descending the well-hedged avenue from the public road to the house, the bulky hero hove in sight. Rising and stepping forth to meet him, Drummond saluted him with 'Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!' to which Jonson replied, 'Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!' and they laughed, fraternized, and went in together."

Drummond lived at Hawthornden during all of his long life, with the exception of a few years spent in study on the continent of Europe, and it was here by the lovely valley of the Esk that he composed all of his poems. In the year 1632 he married, and it was at this time that he enlarged and rebuilt a portion of the old castle. From this it appears that at the time of Ben Jonson's visit he was keeping bachelor's hall in the ruins. Drummond's grave is in the church-yard of Lasswade.

It is with a feeling of regret that one bids farewell to Edinburgh, her turreted crags, her streets and wynds and closes, where many great men were born, lived, and died; where the names of David Wilkie and David Hume, Scott, Chalmers, De Quincey, Hugh Miller, and of many other master-spirits, rush to the mind, awakening many memories. But Edinburgh must not be considered merely as a city of the past: her present is noble and progressive. Her institutions of learning are presided over by men of extensive culture; and, guided by the healthy and vigorous Scotch intellect, she may rest secure of a glorious future.

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MORRO CASTLE.

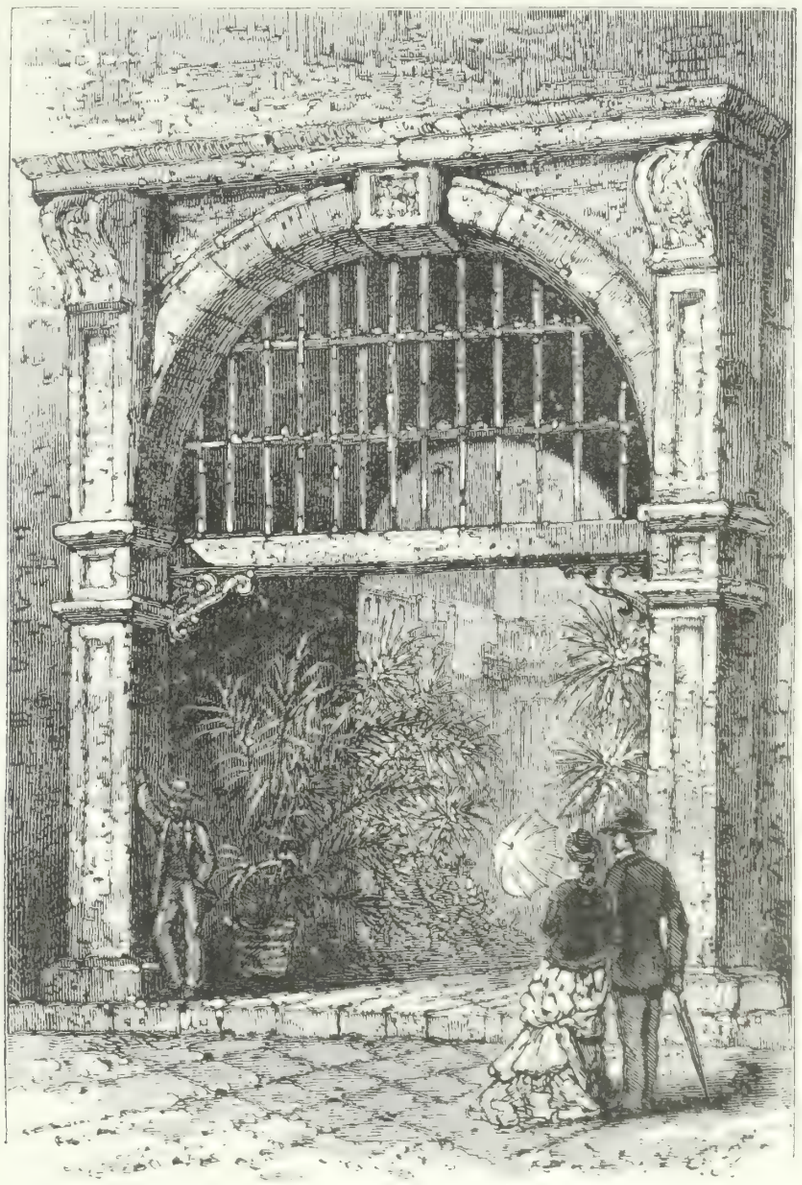
STREET SCENES IN HAVANA.

FIRST impressions of a locality strongly contrasting with the climate, customs, and appearance of the land from which the visitor has lately embarked are certain to be deeply impressed upon the memory. Subsequent conclusions may give occasion for a modification of the outlines, but memory, true to these, will persist in after-time in holding them, with their strongly salient foregrounds, in preference to the more deliberate views produced upon longer acquaintance. My particular set of impressions bear relation to a winter visit to Havana. Contrary to the practice of my fellow-passengers, I resisted the temptation to "cram" with guide-book information relating to the island, and even my Spanish-English Ollendorff was permitted to rest undisturbed in my valise. I felt that by anticipating all one was going to see through the vague medium of other people's eyes was to reduce the tour to a mere journey of comparison. I wanted to be picked up out of a snow-bank and set down in a flower-bed among a people whose very newness to my senses would constitute the better part of enjoyment. My somewhat limited knowledge of the places and people served, therefore, as an admirable frame-work upon which to hang the gorgeous drapings of coming experience. My mind was, like an untried photographer's plate, sensitive to first impressions, and it is with these possibly fallible lights and shadows that the following has to deal.

The course taken by the steam-ship *San Jacinto,* which carries us from St. Augustine to Nassau, and thence to Cuba, is unusually diversified and pleasant for a sea-voyage. The captain assures us that if we will be on deck about 3 o'clock A.M. of the third day we will see the lights of Matanzas. We defer the view, however, until sunrise, when we discover through the dead-light of our state-room the shores of the "ever-faithful isle" but a mile away upon the port side. A good field-glass reduces the distance one-half, and for the ensuing four hours we watch the rising and falling outlines of the coast, dotted with villages, estates, and castles, as it seems to pass before us like a grand diorama.

Rounding somewhat abruptly the promontory capped by Morro Castle, we are very quickly in the hands of the pilot. From this hour until the anchor of our homeward-bound ship shall swing at the cat-head, be it ever so long, the true tourist will never cease to admire and enjoy the novel colors and forms about him. The boats which wait alongside to take us ashore are gay with contrasting stripes, and their chattering owners all attest their love for the madder colors in some portion of their costumes. Our vessel is moored in the midst of a great fleet of shipping, flying the ensigns of all nations, the Stars and Stripes being conspicuous by rarity. Looking seaward, the most prominent object in view is the extended fortification of Cabañas, stretching its length along the brow of a steep hill upon the right. Somewhere beneath its massive front a squad of bugle students are streaking the heated air with discordant notes of the camp. To the left, ranged along the quay, long lines of shipping are discharging or

taking freight. All of them are anchored fore and aft, as Havana has no piers to speak of. The city is built upon a great plain, and along its water-front are clustered churches, warehouses, ordnance sheds, palaces, and markets in close proximity. The harbor is bespotted with active little boats, which skim about like the nautilus, bearing passengers to and fro. Presently drivers are actually asleep upon the tops of their coaches, and it requires the gentle prod of an umbrella to recall one of them to his sense of duty. The coach system of Havana is very convenient. They are a comparatively modern innovation, and have almost supplanted the volante. This preposterous and elongated equipage holds its own, however, in the country, where the



COURT-YARD OF A CUBAN HOUSE.

we are shoreward-bound in one of them—a veritable marine omnibus, covered at the stern with canvas upon hoops whose arches spring from the thwarts. The facility with which their navigators prevent a chronic tendency to capsize is truly marvellous. At the wharf we see a picturesque grouping of soldiers, sailors, customs officials, and porters, making a scene worthy of a drop curtain. Here the final form of ceremony incident to entry into the port is consummated, and we are at liberty to go where we please. We want a cab. There are several of them standing in waiting. We miss, however, the shouting, importunate lines of hackmen we are used to at home. The uncertain surface of the roads gives it an advantage. One may ride in the coach, or victoria, the length of the city for forty cents Spanish currency. A stoppage *en route* entitles the driver to double fare. Always bear in mind that Spanish scrip is only worth half the same sum in silver or American greenbacks. Ten minutes in one of these vehicles involves us half as many times in an apparently hopeless confusion of carts, donkeys, and other coaches.

Through open arches we have many glimpses of interior court-yards, some of them bright with flowers, plants, and fountains, where the inmates find their *dolce far niente* at high noon. About half of all the



THE MARKET.

adult white males are in uniform of varied splendor, giving the general impression that we have arrived in the midst of some general holiday like our own Fourth of July. Havana has three varieties of police, every man of which is a walking arsenal. One class of municipal guardians are mounted on horses, and look very soldierly.

We stop at the Hotel Pasage, which is new, large, and substantial, facing the Prado, the Tacon Theatre, and near the Casino and many other public resorts and clubs. The imposing front is well set off by the long latticed curtains pendent in front of the windows. Though as high as many of our Broadway buildings, it has but three floors, the upper one being devoted to parlors and choicest rooms, where the draughts of cool air flow most freely. Upon the lower floor the dining-hall is located on a level with the sidewalk, the tables being separated from the passing throng only by low rails set in the open windows. I found this arrangement productive of some annoyance at first. The rails were always occupied by persistent lottery-policy venders, gaunt and crippled beggars, and other unhappy waifs of humanity, whose looks seemed to reproach me for enjoying the comfort of a good dinner. I quieted conscience by small donations of silver, but soon found my particular window becoming too popular. Then I suspended specie payment, and began to study the applicants from a picturesque standpoint, thereafter regarding them with as much indifference as would the veriest Spaniard in the room.

He is wise who adapts himself at once to the leisurely modes of the natives. This fervid climate will not be trifled with. Rise at six. The early morning is delicious. Take only a cup of coffee and a hard biscuit, and start out for a walk to one of the many churches whose discordant chimes ring out a noisy welcome. Then visit the markets. That upon the Campo del Marto is the most picturesque. Here all the products of this fruity isle hang in masses of rich confusion.

Close by the battery at the end of the Prado a peculiar and exciting scene may be witnessed every morning. Here the surf rolls up with free stride against the shore. Just where a little bay is formed in the coral rock several hundreds of horses are undergoing an inspiriting sea-bath, or awaiting their turn in long lines, tied head and tail, upon the shore. Without this refreshing process the horses soon droop under the climate, and even with it they are all sleepy and sad. Perhaps it is partly owing to the preposterous style of harness in use.

At nine or ten o'clock breakfast is to be eaten, beginning with fruits. Then a ride until mid-day. Your guide will go to sleep while he talks. Somnolence is the normal condition of every body in waiting. Take the hint and indulge in a *siesta* until about three. Then, if a man, you may smoke the soothing cigarette until dinner, which must

be conducted in a leisurely style, cheap red wines taking a prominent place.

Business hours with merchants cease by general custom at an early hour. After four o'clock in the afternoon the Prado and avenues leading toward the Cerro present the gay effects we Northmen ascribe to festive occasions only. Our country-women may be distinguished in the throng by their hats. The Cuban ladies disdain the use of further ornament for the head than that afforded by an elaborate coiffure. Their forms are swathed in light muslins, and many are seen wearing the lace scarf of Castile pendent from masses of dark hair knotted at the back of the head. The real social life of Havana is best revealed, however, after dark. Then a motley throng surges through the canopied streets toward the cafés, the theatres, and the public squares, where splendid military bands discourse stirring and, to us, novel Spanish music. In the brilliantly lighted cafés one must wait often for a vacated chair. Stupendous and strange-looking bibular compounds are placed before the drinkers.

The leading theatre, as all the world has heard, is the "Tacon," the auditorium being not unlike those of many of our American play-houses. It is very large, having three galleries. The play being conducted with rapid movement upon the occasion of our only visit, our limited stock of Spanish proved inadequate to the duty of criticism.

An odd custom prevails at another theatre of the *vaudeville* stripe. The writer was one of a determined quartette which held its own with a crowd in front of a wicket for half an hour or more. Having purchased the requisite tickets, we were compelled to breast the outflow of humanity coming down the one narrow stairway at the end of the first act. Having gained our box, we were permitted to enjoy a single act of a farce, in which the leading *dramatis personæ* were a superactive soldier in very red and baggy pantaloons and an irate matron of muscular tendencies. This act lasted twenty minutes. The fate of the heroine remains shrouded in mystery, for we shortly discovered that our term of lease had expired, and our box was wanted for another party. We should have gone down to the ticket office and engaged our places anew for the ensuing act.

Havana has a very large Chinese population. Coolies were imported until within a few years in great numbers, and sold under a contract of eight years of service. When this period expired the coolies naturally gravitated toward the cities, and a nucleus once formed, soon spread, until whole sections are now peopled almost exclusively with these Mongolians. A few of them have accumulated some wealth, nearly all are industrious, but with the great mass it is a serious question as to the provision for even the meagre food which satisfies their idea of living. Their young men are fond of im-



HORSES BATHING IN THE SURF.

itating the ways, dress, and diversions of the Cuban "blood." There is something exceedingly funny, not to say grotesquely pathetic, in the sight of a Chinaman peering out from the highest of "Piccadillies," and adorned with a stylish silk hat, a cane, and lavender kids. These young fellows acquire all the vices, if not all the virtues, of this cosmopolitan city.

The Chinese too have their theatre. The approach thereto is through dark and narrow streets meagrely lighted by a sickly light here and there from saloons and eating-houses whose signs are in Oriental characters. A little hole in a stone wall, barely as large as a stove-pipe, denotes the ticket office. Our guide, intrusted with ample funds, thrusts his hand into the mysteries beyond, giving vent to a torrent of vocalisms unmistakably heathenish. The demand for best places creates an evident excitement in the breasts of the dispensers of tickets. It is clear that the boxes are in very little use at this establishment. Thus we find ourselves, a moment later, looking down in solitary grandeur upon a mass of mixed humanity which is too much absorbed in the scene upon the stage to pay much attention to our entry. The room, quite large, is dimly lighted by candles set against the supporting posts, and arranged with an ingenious disregard of stage effects. A number of musicians keep up a desultory din with horns, drums, and cymbals, its volume of intensity rising and falling with the action of the play. The drama itself culminates in frequent well-simulated acts of domestic violence, giving the finely formed athletic actors an opportunity to display surprising agility. All female parts are assumed by men. It is understood that the most lucrative department of this home of histrionic art is to be found below the stage, where those initiated and well known to the proprietors may indulge in the Chinese passion for gaming.

The Royal Havana Lottery is under government management. Its drawings take place once in fifteen days, the numbers obtaining prizes being announced to a great and excited throng in the court-yard of an immense building used as offices of the scheme. Tickets are forty dollars each, divided into coupons of twenty. Every body, rich and poor, deals in policy, and its venders are to be found every where.



CHINESE FRUIT STORE.



1.—CONCERT.—[BASS-RELIEF OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY: CHURCH OF ST. GEORGES DE BOSCHERVILLE, NORMANDY.]

THE ANCESTRY OF BRUDDER BONES.

NO one who has travelled much in the United States, particularly in the smaller towns and villages, can possibly have failed to hear the expression, "Our people are so fond of the minstrels!" Generally the phrase is uttered by some person or persons of cultured taste as a reproach, or even in scathing contempt for the unintellectuality of the bulk of the human units composing the population. More often than otherwise it is spoken as a balm to the wounded feelings of some dry but instructive theorizer who has appeared upon the scene as a lecturer, and been forced to enunciate his philosophies to a mere handful of people, while the "reserve sheet" for the sale of tickets for the next night, when the minstrels are coming (which is to be seen at the principal book and news room), shows such a goodly "take" as incontestably proves the local preference for Brudder Bones.

An experience of many years as a lecturer —though I claim I never was a dry theorizer, allowing mine enemy to add that neither was I instructive—afforded me occasional, though I am proud to say not many, opportunities for personal acquaintance with the peculiarities of the situation I have described. Often it has happened in a town boasting of rival halls that Brudder Bones and myself have simultaneously asked for the public ear, and once, I remember, my secondary attractiveness as a performer to the minstrel boy was sharply defined by a member of my own family. A small nephew of mine was conducted under protest to hear me lecture on the desirability and sagacity of taking an optimist rather than a pessimist view of the affairs of life. Duly endowed with a seat on the front row along with his parents and other notabilities of the town, he planted himself on about an inch of bench, firmly grasping his cap in both hands, and throughout the whole lecture he never moved. Not a sign of sleepiness displayed he, not the tiniest yawn yawned he, but from beginning to end he sat motionless and stiff, staring at me with astonished eyes and pendent jaw. The bright little fellow was always head of his class, and his mother was excusable for wishing to give him an opportunity on this occasion to show how intelligently he had absorbed the edifying discourse of the evening. "How did Johnny like the lecture?" she asked, during the drive homeward. "First rate," he answered, crisply; "but I'd rather gone to the minstrels."

Persons whose musical tastes have been instructed and cultivated throughout a lifetime, and whose opportunities for hearing the best class of music sung or played by the best performers are constant, are not likely to frequently put themselves out to listen to such crude vocalism and instrumentalism as are offered by Brudder Bones and his assistants. But that there are hundreds and hundreds of persons who go to hear the minstrels, though they have a choice instead of listening to the finest operas more magnificently presented than in any other capital, is fully proved by the fact that in London a band of "Christy's" have sung and danced in St. James's Hall, without the omission of a single night when they might legally be open, for thirteen years. For almost half this length of time the Mohawks, another band of American minstrels, have repeated the experiment of the Christy's in the suburb of Islington, where night after night they take the chances of filling a vast hall wherein quite three thousand people may be seated, and five hundred can stand. Thackeray in one of his roundabout sketches has recorded his admiration for the minstrels.

Fine fortunes have been earned in the United States in the minstrel business by various individuals, both as managers of stationary troupes in the large capitals and as directors of companies who keep "on the road" the year through. I knew the original George Christy, whose name has become an interchangeable term in Europe for a performer who blacks his face. Indeed, the phrase "Christy's Minstrels" is now considered very much in the light of tautology; for (argue English people) what under the solar—or rather, the gas-light—system can a Christy be except a nigger minstrel? George Christy was an admirable performer, highly appreciated by the audience of his day, who crowded to hear him in his little hall at the lower part of Broadway. He left a fortune, which I believe still keeps his descendants in a position of ease; a wrangle over the inheritance brought the matter at one time into the courts. He little thought when he set up "Christy's" that the name would penetrate to the remotest village in Great Britain, and become at every country fair a synonym for the whole body of performers of which he was only one of many members in America.

Many of the life histories of minstrels whom we have all seen on the stage are full of romance, and a multitude of the men who grin through burned cork at their audiences to-day are the whitest of "white men" (using the term in the sentimental sense sometimes given it) in the private relations of life. To speak of one who is gone, I may say that a gentler, kinder-hearted soul, a warmer friend, a more loving husband and father, than Dan Bryant never lived. An Irish lad, beginning life in the most menial capacity, as a baggage porter at hotels, through the medium of the minstrel stage he developed artistic powers of rare fineness. Not only were his comic effects irresistibly funny, but in the small acts of one scene, which are the only sort of stage play possible in the minstrel entertainment, he showed rare qualities of pathos, as touching as unexpected. Edwin Forrest was never weary of seeing Dan Bryant play the part of the hungry negro in "Old Times, Rocks," and the verdict of the great player was that there was not a finer bit of tragic acting to be seen in America at that time than Dan in this broadly funny bit. Who that remembers the performance need be told how tears were constantly checking laughter in this little scene of the black man's suffering through hunger, and how one's sympathies were irresistibly wrung by the pathos of the minstrel's voice when, on being questioned as to when he had eaten a square meal, he answered, humbly, "I had a pea-nut last week." It was side-splitting—it was heart-breaking.

But to trace the ancestry of Brudder Bones I must disentangle myself at once from all these near memories and palpable descents, and spring with an aerial leap unequalled on any stage back into the aching void of distant centuries, there to question the records concerning the taste of the ancients regarding Christy's, and to see if it be possible to fling back across the chasm of time the classic music lover's or theoretic lecture patron's taunt to his fellow-townsmen: "Our people are so fond of the minstrels!"

In the midst of my researches let us suppose the curtain has rung up on a minstrel performance of to-day. The minstrels are seated across the stage in a row. They are a bright-eyed, jolly-voiced set of men, all dressed in evening suits, with exaggerated shirt frills, monstrous Brummagem diamond pins, heavy watch chains, a great display of finger rings. They are "blacked up," of course, and their teeth are as white and their lips as red from the contrast as those of genuine negroes. Each man holds the instrument upon which he is a more or less proficient performer, ready to play and sing when his cue comes. They all rise and bow to the audience as the curtain ascends, and then they reseat themselves to begin the concert. A picture of this scene is very familiar to my readers. Is there any resemblance between it and Fig. 1? I think so. This engraving represents a company of minstrels who were "sculped" in bass-relief as early as the eleventh century, upon a capital in the Church of Saint Georges de Boscherville, in Normandy. To draw an analogy between so palpably pious an old party as this and the troupe of Brudder Bones may seem disrespectful. Many good religionists may even look upon these dreary old music-makers with disapprobation, being of opinion that the devil ought to have all the music there is, good or bad, Wesley to the contrary notwithstanding. But the Friendly idea that it is wicked to listen to music is a recent prejudice, not dating back further than a few hundred years. From earliest time music has been connected with religious exercises. Among the Druids, in the most remote ages, all religious ceremonies were preceded by music upon the harp. Obelisks from ancient Egypt, the seat of all holy history, show sacerdotal musicians playing on harps, lutes, and flutes during religious ceremonies where incense is being burned. Very antique bass-reliefs preserved in the British Museum exhibit flute-players accompanying the vocalism of priests. Granted, then, that it is not wicked to sing, let us take another look at the sculptures of the Normandy church.

Meantime the fun of the performers upon the stage is getting animated. Brudder Bones has been singing the "Sleigh-bell

Polka," and during the chorus a "larky" company of boys and girls are described as laughing and singing while the sleigh-bells are ringing and the horses prancing; that bright eyes are also dancing is, of course, in the bill, and it is no doubt their delightfully intoxicating effect to which is to be attributed the frisky capers of Brudder Bones. He stands upon his chair in his excitement frantically rattling the bones, he dances to the tune, he throws open the lapel of his coat, and in a final spasm of delight, as the last bar of music is played and the last stroke is given to the sleigh-bells by the others, he stands upon his head on the chair seat, and for a thrilling and evanescent instant extends his nether extremities in the air. This culminating moment of joy after an unmitigated good time must certainly have been also experienced by Brudder Bones's ancestors in their day, else why should the Normandy sculptures have frozen solid the poetry of the subjoined picture for preservation through the centuries?

nast had other wonder-compelling peculiarities about him as claims to public attention than his mere powers as an acrobat. Surely that dangling right leg is of an abnormal cut! It is bent at the knee-joint, and the foot, without being pointed downward in the least, almost reaches the shoulder-blade. Examining now for the first time the sculpture upside down, the impression gains on me that it is a woman who is depicted, not a man and a brudder. If, indeed, it be a representative of the weaker sex who is here forever impaled for the jeers of the passing populace, the lesson of the sculpture would be obvious—the heads of women are so easily turned.

But if Brudder Bones, viewed merely as one of a troupe of music-makers, has an ancestry, has the noisy instrument he plays (if such his tuneless bones may be called) any prototype in long-past ages? To satisfy one's self of the antiquity of music, not only spontaneous song, but scientific instrumentalism, one needs no such trifling testi-



2.—CONCERT.—[BASS-RELIEF IN NORMAN CHURCH.]

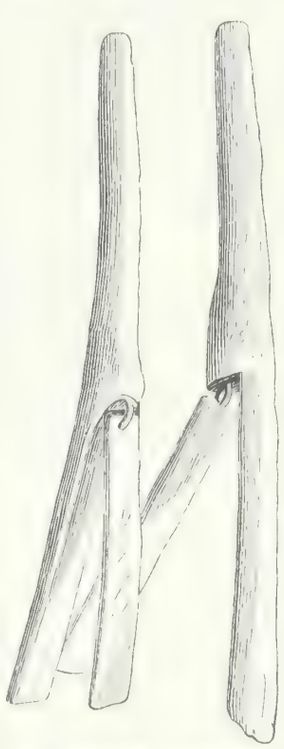
The bells suspended near the two minstrels at the right would seem to indicate that those sonorous instruments were to be jangled by the individuals in charge, though that insatiable, never-glutted "tooth of time," so constantly referred to by archæologists, has gnawed away their digits till the two champions look as if they were just about to put the dispute in question to the settling test according to the rules of the mediæval P. R. Meantime the second figure at the left, the direct progenitor of Brudder Bones, stands on his head, with some support from his left hand, on the seat of his stool. He has been "stuck up" for full eight centuries in the crumbling church in Normandy; perhaps it is because he is, nevertheless, a humble creature that he remains there, since it is only pride which has a fall. I fancy that this ancient gymmony as the place in nature reserved for Brudder Bones. The extinction of his species will probably not take place for some time yet, the love of musical sounds being too deeply implanted in the germ of humanity to spare even a performer of his small abilities. The history of music plainly shows that the elements of musical art were in a manner systematized from the very earliest ages of mankind. The Chinese have records of one of their emperors who fixed the twelve degrees of the chromatic scale at the wake-and-call-me-early period of 3468 B.C. The potentate in question was named Fou Hi the First. He invented several instruments, improvements upon which have made the fortune of many an unscrupulous invader of Chinese patents in these our times. Among his instruments were of course the bones, which, when rat-



3.—FOU HI AND THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS HE INVENTED.

tled by Fou Hi, gave forth celestial harmony. His bones were a peculiarly prime order of article, better than those in use in these degenerate days. The lowness of the standard of national taste in America to-day was never more distinctly shown than in the utter indifference of the average auditor as to what a minstrel's bones are made of, so that they rattle as lustily as any sucking dove will roar. Fou Hi, with that nicety of taste invariably observable in the fabrication of choice articles by the Oriental peoples, always insisted upon having his bones made of the right shank of infants of good ancestry, specially massacred in the neatest way, for the purposes of manufacture. The bones were the first instrument Fou Hi invented, but his genius soon took a wider flight, and he dropped them for another, namely, the lyre, in drawing the long bow upon which he was unexcelled even by his biographers. I trust the reader will now feel sufficient interest in this wonderful man to justify my presentation of his picture. (Fig. 3.) It is copied from the rare collection of Chinese antique portraits of great men in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, to see which requires a special permission from the authorities of the library. The imperial pioneer musician is depicted playing upon one of the instruments he invented, which seems to be a sort of grandmother of the musical glass harmonicon, while the stringed instruments on either side of him are undoubtedly progenitors of the orchestral descendants so ably fostered by Theodore Thomas. Fou Hi's apparel is simple, and not what in these days of insensate luxury would be deemed kingly. It is composed of tree bark and large leaves—an elegant, inexpensive, and easily renewed costume, and one which shows how when the American nation went to war for an idea, and that idea the inhumanity of clothing Uncle Toms and Topsies in coffee sacks, it made an unconstitutional dunce of itself, the condition of the blacks as regards wearing apparel being in reality quite stylish. The frontal excrescences which adorn Fou Hi's forehead, and which resemble bulls' horns, are undoubtedly an effort on the part of the primitive people who made the portrait (and with whom the great man was already a tradition) to express power and genius in some strikingly material way. Yet even lacked he so prime an essential to greatness in a man as horns, I see no reason to doubt Fou Hi's claim as the great original Brudder Bones.

The inheritance of bones as a musical instrument left by Fou Hi was carefully cherished by the Greeks. It was varied in form by them, and called the *platagé*—a word which signifies "clapping"—and was principally used with other instruments to mark the time for dancers. Instead of two bones held together between the fingers and rattled, the Greek *platagé* was formed of a long bit of light wood split up part of its length, the shorter piece hung on loosely at the middle, and the upper end serving as a handle by which the performer could rattle it conveniently. This is something of a variation from the favorite instrument of Brudder Bones, to be sure; but wooden sticks or bones five or six inches long held between the fingers of musical performers are seen on antique fresco paintings exhumed a hundred years ago at Herculaneum. To show that rhythmical noise was in the seventeenth century obtained from a rattling of bones to the sound of musical strains exactly as done by the minstrels to-day, a copy of a picture of the period is given on the next page, wherein is seen a representation of a sort of Beggars' Opera of the high-road, the husband sawing upon a rude fiddle, his wife accompanying him with the bones.



4.—GREEK CLAPPERS.

While we have been thus delving, like the host of the Raven, into many a volume of forgotten lore, the Brudder Bones of our alleged minstrel stage has laid his four bones

down on the floor, and taken up that instrument which in the hands of a genius like the inimitable Backus becomes a thing of friskiest life. The tambourine is an instrument of the highest antiquity. Our picture (Fig. 6) shows a masked actor playing on the tambourine, and is from a mosaic found in 1762 in a house situated outside the walls of Pompeii. The tambourine is, in fact, the Adam of the race of drums, which instrument in all its forms—snare, military, bass, kettle, what you will—is a mere Darwinian offshoot. Indeed, almost all the instruments whose sounds are produced by percussion—and they are somewhat numerous, as Fig. 7 shows—are the posterity of the hand tambour, or, as we now call it, the tambourine. The most ancient peoples were in the habit of stretching a bullock's or an ass's skin over a bit of wood of circular shape, and striking it either with the fingers alone, as shown at Fig. 8, which is copied from a bass-relief found in the ruins of Nineveh, or with drum-sticks, as shown in Fig. 9, which is a picture of an ancient Persian procession of ceremony.



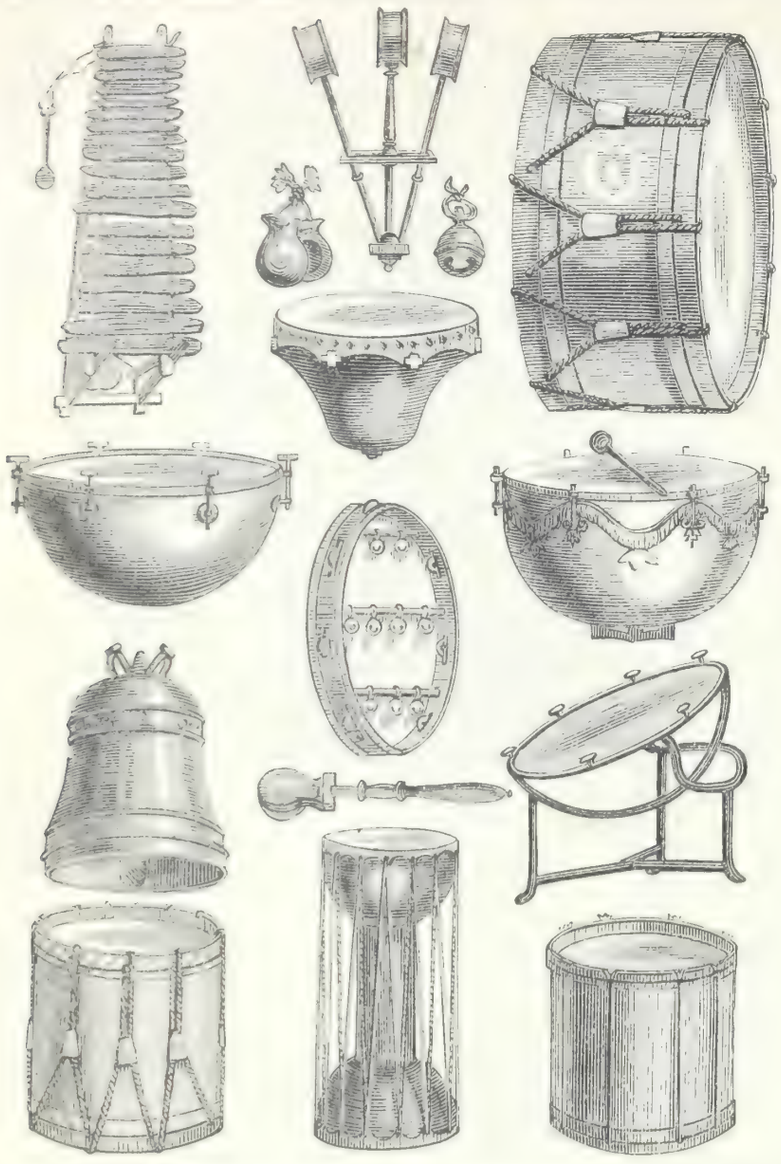
5.—THE BEGGARS.—[AFTER A PRINT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.]



6.—TAMBOURINE PLAYER.—[POMPEIIAN MOSAIC.]

In Etruria, the Italy of the antiques, the tambourine was first adorned with brass clappers, a dashing addition, and one considered indispensable among the burned-cork minstrels of our latter-day stage. A glance at the group of instruments which made music for the ears of Etruria (page 694) will show many with which we are familiar—even the triangle, a matter-of-fact little thing which would seem to be peculiarly an outgrowth of this iron age of ours; in point of fact, however, its antiquity is far greater than the Etrurian epoch.

Having stated that the tambourine is the ancestor of the drum, I will stand by my position, although, as usual, the Chinese are here in their measureless ancientness with evidence to prove that the drum was used by them ages and ages before the star of Bethlehem arose. Another of those wonderfully wise emperors of theirs—a pity that the art of getting such should now be a lost one in China, as elsewhere!—who flourished as many as 2357 years B.C., caused to be placed at the door of his palace five sorts of instruments, among them a drum. Knowing full well that the people of even a Celestial Empire may sometimes be unjustly treated by intermediate and unscrupulous officials, he decided that all his creatures should have it in their power to communicate in a manner directly with his most puissant and gracious self. By the emperor's instruction the mandarins explained to the grateful



7.—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF PERCUSSION.

proletarians his mighty majesty's invention. Each of the five different instruments was dedicated to a special class of affairs, and whoso would come and sound the instruments outside the palace gates would be heard by the emperor within, who would know to what business the call related by the instrument used, and would personally order the applicant's being listened to with attention by the proper officers. The striker at the gate was admitted to the palace, and from behind curtains of embroidered crape the imperial ear heard the prayer of the humble subject.

Now on our imagined stage the curtain has fallen after the first part of the programme; behind the scenes during the ten minutes' intermission the performers are hastily divesting themselves of their evening dress. The first part was made up principally of ballad-singing, first one, then another, of the performers taking a turn at it as soloists, all the troupe joining in the chorus at the end of each verse. This chorus, it may be mentioned here, is usually sung twice as a finale, the second time in a sort of lugubrious and under-the-breath whisper, which is considered to add immensely to its sweetness by admiring listeners in the gallery. Lugubriousness is always a very marked feature of Part I. of the programme at the minstrels'. The untimely death of his unusually attractive sweetheart is the customary burden of the "genteel" minstrel's song. Willows or cypress incessantly wave their melancholy boughs over the lone, dank grave, by the rippling river's side, of Cynthie Sue or Lily Dale; colored mothers now in heaven watch with what while in the flesh were saucer eyes, endued with a preponderance of white, over the romantic destinies of their offspring who survive and are wrestling, like the rest of us, with untoward events in this world of contrarieties, unfairly contributing, too, to the general sum of unhappiness by wringing our hearts with singing in mellow voices about the sadness of a mother's loss, white or black. These mournful ditties form the staple of the first part of the performance, speaking musically; but there is occasionally a rattling comic song by Brudder Bones, and there is inevitably, after every ballad, some lively conversation between the "interlocutor" or middle-man and the comic men at the ends, or "end-men," of whom Bones is ever one. To make these conversations novel and amusing is one of the most difficult parts of the minstrel's trade. Nothing so soon wears threadbare as a joke. It is only after the cur-



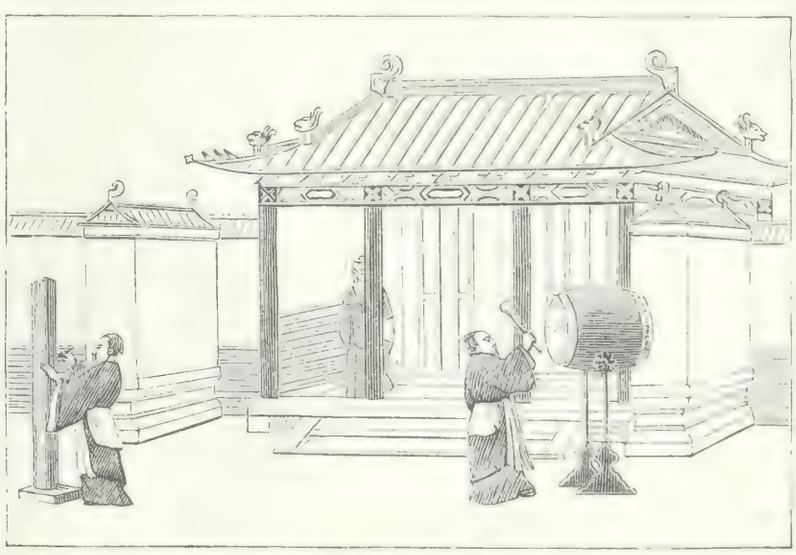
8.—ASSYRIAN QUARTETTE.—[BASS-RELIEF FROM RUINS OF NINEVEH.]



9.—ANTIQUE PERSIAN PROCESSION WITH DRUM.

tain has fallen on the first part that the minstrels' performance becomes really diversified. Then "specialists" come to the fore—banjoists; men with performing dogs or monkeys; Hottentot overtures; hamfatters; song and dance men; the water-melon man; persons who play upon penny whistles, combs, Jew's-harps, bagpipes, quills, their fingers—individuals, in fact, who do every thing by turns, but nothing long, that the audience will accept and laugh at. A great aid to comicality is now afforded by dress, odd old rags being much in demand, while an eccentric hat, be it as small as an egg or as big as a bushel basket, is a valuable assistant to a success of laughter. Sometimes the exhibition of an immense quantity of superfluous clothing elicits roars of delight, as when an affronted darky prepares to strip for a fisticuff fight, and takes off carefully, folding each one as he removes it, twenty-six old vests, each raggeder than the other. Again, some daring aspirant for the success of novelty will enter, almost devoid of the trammels of garments, to play upon some strange device in the way of an instrument of his own invention. Paganini's variations on the "Carnival of Venice" are often attempted on the penny tin whistle, and quite successfully achieved, too, if applause be any indication. I used to know a minstrel, the Brudder Bones of the first part, who made a very pretty melody in the second by whistling through a bit of quill upon the strings of a violin, when attired as a plantation darky. The origin of his idea is clear. From time immemorial an instrument called the *gorah* has been in use among the Hottentot tribes. It is merely a stick overstrung with catgut, and provided at one end with a bit of quill an inch or two long, cut from an ostrich feather. It requires some skill to play upon the *gorah*, but a Bosjesman who has given his mind to it at intervals from infancy can woo a beautiful air from it. He whistles upon the strings through the tube in such a way as to cause them to vibrate, when they produce the octave and all the chords in perfect harmony. As a suggestion to Brudder Bones—to be followed, certainly, with considerable modification in the way of costume—a picture is given (page 695) of a Bosjesman Hottentot playing the *gorah*, and also the music of one of his national airs.

Fellow of the bones as a characteristic instrument at the minstrels' is the banjo, which many persons suppose to be an invention of the music-loving darkies of the South, whose imitators—as they were when they were all happy on de ole plantation—the minstrels claim to be. But the banjo has a more ancient lineage than that of the first families of Virginia, let alone its slaves. At the Paris Exhibition last summer I heard in a Moorish café an Arab playing an instrument whose grandfathership to the banjo was patent to every eye. To render the family likeness still more striking, the dusky performer, clad in picturesque costume of cream-white wraps, and with his unslippered feet gathered under him like a tailor as he lounged on his many-cushioned divan, struck up "Shoo, Fly," with "Dixie" chorus, when whispered to by a polyglottic aboriginal *garçon* that we were a party of Americans. A lettered French gentleman who was present conversing volubly with the Moorish musicians, and who informed me that he had mastered in less than three months the bastard Arabic spoken by these nomadic tribes, told me that the Arab name for the banjo



10.—THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S DRUM.



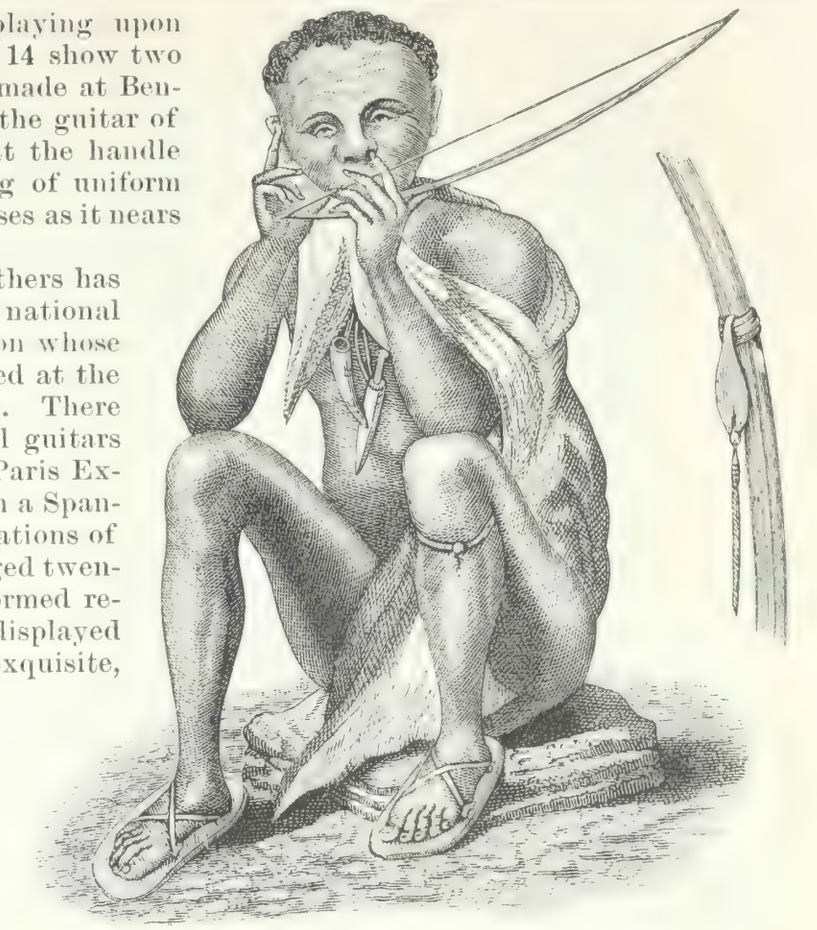
11.—ANCIENT ETRUSCAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
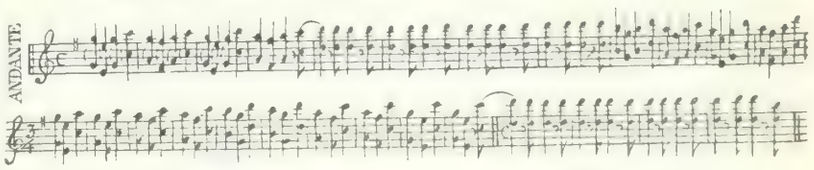
was *rehâb*, and that another very similar instrument used by them was called the *zézé*, the body of the instrument being simply a gourd hollowed out.

The *zézé*, banjo, *rehâb*, call it what you will, is, however, only a poor relation of the elegant guitar. While the cotton-ginning darky beguiled his hours of ease by pickin' on de ole banjo, the lovely daughter of the planter sat in her luxurious boudoir and strummed the light guitar. The guitar is in favor with the minstrels too. It also has a Moorish origin, though the Greek *kithara* was its palpable progenitor, and an instrument with as much resemblance to a modern guitar as a modern harp resembles one of antiquity is seen upon the most ancient monuments in Egypt. Many Biblical scholars are of opinion that the *kinnor* of the Hebrews was a sort of guitar. In India the name of *sitar* is given to several instruments of varying forms, though their tonal

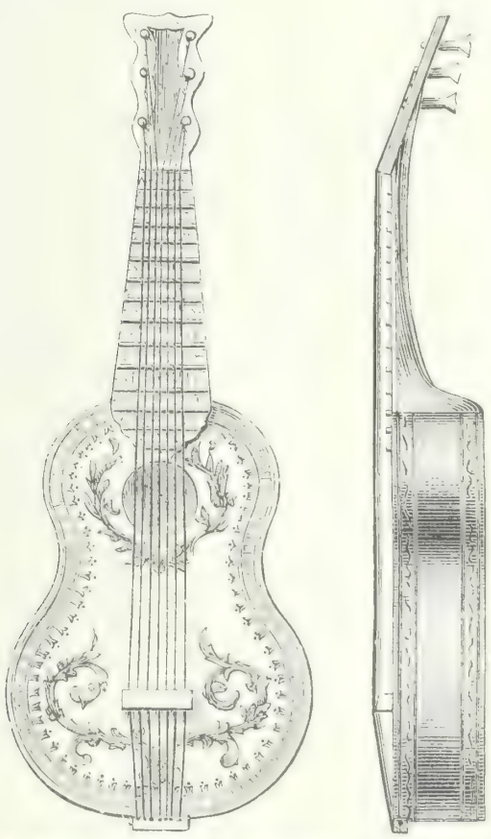
system and the manner of playing upon them are alike. Figs. 13 and 14 show two of these Indian *sitars*. That made at Bengal is precisely the shape of the guitar of Europe and America, save that the handle is wider, and instead of being of uniform width the whole length, increases as it nears the body of the instrument.

The country which of all others has associated the guitar with its national expression in music is Spain, on whose romantic soil it was introduced at the time of the Moorish invasion. There always have the most tuneful guitars been manufactured. To the Paris Exposition were sent guitars from a Spanish instrument-maker the vibrations of whose strings could be prolonged twenty seconds when the air performed required it. The workmanship displayed on these Gonzales guitars is exquisite, and the instruments were sold at the price of $200 each. The progressive development of sonorous power in music, which began in the second half of the eighteenth century, has caused to disappear from the domain of art one by one all instruments whose voices are not very strong. But as recently as forty years ago the guitar was cultivated with passionate feeling by a multitude of persons of musical tastes all over the world. Rossini, in *The Barber of Seville*, gets a charming effect from it in the famous serenade. Still, the days of the guitar, in any wide sense, were even then numbered. It has not sufficient volume of sound to hold a place in the noisy music of the present, not to mention that of the future. Spain is now the only country where the instrument continues to give active signs of life. Heard amid the stillness of the lovely moon-lit nights of Spain, struck by a practiced hand, and accompanied by a mellow voice, it seems in perfect analogy with the character of the nation itself—tender, gallant, dreamy, secret, and melancholy. On the minstrel stage it is likely to hold its own for many a year to come. A potent cause will retain it there: it is a capital dummy. A valuable interlocutor or a desirable balladist who is not master of any instrument can always hold a guitar in his hands and pretend to be strumming while the others play.



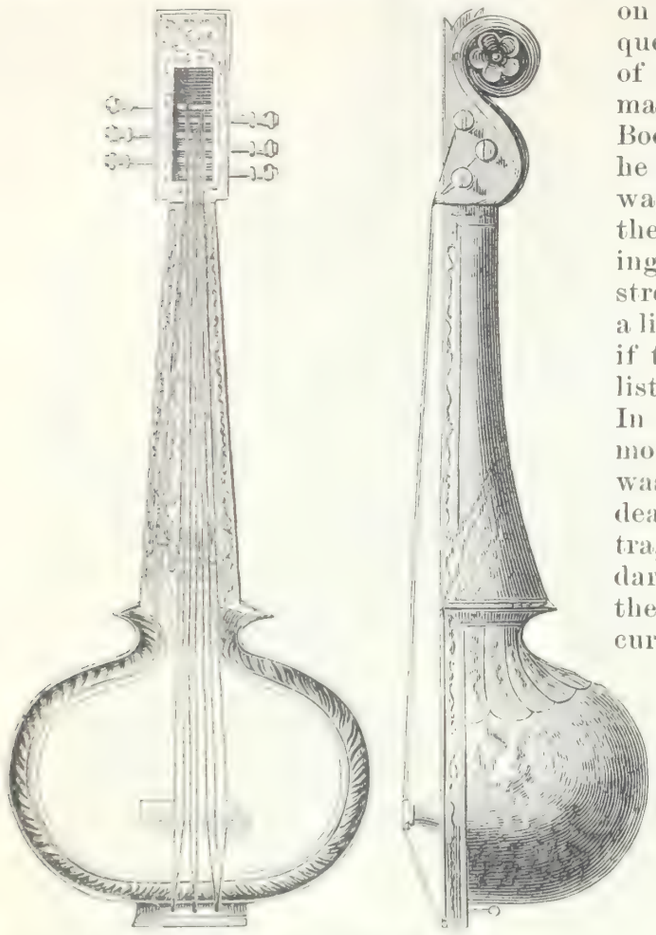


12.—BOSJESMAN PLAYING THE GORAH.



13.—BENGAL SITAR: FRONT AND SIDE VIEW.

The banjoist having departed, amid storms of applause, from our imaginary stage, he is followed by a performer who gives variety to the show by the introduction into his "act" of the capers of a knowing little poodle. I am relieved to find that I have no pre-Adamite records from any Chinese source concerning the exhibition before audiences of animals of a musical turn of body, that went



14.—BENARES SITAR: FRONT AND SIDE VIEW.

through antics to make the antediluvian groundlings laugh. The earliest monkey-shines I can offer are displayed in a sketch copied from a manuscript of the thirteenth century in the British Museum, wherein a wandering mountebank is seen, whose acrobatic bears and instrumentalizing monkeys it would be difficult to find the equal of to-day. (Fig. 15.) Long, long ago, before a Christy was dreamed of, and when Brudder Bones had not begun the first stages of his banjoic development, these strollers catered for the amusement of the lords and ladies intrenched in those castle fortresses whose ruins now dot the whole surface of England and Wales. They were generally accompanied by performing animals, whose pranks were beaten into them by the power of music and starvation combined. The influence of music on animals is very marked. Horses frequently regulate their steps to the rhythm of music. Who is not familiar with the magnificent description of the horse in the Book of Job? "When the trumpet sounds, he neighs." Dogs sometimes express, in a way many humans would gladly emulate, their annoyance at the monotonous grinding of a street organ, by stopping in the street and howling at it. If you whistle to a lizard that is hurrying away, he stops; and if the air be a melodious one, he seems to listen with pleasure—at any rate, he stays. In a play I saw in Paris recently, five enormous lions sprang about the stage, which was set with the scenery of a jungle. Their deafening roars almost drowned the orchestra, their fury-burning eyes flashed as if darting flames, their powerful tails lashed their quivering flanks. The moment the curtain dropped they were as quiet and tractable as if some magic spell had calmed them. Their keeper attributed their noise and fury to the influence of the bass notes of the heavier instruments, and assured me that they would trot about the stage as meekly as sheep, in spite of the lash, unless excited by music.

In a summer trip through the French provinces I came one day in a little village upon a familiar out-door scene of performing dogs. The four dogs were the most entertaining little brutes I ever met, and their antics were almost human in their intelligence. The showman assured me that their evolutions could only be performed, like those of some regiments, to the sound of the drum and fife. That the dogs could do nothing without this stimulus was conclusively proved when, after a run of bad business (which will come to the best-organized dog show), the manager was obliged to temporarily leave his instruments with his relative of the three balls, his dogs were powerless to perform a single feat without music, though they had been trained for years.

Buffon says that the elephant has a very accurate ear for music, and some very interesting experiments were made by him. A



15.—DOG AND MONKEY MINSTRELS.—[THIRTEENTH CENTURY.]

couple of elephants were thrown into what was evidently a very distressful state of mind by the performance of some strains of sad music. They made doleful noises, they entwined their proboscides, they flicked their tails mournfully and as if in all the agonies of despair. Instantly a dance tune was struck up they regained their spirits, and even made an effort to trip it in time on what may certainly be called a fantastic toe, though not a light one.

The power of music on serpents has often been tested. In Châteaubriand's travels in America in 1796 he tells of a rattlesnake being charmed by the playing of a flute, and led out of camp to a safe distance, following whither the flute-player listed. Indian serpent-charmers are well known to do wonderful things by the aid of a peculiarly melodious whistle. The other day I heard of a churchwarden in one of the small cathedral towns of England who, observing a snake coiled up in a dark corner of the cathedral, went to the organ and began to play, when the snake quickly crawled up to his feet, the better, as it seemed, to listen to the music. Seeing this, another instrument was brought—the violin, I think—and the snake was easily lured into the churchyard by its strains. Naturally the legend of Orpheus ranges itself, quite of its own volition, here. Except for this great musician's wonderful experience, however, I have no testimony that trees, bushes, and running streams love music, and sough, stir, and babble in unison with its varying melody and measure.



16.—EDUCATION OF DOGS BY MUSIC.

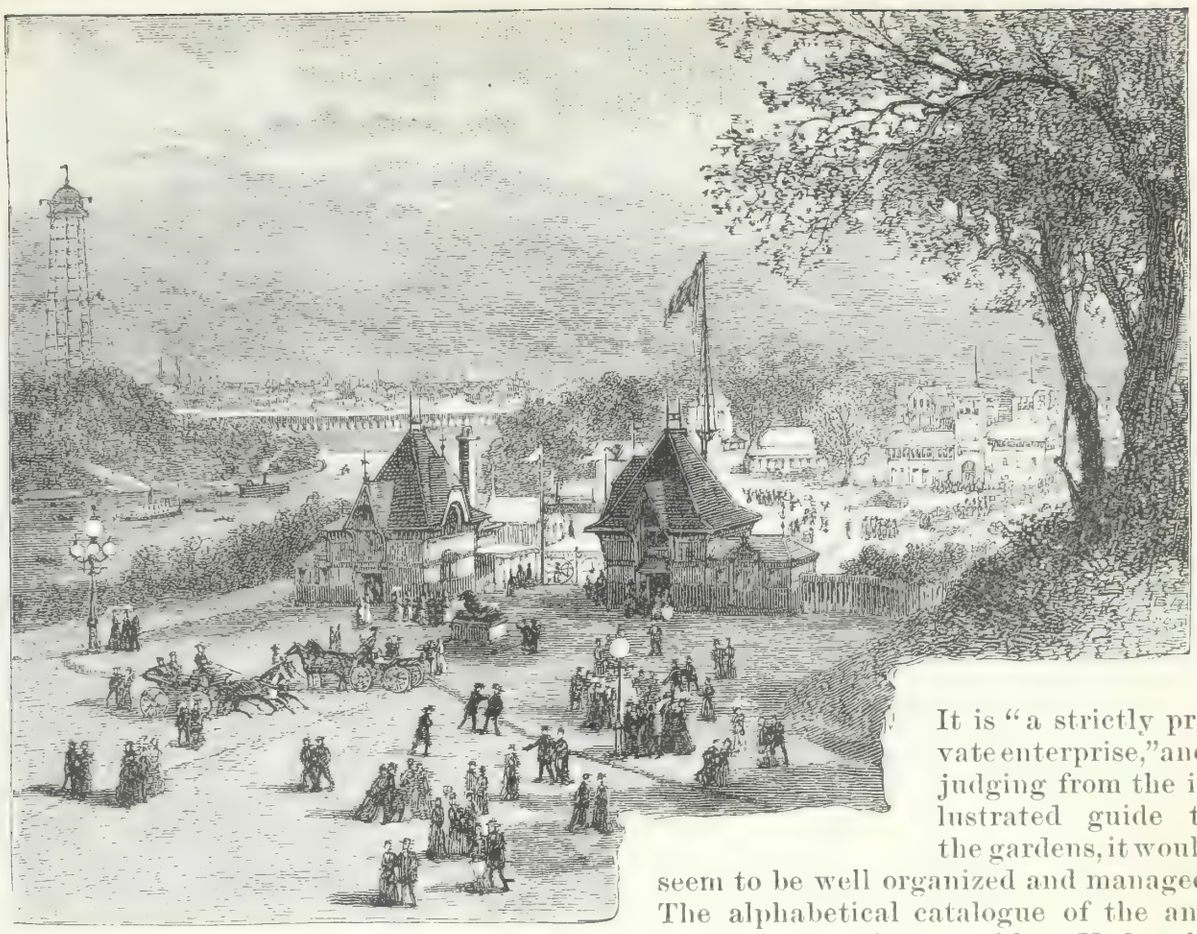
But we must awaken from this softly murmuring reverie, for on the stage now our minstrels are giving us the tinpanzee overture by the full-blown band, with conductor *à la Jullien*. How the audience laugh at the monstrous drums and the tremendous tin bassoon into which Brudder Bones blows, in a fit of abstraction, first at one end and then at the other, quite regardless of the necessary laws of musical science in the real instrument! That is where the fun lies. It is always this mingling of the relics of barbarism with the last caprice in the refinement of civilization which makes the most grotesque effect at the minstrels'. The orchestra *à la Jullien* is outrageously false, played on the absurdest instruments, all tuneless, some dumb, yet it is related to the highest expression in music in such a curious way that to the modern audience it is more interesting, and, above all, far more laughable, than a real concert given in all seriousness by the negroes who inhabit the neighborhood of the courses of the Nile would be. These give a very noisy tinpanzee concert, of which our picture on the next page is an illustration. These musicians may be the progenitors, not of so near a race as the burned cork Brudder Boneses of our time, but of the far-away generations of blacks whose descendants live to-day to see their dramatic and musical art admired, through the medium of stage presentations of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by the most cultured audiences of London and New York.

The spectators are rising now, for the plantation walk-around is almost over on the stage, the last feature of the evening. Every member of the minstrel company, from the highest to the lowest, must take part in the "hoe-down," each dancing in turn, and all singing in chorus and clapping their hands in time. To be able to do a good clog dance is a great ambition with the brethren of Brudder Bones, and that the last act on the bill should be so bright and jolly as to send the audience away in high good humor is essential in the scheme of success of the minstrels. Therefore any grotesquerie, so long as it is not indecent, is permissible in the walk-around. Children, dwarfs, "wench" dancers—never women, always men dressed as such—take part in this chorus of song and dance. The an-

cestry of the wench dancer, that is, of male players dressed in female costume, is at least as remote as Greek tragedy. The original representative of this sort of character in America, the "female impersonator" with a black face, was the late Barney Williams, who afterward left burned cork altogether, and made fame and fortune in playing Irish parts. Barney Williams originally sang the now obsolete negro ballad "Lucy Long," which set the New York of a generation ago to humming and whistling its refrain for many a month after it was first heard on the minstrel stage. There is no member of a minstrel company who gets a better salary than a good female impersonator, the line being considered a very delicate one, requiring a high style of art in its way to judge where fun stops and bad taste begins, with decision enough on the part of the performer to stop at the stopping place. Some of the men who undertake this business are marvellously well fitted by nature for it, having well-defined soprano voices, plump shoulders, beardless faces, and tiny hands and feet. Many dress most elegantly as women, and in general the burlesque style of dressing in female parts on the minstrel stage has been abandoned by the balladist in skirts and relegated solely to the uses of the "funny ole gal" sort of wench impersonator. It is this female, and not the ostensibly fashionable balladist of modern concerts, who takes part in the walk-around, from which the latter would naturally be excluded by the mere fitness of things alone, since no lady dances with plantation negroes. Clad in some tawdry old gown of loud, crude colors, whose shortness and scantness display long frilled "panties" and No. 13 valise shoes without corresponding views between themselves as to whether it is best to be laced, buttoned, or held on by elastics, the funny old gal is very often a gymnast of no mean amount of muscle, as her saltatory exercises in the break-down prove. While she is indulging in a prolonged and vigorous attack of double-shuffle, with various hi's! hey's! and oh law's! as exclamations indicative of her hilarious state of mind, the rest of the company, including Brudder Bones, are chanting melodiously the wild bars of some plantation tune, and striking together the palms of their hands to mark the measure. Sometimes they raise their hands over their heads while clapping; again they strike an elbow with a hand, as a diversity. In every movement of the exercise they present but a repetition of what was done so many generations ago when the Assyrian populaces left their towns in procession, going forth beyond the gates to meet the conquerors returning from the nation's battles. To the sounds of dulcimers and harps and double flutes they clapped their hands in measure, even as Brudder Bones and his companions do on the minstrel stage to-day.



17.—CONCERT OF NILE NEGROES.



ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, PHILADELPHIA.

THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.

SHOULD any purist object to the word "zoo" for "zoological garden," he must be reminded of the folly of resisting the popular will, or even a popular whim. The people will not take the time nor the trouble to say "zoological garden" when "zoo" will answer all practical purposes. Londoners, even the most elegant, talk of their "Zoo," and the use of this diminutive is so common in this country that one zoological society, and that the second in importance in the country—that of Cincinnati—publishes its catalogue and guide under the title, *The Zoo-Zoo*, and in the preface to the work the word zoo occurs in all seriousness and without quotation points.

And while upon the subject of verbal innovations, let a plea be made for the word *acclimatation*, legitimate derivation form from our verb *acclimate*. *Acclimatization* is unwieldy, and *acclimation* is too like *acclamation* in sound; moreover, we are now familiar with the word *acclimatation* as the name of the most important acclimating institution in the world, the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris.

To Philadelphia belongs the honor of being the first American city to establish a fine zoological garden. It was opened to the public July 1, 1874. Indeed, there is no other in the country yet that has any pretensions to being a real zoological garden, except that of Cincinnati, opened May, 1875. It is "a strictly private enterprise," and, judging from the illustrated guide to the gardens, it would seem to be well organized and managed. The alphabetical catalogue of the animals, however, is execrable. Under the letter C you must look both for *Buzzard* and *Jackal*, neither of which commences with C. But there you will find the names, both prefixed with the word "Common." San Francisco has Woodward's Garden—"a private institution which contains a few seals, cats, dogs, birds, and fishes, but which hardly pretends to be a zoological collection. It is a sort of pleasure-garden with a live-stock attachment." Another account says that the collection is "quite extensive, but not very comprehensive," and that the aquarium is "promising." In New York we have a collection of birds and beasts in the Central Park, owing its existence and support principally to menagerie owners, to whom it is a convenient boarding-place for their animals, when not travelling with them about the country.

Our European tourists talk of the wonderful zoo gardens abroad, and marvel at the paucity of like institutions in this country. But we are making quite a normal progress in this direction. In another generation, doubtless, all our large cities will have fine and extensive zoological collections; that is to say, they will increase here faster than they have increased in Europe. It is not quite fifty years since the great London collection was established, and that is the oldest in Europe, except the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, and possibly the Schönbrunn collection. Amsterdam, however, kept lions for public exhibition 400 years ago, and in 1640 it possessed the first rhinoceros ever brought to Europe; but it did

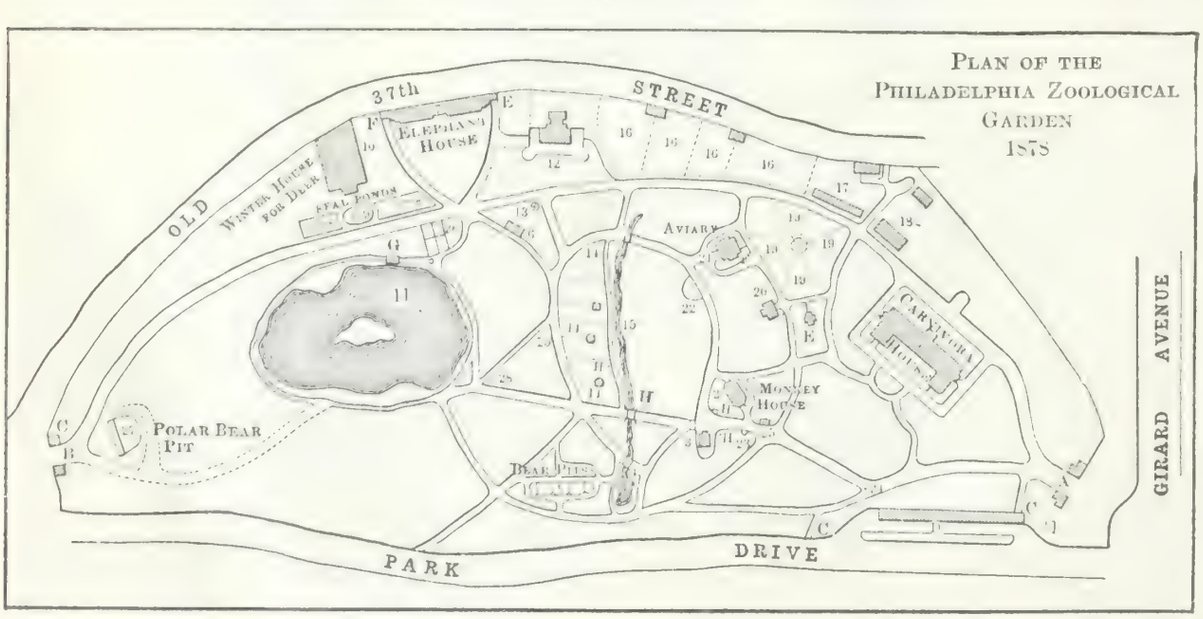


THE ZEBU, OR SACRED BULL OF INDIA.

not have a zoological garden proper until 1838. The society at that time had 400 members, and quite a large income. In 1863 it had 3600 members, and an annual income of about 150,000 florins. The membership fee is twenty-five florins a year. It is, in fact, a sort of exclusive club, members being admitted by ballot; and none but members, their friends, and strangers "within the gates" are allowed entrance. All foreigners can enter the magnificent Zoological Garden of Amsterdam, and enjoy at leisure all it contains, by paying a small entrance fee; but no citizen of the town can have that privilege unless he be a member of the society that owns and controls the property.

Both Antwerp and Brussels have zoological societies, modelled after that of Amsterdam, and both are successful. The populace being excluded from these gardens, they have, no doubt, the air and charm of private grounds to members and their families. Here they promenade or ride in elegant state during all the fine days of the year. The walks and roads, the shrubbery and flower beds, the groves and lawns, the lakes and all the buildings, for the animals are kept in magnificent order, and every thing is arranged to charm the senses. One of the entrances to the Amsterdam garden is flanked by grand trees, and under them on both sides of the road for a long distance are perches on which sit the most lovely birds of the parrot, or more correctly the psittacidæ, family. The soft shadows of the grove, the dark green of foliage and lawn, are most agreeably relieved by the brilliant plumage of cockatoos, parrots, paroquets, and macaws.

The Zoological Garden of Brussels covers about thirty acres, besides a large lake, lent by the government until A.D. 1922. The government also requires all Belgian shipmasters to bring from all parts of the world whatever beast or bird is donated to the garden. This secures great numbers of specimens both from strangers and travelling Belgians. The Zoological Garden of Breslau comprises about forty acres, thirty of which were given by the city; that of





INTERIOR OF CARNIVORA HOUSE.

Dresden is liberally supported by the King of Saxony. Hanover leases grounds to a zoo society at the rate of one thaler for fifty years.

The Garden of Acclimatation, in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, received its extensive grounds—over forty-nine acres—from the government, and the institution was inaugurated in 1860 by Napoleon III. in person. The price of admission is one franc; Sundays and fête days fifty centimes (ten cents). It suffered terribly during the siege of Paris in the late war, many valuable animals being sacrificed for food. Among these were the famous Castor and Pollux, two trained elephants that used to carry visitors on their backs at five cents a trip. These elephants have been replaced by two others presented by the King of Italy, which the people have christened Romeo and Juliet. These are also trained, and perform the same services. It might be thought strange that during the siege such valuable animals as elephants should be killed for food. It was because, in the first place, they consumed great quantities of the food that every day became more and more precious, and then because they were large, and afforded much meat for the people.

The Jardin d'Acclimatation is one of the most interesting, instructive, and delightful places on earth. The object of its foundation was "to introduce into France under the direction of the Society of Acclimatation every species of animal or vegetable useful or agreeable, domestic or wild, multiply them, and make them known to the public." One of the services it has rendered the people has been to take all the available varieties of the grape—about 2000 of them—cultivate them carefully, compare them, and eliminate the duplicates. The list was already reduced to less than 1500 when the catalogue was revised by M. Rivière in 1874.



VICUÑA LLAMA.



THE RHINOCEROS.

The study of the society to meet the wants of foreign plants and animals appears to have been grandly successful. In one part there is an artificial mountain with rocky and steep sides, and chasing each other over it you may see the chamois of the Alps and Pyrenees, the antelope of the Rocky Mountains, the heavy-horned moufflons or wild sheep of Sardinia, Corsica, Algeria, all apparently quite happy in the delusion that they are in their native haunts. The *Grande Serre*, or winter greenhouse for plants that can not endure a lower temperature than 28.4° Fahrenheit (—2° Centigrade), "is a veritable corner of paradise."

The culture of the silk-worm of every country is another service of this society. Our native species (*Bombyx cecropia*) is among the number. There seems no end to the wonders and charms of the Jardin d'Acclimatation of Paris. From April to October a band of forty musicians, under M. Mayeur of the opera, discourses excellent music every Thursday and Sunday from three to five o'clock P.M. The organization of the society is upon the same general plan of all European zoological societies: members pay so much yearly, and in return receive certain privileges. Among those accorded to the members of the Acclimatation Society are a free pass to the garden, and passes at reduced rates for friends (five francs a year); ten per cent. discount on all plants, eggs, animals, etc., bought of the society; the monthly bulletin of the society recording all experiments in acclimating in different parts of the world; and the right to assist at the social reunions of the society.

All the European zoological societies appear to be prospering, unless that of St. Petersburg may be excepted, which must, of course, be maintained at great expense, on account of the rigors of the Russian climate. Schönbrunn, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Breslau, Dresden, all have fine zoological gardens, and Naples boasts the noblest aquarium in existence. It is maintained by the government as an educational enterprise, and it is patronized by several European states, which send a quota of students there annually, it being the highest school of ichthyology in the world. The Paris Garden of Acclimatation has also a magnificent aquarium; and the Amsterdam Zoological Society has a library of natural history richer, it is said, than all the British Museum contains on that subject.

But when we consider government insti-

tutions for popular culture, we must give China the palm; for if the records are to be credited, the zoo garden near Pekin was established fully three thousand years ago, by the reigning emperor, who gave it the quaint and appropriate title, "The Park of Intelligence." It has an extensive aquarium also, and all was freely thrown open by the founder, and to this day the Chinese government has kept it up for the benefit of the people.



BABY CAMEL.

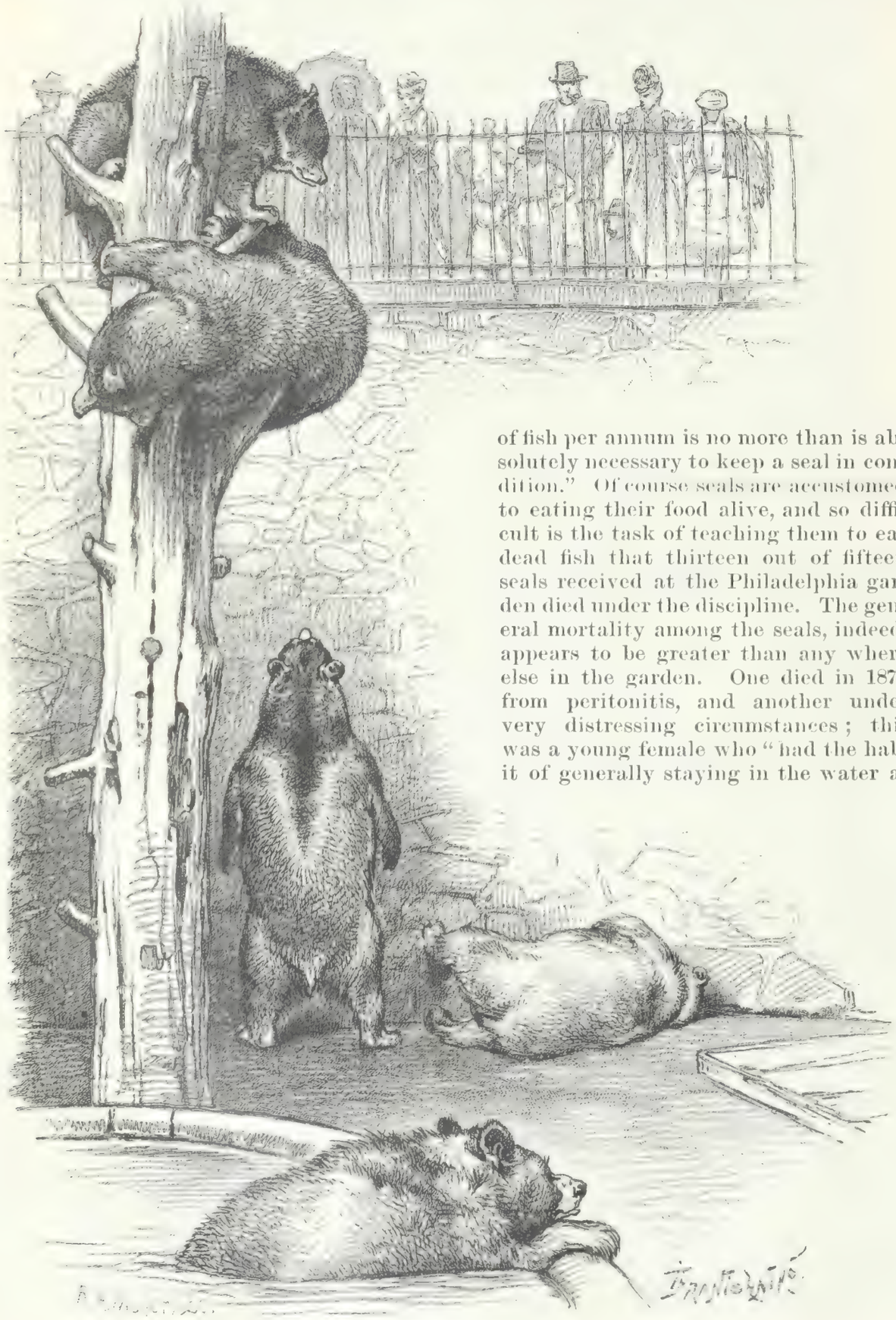
The splendid Zoological Garden at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was opened to the public in July, 1874, yet it has the air and general appearance of famous long-established like institutions in Europe. Its collection of animals is already very extensive, lacking hardly any thing of grand importance to the mass of patrons, unless we might mention the hippopotamus. At the last annual meeting the superintendent reported 434 mammals, 453 birds, 58 batrachians, and 63 reptiles; and every visitor can testify to the exceedingly fine condition of most of the animals. The seals and sea-lions disport themselves in the water or sun themselves upon their island structures, sleek, fat, and apparently as happy as seals



KANGAROOS.

can be. One of them manifested his vigor not long since by climbing over the railing around his pond—four feet high, I should say—and taking a promenade over to a neighboring seal pond, whose inclosure he also scaled. I envy the visitors present at the moment. It would certainly be interesting to know how a seal *could* climb a fence. I was told of this feat by the superintendent himself—a gentleman of distinguished manners, by-the-way, and a scientist of note.

The collection of seals in this garden is more extensive, I think, than that of any other—than that of the London Zoo, certainly—and seals are very expensive luxuries. The superintendent of the London Zoo says that "fourteen hundred-weight of fish per annum is no more than is absolutely necessary to keep a seal in condition." Of course seals are accustomed to eating their food alive, and so difficult is the task of teaching them to eat dead fish that thirteen out of fifteen seals received at the Philadelphia garden died under the discipline. The general mortality among the seals, indeed, appears to be greater than any where else in the garden. One died in 1876 from peritonitis, and another under very distressing circumstances; this was a young female who "had the habit of generally staying in the water at



THE BEAR PIT.

night. During a very cold night, early in the winter, she lost the air-hole she had kept open to breathe through, and not having strength to break the ice which formed over her, she was found in the morning drowned."

Among the rare animals may be mentioned two black leopards, a splendid rhinoceros weighing over three tons, three fine giraffes, and a large number of kangaroos. The kangaroos appear in most vigorous condition, and almost any time the visitor may see the little ones protruding from the maternal pouch—the distinctive characteristic of the marsupial family. There are, however, some fish that have a pouch for their young. The hippocampus, or seahorse, is an example. No one, it seems, has ever witnessed the birth of the kangaroo; but it is certain that when first found in the pouch it is not much more than an inch in length, and looks exceedingly like the common garden "grub" worm. Structurally, indeed, the kangaroo is the most wonderful of animals.



MONKEY HOUSE, FROM BEAVER POND.

The collection of camels, deer, buffaloes, and zebus is very large. The black zebu (sacred bull of India) is a splendid animal, presented to the society by the Commissioners of Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Its color is very rare. Besides this one, there is another bull, four cows, and a little calf born in the garden. It is said that they can be easily acclimated here. If so, there may come to be a "rage" for zebus, and the milk of the sacred cow may yet be considered indispensable to all first-class hotels and restaurants! It is very rich and good, as the writer can personally testify, having once tasted it in the Amsterdam garden. These animals have commenced to breed in the garden at Philadelphia, and of course the extra stock will be sold. Indeed, there is no better testimony to the wise management of the garden than the increasing number of rare animals that breed there. Lions, leopards, prairie wolves, dingos, Java porcupines, zebus, camels, kangaroos, monkeys, brown coatis, beavers, Angora goats, llamas, paroquets, golden pheasants, are given in the superintendent's report. Some of these, as is well known, very seldom breed in captivity, the monkey especially, and its young very rarely survives. The society has a large collection of monkeys, both of the Old and the New World, and their house, though large, has been found inadequate and ill ventilated, and a new one will probably soon take the place of the old. Perhaps it will be modelled on the plan of that of the London Zoo, which is fitted up in the "style of a conservatory," light, sunny, and affording as much as possible of the monkeys' natural environment. An advantage of this style of house is that you see the animals through glass, and while studying their antics are not suffocated by the terrible odors always found about monkey inclosures, except, perhaps, the summer inclosure in the Jardin des Plantes of Paris. This is made of wire, in the open air, and



MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

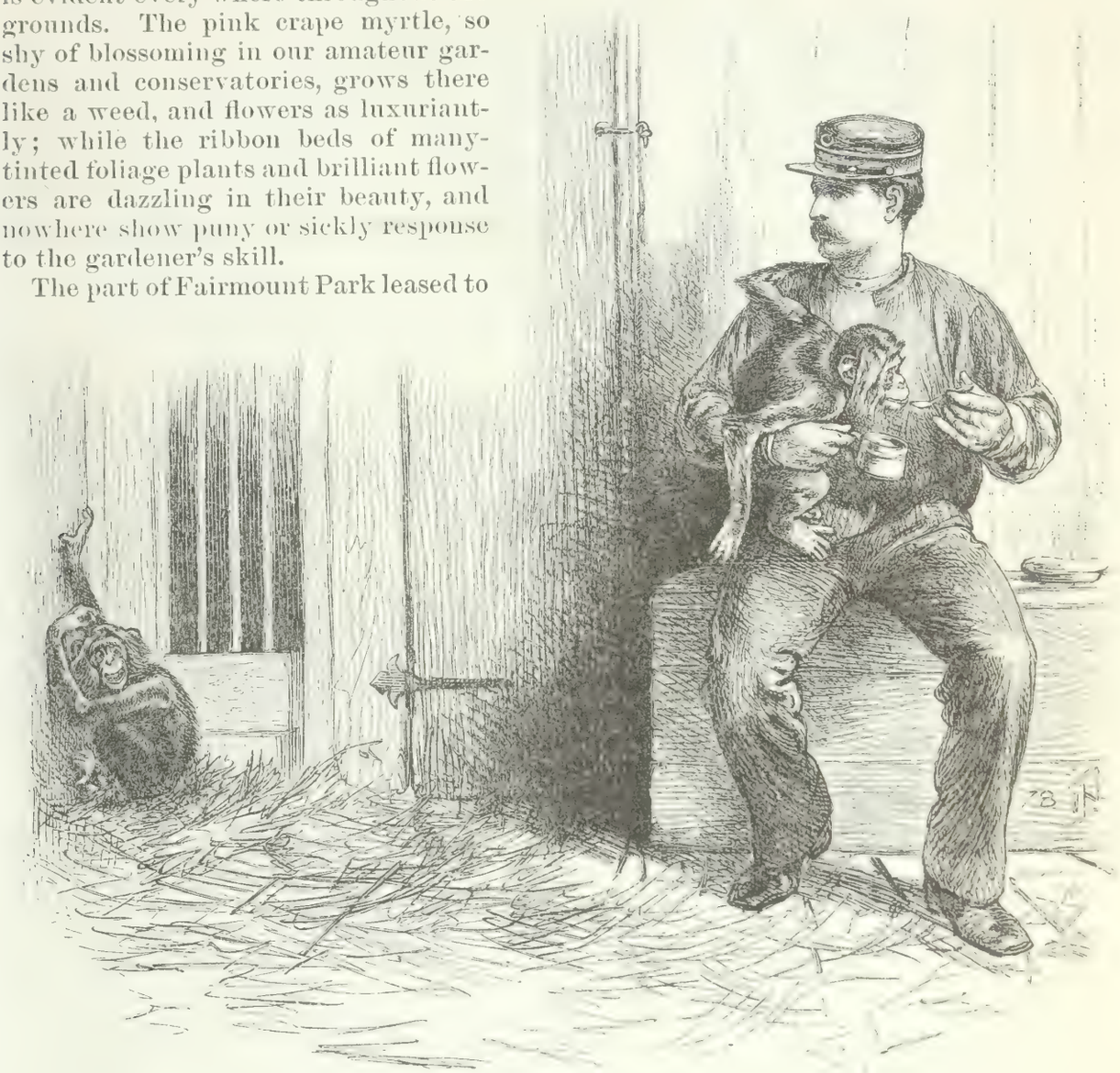
in size enormous—high and broad enough to inclose several large trees. The Philadelphia Zoo, during the cold weather of December, 1878, lost one of its chimpanzees. Her surviving companion showed every sign of grief at her loss, and would not be comforted. This pair were fine intelligent animals, and their pranks were the delight of visitors. On one occasion when the female was ill, and had to be treated to weak doses of wine negus and other delicacies, the other became furiously jealous.

Most of the buildings of the Philadelphia garden are very solidly built, and they are generally quaint and picturesque in style: notably the elephant house, which is ninety feet long, and cost about $38,000. The bear pits of heavy masonry are models of their kind. Each compartment is of course furnished with the conventional big tree trunk bristling with broken branches, or with artificial ones, for the bears to climb upon—spectacle of perennial delight to the "average boy." The polar bear pen, containing two fine specimens, is located near the southern entrance. The collection of bears is a very rich one, comprising besides the white polar bears the black, the brown, the cinnamon, the grizzly, the Himalayan, and the Borneo sun bear. The capture of the polar bear without injuring him is a most difficult task, generally accomplished by intrepid whalemen. When caught he is secured in a strong cask, and brought home as a supplementary venture. The female, before giving birth to her cubs, makes herself a retreat, and generally a very safe one, on the ground under the snow. Sometimes, however, she is betrayed by the breathing hole at the surface of the snow-drift, often some ten feet or more above her warm den.

The lion house, or more properly the carnivora building, is the most important structure in the Zoo Garden of Philadelphia. It is elegant and strong. The extremities are flanked by strong towers, and two large wings project in front upon a beautiful terrace, paved, like all the walks of the garden, with asphaltum cement. In the centre is a lovely fountain, and in summer the low wall inclosing the terrace is a mass of green, so completely is it covered by trailing vines.

Great urns bearing magnificent century plants are placed at regular intervals upon this wall. The view of the Park and surrounding country from this terrace is magnificent, and in itself worth a visit to the garden. The head gardener of the society must be a man of taste and ability. This is evident every where throughout the grounds. The pink crape myrtle, so shy of blossoming in our amateur gardens and conservatories, grows there like a weed, and flowers as luxuriantly; while the ribbon beds of many-tinted foliage plants and brilliant flowers are dazzling in their beauty, and nowhere show puny or sickly response to the gardener's skill.

The part of Fairmount Park leased to the Zoo Society has many natural advantages. In the first place it is situated by the Schuylkill, which gives it water and draining advantages; then it has a small stream of water running through it, and a beautiful little lake with an island where water-birds can rest in safety; but whether the island is natural or not, I am unable to say. Perhaps the island is natural and the lake artificial! One can see how this might be, though it sounds a little like an Irish bull. And finally the wealth of grand old trees, many of them gigantic in size, and the rolling surface of the land, render the whole place naturally picturesque and beautiful.



THE JEALOUS CHIMPANZEE.

Of course many people will ask why New York, the metropolis of the Western world, should not have a zoological collection, and gardens for it, at least equal to any city of minor importance. No one doubts that there is money enough and enterprise enough to accomplish so desirable an object. The great obstacle is the want of proper and sufficiently extensive grounds. A number of wealthy citizens last winter organized themselves for the purpose of a zoological and acclimatation society, and subscribed money enough to carry out their design—some $400,000—but they failed to convince the Board of Commissioners of Central Park that they ought to have the land. Of course the society wished to hold the land on perpetual lease, as the Zoo Society of Philadelphia holds its lands, and as do most if not all kindred societies in Europe.

It seems to be the fate of all zoological societies to suffer disappointments and delays in their early years. That of Philadelphia is an illustration. It was incorporated in 1859 by the thirty-six members composing it; "languished and lay dormant," as Dr. Camac the first president of the society expresses it, until 1872, when nine of the original members had been removed by death. At that time a meeting was called, and eight



PRAIRIE-DOGS.

out of the twenty-seven members responded. From that time the society made steady progress. In June, 1873, the Commissioners of Fairmount Park leased the thirty-three acres of land which the society now occupies. In 1874 there were 507 annual members, paying five dollars upon election and five dollars annually thereafter, ninety-five life members, nine honorary members, and five corresponding members. Honorary members are those who "in consequence of liberality to the society, or who hold a distinguished position in science, are elected by the board." The late Brigham Young was one of the honorary members—doubtless he did the society some service.

The total income of the society for the fiscal year ending March 1, 1874, exclusive of pecuniary donations, was $5070. The expenditures and improvements amounted to less than half that sum. The enterprise, indeed, has "paid" from the beginning. The money donations of last year were mostly from women. Mrs. Barton gave $3000 in cash, besides purchasing the same amount of stock. Miss Ellen Waln gave $100, and an "unknown lady" $500. At this meeting the offer of Mr. Alfred Cope was received. This was to subscribe $25,000 to the stock of the society "upon the conditions that $125,000 be first secured, that no vinous, malt, or spirituous liquors be sold, and that no circus or theatrical performances be allowed in the garden." This offer was subsequently accepted.

The garden had scarcely been inclosed when numerous offers of zoological specimens arrived, and at what was really the first annual report of the progress of the enterprise there were 131 quadrupeds, 674 birds, and 8 reptiles. The superintendent, Mr. Thompson, meanwhile had been in Australia, where he collected and shipped goodly numbers of the fauna of that country, and at the time of the report he was in India for the same purpose.

Among the contributions mentioned in the second annual report are twenty-eight prairie-dogs. In time these enterprising little creatures burrowed out of their inclosure under a wall fourteen feet deep, and took possession of a fine slope of lawn near the superintendent's office in the old Penn mansion called "Solitude," and they bravely held it until last fall, when the old inclosure was dug out and paved with flags, and now it once more confines them. To catch them the holes were flooded, and the poor little creatures taken as they came up, half drowned. Their colony is one of the most interesting things in the garden. At any time almost you might see dozens of these active little animals popping in and out of their holes, uttering their peculiar cry—something like the half-suppressed bark of the dog—to which probably they owe their name. Their increase begins to alarm the society. Something must be done, and it is very difficult to catch them. Some newly forming zoological garden applied to the Fairmount Park institution for prairie-dogs. This was while they held possession of the lawn. The request was most willingly granted, but the catching required four men and about as many days, and then only three or four were secured.

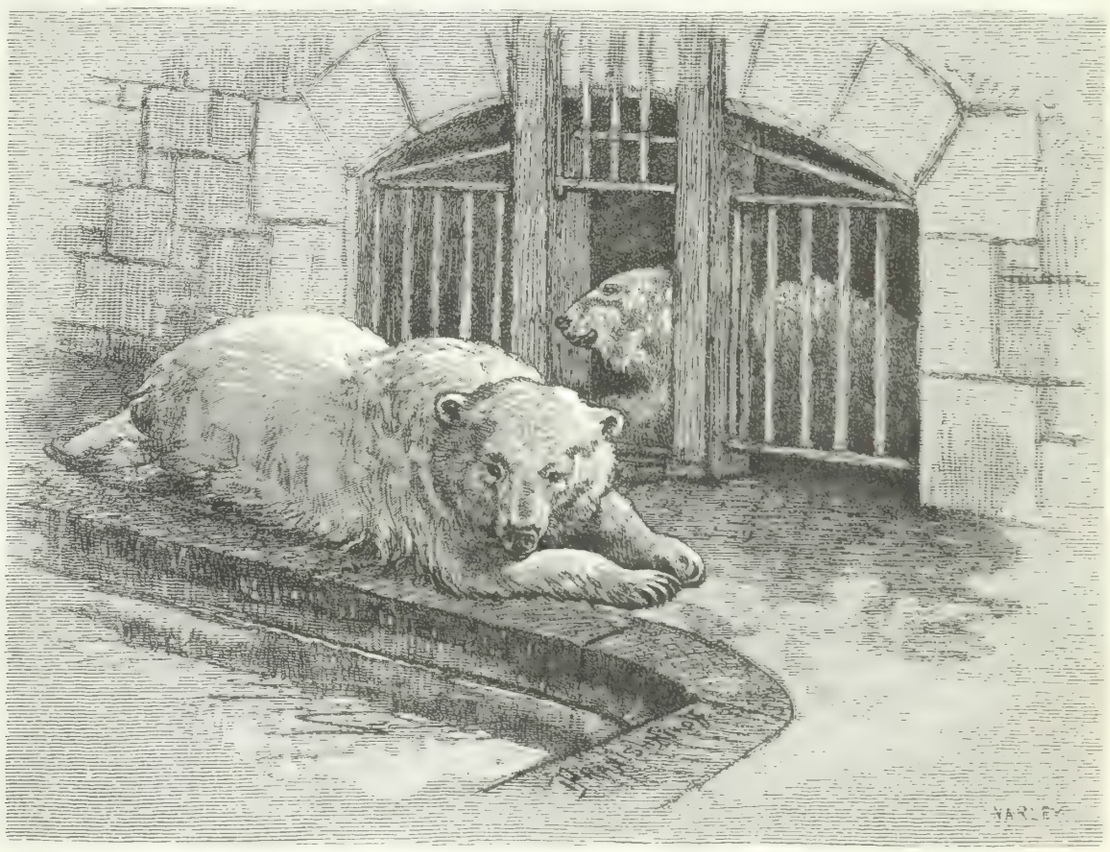
There is a popular belief in the West that the burrowing owl, the prairie-dog, and the rattlesnake live together in great harmony. It is probable that the snake "invades the home of the dog for the purpose of feeding upon the young, while the owl, to save itself the trouble of digging its own habitation, takes possession of the deserted burrows which are left in the gradual change of location continually going on among the dogs." Two burrowing owls were once introduced into the inclosure of the dogs at

the Philadelphia garden, and the result was a desperate fight, in which the owls were finally killed, their wings having been clipped so that they could not fly away. This hardly shows harmony between the two. The prairie-dog and the porcupine are among the animals that require no water.

Looking over the lists of animals donated to the Fairmount Park Zoo, one is struck by the great numbers of horned owls and horned toads; of the latter fifteen at one time and twenty-six at another. These are presented by boys sometimes, as the word "Master" in the report, or the diminutive of some Christian name, would show. Girls also make donations at times, which shows how important as co-laborers in zoological enterprises the young would naturally be. If the boys of New England knew, for example, that the society's collection of the *Mephitis mephitica* is reduced to one solitary specimen that might die any day, no doubt they would come to the rescue. This animal must be quite rare since its fine long fur became known to commerce as "Alaska sable."

The annual report of the society for 1876 shows a grand advance. The membership had increased to 960, and the average number of visitors daily throughout the year was 1801. The largest number was on Sunday, October 29, when the gate records showed 20,715. The total amount for the year received at the gates was $151,060 63; average daily receipts, $413 86; largest daily receipts for admissions, $4974 10. Of course this was the Centennial year, when the Exposition at Philadelphia brought a greatly increased number of visitors to that city. The next report shows a falling off; but the important thing is that the garden has proved a pecuniary success. The enterprise is evidently managed with signal ability in every department. The superintendent's last report shows the daily cost of maintaining the garden on its present basis to be $80. The expense of meat for feeding the carnivora has been reduced nearly eighty per cent. by the use of horse meat; and though the horses of course are worn-out animals, the effect of feeding meat freshly killed and full of blood is most excellent. By this economy, also, there is much refuse, skin, bone, etc., that can be disposed of by sale. The estimated loss on the value of the animals for the year ending March, 1877, was about four per cent.—"a rate much lower than that of previous years," says the same report, "and believed to be as small a percentage of loss as has ever occurred in a garden of its character."

In answer to certain questions lately put to one of the officers of the society, he said: "The members of the society are all extremely anxious to put the work of the institution as far as possible from the field occupied by the travelling menagerie—a distinction which the American popular mind is slow to recognize. We want to make of it an educator as well as a place of amusement." The following from the last year's report of the secretary, Mr. Samuel, may be quoted as testimony to this fact:



POLAR BEARS.



BEAVER DAM.

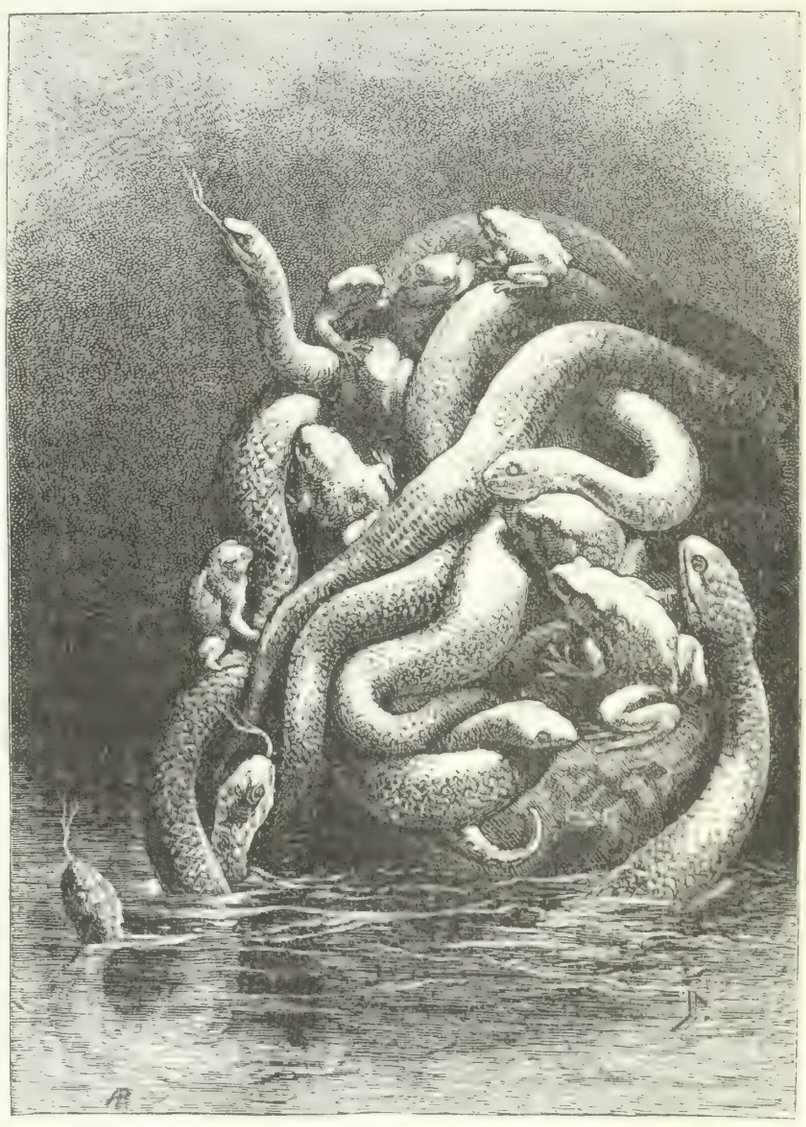
"In pursuance of their intention to make the society an auxiliary in the educational system of our community, the directors have initiated a series of popular lectures on zoological subjects. Three of them have been delivered during the last winter, viz.: by Professor B. Waterhouse Hawkins, on 'Cats;' by Professor E. D. Cope, on 'Special Characters of American Life;' and by Professor Joseph Leidy, on 'Protozoa.' It is hoped that the efforts of the directors in this respect will awaken an increased and wider interest in scientific research and natural objects."

A good zoological garden is not only a very important succursal to all the schools in the vicinity, but it is a grand medium of education to all the people, even to the mere gazers. People go to see—merely to see—and in the course of every visit some question is certain to arise, discussion to ensue, followed by a consultation of the guide-book. And that of the Philadelphia society, it may be said in passing, is a model in all respects. It is superior even to the fine guide-book of the London society, because it contains—expressed in a polite and scholarly manner—a very valuable "introduction" addressed to the "large class of visitors who desire to find in a zoological collection means of instruction as well as of amusement." An admirable synopsis of the whole subject of zoological classification is contained in this introduction.

An amusing incident occurred the other day in the garden, which will illustrate one occasion of an appeal to the guide-book. A gentleman standing before the eagle cage turned to his companion—a boy of ten, perhaps—and said, designating a particular specimen: "My son, look at that splendid bird; that is the American eagle." The boy looked reverently at the bird, until a wicked by-stander exclaimed: "American eagle, Sir! Why, that's the carrion buzzard." The instructor of youth looked terribly embarrassed, and, pitying his confusion, I ventured to remark that I thought the mistake very natural—that I believed both eagle and buzzard belonged to the same family. Here a discussion commenced, both the gentleman and an elderly lady who had come up joining issue against my statement. If I had said "class," or "division," I should have been disputed just the same, all these words meaning vaguely "kind," and nothing definite at all, with these good people. However, they all agreed to defend the "bird of freedom," and soon a guide-book, which the lady happened to have, was appealed to. This did not settle the matter satisfactorily to all—buzzard, hawk, eagle, and owl seemed to be mixed up a little, and it required more time than could be spent at that hour and place to find out that the confusion came simply from the popular names of the birds, and nothing else. However, as the lady read,

our discussion was wholly lost sight of in the description of the eagle, quoted from Coues's *Key to North American Birds*. It was as follows: "North America, common; piscivorous; a piratical parasite of the osprey; otherwise notorious as the emblem of the republic." With this the group broke up, each one, perhaps, reflecting whether it were well to dissipate *all* of our illusions.

The visitor familiar with the Garden of Acclimatation of Paris and the great London Zoo misses one spectacle, quaint and foreign, in the Philadelphia garden; this is elephants and camels bearing groups of happy children about in state. One of my pleasantest souvenirs of London is that of the great Indian elephant standing by the high platform in the Zoological Garden while men, women, and eager children climbed into the howdah—a genuine Indian howdah, I was told. It was curiously made, canopied, decked with gaudy trappings, and had a sufficiently quaint and foreign air. The great animal was very knowing and docile, and seemed to enjoy the exercise. On returning to discharge his passengers at the platform, directly opposite which was a stand for beer, cakes, etc., some one, grateful perhaps for a real howdah experience, was very sure to "treat the elephant." The treat generally consisted of a bottle of ale, which the animal would take very gently and adroitly in his proboscis, raise his head, insert the bottle neck downward far back in his cavernous mouth, always flinging it on the ground as soon as drained. Crowds were always present, idly admiring the feats of this trained elephant or waiting a turn in the howdah.



SNAKES AND FROGS.

The Jardin d'Acclimatation has a pleasant gymnasium, fitted with bars, swings, tight ropes, trapezes, etc., abandoned to the free use of the children while waiting for their rides. Two elephants, Romeo and Juliet, were, and no doubt still are, in this service; also camels, horses, asses, zebras, and even an ostrich, which drew a little carriage, to the endless delight of the youngsters. The zebra, by-the-way, which has always been regarded as untamable, has been perfectly tamed by the skill of the Acclimatation Society, and, broken to the harness, it is utilized in the work of the grounds. The price of a "promenade" on the zebra, elephant, or ass is five cents; on the camel, horse, or in the ostrich carriage it is ten cents. The use of these animals in this way not only gives them exercise and so keeps them in more vigorous condition, but proves a source of considerable revenue to the garden. Another source of revenue to European zoo gardens is milk freshly drawn from the udders of various cows kept for that purpose. The Garden of Acclimatation sends milk of cows and goats, sealed in cups with the seal of the society, so that there can be no question of its purity, into the city of Paris, where it is in great demand for infants and invalids. Some days there are as many as 600 cups of milk sold on the grounds "warm and foaming" from the udder of the cow.

On the occasion of a late visit to the Philadelphia Zoo, the first object that I saw on passing through the southern gate was four elephants chained by the foot to a stake in the ground. One of them was of the African species, with huge ears the size of an umbrella flapping upon his shoulders. His stake was near a little hillock, and he was engaged in an exercise not unlike sliding

down hill. Going up the hill, he would turn, lie down, and allow himself to slip down the incline as far as practicable. Then he would get up and repeat the operation, much to the detriment of the hillock, which was sadly worn by the process. All these elephants were uneasy, and so evidently irritable that their proximity created a sense of fear. One could not but regret that they were not trained to useful work like their relatives abroad. Mentioning this subject to the superintendent, he said that the training of the elephant was a very brutal operation, and much to be dreaded on account of the amount of pain necessary to overcome the natural obstinacy of the animal; that one of the elephants of the garden had been trained, but that her temper is bad, and he did not dare trust her.

Perhaps some future Rarey may show us how to subdue the elephant by a process as simple as that of a strap on the foot passing under the surcingle or girth. Doubtless his hands will ache to get hold of Empress and Dom Pedro, the two little elephants of the collection, and the result will be two docile brutes, two howdahs, bespangled, befringed, and glistening like the sun, bearing groups of joyous children all day, at ten cents a trip, from the elephant house up by the seal ponds, the monkey house, the prairie-dogs' field, to the old Penn mansion, for a call upon the courteous gentleman in charge. Perhaps he might object to being visited all day long in such state; but certainly he would like to see the children happy, and possibly he may understand what such a thing as an elephant ride means to the ordinary child.

COR CORDIUM.

A STORY OF NO MAN'S LAND.

I.

EDITH RUSHMORE sat at her small upright piano, discontentedly turning the sheets of music in a large portfolio stand at her side. The piano was of the most elegant make, but undeniably diminutive; it seemed in the great drawing-room like some child's toy, while its companion, the music stand, was out of all proportion in size—a perfect giant of a music stand, filled to overflowing with operatic scores, selections from Wagner, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other standard or popular composers. So varied was the collection that it would have been difficult to gain from it any idea of the taste of its owner, though there was a marked predominance of brilliant and difficult music over more simple melodies.

"It was downright cruel in Roy," thought the high-spirited young girl, whose shapely fingers were marching o'er

"The yielding planks of the ivory floor."

"It was simply masterful and wicked to send me this insignificant little Jew's-harp, when he knew that I wanted a concert grand." Bitter, rebellious tears fell in other flashing drops upon Roy's great solitaire—a ring which bore within it the inscription *Cor Cordium*, in token that she possessed his very heart of hearts. It was a legend which had created considerable amusement in the family, for Edith's little cousin, having read it, asked, "Did you ever play on the *acordium*, Edith? Then what did Mr. Massey put it in your ring for? That's what I want to know."

"Not one of my favorite pieces," said Edith, in her unhappy reverie, "sounds well upon this piano; positively it is fit for nothing but 'Home, sweet Home.'"

She struck a chord or two of the dear old song, and then, as though desperate, dashed recklessly off into some rollicking Offenbachian chorus. Edith Rushmore's voice was one of wonderful compass, pure in quality, and cultured to a faultless degree of exactitude and taste. The most difficult passages were sung with apparently no effort. Her singing was like that of a bird—something spontaneous, almost beyond her own will, while it was like a perfectly constructed instrument in its absolute accuracy. It was a voice that had been carefully trained for the opera, and was supplemented by a decided talent for acting, and a graceful majestic figure capable of making a striking appearance upon the stage. But Edith had not made the début to which she had looked forward through long years of study, for Roy Massey, who had come abroad to purchase machinery, had heard her at a private soirée at Paris, and had confessed that the only way to his heart of hearts was through the ear.

All of Edith's fortune had been expended upon her musical education, and Mrs. Rushmore, a worldly-wise little woman, saw no sacrifice in her daughter's exchanging the chances of success or failure in the career of a public singer for the certainty of a husband with half a million. She was tired, too, of jaunting about, of living in a shabby way in Milan, in Leipsic, and in Paris, and she longed to possess once more the substantial comforts of a home in New York State.

And so they had come to Pitchburgh, where were Mr. Massey's extensive gasworks, and where it happened a well-to-do sister of Mrs. Rushmore's resided, from whose house Edith was to be married. All this was a great and sudden change for Edith. She was young, and liked novelty. Their private, shabby way of living abroad had not troubled her, while she had enjoyed intensely the attractions of the great, gay, beautiful cities. Pitchburgh, with its many smoky columns rising,

"Like the afrite in the Arabian story,"

from Mr. Massey's many chimneys, was a dark picture even in the golden frame which his fortune lent it. To do her justice, she did not care much for his fortune: what she did care for was excitement and admiration. Mr. Massey admired her, and there had been some excitement in her first courtship; but now that the novelty of the situation was wearing away, she began to wonder if for her own happiness she had chosen wisely after all.

The wild drinking song which she was playing was interrupted by a loud booming noise, as of the firing of a royal salute; then there was a strange preternatural hush, and another and another crashing report followed. The house trembled, and the plate-glass windows in its front were shivered; there was a banging of doors, and people were hurrying out of the house in alarm. Edith opened one of the shattered windows and stepped out upon the balcony: the air was filled with smoke, and men were pointing toward the Massey gas-works. The tall chimneys had suddenly disappeared, and flames were fast covering a shapeless mass of ruins.

Roy Massey was standing in his office when the explosion took place. He had just handed the books back to his book-keeper after a careful revision: his business during his short trip in Europe had been very prosperous. He felt that he might venture to leave it for a longer time. Where would Edith like to go for a wedding tour? he wondered. He was repaid now for the work of a lifetime. He had compressed forty years of ordinary labor into twenty, and now at thirty-five could sit down with nothing to do but to listen to Edith's singing; and half unconsciously he hummed a little song he had learned from her:

"O wie ist möglich dann
Das ich dich lassen kann—"

Then came the explosion—a noise as though the seven angels of the Apocalypse had sounded together—and a strong, invisible hand smote him to the earth.

The engines were on the spot playing promptly into the burning ruins, the hook-and-ladder companies were actively doing their work, and a score of earnest men were plying pickaxe and lever where a white-faced workman pointed a shaking finger. Men were buried there—whether alive or dead God knew—and the rescuers worked with a will, treading on the burning débris as though the coals were to be minded no more than thistles. Among the eager crowd that the policemen kept back with their clubs, side by side with the frantic wailing widows and orphans of the poor colliers and workmen, in the elegant dinner costume in which she had waited her lover's escort to a musical soirée, stood Edith Rushmore. The wind blew toward them from the fire a sirocco of heat and cinders, but she shivered and shook before it as though it were a blast from the pole. Suddenly she sprang past the policeman, tearing her dress from his grasp. Three men were bearing a body from that part of the works which had been the office. As they staggered into the nearest uninjured building, temporarily cleared as a sort of hospital, the finely cut intellectual face, so deadly pale, and the tall, athletic figure of the owner of the works, were recognized generally by the crowd. Slowly, in his own room, Roy Massey came back to life. He felt that he had been stunned; he hardly knew what had happened; but he asked no questions. The utter stillness about him now was very refreshing. It was exceedingly thoughtful in them all to open and close the doors so noiselessly; there was not even the customary whispering with the doctor, and his housekeeper had exercised a degree of discretion for which he would never have given her credit. She must have removed her squeaking new boots, which never would grow old and never could lose their squeak, and had annoyed him so much in his well days, for now she glided about as noiselessly as a spirit. They had carried the mocking-bird off somewhere, and — Pshaw! how could he be so foolish? Of course the works had stopped, and there was no use of listening for the puff of the engine and the occasional shrill warning of the whistle. The silence was good, and he was very grateful. Edith sat by his bedside, looking at him mutely with great wistful eyes, and he pressed her hand and fell asleep. But as several days passed he began to weary of this monotony of stillness. "Has the doctor told you all not to talk to me?" he asked, as no answer came to one of his questions. "Never mind; do as he bade you; but I will rebel when he comes." He noticed their puzzled and anxious faces. "Don't look so distressed; there is nothing the matter with me. Tell them they need not muffle the bells any longer; it must make a deal of inconvenience." When the doctor arrived he seemed to Roy to be talking, for his lips moved, but he could not hear a word. Then the physician placed his watch at Roy's ear, and Roy laughed. "I am not a baby," he said, "to be amused that way." The doctor did not reply, but next introduced it into his mouth. Thus forcibly gagged, he could only remain quiescent, while his persecutor wrote upon a bit of prescription paper: "Do you hear it tick?" and held the slip before his eyes. As soon as the watch was removed, Roy replied: "Of course I can't hear it tick; the thing has stopped;" and then, as he saw that Edith was weeping, he asked: "What are you all acting in this crazy way for? Will somebody please explain." And again the doctor wrote, and held before him the words, "You are deaf." "Impossible!" exclaimed

Roy, sitting up in bed. "Edith darling, sing to me—sing one of your stunners;" and Edith, standing close beside him, sang. The tears were in her eyes, but her voice was never clearer: it would have reached the topmost row of boxes in the great theatre of Milan. Roy watched the heaving chest, the swelling throat, with an expression of mingled affright and despair. He dropped her hand and threw his arm across his face. "It is true," he cried; "I am deaf, stone deaf."

Time passed on; the effect of the shock had gradually worn away; Roy Massey mingled again with his fellows. There was much in the repairing of his building and the re-establishment of his business that needed his active and personal superintendence. He found that his relations with mankind were not, after all, so greatly altered. He had long been his own corresponding secretary; now all of his business had to be carried on by correspondence. It was only as if he had moved away from every body—so he told Edith—and was obliged to carry on his financial operations from the country of No Man's Land.

Nowhere had the barrier of distance so sensibly interposed as in his intercourse with Edith. Formerly, when he called, after their first greeting, he threw himself in a lounging position upon the sofa, and she, without waiting for request, took her seat at the piano, where she played and sang for him throughout the entire evening. There might be other guests there; it did not matter; Roy knew very well that she was not playing for them, but for him. Now he always found the piano closed, and Edith came directly and sat beside him, answering his spoken remarks by little notes scribbled upon the leaves of his tablets, which leaves he tore off as soon as written, and committed to his vest pocket.

"There is one advantage in this state of things," he said: "I shall have more love-letters than men generally. But, Edith, it has been a sad interruption. Do you know we were to have been married ere this?"

Edith bowed her shapely head. "I am afraid you will misunderstand me," she wrote, "but I want you to consent to putting off the marriage for a while. I have received a very remarkable offer to travel throughout the United States as a star with a reliable opera troupe. I don't believe you realize how the current of my whole life has set toward music, how I have worked for and looked forward to this. I don't believe I realized it when I said that you were the only audience I ever cared to have."

The nervously moving little hand was stopped by his calm one. "And now that audience of one has failed you. Yes, I believe I can understand, little girl, and you are free to go."

"But, Roy, Roy," she began, speaking impulsively, and in her earnestness forgetting that he could not hear, until, with a sad smile, he placed the pencil between her fingers. "I do not want to break the engagement. I only want to go and try my wings a little, and then I will come back to you, Roy—I truly will. I will give it all up, and marry you now, if you say so; but I thought, perhaps, since it is all so different—"

"There are some things in which I do not even now see any difference," said Roy. "I still want my wife to be all my own, and not the world's. But it is selfish to long for a thing which I can not even appreciate." He lifted a little volume of Jean Ingelow's from the table, and read from it:

"'Ah! why to that which needs it not,
Methought, should costly things be given!
How much is wasted, wrecked, forgot,
On this side heaven!'

And your voice shall not be wasted, Edith. Go and sing; and if you ever change, if you ever come to care for the home nest more than for the wide world, be sure you will not find me changed; you will find me here just as you leave me, and meantime you are free;" and rapidly turning over the leaves of the book, he found another passage, marked it, and placed it in her hand. Then he rose abruptly and left. And Edith, wondering whether to be glad or sorry, half minded to call him back again, read:

"I can be patient, faithful, and most fond
To unacknowledged love; I can be true
To this sweet thralldom, this unequal bond,
This yoke of mine that reaches not to you."

II.

The long winter wore by, and Roy worked with a sore heart. The breach made in his fortune was more than repaired; he felt the affliction of his deafness less day by day; but Edith's conduct cut deeper and deeper. He knew now that she did not love him. She wrote regularly each week, but her letters were a mere journal of her triumphs. No expressions of regret or impatience over the time lost to love. It seemed to him sometimes that they were scarcely friendly in tone, and he almost dreaded meeting her again, they had drifted so much further apart even than he had anticipated. He felt a strange kind of relief when a letter more kindly than usual stated that the principal members of the troupe with which she was travelling were going to England for the spring season, and from there to Russia, and she only waited his approval to accompany them. "Next fall you can meet me in Paris," she wrote; "we can be married there, and then I promise to come home and settle down." It sounded to Roy like the end of every thing. He had no faith in her promise. "She will marry some Russian noble, or else decide never to leave the stage," he thought. "Well, I have seen this com-

ing, and, thank Heaven! am strong enough now to bear it." He wrote to Edith, giving her *carte blanche* as to her own actions, but saying nothing of the conclusion which this request had forced upon him. "She shall not make me break the engagement," he said to himself, bitterly; "she shall have that nice little operation to do herself. I am faithful." And with conduct utterly inconsistent with this last clause he put every thought of marriage with her from his mind, and tried to feel as if he had never known her.

As spring opened he had occasion to make a business journey into another State. It was on this tour that an old college friend, Philip St. Ange, insisted on his spending a few days at his house, and making the acquaintance of his family. The St. Ange mansion was a rambling old house at least a century old, situated on extensive estates at some distance from a city of some importance. As Roy threw open his blinds in the morning he treated himself to a prospect very different from any thing in the neighborhood of smoky Pitchburgh. In every direction from the old manse swept away a magnificent park, the greenery of the woods bounded only by the white turnpike on one side, and on another by the silvery sheen of a quiet river framed with misty blue hills. Just below him a part of the park had been reserved as a flower garden; it was tastefully laid out, and was fairly ablaze with roses and rhododendrons. Earnestly and unconsciously at work among the flowers was a girl of eighteen or twenty. She was neatly habited in a dress of dark blue cambric; a broad hat, around which a veil of the same shade was twisted, surmounted a small head, from which fell a glory of golden hair: down over her shoulders to the waist rioted the waving flood. Roy had never seen any thing so beautiful, and, man-like, determined upon an immediate walk in the garden. He met Philip in the hall, and on expressing his purpose, his friend wrote upon his tablet:

"That is right: breakfast will not be ready for half an hour. You will find Marie in the garden. She is my sister. You remember how I used to talk about poor little Marie? You two can sympathize."

Roy racked his brain to ascertain exactly what Philip meant. He recollected hearing much of this sister, and of some misfortune of hers, but what it was he could not now recall. He had an impression that she was deformed; but in that he must have been mistaken. Had she been disappointed in love? and how did Philip know of his own story?

Marie St. Ange was before him, and lifted to his own a pair of very sweet inquiring blue eyes. He introduced himself by means of his tablets, and they wandered about for a while among the flowers, seating themselves at last on a rustic bench at the foot of the garden. She adapted herself very naturally to the use of his tablets. Her handwriting had a print-like distinctness, and consisted of little black positive letters, with none of the tangled curves in which young ladies usually delight. Her face was very sweet and pensive, with a delicate blush that came and went whenever he spoke. "She is very shy," he thought; and yet there was none of the drooping of lashes which usually accompanies timidity. She regarded him fixedly as he talked, with a gaze that was seldom lifted to his eyes, but seemed to find a fascination in his lips. Roy grew nervous under this continued scrutiny, and several times passed his hand across his mustache, giving to one end a fierce upward twist, and gnawing the other as though he was determined upon its immediate removal. There was something in the girl's expression which, while it interested him, Roy could not quite fathom. It was not sadness, for she seemed filled with a serene joy —a placid, quiet happiness which he had seen shining from the faces of aged Quaker matrons, but was out of place in one so young. There was all the experience of a life in this youthful face, and yet it was wonderfully innocent and child-like. It reminded him of King René's daughter in the strange impression it gave of a soul living apart—in the world, and yet not of it.

"In some way," he said to himself, "she too is a dweller in No Man's Land, and her face is pitiful in its unconscious expression of loneliness." He could think only of the blind Iolanthe, kept ignorant of her own blindness, striving to grasp the idea of color; for the conception was embodied in the mystery of the face before him, though she showed herself in their brief intercourse peculiarly susceptible to the harmonies of color. The garden, she said, was of her own planning; she had designed the graceful arrangement of the beds and walks, and had massed the brilliant flowers in such a way as to bring out all the resources of the broad gamut of color offered her by the infinite variety of tints of azaleas and roses. Roy Massey was not a botanist; he knew nothing of the language of flowers; although his eye for color was good, it had never been educated; and yet at the end of that half hour he became aware of a latent passion for floriculture whose existence he had never suspected, and began to wonder whether it would be possible to establish a rose garden in grimy Pitchburgh.

"You must tell me when it is breakfast-time," he said at length: "you know I can not hear the bell."

Marie St. Ange pointed to a window from which a handkerchief fluttered, and traced rapidly upon the tablets: "There is the sig-

nal now: I do not know how long it has been displayed. You will pardon me, for it was your fault; you should not have been so interesting."

Roy did not wonder then why, when within call, breakfast should be announced to them in this way instead of in the ordinary fashion, for his mind was busied with other questionings.

After breakfast Philip whirled him to the city behind a pair of dashing bays, and they only returned in time for a late dinner. There was company in the evening. Roy, on entering the brilliantly lighted rooms, looked vainly for the sister of his host. There were plenty of elegantly costumed and handsome women, but the one he sought was nowhere to be seen.

One professional musician was seated at the piano, another grappled as though in mortal agony with a huge violoncello, while a thin gentleman in a white choker was blowing himself very red in the face over a silver flute. It was rather amusing at first to watch all this pantomime of music in his soundless solitude; but it grew more sad than amusing after a while, and catching a glimpse of a conservatory at the end of the drawing-room, he wandered into it, thinking that his devotee of the flowers might be here. The conservatory was empty, but it communicated with the library, and, passing on, he found her quite alone, and so intently occupied in sorting some large photographs and engravings in a portfolio-holder that, though he fancied he must have made some noise in opening the glass door, she did not seem to hear it, or to notice his approach. He hardly knew whether to admire her most in the Parisian evening toilet which she now wore, or in her simple morning costume. Marie possessed in a marked degree that exquisite instinct in dress which we have come to associate only with French modistes. Every thing which she wore partook of a dainty witchery, an ineffable grace of fold and tint—a faculty, as it were, of spiritualizing the prevailing styles, of choosing only the possibilities of the beautiful in them—so that her dress gave you the impression of being in the forth-coming fashion, something which the reigning belles and dress-makers had not yet got hold of, but would be sure to be the rage in a few weeks. She had a fastidious little nose, too, and the most delicate and sweetest of perfumes haunted the rare old laces that blended with the silken ruffles of her robe. As Roy passed in front of the gas-light his shadow fell upon the pictures she was arranging. She started, and then, recognizing him, seated herself in a fauteuil, and motioned him, with a glad welcoming smile, to an easy-chair by her side. Roy Massey could never tell how long a time they spent over the portfolio. The pictures, for the most part carbon photographs, were well selected, and embraced reproductions from the masterpieces of the principal European galleries.

"It is the dream of my life to go to Europe," wrote Marie. "I do not know when it will be realized, for Philip is so busy he can not go with me, and I am afraid he would never consent to my making the journey alone. But you have seen the originals of all or of nearly all of these. How I envy you!"

"I fear I did not appreciate my privileges," replied Roy. "I did not care much about art while I was abroad, to my shame be it recorded. I remember going through the Louvre with a lady friend, and we both agreed that it was a great bore."

Shortly after this Roy's visit came to a close. There was one more memorable evening, however, when they all rode into the city and attended the opera. "I like the opera," Marie wrote upon the back of her libretto, "for though I lose nearly all that is sung, I can generally make up the plot from the acting, even without the help of the libretto." Roy thought that she meant that she did not understand Italian; as for himself, the opera was a familiar one, and he scarcely missed the music. Some way he was beginning to breathe in a new atmosphere—that of sight—and No Man's Land was not as lonely as it had been.

Even after his return to Pitchburgh he did not quite escape the charm of Marie's influence, for he had begged her to correspond with him, and her letters had all the enchantment of her presence. Without ever alluding to his misfortune, they were full of a subtle sympathy. He asked her if she was never lonely in the isolation of her country home, which the social wave reached only at rare intervals, and Marie replied, "We used to live in the city, but I like the country best, for

> "'I have such sweet fancies come
> I never had before:
> When you've none else to talk with you,
> I think God talks the more.'"

One day Roy found amongst his mail matter a circular of an institution for deaf-mutes. He glanced over it casually enough at first, but became more and more interested as he read on. The aim of the system was to teach those unfortunates who had been born deaf and dumb to read from the lips and to articulate. The language of signs natural and alphabetical was alike discountenanced, and the patients were urged to rely entirely upon their attempts at speaking, and following the movements of the mouths of those addressing them. Roy was much touched. Here were cases of far greater deprivation than his own. Ever since his accident he had clung with increased tenacity to the faculty of speech still left him. From a silent man he had become.

not loquacious, but eager, as the saying is, to pass the time of day, to make pleasant passing remarks to his workmen and acquaintances, to which no answer was expected. The gift of speech had never seemed so glorious a one to him before, and he had never felt himself so strongly inclined to exercise it as now that he found himself deprived of its consort blessing. During a political canvass, though not a candidate for office, he volunteered his services as stump speaker through a part of the country near Pitchburgh. "I am just the person for such a vocation," he said, "for I shall not hear the hisses and expressions of disapprobation which may follow my speech." Roy felt very keenly the inconvenience to which he put those with whom he engaged in conversation in obliging them to write so much. The idea occurred to him that perhaps he might learn at this institution to read from the lips, and in a measure replace the lost faculty.

"On every height there lies repose," was Roy's thought as he climbed the cliffs on which the retreat was situated. A light blue haze shimmered mistily over the neighboring ranges of lofty hills, and lay in cloudy wreaths and garlands in the valleys on that beautiful day in early summer. A great sense of rest came over him; he could not appreciate the calm of perfect stillness which brooded over the place, but here the very

> "Sunlight was like the truce of God
> With worldly woe and care."

As he stood at the great window in the spacious and tastefully arranged reception-room, having just met with several of the devoted ladies whose lives were given to this noble work, and as he looked away over the extensive prospect below and beyond, his eyes were dimmed with tears; it seemed to him that he was a boy again, reading aloud to his mother under the honeysuckles of the farm-house portico, on such an afternoon as this, from *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

"And, behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful. So he rang a bell, at the sound of which came out of the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion, and asked why she was called. So he said, 'I have so much the more a desire to lodge here, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims.' So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes. Then they read a part of the records of the house, when it was shown how willing their Lord was to receive any — even any; and the pilgrim they led to a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sunrising, and the name of the chamber was Peace. And, behold, at a distance he saw the Delectable Mountains, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains."

The analogy might easily have been carried further, for here too he met with the other damsels of the Palace Beautiful—with Piety and Love; and Hopeful, the pilgrim's best-loved companion, was embodied in Miss Harvard, the teacher with the saint's face and heart, under whose immediate care he was placed. Roy's heart was full; a premonition which he could neither master nor define swept over him, and he said to himself, "Such a sacrament as this must be the herald of some crisis in my life. I am on the threshold of a great joy or a great pain."

The next morning, as he took his place in the class-room, what was his surprise to recognize in the occupant of the seat next his own Marie St. Ange! He expressed his astonishment, and she replied, in writing: "The asylum is my second home. I came here as a little girl; it is here that I have acquired my education, and I am not yet beyond its range of instruction. I have become so attached to the place that I think I shall always spend a part of the year here."

"But I do not understand," replied Roy. "Were you ever deaf?"

The little hand quickly traced: "I was born deaf and dumb. I thought you knew it."

Marie was one of the most advanced pupils; she had learned to read readily from the lips, and spoke with tolerable distinctness, though in a peculiar tone of voice, painfully mechanical, and without any of the varying shades of expression and accent which lend so great a charm to conversation and reading. This Roy's deafness had kept him from remarking; he had seen her conversing with others, and as she was aware of his misfortune, she had always addressed him in writing.

The institution afforded opportunities for intercourse of a home-like and unconventional character. They met under the stimulating influences of the class-room, at the table, and in the pleasant hill-side and woodland rambles of the recreation period. He was intrusted with her care in excursions to the neighboring city for shopping or attendance on church service. The only thought which marred his happiness was that the pilgrim was only permitted to make a short stay at the Palace Beautiful, and that he must soon return to the dusty highway of his every-day pilgrimage.

III.

The short term at the asylum passed very quickly, but it bound his life more closely than he realized to that of Marie St. Ange. One day, after his return to his business, he bent in serious thought over a letter just received from Edith Rushmore, the first in many weeks. It deprecated his coming

abroad to bring her home in accordance with their first plan. "I am so used to travelling and to taking care of myself and mamma," Edith wrote, "that it is really quite unnecessary. I have no objections to crossing the ocean without escort; and, besides, another and, if I choose to make it so, a more permanent engagement in England has been offered me. I have half a mind to try it. I am to meet the manager of the —— Opera-house in Paris next month, and give him a decided answer. Mother says you will never agree to this continual putting off, but I am not a bit more disposed to settling down than when I saw you last."

Roy Massey rested his head in his hands. Their engagement was dying a natural death, and now he was not sorry. He had often wondered what the end would be; what excuse Edith would find; how she would announce it. "In some way," he had once said to himself, "it will be a grand piece of acting, and I shall enjoy it. She is a genius, and equal to any emergency; but I will make this little drama harder for her to bring to a close than she fancies." In all of which Roy Massey had foretold the end more truly than he knew. Now, though he felt that their engagement was virtually at an end, it seemed to him hardly decent to let the entire matter drop in such an unconcerned manner. He would meet Edith in Paris—a short trip across the ocean would do him good—and they would discuss the situation earnestly and frankly together. She should see that he was honorable, and that this was not a matter of indifference to him.

Something of this he wrote her, in a self-righteous conviction of being true where she was false; and then he sent a simple, friendly letter of farewell to Marie.

As he entered his hotel in New York, having just engaged passage upon the steamer, he met Philip St. Ange face to face. "This is the luckiest chance!" exclaimed the young man, placing his hand in Roy's arm. "I have been hunting for you every where. You see, Marie has a friend in Paris who is studying art, and who wants her to join her. It seems just the thing for Marie; she needs something of the kind to brighten her life, and her friend Miss Macdonald is just the person to make every thing pleasant for her. The only trouble has been to find some one to whom we could intrust her for the ocean passage. When your letter arrived, I at once determined to ask the favor of you. Marie is with me, all ready to start; but I tremble when I think how nearly we missed you. I telegraphed to you at Pitchburgh, but you had already left, and your partner could not give me much information."

The fates ordained that the passage should be one of the calmest and most delightful. To Marie it was full of wonder and excitement; to Roy it was a dream of exquisite content. This strange deaf and dumb couple were a source of much interest and comment to their fellow-passengers as they sat apart from the others, gazing out upon the perfect sky and the enchanted sea, and holding their strange, silent conversations.

On his arrival in Paris, Roy found a letter waiting him from Edith, stating that it would be two or three weeks before she could meet him. Marie established herself with her friend in very pleasant quarters near the Champs Élysées. She became a member of a class in painting, which she attended twice in the week, and on other days intended to copy in the galleries. Roy found Paris with all its attractions a little lonely, and asked permission to accompany her on the gallery days.

"I will study the paintings," he said. "You know my conscience reproves me for not giving them more attention when I was here before, and I shall have the benefit of the explanations and criticisms of an artist."

"But I am not an artist," Marie replied, "nor do I want to become one. I only want to learn enough to make copies of a few of the pictures which I like, and to learn a little of art in its adaptations to ornamentation. That sounds a good deal like being contented with the position of a dabbler, I know; but you remember that Ruskin says it is better to learn to know real diamonds when we see them than to try to make diamonds from our own charcoal. It seems to me that is defense enough for my love of copying in the galleries, and for my degradation of high art to the decoration of dessert services and tiles for chimney-pieces. I can only plead that the decoration which the great Artist gives to the clover blooms is as artistic in its way as the magnificent frescoes of mountain scenery. I have always wanted to do something for the institution that has done so much for me. I would like most of all to be a teacher there; but that has seemed impossible, since a deaf person could never tell whether the pupils were articulating properly. The language of art, however, offers a means of communication, and when I return I mean to give my services as drawing teacher, and, if they will accept of them, will hang all these copies of mine there, and do a little decorative work on panel and fresco in the house."

"I approve of your plan most heartily," Roy replied, "and we may sympathize in the study of decorative art, for I mean some day to build a house, in which I intend to pass at least my summers, on one of those very Delectable Mountains; and I hereupon engage you to design it, not only architecturally, but in all its internal details."

The house proved to be a subject of great mutual interest, inducing short excursions

into various departments of art, and all unconsciously to each the little blinded boy became their companion.

This fact was first brought to Roy's knowledge one evening when, on his return to his hotel, he found the long-expected, and of late almost dreaded, letter announcing Edith's arrival in Paris. "So much the better," he said to himself as he opened it. "Now it will all be over with."

But the letter was different in tone from any which she had written him. She had just received a benefit with an ovation in the Russian fashion—social honors, a bewildering display of floral tributes, and a superb present in diamonds; her triumph was complete, and Edith wrote in the first rush of feeling consequent on the surprise that she was more than satisfied that she had now had enough, and preferred to retire on the high tide of popularity to being washed ashore in an ebb of neglect. "You, dear, faithful old Roy," she wrote, "who have been so patient with my willfulness, shall now have your reward. I am glad you came for me, for now I am sure that you have not tired, and that you will be glad to know that I am quite ready, whenever you wish, to be your wife."

Roy stood in the inner court of the hotel as he read this. A numbness came over his mind, an inability to think, and with it a sensation that now was the one moment of his life for prompt and decisive thought. He felt that he must go away from every one, and especially from Marie and Edith, until he had decided on some course to pursue. A carriage which had been ordered by some one in the hotel intending to take the next train stood at the *porte cochère*. Without a word he appropriated it, and the driver, acting on previous directions, drove to the Gare du Nord. All that evening Edith waited and wondered. "Why does he not come?" she repeated again and again. "How strange it is!" All the next day she remained in-doors for fear of missing his expected call; but when another evening passed and still he did not come, her surprise and annoyance changed to serious alarm, and on the following day she drove to his hotel to make inquiries. "Yes, M. Massey had rooms here." But the young man at the desk could not recollect whether he had or had not been there the day previous. "Monsieur went very regularly to the Musée de Cluny: perhaps madame would find him there." To that quaint little curiosity shop of a palace Edith immediately went. A chill crept over her body and soul as her long robe swept over the polished floor of the cold rooms in the lower story. The upper rooms were filled with visitors, for it was a public day, but in all the long vista of connecting galleries Edith failed to catch a glimpse of the familiar face. Twice she walked slowly from one extremity to the other, and the guardians remarked significantly that she never once paused before a cabinet of *curios*, or gave even a passing glance to the rare *objets de virtu* on every side. With tears of disappointment welling up in her eyes, she paused at length beside a cavernous carved chimney-piece, seating herself in a rare old Flemish chair covered with costly embossed leather. A guardian touched her politely on the arm. "Pardon; it is not permitted; this is one of the objects;" at the same time offering a folding-chair upon which it was not considered a profanation to sit. Edith would have moved away, but she was really tired, and was glad of the offered camp-chair. "Does the management provide these seats for strangers?" "Ah no," replied the guardian; "this is the chair of an Englishman—a deaf gentleman who comes here quite regularly, though he is not here to-day. I have seen him offer it many times to fatigued ladies; he would be quite proud that madame has served herself with it." Edith glanced at the arm of the chair. It bore a pasted label—"R. Massey, Cunard steamer *Parthia*." She started violently, but recovering herself, stroked the arm and the name. The chair gave her a sense of nearness to him; it was a connecting link, and she was mentally asking herself in what way she should take advantage of it, when the loquacious guardian continued: "Madame is perhaps English, though she has not at all that air; I should have said Russian, might I have been permitted."

The wife of the guardian was employed in one of the large dress-making establishments of the city, and under her instructions the guardian had made a study of costume. He knew that the styles sent during the same season to Russia, England, and America varied sensibly, in accordance with the Parisian notion of what would be likely to be acceptable in the several nations. Edith was attired, in the prevailing Russian fashion, in a sweeping princesse cloak and Rubens hat with long plume. The entire suit had been recently purchased in St. Petersburg, but to the eye of a connoisseur like the guardian even the garniture of the dress told that it had been designed in Paris expressly for the Russian market. All of this accumulation of circumstantial evidence was now set aside by Edith's curt announcement: "I am an American."

The guardian elevated his eyebrows. "But certainly. And America is in England, is it not? Ah! no; how could I be so stupid? But all the English people that I have met speak American, and it is a subject on which I confuse myself enormously. Now the gentleman to whom is this chair may be American, but when he speaks it is in French, and that rarely, and his wife not



"THERE SHE SITS IN LADY BLANCHE'S ROOM."

at all. Poor thing! she can neither speak nor hear in any language."

"His wife!" exclaimed Edith, in a sharp, metallic tone.

"Yes; there she sits in Lady Blanche's Room. She is an artist, but" —with a shrug of the shoulders—"not of the first talent. Her pictures are always charming; they have none of the horror, of the craziness, of the sublime ugliness, of genius. She makes an adorable picture herself—the pretty blonde against the dark background of the crimson brocade bed-hangings of the state bedstead yonder. It is of carved wood of the sixteenth century; madame should regard it. They have come here every day for a long time past, and I sit for hours lost in admiration. I had once an opportunity to go to America—to Valparaiso. Are there many more such pretty blondes in your country, madame?"

But Edith did not hear the question. She walked straight to where Marie was sitting, and asked, in a dry, choking voice, "Is it true that you are Roy Massey's wife?"

A sort of spasm passed over her features as she spoke, and her lips moved so convulsively that Marie could not read them. She had experienced the same difficulty with the nervously mobile French mouth, which, combined with the fact that her acquaintance with the language had been made through books, had reduced her to the necessity of carrying on all communication with French people by writing. She shook her head now, with a timid smile, and ex-

tended the little set of tablets attached to her belt by a châtelaine, pointing at the same time to the words printed in French upon the cover: "Will you please write? I am deaf and dumb."

Edith repeated the question in writing.

A crimson flush suffused the girl's face. "Oh no," she wrote; "he is only a very dear friend of mine and of my brother's."

Edith looked at her scornfully. "Where is he?" she wrote.

"I do not know," replied Marie; "I have not seen him since the day before yesterday. It is very strange—quite unaccountable; I almost fear some accident has happened to him. Are you too a friend of his?"

"You are very intimate, then?" inquired Edith, disregarding the girl's question.

"Yes," replied the other, simply. "He has been most kind; I do not know what I should do without him." Then, as though she felt that Edith's questions were intrusive, she closed her tablets, and quietly returned to her sketching.

"The little simpleton is in love with him," thought Edith. "Does Roy care for her, I wonder, wanting as she is?" and then with a bitter, "Why not, since it seems I care for him?" she bowed distantly to the little artist and swept down the room. "*Cor cordium, cor cordium,*" she repeated to herself on her homeward drive, twisting Roy's solitaire till it gashed her fingers—"O heart of hearts, I did not think you cared for Roy, but envy and jealousy have taught you that you do."

Edith's mind was quick and cool. She had no need to rush away from the city in order to gain composure, and before her carriage had crossed the Seine she had regarded the situation from every point of view, and had come to a prompt and just decision. As she came in sight of her hotel she saw that Roy was leaving the door, and by a series of vigorous signals from the carriage window succeeded in attracting his attention. She motioned him to the seat beside her, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Bois.

Roy was pale and agitated. The shock of the awakening to the fact that he and not Edith had been false to their bond was a great one. Whatever pain he might be called upon to suffer, he had always comforted himself with the feeling that he was perfectly honorable, that no reproach could attach itself to a single act of Roy Massey's. Now he quailed like a guilty thing before her perfect constancy and trust, and even this was not half of the trouble. To Marie, basely taking advantage of her great misfortune, he had now become a necessity. He knew that the girl loved him. What would such a child, with no resources to distract her from self, living such an intensely inner life, do with a broken heart? The sweat stood in great beads upon his forehead; he battled hard with himself, and had come to no decision; he could only lay the matter before Edith's sense of justice, and say, "I am a scoundrel, a pitiable, miserable scoundrel." She would despise him and cast him from her. He had imagined many "scenes" in which their engagement might end, but never one like this. Meantime Edith had taken his writing-case and was filling sheet after sheet with pleasant commonplaces, giving him time to recover himself, pretending not to notice his agitation, though she took it all in with frequent narrow glances from the corners of her eyes.

"Did you have a pleasant call with mother? What did you do to pass away the time? Did she show you my diamonds? Superb, weren't they? Almost enough to make me fall in love with the life of an artist. Would you think me very fickle, Roy? What would you say, I wonder, if I told you that, after all, *I could not* give it up, even for you?"

A great quiver passed over his frame. Hitherto he had made no attempt to caress her, but now he threw an arm around her waist, and grasped her hands tightly. "Write it, Edith," he exclaimed; "say that our engagement was all a mistake, that you are as tired of it as I am, and I will bless you from my heart of hearts for ever and ever."

She laughed charmingly, disengaged her hand, and wrote: "It is well that this is a closed carriage. I am not at all accustomed to being treated in this way, on the boulevard and in broad noon too! Yes, you foolish fellow, our engagement was all a mistake—though I do like you immensely, Roy;" and, sure upon whose finger it would soon glisten, she slipped the ring with its motto into Roy's hand.

"You see, I have diamonds enough without it," she explained to her mother that evening.

"Edith Rushmore, you have no heart," sobbed that long-suffering little woman.

"Perhaps not, mamma," was the reply. "I don't need one so long as I keep my voice."

It was the most perfect as well as the most difficult piece of acting which Edith had ever sustained. As after her public efforts, a reaction came, and Edith alone in the depth of the night sobbed to her pillow: "I did not think I had a heart, but if that had been true, I could have withstood that child's face at the Cluny. I have a heart and a true one, and you have not quite broken it, Roy, though it has been a hard, hard lesson."

Roy Massey and his wife still live in No Man's Land. It would be no kindness to them to seek them out; they are among those few and foolish married people who

care only for the society of each other. They are not selfish, but most naturally the love and charity of their hearts flow toward those who, like themselves, have been for long years dwellers in No Man's Land, and who now live near them upon the Delectable Mountains.

THE PRACTICAL INTERROGATION OF NATURE.

"THREE are more than five! And to prove it I will change this stick into a serpent."

So said an Arabian magician to a rabble he had collected. A learned mufti, who was in the audience, subsequently told me: "I did not choose to contradict him, because I saw that the people cared more for the prodigy than the arithmetical fact. I extol his legerdemain, for he performed the miracle, but I hold at a very cheap price his mathematics. Where was the connection between the assertion he made and the proof he offered?"

Miracle proof—of which this is a specimen—was a favorite practice in the infancy of society. It depended essentially on the principle that the truth of an assertion may be established by an astounding illustration of something else.

There is another method: *ipse dixit*—he hath said it; the master hath said it. This among the mediæval philosophers was in high favor. They chiefly applied it to Aristotle. If it could be shown that in the writings of that pagan philosopher a sentence occurred giving support to some special interpretation of a disputed question, they sought no further; there was an end of all dispute. We can have but a very inadequate idea of the authority that Aristotle thus acquired.

Sir Thomas Browne says, "The mortalest enemy unto knowledge, and that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth, hath been a peremptory adhesion unto authority, and more especially the establishing of our belief upon the dictates of antiquity."

Again, another method consisted in citing the names of eminent men who had given credit to a disputed assertion. Those persons may have had no special qualifications. The fact about which they were supposed to bear evidence might have occurred ages before they were born, or in countries a long way off that they had never seen. Advantage was taken of their personal character to give a bias in some contention, or to smooth the way for acceptance of something that might otherwise be resisted.

But of these and other methods that might be mentioned perhaps ordeal proof was the most absurd. A man accuses his enemy of having stolen some goods; the facts of the case are not looked into, but the accuser and accused are placed upon their trial. They are made to stretch out their arms to the utmost, so that their bodies may somewhat resemble the form of a cross. He who can maintain this position longest is the true man; judgment is given against the other. Ordeal testing was of many different kinds. A fair lady is accused of an indiscretion; her slanderer and her friend fight a duel. The former is wounded, and therefore she was not frail. An octogenarian female is accused of witchcraft; she is thrown into a pond; her guilt or innocence is settled by her sinking or swimming. A man is accused of having uttered a blasphemy; he denies it. If he can lick a red-hot copper ring without burning his tongue, he is guiltless.

A most valuable and instructive work might be written on the character of the evidence that passed current up to the close of the fourteenth century. Such a book would have no common claim upon public attention if it undertook to show how much, how very much, of the fancied knowledge of the present day depends upon evidence of a really inadmissible kind.

When, after more than a thousand years of darkness, science, which had been extinguished in Alexandria, re-appeared in Italy, the great men who were fostering it saw the necessity of a change in the character of evidence. The world was full of what it supposed to be knowledge depending on such methods as these—knowledge that in very many instances was an outrage to common-sense. The Neapolitan Academia Secretorum Naturæ, and the Lyncean Academy established in Rome, exercised a wise caution in the ascertainment of truth, and put upon these wild modes of evidence a proper value. So thoroughly impressed were they with the need of placing some check on the influence of individual authority, a check on the influence of tradition, that when in 1657 the Accademia del Cimento was founded, it insisted as the essential condition of membership that the candidate should abjure the authority of mere tradition, the influence of any name, no matter how eminent it might be, and declare his resolution to inquire into the truth himself. When in 1662 the Royal Society of London was incorporated, it selected as its motto, *Nullius in verba*, thus publicly declaring that it would not submit in its opinions to the authority of any name. Though it numbered on its list the name of Newton, the greatest name in science, it has steadfastly adhered to its motto. Its guide and master is not Newton, but Nature.

If any one will carefully consider the case of Galileo, he can not fail to perceive that it was a contest between traditional authority and an appeal to Nature. In England, also, the vindictive opposition the Royal Society encountered had the same origin. It was

plain that if the base modes of evidence on which society in so many things was resting should be supplanted, great interests would be endangered. The pulpits re-echoed the cry, "Lack of faith! lack of faith!"

The immense strides that Science is taking to imperial power depend altogether on the strength she derives from the rule she has thus resolved to observe. She cares nothing about the dictum of any body. She recognizes no such thing as orthodoxy in her views, no such thing as heresy. But she does care about the answers of Nature. Theories that she considers to be on the surest foundation she would give up at once if she perceived they were inconsistent with those replies. So it would be with the theory of universal gravitation; so it would be with the wave theory of light.

But how shall we put our questions to Nature? how shall we compel her to speak to us? how shall we make her unveil secrets that hitherto perhaps no eye has penetrated?

From the history of science we may gather innumerable instances as to the way in which this has to be done. Experiments are questions addressed to Nature. The writings of any experimenter will yield us examples. Perhaps I may be permitted to draw from my recently published *Scientific Memoirs* an illustration. In that work the result only is given; I may here relate how it was obtained.

If several people are shut up in an ill-ventilated room, the air of which is becoming vitiated by the exhalations from their bodies, and especially by the carbonic acid from their lungs, they soon experience a feeling of discomfort; it increases, until breathing becomes difficult, and eventually, unless there be a change of air, death will ensue. In the case of the celebrated Black Hole of Calcutta, 146 prisoners were confined in a dungeon eighteen feet square. In three hours one-third of the whole number were dead. In ten hours only twenty-three persons were alive, and of these several were in a dying condition.

Now, considering that the respiration of all animals is similar to that of man, all tending to produce a like vitiation of the atmosphere, considering, too, the many myriads that are living and breathing on the face of the earth, and the countless ages that they have been doing this, it is very plain that the entire atmosphere must have suffered a deterioration, and would be no longer fit for sustaining life, had not some compensating agency been at work.

The identification of that compensating agency was one of the most beautiful discoveries of the last century. It was proved that the ill effect exerted by animal life upon the air is reversed by the effects of plant life. In the bodies of all animals oxygen is consumed by being made to unite with carbon; carbonic acid is formed, which is an irrespirable body. On the other hand, plants by their leaves imbibe that carbonic acid from the air, separate it into its constituent ingredients, appropriate one of these, the carbon, for their own purposes, and set the other, the oxygen, free. Being a gas, this escapes into the atmosphere, the composition of which by this reversing action is maintained unimpaired.

But this singular antagonistic action is not due to any innate power in the plant. It is not manifested by night, nor in the dark. It requires the light of the sun, and in proportion as the light is more brilliant it is better performed. In the sun rays we thus find the principle or force which maintains the air in a condition suitable for the needs of men, and, indeed, of all animal life.

There is a very simple yet very pretty method by which this all-important action of plant life may be shown. In all spring and river waters, such as we use for domestic purposes, carbonic acid exists in a dissolved state. Now if we take a small bottle of such water, and put into it a few leaves of grass, so long as the bottle and its contents are kept in a dark place nothing noteworthy ensues. But if we bring it into the sunshine, we shall see, in the course of a few minutes, air-bells collecting on the grass leaves; these gradually increase in size, and, detaching themselves, rise through the water and burst at its surface. If means such as are to be found in chemical laboratories be resorted to with a view of ascertaining what these air-bells are, they will be found for the most part to be oxygen gas. The sunlight has separated the carbonic acid which was dissolved in the water into its component ingredients; the leaves have appropriated one, the carbon, and the other, the oxygen, has found its way into the air. Let us bear in mind this simple experiment: we shall presently have to refer to it again.

If some seeds—as, for instance, those of the turnip—are made to germinate in a dark place, they come up of a whitish aspect, or of a sickly yellow hue. In this condition, if the flower-pot or other vessel in which they are growing be set in the sunshine, the young plants quickly lose their diseased appearance and turn green. If they have been permitted to germinate in a lighted place, they are green from the first. Vegetable physiologists have detected that there is a connection between this greening of plants and the decomposition of carbonic acid of which we have been speaking. The green color is produced by the carbon that the sunshine has given them from the air.

Forty years ago it was currently believed that there are in the sunbeam at least three essentially different principles—heat, which

we experience when we stand in the sunshine; light, which manifests to us through our eyes the outer world; and still another class, characterized by bringing about chemical decompositions, and so called in those days chemical rays. As the decomposition of carbonic acid is such an effect, it seems to have been taken for granted that it was due to those chemical radiations, and not to light or to heat.

About 1837 I was attempting to germinate some seeds, and grow the plants coming from them in boxes to which light of different colors was admitted. In one of these boxes the light was red—it had passed through red glass or other red medium; in a second it was yellow; in a third, blue. At that time it was supposed that the heat constituent resided chiefly in red light, the light was most energetic in the yellow, and chemical force in the blue.

The seeds in the three different boxes came up. But very soon an unexpected fact appeared. Those that were in the blue and the red light did not lose their sallow appearance, but those that were in the yellow turned green, and developed themselves in a healthy, natural way. There could be no doubt that the greening of a leaf and the decomposition of carbonic acid are interconnected phenomena. How, then, was the apparent contradiction to be reconciled—the one took place in yellow, the other in blue light, as was affirmed?

Now after all the foregoing long, and I dare say to some of my readers wearisome paragraphs, I am brought to the main point of this paper. Here was a manifest difficulty, if not a direct contradiction. What must be done to get an explanation? Clearly the right course was to have a conversation with Nature.

So I may repeat a sentence occurring a few lines back. "How shall we put our questions to Nature? how shall we compel her to speak to us? how shall we make her unveil her secrets?"

Compel her! She will answer us of her own accord. There is no compulsion in the matter. Put your question to her in her own material language; she will answer without delay in her own material tones.

This, then, was what I proposed to do. To disperse a ray of sunlight by the aid of a prism into its constituent colors, and put into each of them a bottle of water containing a few grass leaves. To favor the answer which I was sure Nature would give me, or, if you please so to phrase it, to commend myself to her kindly attention, I dissolved in the water a little more carbonic acid.

The affair with me then was to direct a beam of sunlight horizontally into a room, to separate it into its constituent colors—red, yellow, blue—and to put into each of these colors the bottles prepared, as has been said.

To make and keep the sunbeam horizontal and motionless while the sun himself was moving required the use of what is called by optical writers a *light-director*. This little instrument, by the aid of two screws, turns a piece of looking-glass into any position needful to reflect a sunbeam horizontally into a room. The beam comes through an aperture in the shutter, which otherwise keeps the room quite dark. As the sun is all the time moving, it is necessary that the screws should be continually turned to keep his ray steadily in the requisite horizontal position.

So my wife undertook to work the director and keep the ray in the necessary position. We had an arrangement that when she was tired I would take her place and she mine. We expected to have to work all the day, or at least as long as we could get the sun.

In that dark room, through which we were compelling a sun ray to pass in a stationary manner in spite of the movement of the sun, there were three present—Nature, my wife, and I.

By a prism the incoming sun ray was parted into its several colors, and bottles prepared, as aforesaid, with spring water and leaves, were set in the red, the yellow, the blue lights. Or perhaps I ought to say that, to propound the question in a more acceptable manner, instead of mere bottles we used what were substantially their equivalent—inverted test tubes, in which the gases, if any should come, might be collected and examined.

We had not long to wait; we had not to consume the day. Before my wife's tour of duty had expired, Nature had promptly answered us. On the grass leaves that were in the red and the blue there was nothing noticeable; on those that were in the yellow, bubbles of oxygen gas were rapidly escaping.

I took my turn at the director. My wife momentarily reported what was going on in the tubes. The tubes in the yellow light kept up their effervescence. Those in the red and the blue did little or nothing, though the light fell on them for many hours. It was enough. Nature had kindly replied to our question. She had said to us: Your predecessors were mistaken in supposing that the decomposition of carbonic acid is due to blue or red radiations; it is due to those that are yellow. Suggestively she added: How could you think that my conduct was so contradictory, so complex? When you saw that leaves turn green in yellow light, why could you not accept the hint I gave? Now remember hereafter that the greening of leaves and the decomposition of carbonic acid are one great fact.

To converse with Nature we must bear in mind that she always speaks in the language of materialism. The question must be propounded to her in material syllables, as it were; her reply comes in the same manner. She has no option but to speak. This necessity arises from the unceasing operation of the laws which she represents. Thus, in the case we have been considering, we presented to her, under material forms, three combinations. If translated into ordinary language, they amounted to this: Is it red, or yellow, or blue light that causes plants to decompose carbonic acid? If chemists had been consulted, they would almost unanimously have said blue. But the voice of a majority does not necessarily establish the truth. That question propounded to Nature, her answer comes promptly and decisively—yellow. And with that all controversy must end.

All controversy must end! Nature can not do otherwise than speak the truth. If any man remains unsatisfied with the interpellation, he has only to propound the same question in the same way, and he will receive the same answer. Or should he see fit to vary the form of his query, he will have a corresponding but true answer to that form.

A very eminent professor of chemistry, whose illustrations before his class were not infrequently marked by the want of success, once, when we were conversing on the subject, remarked to me: "An experiment never fails; it always proves something." So it does. It has a consequence critically and correctly answering to itself.

Experiments are therefore practical interrogations of Nature. In effect we demand, What will take place in such and such a contingency? We formulate our inquiry in the language of materialism. Forthwith the answer comes in the same tones.

But in myriads of cases Nature does not wait for man to begin the conversation. She is incessantly talking to him. Always in action, ever changing things, she displays before him unchallenged the result of her works. He has only to look on, he has only to see what is coming. So we may add Observation to Experiment. From this we gather the great truth that the events of to-day are the offspring of the events of yesterday, and in their turn will be the parents of the events of to-morrow. They all flow in an unvarying, an inevitable sequence.

Such observations made in the astronomical direction assure us that the modes of action taking effect here on our earth take place also in the infinitely distant abysses of space, the furthest regions to which our grandest telescopes can reach. It matters not in what direction we look, north or south, east or west, every where things are under the guidance of the same laws. The imperceptibly little and the immeasurably great, the near and the indescribably remote, are all controlled by uniform illimitable laws.

Or if we observe in the geological direction, we recognize that these laws are not impaired by time. Millions of centuries ago mechanical effects were the same as now. Water had the same composition; it displayed the effects proper to it, whether in the condition of vapor, or liquid, or solid. Light acted in the way it does now; it gave chlorophyll to leaves by decomposing carbonic acid. Had there been men in those remote times to demand, they would have been told it is the yellow ray that is doing this.

The laws, then, that we are contemplating are the same, no matter how far off our point of observation may be. They are the same, no matter what may be the interval of time; they do not become feeble through old age. They are infinite, eternal, unchanging.

The magnificent appearance presented to us by our earth and the heavens is, then, the materialized embodiment of these laws. Not incorrectly or unjustly personifying it, we call it Nature.

Is there not something impressive in the privilege we enjoy of interrogating this majestic conception, and, what is more, of having our interrogations answered without delay and with absolute truth?

The instance we have been using as an illustration to these thoughts—the action of light upon leaves—is capable of extension; it can furnish additional observation derived in the same way.

Optical writers have long ago asserted that of the differently colored rays composing white light the yellow has the most powerful effect on the eye, or, in other words, appears the brightest. Is it not a curious fact that the rays thus having the greatest effect upon the eye are those most effectual in separating carbon from oxygen under the influence of light?

Chemists have found that there exists in the substance of the brain phosphorus in an unoxidized condition, and physiologists have found that it undergoes oxidation as a consequence of acts of sensation or of intellection, that these acts are connected with the dismissal of portions of it from the nervous system.

I may here make a short digression to point out a popular error connected with these things—an error that borders on the ludicrous.

Since during the acts of sensation and intellection phosphorus is consumed in the brain and nervous system, there arises a necessity to restore the portions so consumed, or, as the popular expression is, to use brain food. Now, as every one knows, it is the

property of phosphorus to shine in the dark, and as fish in a certain stage of putrefactive decay often emit light, or become phosphorescent, it has been thought that this is due to the abundance of phosphorus their flesh contains, and hence that they are eminently suitable for the nourishment of the nervous system, and are an invaluable brain food. Under that idea many persons resort to a diet of fish, and persuade themselves that they derive advantage from it in an increased vividness of thought, a signal improvement in the reasoning powers. But the flesh of fish contains no excess of phosphorus, nor does its shining depend on that element. Decaying willow wood shines even more brilliantly than decaying fish; it may sometimes be discerned afar off at night. The shining in the two cases is due to the same cause—the oxidation of carbon, not of phosphorus, in organic substances containing perhaps not a perceptible trace of the latter element. Yet surely no one found himself rising to a poetical fervor by tasting decaying willow wood, though it ought on these principles to be a better brain food than a much larger quantity of fish.

To return from this digression. The question then arises, Since both carbon and phosphorus are present in the retina—the sensitive portion of the eye—on which of them is it that the light acts in producing visual impressions? The question is, indeed, half answered when we have recognized that it is the ray most brilliant to the eye which accomplishes the dissociation of carbon and oxygen. There may, however, linger a doubt; the evidence is not complete. Let us, then, have a conversation with Nature about it.

What is the question we must put to her? This: Are carbon and phosphorus both affected by yellow light, or is there a difference of color in the radiation that disturbs them? How shall we translate this question into materialistic language, the language that Nature uses?

We may give clearness and precision to our inquiry by excluding all needless conditions. So reduced, it comes to this: Which is the colored light that makes an impression on phosphorus, and dissociates it from its combinations?

That we may comprehend distinctly the question we are about to propound, let us hear what chemists have to say. They tell us that phosphorus exists in at least two different states, active and passive; in the former it is clear and transparent, in the latter of a deep mahogany red. In the translucent state it is prone to take fire by slight friction, or other such trivial causes; in the red or dark state it is much less combustible. Though it may seem to be mixing things that are very trivial with things that are very imposing, I can not avoid saying that in the manufacture of those friction matches which owe their combustibility to phosphorus it has been found an improvement if red or inactive phosphorus be used instead of the clear or active kind. They are less liable to be set on fire by the nibbling of mice—a not infrequent cause, so insurance officers affirm, of serious conflagrations.

Now it is well known that white or clear phosphorus if kept in the dark undergoes no change of color to a darker hue; but if exposed to daylight, and still more quickly if exposed to sunlight, it becomes red, passing from the active to the inactive condition. If the light be very intense and favorably applied, the phosphorus may become quite black.

With these facts in view, I arranged the following combination: Into a broad flattened glass tube I drew by suction from under the surface of hot water a quantity of clear white phosphorus, and waited until by cooling it had solidified. Then I closed both ends of the tube by melting the glass. The phosphorus was now out of contact with the air, and presented a broad and almost flat surface to the eye.

It remained then to expose this clear white surface to the solar spectrum, and ascertain in which of the colored spaces its color would change. The interrogation thus sharply propounded to Nature was this: Will the phosphorus darken where the yellow light falls, or in some other place?

The spectrum I was using was much purer than that employed in the former case. The light was coming through a narrow slit instead of a large circular aperture. One could see with distinctness the lines of Fraunhofer.

Very soon came the reply of Nature. She said it was not the yellow, but the blue, or rather the violet light, that was working the change. So precise, so unmistakable, was this answer that there were presented in the region now known to spectroscopists as that about H many of the characteristic fixed lines beautifully depicted.

I kept this specimen screened in an opaque case from the further action of light for several years, as also other specimens arranged between plates of glass.

Now let us apply to the problem before us the information that Nature had so promptly vouchsafed.

If phosphorus had been the sentient element of the eye, the aspect of things around us would have been altogether different. Blue light instead of yellow would have been the most brilliant, the predominating tint. The sky would have assumed a strange intensity; the verdure of the earth would have been shorn of its grateful appearance.

Considering, then, the actual difference of things, we are irresistibly brought to this conclusion: In the retina, the sentient part

of the eye, it is not phosphorus but carbon that is affected. The coincidence between the spectrum region of the decomposition of carbonic acid by leaves and the region of greatest brilliancy as seen by the eye is due to the physical relations that the carbon element has to yellow light.

But though we thus exclude phosphorus from the prominent position in the function of sight, we must abstain from carrying that exclusion too far. It may be, and most probably is, the chief actor in other operations going on in the animal system. There is very weighty evidence in proof of this. In animal life sight is one of the most important functions, since through it mainly we have knowledge of the outer world. But what shall be said about intellection? And it is indisputably certain that intellection can not go on without the oxidation of phosphorus.

Since I published these views, many years ago, they have given rise to very lively discussion. The experiments themselves have been repeated and varied in the laboratories of Russia, Germany, Sweden. M. Timiriazeff, in a work published in Russian at St. Petersburg *On the Assimilation of Light by Plants*, says that the two effects here considered are heterogeneous—the one is physical, the other physiological, or indeed subjective—and that they can not be compared together. M. Lommel, in the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, endeavors to show that the reduction of carbonic acid is brought about by the rays absorbed by chlorophyll—a result strengthened by M. Becquerel's experiments in Paris. M. Sachs, viewing the matter botanically, thinks that the coincidence is accidental. Perhaps he overlooks the fact that nothing is accidental. Whatever is, must be. A very large portion of these contributions to the subject turns upon a fact long ago proved by me—that a ray, to be effective in producing any result, must be absorbed. It is shown in many of these discussions that the rays which produce this decomposition are the same that are absorbed by chlorophyll, and therefore it is inferred that the presence of that green body is necessary to the production of the effect; but I can not assent to the conclusion here drawn, and for this reason: how can it be possible that the green ingredient of leaves is the cause of this decomposition, when plants that are etiolated and white occasion it, and then turn green? Chlorophyll is not the cause of this wonderful action; it is the effect.

The interrogation of Nature is by some persons regarded as a mere expression, fanciful or metaphorical. They say that such a conception of Nature is only anthropomorphic, and that we ought not to symbolize the vast panorama displayed before us by the earth and the heavens in any such humanized form. They would have us understand that what we are here calling her answers are nothing more than the effects of those irresistible, unchangeable laws that preside over the universe.

All this may be, and doubtless is, quite true in a scientific sense, and science in our days will not tolerate any corporeal idolatrous forms, even though they be expressed in the living marble of the Greek sculptors. She would rather have the true than the beautiful.

Let us not forget, however, that the humanized embodiment of Nature is not only among the oldest of the images of the Pantheon, but has outlived all her compeers. Isis, the Ancient of Days, was among the Egyptians that embodiment. She was clothed in black to indicate the darkness of night; her feet were placed upon a crescent moon in its early, its waxing quarter. Under the form of a tall, a beautiful woman, she was held as representing not only all visible things, but also all the gods. On the floor of her temple, and often on her statues, were engraven the words: "I am all that was, all that is, all that shall be. No mortal hath raised my veil." Her votaries believed that she is not only the incarnation of whatever is visible to the eye, but that she represents that other, that mysterious world, the land of dreams.

In such veneration was Isis held by the Egyptians that their celebrated Queen Cleopatra was wont to attire herself as that goddess when she had to give responses to her subjects. Isis was regarded as the most holy of the divinities. I have remarked that she has outlived her compeers. For when, after the fall of paganism, the painters of Rome, who had attained a world-wide celebrity in their representations of her, were constrained to apply their skill to Christian objects, they were unable to break through the bonds that tradition had imposed on them, and their successors to the present time in some of their noblest works still offer to us Isis standing on the crescent moon, with her son Horus in her arms, in their pictures of the Madonna.

Experimental inquiry, seen from this classical point of view, is therefore a conversation with Nature through her veil—that veil which, as the old Egyptians said, no man has ever lifted. It is only now and then, here and there, that we gain a hint of universal truth. These hints are not vouchsafed to us at random: they are answers to questions carefully put—questions that imply thought in their preparation, close reasoning in their propounding. They also have to be correctly translated into the materialistic language that Nature uses. No

occupation in which man can be engaged is more delightful than this. There is a fascination not only in its successes, but even in its mistakes. The expected result that an experiment should yield is not obtained; then comes the question, Why? In a long train of research the facts as they are successively developed may seem not to accord with each other; then, again, comes the question, Why? Of this we may be sure, that the contradiction is not in Nature: it depends on some incorrectness, some error, in the interrogation.

Perhaps it may be that the expectation of the philosophical inquirer is rudely shattered at once; he finds that he has mistaken the whole matter. In his disappointment he must begin again. Still worse, sometimes he does not make this discovery till much time and labor have been spent. A mental discipline is thus experienced; he becomes less positive of the truth of his own opinion, more tolerant of the opinions of others. Above all, he learns how little certainty there is in his own conclusions until they have received the warrant, the stamp of truth, which Nature alone can give.

The number of those whose thoughts are thus controlled by a practical interrogation of Nature, though comparatively small, is constantly and rapidly increasing. Ten years ago the clamor against them was very severe; it has abated at the present very greatly, and ten years hence will have disappeared. It denounced them as materialists, or something worse. Now the world is opening its eyes to the grand advantages they have conferred and are conferring on it. How many are the blessings they have given to domestic, how many to social, life! Who shall describe how deeply the character of the individual is impressed by these communions with Nature? If he seeks the infinite, the eternal, let him look up at the skies; if the magnificent, let him contemplate the stars; if the beautiful, the landscapes spread forth on the earth.

One of the most suggestive and interesting chapters of general history might be composed, setting forth the consequences that have followed the use and disuse of a practical interrogation of Nature in various nations. There must have been a period in old times when the Chinese devoted themselves to such inquiries, and the manufacture of paper and silk, the invention of printing, porcelain, the preparation of fine pigments such as vermilion, and the development of many other arts in which that people excel, were the result. They were at one time addicted to astronomical observation, the recording of eclipses, and the appearance of comets. They first brought into use the mariner's compass; they made many discoveries in magnetism, especially that of the variation of the needle. But when their great intellectual revolution occurred, and they founded their national system on literature, things altogether changed. They accepted the *ipse dixit* of Lao-tse or of Confucius, and fell into an iron-bound, unprogressive state. A similar remark might be made respecting North Africa, which has exhibited that transition, once at the destruction of the Museum of Alexandria, and again at the disruption of the Saracen Empire.

On these and other similar occasions events took the course they did mainly through the disadvantage under which scientific investigation labors. There must be a necessary preparation for its successful pursuit, a necessary amount of preliminary knowledge. Though Bacon and other persons have tried to invent an organon by the aid of which any body might make great scientific discoveries, they might as well have expected to use it for the production of grand tragedies, or epic poems, or magnificent musical compositions. The street organ may be able to render such a composition with correctness, but there is something that must precede the construction of the street organ. Bacon's organon in reality turned out to be nothing more than a wild democratic scheme for reducing all men to an intellectual level.

Modern science implies that its devotee shall submit to self-sacrifice, lead a life of retirement, perhaps of solitude, abandon any expectation of pecuniary encouragement, encounter the cost of expensive apparatus, more especially if his investigations be in the quantitative direction; he must then have his observatory, his laboratory, his chronometers, chronographs, telescopes, balances, etc. Even if he be in possession of the necessary material appliances, that is not enough. The progress of any single department of knowledge depends on the advance of the general front of the entire scientific line, and hence there is a time at which, and not before which, discovery can be made—a time at which a given interrogation to Nature can be clearly and properly put. The number of persons who are ready to encounter these disadvantages is small, and since the majority of men desire to realize the advantages of life as easily and quickly as they may, they turn aside from pursuits which involve so much sacrifice, and the benefits of which are cosmopolitan rather than personal. It was this that took place in China when the literary system was nationalized, for distinction in literature does not present the hard conditions that distinction in science does; it was this that took place in Alexandria when it became obvious that the easiest, the quickest, way to preferment lay not through the old Museum of the Ptolemies, but through the Church at Constantinople.

HOW ABEL M'APRIL PREACHED FOR MR. SMITH.

"COME here, please, Helen. I want to see what you can make of this letter that I have just received from John Smith."

She arose, and crossing the room, looked over his shoulder at the paper which he held in his hand.

"I can not read it in this dim light," she said.

So she struck a match, and lighted the gas over the round table. Then she pulled down the window-shades, and drawing a chair close to his, sat down.

"I believe you are making me very indolent, Helen; but you are so deft, and I, with my crutch, am so clumsy, that I prefer to sit here and watch you. But here is the letter."

She took it and studied it attentively for some time. At length she said, "Well, I can make nothing of it. How can you answer such a letter?"

"Oh, I can read it," he said. "I only wanted to see what you could do with it. He does write such a shocking hand."

"Is it written in cipher?" she asked.

"Not exactly, but it is really quite a puzzle. Now let me read it to you, and see what an intelligible thing I can make of it."

He took it, and began to read:

"'DEAR ABEL,—It is some time now since we met, but I have heard from you occasionally through friends; for, while you were so sick, I inquired whenever I had an opportunity. Now that I hear you are so much better—quite well, I suppose, by this time—I am going to ask a favor of you. I want you to preach for me next Sunday. It is rather short notice, so you may have some other engagement; but you have been ill so long I thought you might be at liberty. I was depending on Mr. Adams; but, just as I was coming away, I received a letter saying that he was obliged to disappoint me. So here I am, with no one to supply my pulpit, and on my way to my own wedding, which engagement, of course, I can not break. Do not try to go if you are not well enough; but I hope you will be, for I want you to see the place and the people. I suppose you know that I am settled in Parole. Yours in great haste,

"'JOHN SMITH.'"

"You will not think of going," said Helen, when the letter was finished.

"Oh yes, indeed. I feel quite able. You know I am going back to my studies next week. I have already written word that I will accommodate him."

"I am afraid you are hardly well enough," said his sister. "But there is the tea-bell calling us."

Somewhat back from the pleasant High Street in the quiet little town of Parole stands the old-fashioned farm-house now owned and occupied by Deacon Varley. It has a gambrel roof, dormer windows, and all sorts of nooks and corners. Part of it was built a long while ago, and the rest was added piece by piece as it happened to suit the whim of the occupant. In summer there is a pretty green yard in front, with a border of flowers on each side of the gravel-walk. Here you might see in their season sweet-peas, asters, marigolds, and other old-fashioned flowers, while here and there a tall hollyhock, stiff and stately, stands alone against the fence, like a picket-guard. In winter the place wears quite a different aspect; but still the house has an inviting, home-like look, in spite of the barren fields and garden.

On the same evening when Helen and Abel M'April, in the city of Exburg, were reading the letter from the Rev. Mr. Smith, Deacon Varley and his wife were seated on either side of the fire in their sitting-room, while their daughter Ruth was flitting about the house. Presently there came a knock at the door, and Ruth ushered in a tall middle-aged man whom they greeted as Mr. Smith. As soon as the usual salutations were over he began his errand, speaking slowly, and as if addressing a larger audience:

"Circumstances have arisen which make it necessary for me to depart from town to-morrow morning by the first train. I deplore the exigency, as it involves the uncertainty of my being able to furnish a substitute for the Sabbath; but the telegram I have received calls me immediately. I shall, however, endeavor to obtain in the city some one who will be willing for a slight remuneration to take my place in dispensing to you the Gospel. I take the liberty of calling this evening to request you to do me the favor of asking Mr. Holley, the stage-driver, to observe the passengers who arrive to-morrow night by the train, and to try to discover if among them there is one whom I have deputed to fill my office for the time being, and, if so, to convey him to Mrs. Ward's residence."

"There is no need to speak to Mr. Holley," said Mr. Varley. "I will drive up to the dépôt myself, and take the minister to Mrs. Ward's. But don't trouble yourself too much, for, in an emergency, we could shut up the church, although I am not one in favor of these long vacations they have nowadays. We could get along for one Sunday, after what we had last week. That was a good strong sermon you gave us in the morning, Mr. Smith. I like to hear something of the kind once in a while, if only to know that my minister is sound in the doctrines."

"Thank you, Sir. I fear it is quite doubtful if I have time to procure any one; but I shall be happy to know that you will attend to him should I succeed. Now I must bid you all good-evening;" and Mr. Smith took his leave.

The train came puffing and screeching into the station the next afternoon just as the good deacon drove up, and he sprang out of the sleigh and hurried along the platform to watch the passengers as they got out. There were but few, so he did not have to look long. Of course none of the men whom he knew had come to preach, nor that woman with a green veil, nor the workman carrying a tin pail, nor the boy with the peanuts. There were but two others, and one of them inquired the way to Mr. Emery's. The other was the last to leave the car, and did so slowly, leaning on a crutch. Then he looked around, as if uncertain what to do next. Mr. Varley went up and spoke to him.

"Good-evening, Sir. Were you looking for any one?" he said.

"I was looking for no one in particular. But can you tell me if there is a Mr. Smith preaching here?"

"Certainly, Sir, certainly. I thought you were the one I wanted. Come this way, and step into my sleigh, and I will take you to Mr. Smith's boarding-place. It is a pretty cold evening," he added, as he pulled up the warm buffalo when they were both seated. Then he took the reins, and Polly trotted off again.

"Perhaps I ought to introduce myself," said the stranger. "I am Abel M'April, one of Mr. Smith's class-mates."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. M'April. My name is Varley—Jonathan Varley. I should not think you could have been in the class with Mr. Smith, you look so much younger. But did you say your name is M'April? I wonder if you are any relation to Joseph M'April, of Hapsdale?"

"I am his nephew," was the answer.

"Then I am still more glad to make your acquaintance, for I used to know Joseph M'April. We were like brothers. I shall want to hear all about him. But how tired you look! You must have been sick."

"Yes, I was sick for a long time. I am getting along nicely now, though; only I am not quite as strong as I thought, for the long ride in the cars jarred me so that I feel rather tired; but I shall be all right to-morrow, after a night's rest."

"What was the trouble—rheumatic fever?"

"Something of the kind, and a badly broken limb which was not properly attended to at first."

"How did it happen, if you do not mind telling me?" asked the inquisitive deacon.

"Oh, it was an accident that happened one fearfully cold day last winter at Polar Island, at the time a vessel, the brig *Clytie*, was wrecked."

"The wreck of the *Clytie* off Polar Island!" exclaimed Mr. Varley. "I know all about it now. So you are that young hero we were so much interested in?"

"Do not flatter me, Mr. Varley. I only did my duty."

"Maybe you are right; but then it is not every one who would consider it only his duty. It was a noble work you did that night, whatever you say about it. But I must not run on this way, nor let you talk so much either, for I see you are quite exhausted. You'll not mind riding a little further, though, will you? I have taken the liberty to drive past Mrs. Ward's, for you look too tired to go to a boarding-house, so I am going to take you right home with me. My wife will take better care of you than Mr. Smith's landlady; besides, she doesn't more than half expect you."

"Thank you, Sir; you are very kind; but as Mrs. Varley does not expect me either, I fear it will be too much to ask her to take in a stranger," said Mr. M'April.

"Not a bit of it—not a bit of it. You don't know my wife. She will be delighted to see you."

So it happened that when Ruth heard the sleigh-bells returning, and ran to the door, she saw a stranger with her father. She left the door, and went to call her mother to receive him.

Supper was soon ready, and while they were at the table conversation certainly did not flag, even after appetite did. After questioning his guest concerning his uncle, Mr. Varley spoke of the disaster by which the young man had been injured.

"Don't you remember the wreck of that brig off Polar Island last winter, mother?" he said, addressing his wife.

"Yes indeed I do," she answered. "There was a long account of it in the paper. I know how wonderful it seemed that so many should have been saved in that terrible storm."

"Well, Mr. M'April was the one who saved them, and I think we may be proud to make the acquaintance of such a hero," said Mr. Varley.

"You give me altogether too much credit, Sir," said Mr. M'April. "The papers were extravagant. You must remember that I was not alone in the work, and my friends deserved as much praise as I. My name was the most prominent because I was able to accomplish a little more than the others, but that was only because I was better acquainted with ropes and salt-water than one of them, and had more physical strength than the other—for the light-keeper was nearly sick with rheumatism."

"How was it that you, a young college student, knew so much about the sea?" asked Mr. Varley.

"Well, you see, I did not decide upon a profession immediately after leaving college, and while I was considering I took a long voyage with an old friend of my father's; and as there was sickness on board, making the ship short of hands, I worked with the men, gaining some practical knowledge, and enjoying myself better for the employment. I was studying my profession when the accident happened, and shall not complete the course until next summer."

"It seems to me it was a strange time of year for you to be on that desolate island," said Mr. Varley.

"Perhaps it was, but the light-keeper was an old friend of mine, and I went on purpose to witness the lonely grandeur of nature at its very wildest and dreariest."

"I wish you would tell us all about it—the shipwreck, I mean, and the accident; that is, if you are perfectly willing," said Ruth.

"I almost wish I could make myself out more of a hero, but indeed there is very little to tell," said Mr. M'April, smiling, as he looked into her eager face. "I will tell what I can, however. The storm began the second day after our arrival at the light-house, and I assure you there was not much sleeping there that night, for the wind blew furiously, and the sea was high and rough. The light-keeper tended his lantern, and we listened to the wind and waves, thinking of the poor sailors who might be exposed to their fury, and almost trembling for our own safety even, as the waters dashed about us, and the light-house swayed to and fro. Toward morning a signal of distress was heard. It was no more than we had been expecting, for the wind was dead ashore. When we heard the gun the wind and snow had begun to abate, but it was still dark, and the sea kept up such a pounding that it was difficult to hear any thing else. I think I never knew time to pass so slowly, for we were obliged to wait for the sea to go down a little, and, besides, we couldn't see to do any thing until morning. You know the rest—how when the darkness lifted we saw the *Clytie* fast going to pieces on the breakers. She was a complete loss."

"But how did the accident happen to yourself, Mr. M'April?" asked Mr. Varley.

"We were so excited at the time, and things seemed so confused afterward, that I can hardly tell. It would not have been so bad for us if it had happened at some other season of the year, but it was terribly cold. We had taken off all the men, when we saw one young girl clinging to the rigging. She did not know how to help herself as well as the men, and then her feet were somewhat frozen, so that we barely succeeded in rescuing her, and I suppose I came near losing my life. I was nearly exhausted; every thing was slippery with ice, and I fell and broke my leg. The exposure brought on a fever; and, besides the rest, there was no surgeon on the island to set my limb, and we had to wait for one to come from the main-land; so I suppose it is no wonder I have been so long getting well."

"The wonder is that you lived through it all," said Mr. Varley. "But I did not know there were women on board. I should have thought the men would have looked out for them first."

"The men were excited and frightened. The mate was frozen to death, and the captain and one man nearly so, and there was hardly one who knew what he was about," said Mr. M'April.

"The girl and her friends ought to be very grateful to you," said Mrs. Varley.

"And so they are. They helped take care of me while I was sick, and would have done even more if my sister would have allowed it. But we have talked too long about the adventure, which might have been nearly forgotten before this only that I am still a little lame, as you see. I believe I must ask you to excuse me if I retire early to-night to rest for to-morrow, as it is a long time since I have undertaken so much."

Mr. Varley apologized for having kept him talking when he was already so much fatigued, and in a little while after Mr. M'April retired to his room.

He had not been up stairs more than ten minutes when the door-bell rang. Mr. Varley went to the door, and found there the gentleman who had charge of the church singing. He had heard that a minister had arrived, and his errand was to get him to select the hymns for the morrow, the choir having assembled for practice. Mr. Varley told him that his guest was very tired, and had just retired for the night. Mr. Tenor, however, insisted that he must have the hymns, as they could not practice in the morning before service, for Mrs. Soprano had a large family of children, and was always late. He at last prevailed upon Mr. Varley to go to the minister's door and ask him about it. He was immediately admitted to the room; and when he had heard the business, Mr. M'April requested that Mr. Tenor would select the hymns himself, and give him the numbers of them at church in the morning. So he wrote the subjects of his two discourses on a slip of paper, and thus it was satisfactorily arranged. Had he made his own selection, perhaps this story would not have been told.

The next morning was rather cold, and the sky was overcast, but still it was not unpleasant. Mr. M'April awoke much refreshed by his slumbers. Mr. Varley, after

breakfast, began to be troubled as to the way he should get his guest to church. The distance was not very great, to be sure, but the deacon was afraid he would not be able to walk so far, and it was against his principles to take his horse out on the Sabbath. He was soon relieved, however, by Mr. M'April himself, who said he hoped it was not far to church.

"Oh no," was the answer; "it is rather less than half a mile."

"I am glad, for I rather dread long distances," said Mr. M'April. "Riding tires me more than walking, but I am so slow that a long walk takes a great amount of time. I shall be obliged to start earlier than you usually do, I suppose. Perhaps Miss Varley will be so kind as to accompany me and show the way, though I fear I shall be a wearisome companion."

So it was decided exactly to Mr. Varley's satisfaction, and Miss Varley and Mr. M'April walked to church together. And what shall I say of the service? The congregation was all attention, and as the people came out of church they were talking together of the eloquent discourse. Mr. Varley was fairly overflowing.

"That was what I call good, old-fashioned, practical preaching," he said, his face beaming on every one. "Mr. Smith could do no better himself."

Mr. M'April found the hymns well selected, and as they happened to be old acquaintances, he did not examine the book further.

In the afternoon, as he and Ruth walked again to church together, he said to her, "What hospitable people your parents are, Miss Varley! I feel already as if we were old friends. I am under great obligations to you all for your kindness to a stranger."

"Oh yes," said she, "father seems to have taken a particular fancy to you; but sometimes he is quite rude to my best friends."

"I am surprised that he should ever be rude to any one," said he.

"I hardly ever knew him to be so," she said. "But he is not willing to let me associate with the Quakers, and my friend Dora Graham goes to the Friends' meeting. I believe father would dislike any one who did not belong to our Church. You have no idea how set he is."

"You surprise me," said the minister. "Your father does not seem like one to have unreasonable prejudices."

They had now about reached the church, which was situated at the corner of two streets. A young lady and gentleman in unmistakable Quaker drab were coming up the other street, and met them rather abruptly. They spoke like familiar acquaintances, and the young man lifted his hat.

"Ah, this must be Dora Graham," thought Mr. M'April. "This young man is her brother, perhaps. There may be some other reason why Mr. Varley does not fancy the friendship." He again glanced at his companion. Her eyes were cast down, and she hurried into church, feeling vexed that they should have met the Grahams, though she did not know why. The minister followed her slowly and thoughtfully, but when he reached the pulpit every thing except the service in which they were about to engage was expelled from his mind. While the organist was playing the voluntary he took up the hymn-book and began to read the selections for the afternoon; then he aroused himself to better attention, and read the same thing over again, and this is what he read:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day."

"Can this be the kind of selections my friend John Smith is in the habit of making?" he wondered. "If so, he must have changed in a short time." He turned the book over, and looked at the back; then he started up as if about to speak, but seemed to think better of it. At length his gaze rested on a small Testament lying on a bracket in the pulpit. He seized it, and turned to the fly-leaf, where was written, in a plain hand, "Alexander Appleton Smith, Parole." He saw the whole thing now. Evidently he had read his friend's letter incorrectly, and had come to the wrong place. But how could it have happened? There was not one chance in a hundred that two Mr. Smiths should be absent from their pulpits on the same day. How very strange that he should have lighted upon another Mr. Smith's vacant pulpit! and then, where did his friend Mr. John Smith preach? Now the question arose as to what he should do next. He could not conscientiously read that hymn, and the sermon he was expecting to preach might not suit his audience; yet would it not be well for them to hear some opinions different from their own for once? He felt almost like an impostor, for the people thought their own Mr. Smith had sent him, and had no idea what were his articles of faith. Yet he thought he should like to have Mr. Smith preach for him; then why should he not preach for Mr. Smith? The music of the organ had ceased some time ago, and his friends began to fear that he did not feel well enough to preach. Mr. Varley had just started from his pew, having made up his mind to inquire into the prolonged silence, when the young man arose.

"My friends," he said, "I beg your pardon, particularly that of the choir, for I have decided to speak to you upon a different subject from what I at first intended, and this involves a change in the hymns."

While they were singing the first hymn he selected his text, which was this: "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly;.....but he is a Jew [or we might say, Christian] which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter."

Perhaps a greater impression was made upon the audience than in the morning, for things had never been presented to them in just that light before. Mr. Varley paid the strictest attention, and then walked home quietly, with no such outburst as in the morning, pondering over what he had heard.

That evening, when the Varleys and their guest were seated talking together, they were startled by a strange sound.

"What can that be?" exclaimed Mr. M'April.

"Oh, that is the signal for Captain Halyard's evening meeting," answered Mr. Varley. "I have not heard it before to-day, so I guess he couldn't find a preacher, and put off his meeting until to-night. The captain is a queer, crotchety man, who has built a small house, where he holds some kind of a service every Sunday. Somehow every one seems willing to put up with his eccentricities. He and his wife have really done some good here, people say; but I know very little about it."

As he was speaking the door-bell rang violently. Ruth started up and went to the door.

"Good-evening, my dear," said a pleasant voice. "I wonder if you can give me a match." And a short, stout, elderly man, with a broad, smiling face, entered.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Varley. "This is a coincidence, for we were just speaking about you. Mr. M'April, this is Captain Royal Halyard."

The two gentlemen shook hands.

"I hope you will excuse me for coming in Sunday night, Mr. Varley," said Captain Halyard; "but my matches all went out, and as your house is nearer than mine, I just ran in to get another. I am glad I came in, for now I can see your minister close to. I went to hear you all day to-day, Sir," he continued, addressing Mr. M'April. "That was the right kind of preaching, and I have been wishing I could ask you to say a few words to us to-night. You see, we have preaching when I can get a minister who is round this way to help us out; and when I can't, I just talk to the people a little myself. But you look so tired I guess I had better not ask you to do any thing more to-night; so I will hurry along, and do the best I can myself. Thank you, Ruth; but I don't need so many. I guess two will light us up."

"Stop a moment," said Mr. M'April, rising and laying his hand on the captain's shoulder to detain him. "You will not invite me to preach for you, and I had much rather listen to you, but if you will wait for me to put on my hat and coat, I will go with you, and perhaps help you a little."

"My dear Sir, I shall be delighted to wait as long as you please," exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Captain Halyard, I wish you would have a bell on your church. No one likes to hear that horn," said Mrs. Varley.

"My dear woman, people don't object to the fishermen blowing their horns on week-days; and I don't see why they should object to my fog-horn on Sunday. It is better than any thing else; for my congregation is mostly made up of sailors, and the old salts understand it. It tells them there is danger ahead, and if they don't keep a sharp look-out and steer straight, they will run into all kinds of vice, and get swamped in sin."

Mr. M'April was now ready, and he and the captain, accompanied by Miss Varley, set out together.

"Have you any new-comers at your house now, Captain Halyard?" asked Ruth, as they walked along.

"Well, you see, the *Lively Sallie* got in last night, and Joe Dean was aboard; so this morning I found him in a bad way, and the worst of it was he had another with him—a mere lad. It made me feel badly to see such a fine-looking young fellow with him, and both of them dead drunk. I knew it wouldn't do to leave them where I found them, so I just got them home and put them to bed. I made Joe comfortable in a room we have for such visitors in the barn, but I took the boy into the house. Then I fastened them in, and gave my wife the keys, for fear they might rouse up and frighten her while I am away. You see, Sir," he continued, now speaking to Mr. M'April, "there is nobody but me and my wife in our family, so we always have room for more. The house isn't very large, to be sure, but there's lots of room inside. The places where sailors go are not always the best in the world, and I can't bear to leave them there. Then they sometimes need a little encouragement to set them up again; and we like company, and have nothing else to do."

"I don't see how any one could do more good in the world than in the way you have chosen," said Mr. M'April.

"Oh, it isn't much, but it gives us old folks something to think about. I guess you won't think we have much of a church; but I wanted to have a meeting on my own hook, where the fishermen and others who would not be willing to go any where else might come. I built it with some money that was left me. I couldn't do it all at once, but I've got things pretty tidy now. I have just rigged a reflector in the binnacle, and we are to try it for the first time to-night."

"I suppose *we* should say, Miss Varley, that Captain Halyard has had a reflector placed over the pulpit," explained Mr. M'April. "Do you call the preacher the helmsman, Sir?"

"How quickly you comprehend!" exclaimed the captain. "I almost think you must be an old tar."

"I have learned to know some of the ropes," said Mr. M'April.

"Well, well, I feel sure you will steer a straight course for us, though the ministers don't always. It seems to me they steer about nor'-nor'west, perhaps, when it should be nor'west by north. I dare say they'll reach the port finally, but it's a roundabout course."

"To what denomination does your church belong?" asked Mr. M'April.

"Well, I can't exactly say, for we get almost any one to preach who is willing. As for myself, I think I must be something of a Baptist, for somehow I can't help thinking that 'poor Jack' goes right to heaven when he is baptized in a watery grave; but as to the theology of the different sects, I have given up trying to understand it all. Now if you and Ruth will walk slowly, I will hurry along with my matches, so that you may see my signal lights burning before you come in."

Then he went on in advance, and soon after the others came in sight of the queer little edifice, with the white and colored lights burning brightly, and the American flag waving above. The services were much as usual in churches, only perhaps rather simpler and more earnest. The singing of the hymn, "We're homeward bound," led by Captain Halyard, was joined in by nearly all the congregation, and if not scientific, they enjoyed it, and being their own audience, there was no one to criticise. After a few remarks by the captain, Mr. M'April gave a short address, as he had promised.

He called his audience shipmates, and spoke simply; and although his language was refined and above their level, it was not above their comprehension. They listened eagerly, and when he sat down I think they almost wanted to cheer. Ruth listened with the rest. The words seemed to be for her personally as well as for each of the others. The sermon she had heard in the morning was in some respects superior, for it was a more studied production; but the way in which our friend met the case of these poor fishermen affected her as nothing else had done. When the service was over she arose from the bench where she was sitting, and they walked out together without speaking, each being so busy with thoughts that the silence of the other was not noticed, and finding a deeper companionship than that afforded by words. Have you never heard that the best friends can enjoy each other's society as well in silence?

The next morning after breakfast Mrs. Varley sent her daughter into the sitting-room to entertain the minister, while she herself attended to some household affairs. After the young people had been sitting together for a while he said, "I have a mind to take you into my confidence, Miss Ruth;" and forthwith he related the whole story of the mistake.

She burst into a merry laugh.

"I can not help being amused myself," he said, "although I am sorry it should have happened. Sorry, did I say? I can not be altogether sorry, when the mistake has given me these kind friends. I hope they will not all turn against me, though I have unintentionally deceived them."

"Turn against you, Mr. M'April!" said Ruth. "Of course we shall not. You must not think so badly of us as that."

"Well, I will not," he said. "But now what am I to do next? How shall I make known my position?"

"Why not let things go on just as they are? We—father is enjoying your visit very much. Now do not spoil it all by speaking of this mistake. It would only bring on an unpleasant discussion, and things will not be any worse than they have been, you know."

"No worse, only that now I am sailing under false colors. However, I am inclined to follow your advice. I think I will let things take their course for the present, and explain matters to your father by letter after I reach home. Now I should like to hear something about *your* Mr. Smith. Has he gone to be married too?"

"No, he is married already; but one day last week he had a telegram calling him away, and he and his wife went immediately. We are quite anxious to learn the cause. It is the strangest thing that father has not said more to you about Mr. Smith; but I suppose it must be because he has been so much interested in talking of your uncle and old times."

It was not until afternoon that Mr. M'April took leave of his new friends, and then with an urgent invitation to visit them in the summer. On reaching home he was very tired; but in a few days he wrote to Mr. Varley, and then watched for a reply, hoping the invitation might, after all, be renewed. He was vexed at the eagerness with which he listened for the postman; but somehow he found it impossible to drive the affair from his mind, for the sweet face of Ruth Varley was stamped upon his memory, and continually in his thoughts, interfering even with the studies which he now continued regularly.

Let us see how the letter was received at the farm-house. The deacon opened it at

the tea table, and Ruth watched him nervously, guessing from whom it came.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, after glancing at a few lines. Then he read it through hastily, as if in a hurry to know the whole, and afterward went over it again more carefully. Finally he spread it upon the table before him and sat looking at it.

"Aren't you going to eat your supper, father?" asked Mrs. Varley, when her patience was exhausted.

He looked up then; but, instead of answering, passed the letter to her, and scrutinized her as she read.

"Well?" he said, when she had finished.

"Well," she answered, in a sort of echo, for she did not know what else to say.

"I don't see how any one could find fault with that," he said, slowly. "It was handsomely done, if he is a little out of the track. We must have him up here next summer anyway, and perhaps we can bring him round. I'll write to him to-morrow."

After he had sent his letter, Mr. Varley did not say much about Mr. M'April. He was somewhat chagrined that he had so highly praised one whose views differed from his own; yet although the acquaintance had been very short, the young man had taken a strong hold upon his affections; and, strange to say, after the discovery he seemed to like him better than ever, in spite of trying to forget him. I do not know that Miss Ruth tried to forget him; but if she tried, she did not succeed any better than her father; and there was another, whom she had never seen, continually coming into her mind. She often found herself wondering who Mr. M'April had rescued from the ship. She thought he had spoken as if he liked the young lady very much indeed, and she wondered if she was pretty and attractive.

The next summer proved a very pleasant one to these new friends. Mr. M'April and his sister Helen found a boarding-place in Parole, and the young minister spent much of his time at the farm-house.

One morning, as he and Ruth Varley were walking together in the woods, she determined to try to satisfy her curiosity a little; so she asked him the name of the girl he had taken from the wreck, and whether he saw her often. He answered that he did see her quite often, for the family had moved near his sister's, and in the spring she was so sick that they were very anxious about her, and he and his sister used to take her out for a drive occasionally. She had now, however, entirely recovered her health.

"Her name," he continued, "is Rhoda Jackson. Not a very pretty name, is it?"

"Is she a pretty girl?" asked Ruth.

"Well, I suppose there might be a difference of opinion about that," he said. "She has a bright, intelligent face, and I like her looks. She is a warm-hearted little thing, and good feelings will make almost any face seem beautiful at times. By-the-way, I believe I have her picture. I will bring it over for you to pass your judgment upon."

Ruth was rather more quiet than usual the rest of the day, and in the evening she was glad to see Mr. M'April again, this time bringing the photograph. When she looked at it she blushed. It was the likeness of a quite beautiful colored girl.

Mr. M'April smiled as he saw her confusion, and he took her hand and said, "My dear Ruth, did I deceive you? I am sure I think she is good-looking. Don't you?"

She could not answer at once, and he drew her hand through his arm, and they went into the garden together.

In the autumn there was a wedding at the farm-house. Ruth Varley and Abel M'April were married.

When, about six months afterward, Mr. M'April was ordained, the charge to the people was given by the Rev. John Smith, of *Perote;* the charge to the pastor by the Rev. Alexander Appleton Smith, of *Parole;* while the right hand of fellowship was extended, with characteristic warmth, by Captain Royal Halyard.

CHURCH MUSIC IN AMERICA.

THERE is probably no question growing out of the relation of the churches to those who worship in them so full of embarrassment and perplexity, so constant in demanding an intelligent answer, and yet so difficult of solution, as that of the proper form of music to be used. One of the chief causes of this condition of things is that, as to matters of music, every individual worshipper is disposed to hold an independent position. For, while the Churches may formulate their creeds, they have no power to make authoritative canons of taste. So that it may well happen that while every silent worshipper gathered under the fretted roof would agree in every dogma announced from the pulpit, the moment the music commenced, the thinking faculties of the congregation would assert their rights, and a hundred opinions exist as to its quality and character.

This question is not one that can be disposed of with indifference or an easy shifting of responsibility. It appeals in the most direct form to every worshipper through his sensibilities and his taste. Whether he will or no, the church-goer is forcibly placed in an attitude of assenting admiration or of dislike toward the kind of music he listens to Sunday after Sunday.

Church music in America has been subject to such peculiar influences, and affected by such a variety of causes, that there

has been offered a wider play than elsewhere for the assertion of individual opinion. In looking over the whole field of church music in this country, the impartial, unsectarian observer is struck by the want of system, the lack of intelligent organization, or of any recognized standard of religious musical taste. Also by the fact that lines once clear, broad, and distinct, separating the different musical services of churches, have been blurred, and in many cases obliterated, while we find the creeds of the churches still maintaining their wide differences. In this way a Congregational, Baptist, or Unitarian church will be found to possess no characteristic form of music typical of its distinctive form of belief, while the High-Church Episcopal and Catholic services so closely resemble one another as to be nearly identical, except in certain methods of arrangements, much of the same music being used.

This heterogeneous condition of things is due chiefly to the following causes: First, to the variety and close juxtaposition of so many widely different sects, denominations, and rituals; second, to the influence of the Catholic Church music, with its modern secular and sensational style; and third, to the fact that clergymen do not exercise that careful scrutiny and intelligent oversight in the matter of musical taste which is at once their duty and their right.

In considering the first of these causes—the influence of sects one upon another—in our country the effect of such an influence was to be expected. Within a hundred years there have been planted the Puritan, Episcopal, Catholic, Ritualist, Jewish, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, and Congregational forms of worship. What else could be looked for than that each of these forms should impart something of its musical characteristics to the others? Such sharp contrasts naturally lead to comparisons, and in the end to obliteration of the outlines of difference. How was it possible for the severe simplicity of the Puritan form, which, in truth, was no form at all, to hold out against the inroads of Catholic pomp and splendor? The highest aim, sixty or seventy years ago, of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in all matters pertaining to church forms was to have none, that they might thus the more strongly emphasize their indignant protest against ritualism. Now in those denominations which have been the outgrowth of this Puritan Calvinism it is the highest aim of the wealthier and more fashionable congregations to have as much of form in the music and musical performances introduced as is compatible with their system of church worship. So late even as fifty years ago an organ was left outside of a Salem church door, boxed and unopened, because the use of it smacked of popery. In our own day it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for a Presbyterian congregation to walk out of church to an organ accompaniment the theme of which is based upon a Strauss waltz.

The increase of wealth and culture, and the necessity of satisfying the growing æsthetic needs of the present day, are bringing about these changes. In the simple days of our fathers there was a certain fitness of relationship between the stern, rugged character of their lives and the barn-like Puritan meeting-house, which Emerson insists is the only truly American style of architecture. In those early days the primitive custom of the tune being "raised," or the note struck by the tuning-fork, seemed not out of keeping with people who found in "Windham" or "Bangor" their chief hymnal solace. But a century later and the meeting-house is transformed into the majestic pile of Boston's Roman basilica. Churches beautiful as they are costly every where pierce the air with their stone-worked spires and campaniles. Cathedrals vying in architectural beauty with some of the Old World wonders lift aloft their noble masonry of Gothic beauty. With frescoed walls, carven altars, and the prismatic beauty of stained glass, the musical service has naturally become one of very essential importance, since the ear must be as fully satisfied as the eye.

It has been but natural that in the attempt to satisfy the modern demand for a religious music which shall be at once pleasing, popular, and effective, the Catholic Church music should be our first resource. Its influence has been the more pronounced since it has long been in possession of an organized system of musical and ceremonial forms. Had the Catholic Church kept to the traditions of the past, this influence would not be one to be so much regretted; for there is no nobler church music written than has been composed for the ritual of this Church. But centuries of traditional custom and the seal of hundreds of years of observance have not proved barriers strong enough to resist the inroads of modern taste. And the music of this Church, in being subjected to this influence, has in reality been deeply colored by the character of the modern stage. It is the opera which has set the fashion, and gives the tone to the musical taste of the present day. All of our music is more or less affected by the style of operatic compositions, and the present current of æsthetic taste runs toward the sensuous charms, the sensational effects, and the pleasing variety and diversity which the operatic movement has set in motion. The Catholic Church, always quickest to feel the popular pulse, and foremost to minister to the popular demand, has taken a lesson in operatic composition,

and given to its masses, requiems, and anthems the brilliant coloring and dazzle of sensational effect.

It is true that sacred and secular music have always had the tendency to impart their dominant and prevailing characteristics to one another. Some hundreds of years ago the old church music, the Gregorian chant, and the masses of the early composers so stamped the early operas with the impress of their devotional nature that operas in those days were but poor secular copies set in secular keys of the music of the Church. And to-day, with the height of successful splendor reached by modern opera, it could be hardly possible that the converse should not be true. It is but natural that religious music should be very greatly affected by the secular music of the day. But it is not alone that the character of sacred music has been thus influenced; it is that the Catholic Church, in its ambitious efforts to pander to the demands of the popular taste, has taken the music of the opera direct from the stage and placed it in the choir. Arias, solos, and recitatives from the most popular operas have been openly introduced into the repertory of the Catholic musical services. Noted opera-singers are engaged on the great feast-days to sing during the celebration of the solemn mass selections from operas where nothing is changed but the words. As orchestras assist the organ in the interpretation of the scores, it is hardly going too far to say that, except at an actual operatic representation, opera music is nowhere so thoroughly reproduced as at mass or vespers in our largest Catholic churches. This condition of things is almost as bad as that which existed in the Church in the sixteenth century. Then the use of secular melodies for the music of the mass was almost universal. No less than fifty composers made masses founded on the popular air called "L'Homme armé," and finally the masses themselves came to be known by the names of the amorous and bacchanalian songs whose melodies formed the basis of their structure. Thus there was the mass of "The Red Noses," that of "Good-by, my Love," and so on. The abuse became so great that the Council of Trent interfered by decree, and proposed that the music of the mass be absolutely limited to the Gregorian tones. This radical change was not carried out, as Pope Pius IV. convinced the Council that at least Palestrina could compose a mass to decorous and fitting music. From that time matters mended, and for a while a purer style prevailed, and the art treasures of the Church, in its Madonnas, crucifixions, and saints from the hands of the great masters of painting, are hardly more precious legacies than the masses that have been composed for her by musicians of her faith, such as Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Cherubini, and a host of others. All the more is it to be regretted that she should turn from these real treasures to borrow the glittering but false jewels of the lyric stage.

Nor is the Episcopal Church free from the evils we have indicated as existing in the Catholic Church. In our large cities the same demoralizing influence is noticeable. Spiritual impressions are lost sight of that dramatic effects may be produced. Easter and Christmas festivals are as crowded as certain popular theatrical representations, and from very much the same impulse. People go to hear the music openly and avowedly. Churches with equal frankness vie with one another as to which shall produce the most telling effect and draw the largest houses. The choir and the organ in many of our fashionable churches are of more consequence than the minister, and the congregation is held together by the clearness of the celebrated soprano's high notes or the beauty of the boys' choral singing, while the sermon and the lessons are to be endured with elegant inattention or quietly walked away from. Naturally, where the evidences of religious irreverence are as palpable as these, there can be little hope of purifying improvement. But in thousands of churches, and among ministers and worshipping people, there is earnest desire and serious effort to make the musical service worthy of its high functions. To such there is but one method. The organist, to begin with, should be an educated musician, a man who thoroughly understands that his business is not to play musical pranks, but whose performance, as well as that of the choir, is to become a spiritual aid to the offices of devotion. The choir itself should be animated with a sense of its responsibilities, using its musical ability as the means of exciting religious emotions, and enforcing with deeper meaning the beautiful words of the "Glorias" and "Te Deums." The truth should be profoundly impressed upon the members of choirs that theirs is little less than a sacerdotal office; that as the priest is the vehicle of the people's prayer and supplication, they in turn are the mouth-piece of its praise and song, addressing themselves directly to God's throne as the representatives of the body of worshippers. Surely this is a solemn function, and one not to be undertaken in a light or flippant spirit, with no thought of its vast responsibilities, or with thoughts only of how this address to the Almighty can be made the means of flattering artistic vanity. Clergymen should draw their choirs nearer to them, not only spiritually, but bodily. The functions of praise and prayer are so intimately related that they should be pervaded by a precisely similar spirit. So far as practicable, therefore, the organ

and choir should be drawn near to the altar, that they may the better feel its holy influence. The minister should concern himself actively in what his choir does; but to do this effectively it is of the first importance that he should be a musician, otherwise his interference, guided only by ignorance, would be worse than useless, and breed nothing but ill-will. So we are brought back to this foundation on which improvement in church music must rest—the education of the minister himself in that art. It is unhappily true that theologians do not show a strong liking for music. They certainly have not that reverence for the art which would lead them to make it a part of the theological course at the seminaries. The divinity students are kept well down to their Hebrew and Greek, and the exegesis of the hard thinkers and logicians of the Church. Of even the traditions of the art of music they are kept profoundly ignorant; of the subtle power it has over the souls of men, more potent than all the doctrines of the school-men, no hint is given them. And yet through all their lives of ministration these young men are to stand in the very closest relations with that art. It is the left hand of their ministry, if prayer and sermon be the right hand. Its subtle influences are to pervade every thing they are brought into relationship with in the Church; its ethereal power is every where; it is the most potent arm for endearing the disciples of the Church; it reaches every class, and through one of the swiftest avenues of approach. The musical sensibilities rightly used would be the most potent ally of the priest in every ministration, and yet it is almost entirely neglected. The young priest may construe the prophecies in the original, but to discriminate between a major and a minor chord is absolutely beyond his power. Through life he is to be the vassal of his organist in all matters of musical judgment, not having knowledge sufficient to combat the possibly vicious taste and bad influence of that player. And yet Fletcher of Saltoun was immortalized through his once saying, "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." This was so universally recognized as a truth that Fletcher's words passed into an aphorism among nations. Yet the Church is willing to let any body make its music, so long as it can make its own laws and creeds. And the consequence of this error is the deplorable condition in which we now find our church music.

England has set us a better example. For the last century her best composers have contributed their most zealous work to the Church of England. Blow, Boyce, Purcell, Arne, Attwood, Crotch, and in our own day Sir John Goss, Sir Gore Ouseley, G. A. MacFarran, Dr. Steggall, Arthur Sullivan, Joseph Barnby, Elvey, and Smart, have written most noble, beautiful, and appropriate church music. If in remote country villages this music be found to test too severely the capacities of the organist and the singers, there is another expedient and a far better one than the indifferent singing of a badly organized choir, and that is to train the children to take an important part in the service. They learn readily; they enter into such services with ardor. Those of them possessing good voices would readily master the simpler chants and responses, and many a country church at the end of a year might be in possession of a beautiful boy and girl choir, singing with that sexless purity of tone peculiar to children's voices.

Another suggestion for improved church music in out-of-town churches may be found in that most admirable of books upon this subject, Thibaut's *Purity in Musical Art.* Although written more than fifty years ago, it is as pertinent and applicable to the church musical needs of our day as to those of his own. He suggests a freer use of the chorale, or of hymns arranged in four parts to be sung by the congregation, or sung in unison with adequate organ accompaniment, filling out the harmonies, and thus both people and priest would, with united effort, offer up their spontaneous musical voice of praise. He makes it a strong point "that the attainment of such a result would greatly promote musical harmony, and call forth the powers of the individual members of the congregation."

A church inspired by a truly earnest musical spirit and eclectic musical taste would soon develop astonishing results. The people would find themselves yielding to the stirring voice of a musical ambition, and who knows how much of the spiritual inertia and devotional laxity so lamented in these latter days might not be swept away by the incoming tide of music and song? Of course the plan here suggested would involve at least the devotion of one evening each week to congregational practice.

In the Catholic and Episcopal Churches the musical part of the church service is essentially a ceremonious performance, the music being performed in the broadest sense of the word. In a full choral service, or where there is a fine choir, the people's voice can only be heard in the "amens," the chanting of the creed, and the singing of some of the simpler hymns. In the Presbyterian, Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist, Congregational, and Unitarian Churches, which possess no ritual, and in which the religious services devolve almost entirely upon the minister, the musical exercises are conducted on a very different principle. For the most part these exercises are of a very simple nature. Before the beginning of the

service the organist plays a voluntary, then hymns or psalms are sung, and this is the extent of the musical exercises. In all of these denominations one of three systems is followed. In some of the churches there are choirs hired who perform, unaided by the people, all of these simple musical offices. In others there are smaller choirs who are supposed to lead the people; and in still others there is also the congregational or universal style of church singing, where a precentor leads the people, who, however, make no attempt to sing otherwise than in unison. In the larger and more fashionable churches the first system is usually adhered to. And where this system is adopted many of the evils found in the more elaborate musical ritualist services are prominent. High prices are paid for leading tenor and soprano singers, who use the opportunities of their position to make the most effective display of their musical skill. Organists choose and ministers allow the introduction of ballad and operatic music, to which the solemn words of hymns or psalms are set. Even where the evils are not so pronounced there is always a tendency, where the choir is intrusted with the entire responsibility of hymnal praise, for it to be administered in an indifferent or perfunctory manner. People are only too willing to listen, and they naturally prefer to listen to the best voices and finest music. But they listen to enjoy, and the æsthetic pleasure takes the place of the spiritual impression, ignoring the fact that the only church singing which is not a mockery, and the only church music which is not a sacrilege, is that which is chosen with regard for its sacred office, and delivered in the spirit of reverential consecration.

It is to be regretted that congregational singing is not more largely practiced in the denominations above mentioned, in which the people take so little active share in any of the religious exercises. It is a curious fact that the Presbyterian and other related Churches, which rest their whole basis upon a democratic form of government, should possess an essentially autocratic ceremonial. In its service there is nothing of a democratic nature. It does not appeal to popular sentiment by a popular church service. The offices of praise, prayer, invocation, instruction, and exposition are in the hands of the few, not the many. It is the minister who carries the entire burden of the church service, the congregation taking no more part in it than if they were attending a concert or a lecture. For these and other excellent reasons congregational singing should be encouraged. The fusion of a people in musical union would impart a sense of individual oneness with the religious exercises. Of this no better proof is needed than the fact that in all seasons of revival the people must sing their own songs. In moments of great religious emotion, when the heart of the people is stirred and moved to its depths, it must speak with its own tongue to its Creator, and will suffer no other to sing its repentance or shout its praise. It is only as religious fervor waxes cool that mechanical skill is tolerated to act as a musical substitute for genuine praise-offering. Whether or no congregational singing be effective and produces a hearty and soul-stirring result is largely dependent upon the character of hymnal music. The music which a congregation naturally sings best is that which is the simplest. But it should be also of a popular nature. The words and the hymn tune should not only stand in most intimate relationship to one another, but both should stand in intimate spiritual relationship to the singer and to his belief. The enthusiasm which the hymns of Luther and Wesley awakened was due to the fact that they appealed to the religious needs of the popular heart.

The fault with the most of our present hymnal music is that it does not correspond to the sentiments of the age. We in America are still greatly under Puritan influence in this respect. Much of the music is still tinged with a morbid melancholy coloring, and many of the words of our most used hymns and psalms appeal to the intellect rather than the heart. The truest hymnal music is that which allows a spontaneous outpouring of pious fervor and soulful praise. Dr. Lowell Mason has, more than any other modern hymn-writer, satisfied the religious need of the so-called orthodox churches of America of the nineteenth century. His hymns and psalms are many of them deeply religious in sentiment, and yet pervaded by a truly noble spirit of cheerfulness, and inspired by a healthful and animated hopefulness.

The real trouble with the present condition of church music is not, however, to be found in the character or quality of the music itself. There is good and fine music enough; the true lack is the want of enthusiasm among the people in performing it. The most profoundly religious music will fail to produce its highest and most ennobling influence if there be no vitality of faith in the souls of those who listen to it. What is needed more than fine music in these days is a fine faith and an earnestness of personal zeal in matters of devotion, which will animate with a new and more intense life the formal acts of devotion. We need the touch of enthusiasm to kindle the flickering flame of our waning faith, and that it can be done, even in these days of religious indifference and coldness, was proved by the fact that one man possessing genuine religious ardor, and fired by a genuine musical enthusiasm, made the religious and

the irreligious of two continents sing with all earnestness and intensity of feeling his moving revival hymns. Were our clergy inspired by a similar zeal, and animated by the same reverence for the musical art that was shown by St. Gregory and Luther, some of the religious indifference of the day might be seen to melt away, and give place to a genuine religious devotional spirit.

DR. MITCHILL'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON: 1801–1813.

IT is unfortunate for the memory of the late Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchill that no complete biography of him has ever been published. There are comparatively few men now living who remember him personally, while to the rising generation his talents, learning, and public services are almost unknown. Yet sixty years ago few citizens of this country held so prominent a place in the literary and scientific world as did this remarkable man.

It would be difficult for those who never knew him to conceive the deference paid to his learning and judgment. His knowledge of the physical sciences, his varied and intimate acquaintance with classical literature, both ancient and modern, his attainments in history and political science, his practical acquaintance with public affairs, and his remarkable familiarity with the common and useful arts, caused him to be looked upon as a fountain of learning always ready to pour forth abundant streams of knowledge to every thirsty applicant. A witty friend once said of him, "Tap the doctor at any time, he will flow." Accordingly, the merits of all inventions, discoveries, projects, arts, sciences, literary subjects and schemes, new books and publications, professional cases, acts of charity or public spirit, and a multitude of other things, used to be submitted to his critical opinion. If he had not been one of the most polite and amiable of men, he could hardly have borne the demands thus made upon his time and patience.

Dr. Mitchill corresponded with most of the literary and scientific men of his day, and left a numerous and valuable collection of letters and papers, which would have furnished abundant material to his biographer. He had committed his manuscripts to the care of his brother-in-law, the late Dr. Samuel Akerly, of New York, as the friend who, from long familiarity with his life and labors, was best qualified to write his biography. The work was begun by Dr. Akerly, but unfortunately the papers were destroyed in the burning of the house where they had been temporarily deposited, and it was hardly possible to complete the undertaking after the destruction of this precious material. The letters to Mrs. Mitchill had been retained by her, and so escaped the burning. The reader will find them curious, from their statement of facts connected with an important period of the history of this country, from the amusing social gossip they contain, and from their style, which is highly characteristic of their author.

Dr. Mitchill's political life embraced a period of twenty-two years. He was elected to the Legislature of New York in 1790, and re-elected to that body in 1797. He took his seat in the Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Congresses, was afterward a member of the national Senate, was subsequently re-elected to the State Legislature, and finally to the Eleventh Congress. "But," said one of his eulogists,* "he never used his influence to the promotion of his personal interest, the aggrandizement of his rank, the increase of his estates, or the procuring political favors for himself or his relatives. He remained content with the moderate, regular accumulation of his paternal property, assisted by his professional avails, and made himself, through eloquent and persevering exertions, the means of obtaining many sound laws which go far to increase our present security and happiness."

During his residence in Washington, from 1801 to 1813, he wrote almost daily letters to Mrs. Mitchill when she was not with him. He kept her informed of all the political and social events that were transpiring around him, so that her house in New York used to be frequented every evening by visitors who called to ask what news she had had that day from the capital.

He brought to the service of the country all his vast store of learning, and the same unremitting industry and conscientious performance of duty that characterized him in private life. In the House of Representatives his varied knowledge became of frequent practical utility, so that Mr. Jefferson used to call him the "Congressional Dictionary," and he was known among his colleagues as the "Stalking Library." On one occasion he was put on a certain committee with several other gentlemen, among whom was Dr. Dana, of Connecticut, who was also distinguished for learning. Wishing to confer with Dr. Mitchill personally on the business of the committee, Dr. Dana was looking for him at the door of the House, when he met Mr. Randolph. "I am looking," said Mr. Dana, "for our 'Stalking Library.'" "Are you?" said Mr. Randolph; "I just heard him inquiring for his 'Index.'"

While he gave his time and attention most faithfully to the discharge of his duties in the Senate and House of Representatives, such was his industry that he at the same period edited the *Medical Repository*, a journal of high reputation, and made fre-

* Dr. Felix Pascalis.

quent contributions to other scientific publications both in this country and in Europe.

At the age of twenty-eight he was appointed to the professorship of chemistry, natural history, and agriculture in Columbia College, and at a later period occupied the professorial chair of chemistry, botany, and materia medica in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

His social and domestic character was unusually amiable and attractive, and marked by many amusing peculiarities. His tender attachment to his wife, to the two adopted daughters, who were to him as his own children, to the young relatives who surrounded him, and to the old family servants who lived and died under his roof, proved the warmth of his affections. He was always delighted to show his confidence in Mrs. Mitchill's taste and judgment. She was fond of books, and had a lively sympathy in her husband's literary and scientific pursuits, and a very pardonable pride in his learning and reputation. His habit of intense mental application, though generally understood, could only be fully appreciated by one living in the same house with him. Mrs. M. used to tell the following story:

Early in their married life, and soon after they were settled in their own home, she came down stairs one morning, and having ordered breakfast set on the table, sent a servant to call the doctor, who had been in his study since an early hour. After waiting some minutes she sent a second summons, and as he still did not come, she went herself to the door of the study, and opening it, found him so engrossed in his book that her presence was unnoticed. She spoke once and again to say that breakfast was ready, until he looked up and said, "Yes, I know it; but if you'll excuse me, I will not eat any breakfast this morning." Mrs. Mitchill retired, somewhat chagrined, and ate her breakfast alone. The morning passed, and at two o'clock dinner was served. She went again to the door of the study, and found him still bending over his books with an air of profound abstraction. After she had succeeded in arousing his attention he said, "I beg your pardon for my apparent indifference, but I am engaged in the investigation of a very interesting and somewhat difficult subject. I can not leave it at present. Do me the favor to consider the dinner as eaten, and by-and-by I hope to join you and take a cup of your nice tea." Saying which he turned again to his books, and she felt that nothing more was to be said. At six o'clock he laid aside his books, made a careful toilet, came down to tea, and they spent a delightful evening together.

He was averse to every kind of ostentation in his manner of living. His home was pleasant and unpretending, and the numerous celebrities who used to resort to his salon were entertained with cordial but simple hospitality. The house was a perfect museum of curiosities and monstrosities, so that Mrs. Mitchill, who was a lover of order, used sometimes to be troubled at the accumulation of movables on her tables, shelves, and mantel-pieces. The doctor's attachment to these treasures will be best illustrated by the following anecdote: Captain —— had brought from some distant part of the world the skin of an ant-eater, which he presented to Dr. Mitchill. It was hung in the parlor, and shown to visitors with great interest and satisfaction. After a time Mrs. Mitchill prevailed upon him to let her remove it to the study; and as it became dingy and dusty, she with some difficulty got his consent to banish it to the garret. There it hung for two or three years; it became old and moth-eaten, and was a nuisance to a neat housekeeper. She knew the doctor would never consent to abandon it; she therefore concerted a plan with her faithful old servant Jenny to get rid of it without saying any thing about it. The doctor had not seen it for several years; she hoped he would never think of it again. So Jenny was directed to take the skin out of the house at night, and throw it into the street at some safe distance from their own door. Accordingly, under cover of the darkness, she carried it round a certain corner in the neighborhood, and threw it away. Dr. Mitchill was accustomed to take an early walk, and sallying forth as usual next morning, turned the very same corner that Jenny had turned the night before. Seeing a group of boys in the middle of the street, apparently examining with attention something they had found there, Dr. M., with his usual habit of investigation, went up to them, and was surprised to find them surrounding an ant-eater's skin. He immediately began a learned discourse on the animal—its genus, species, habits, etc., and concluded by saying that he had a skin at home very like this one, and would be glad to have another. As the boys had discovered this treasure, it rightfully belonged to them. Would they sell it for fifty cents? They readily consented. The doctor came home delighted with his acquisition, and neither Mrs. Mitchill nor Jenny made any further attempt to get rid of the ant-eater's skin.

He was in the habit of frequenting the markets, where he was well known to the fishermen and hucksters as a collector of animal and vegetable rarities. Many of these were handed over to Jenny, with orders to cook them, that he might ascertain whether they were eatable. The old woman used sometimes to be troubled at this desecration of her cooking utensils. She has been heard to declare that on one occasion her master ordered her to cook and serve for dinner a dish of "spotted snakes."

He had great fondness for young people, combined with a steady purpose to stimulate them to high aims and aspirations. The rare power of inspiring the young with a love of knowledge was possessed by him in a remarkable degree. He wrote verses with great ease, and used to say that every gentleman should cultivate this accomplishment as part of an elegant education. Sometimes he would propose to a circle of young people that conversation should be carried on in rhyme, and would immediately lead off a rhyming discussion of the topics of the day, and talk fluently without being a moment at a loss for a jingling word. In one of these rhyming talks a young sportsman asked the question,

"Pray, doctor, tell me now in rhyme,
For catching black-fish what's the time?"

To which he replied without hesitation:

"When chestnut leaf is big as thumb-nail,
Then bite black-fish without fail;
When chestnut leaf is broad as a span,
Then catch black-fish if you can."

Dr. Mitchill's labors in the cause of science were those of a pioneer. The great advances made since his death in every branch of the natural sciences seem to throw his work into the shade. But his diligent, disinterested study of truth for its own sake ought not to be undervalued, nor should it be forgotten that the more advanced scholarship of the present day owes much to the superior facilities now enjoyed by laborers in the field which his hand helped to prepare.

Dr. Mitchill died in New York September 7, 1831, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. On his monument is the following inscription:

Medicus, Physicus, Civis, Senator,
Quantum fuerit—dicant alii!
Indolem ejus benignam,
Vitæ simplicitatem, fidem incorruptam,
Pietatem erga suos;
Desideriumque nostrum
Fas sit—commemorasse.

"PHILADELPHIA, *December* 2, 1801.

"After travelling all night long through the heavy and muddy roads of New Jersey, I arrived in this city about ten o'clock this morning. I passed the whole night, cold as it was, in the stage. Yet I have not taken any indisposition. We have laid by to rest and to look about us until to-morrow morning, when, at eight o'clock, we are to depart for Baltimore, and expect to reach Havre de Grace to-morrow evening. I am now at Francis's Tavern, in Market Street, in the dining-room, with a number of persons who are chatting on a variety of subjects. Dr. Woodhouse has just left me, and General Smith has gone to bed. I have supped upon partridge and turtle, and am now, at ten o'clock, about to retire to bed to repair my last night's want of rest."

"BALTIMORE, *December* 4, 1801.

"This will inform you of my safe arrival at Baltimore a few hours ago. Our party from Philadelphia hither was very agreeable as to company, and we met with no disastrous accident. Since I underwent the operation of shaving and dressing I have walked round the city with Mr. Van Wyck and Dr. Moores to see its state and improvements. Perhaps no place in the world ever grew up more rapidly. I am to take tea with Mrs. General Samuel Smith, wife of the Representative from this city, and am to depart at four in the morning for Washington."

"MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA, *December* 7, 1801.

"I rode this morning from Gadsby's Hotel, in Alexandria, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, on a visit to the celebrated estate of Mount Vernon, lately the property and residence of General Washington.....

"My companions on this visit were Mr. Van Ness and Major Holmes. On our way we met Colonel Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard, of Delaware, and Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes, of South Carolina, returning from a visit to Mount Vernon. On our arrival we were received by Mr. Lewis, a gentleman who married one of the Misses Custis, a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and who, with his wife, now resides here. Presently Mrs. Washington and her other granddaughter, the celebrated Mrs. Law, now here on a visit, entered. The old lady was habited in black, and wore a plain cap with a black ribbon; she was affable and polite, and made us welcome in that hospitable though unceremonious manner that without hesitation we agreed to stay and dine. Mrs. Law was dressed in white, and both looked and acted in that engaging and superior way for which she is so justly famed. Her little daughter and her husband were with her. Three young ladies, the Misses Stewart and a Miss Henly, and Mrs. Washington's grandson, Mr. Custis, also joined us a little before dinner. Mrs. Washington presided like a lady of hospitality and good sense, tempered by much acquaintance with company. Every thing was neat and well-ordered, bespeaking her to be quite the mistress of her household, and regulating all its concerns."

"WASHINGTON, *January* 3, 1802.

"I wrote you that on a late occasion I had been invited to dine with Mr. Madison. He is one of our most distinguished men, is a Virginian, and was a member of the Convention which framed our Federal Constitution in 1787. He was elected to a seat in the First Congress, and labored with great zeal to get the amendments to it adopted. In the course of events he sided with the opposition as early as Washington's admin-

istration, and while Federalism was waxing strong he declined a longer continuance in the House of Representatives. Having thus withdrawn himself from the national councils, he retired to his own State, where he remained until President Jefferson appointed him to the office of Secretary of State. He is a man of small stature, and of plain, unaffected, and modest deportment.

"While Congress sat in New York it was reported that he was fascinated by the celebrated Mrs. Colden, of our city, she who was so noted for her masculine understanding and activity, as well as for feminine graces and accomplishments. But Mr. Madison was reserved for another widow, who some years after became connected to him by the nuptial tie. This lady was Mrs. Todd. She was originally a Virginian, and her family were of the Society of Friends. Her first husband, who was an attorney of Philadelphia, was poisoned by septic acid during the prevalence of yellow fever in that city in 1795, or in one of their sickly seasons. The death of this person, who, though respectable, was but a plain, plodding man, enabled her to emerge from the mediocrity of her condition. She has a fine person and a most engaging countenance, which pleases not so much from mere symmetry or complexion as from expression. Her smile, her conversation, and her manners are so engaging that it is no wonder that such a young widow, with her fine blue eyes and large share of animation, should be indeed a *queen of hearts*. By this second marriage she has become the wife of one of the first men of the nation, and enjoys all the respectability and *éclat* of such a position.

"The company at dinner consisted of both ladies and gentlemen, and was extremely sociable and agreeable. Since that day Mr. Madison has made me a friendly visit, and I have spent an evening with Mrs. M.

"I write this in the dead of night. Having waked at two o'clock, and finding myself unable to sleep, I rose, lighted my candle, and rekindled the fire. And so, by way of improving time, I write a letter to my little sweetheart in New York."

"Washington, *January* 4, 1802.

"New-Year's Day was a time of great parade in the city of Washington. The weather being fine, gave every body an opportunity of exhibiting. The great place of resort was the President's mansion. There was no visiting, as at New York, from house to house through a whole circle of acquaintance, or of public men who keep open houses; but every body crowded to Mr. Jefferson's, and after having made their appearance there, returned home.

"It was Saturday, and that is commonly a busy day with Congressmen. They then must meet on their committees of business, and consider the subjects intrusted to them, that after examination they may make judicious reports to the body that appoints them. Being engaged myself that morning on the Committee for Naval Affairs, I could not go to the President's till after one o'clock. The reading of voluminous papers and the discussion of their merits occupied all the earlier part of the day. However, late as it was, I went to pay my respects and make one of the crowd on this occasion, which occurs but once a year.

"I rode from the Capitol, and proceeding along Pennsylvania Avenue, met many gentlemen on their return. In some of the carriages ladies were to be seen, for the Secretaries of the Treasury, Navy, State, etc., with their families, had sallied forth to pay their homage to the Executive, and so had the foreign ministers.

"Arriving late, I met a whole troop of ladies and their attendant gallants coming down the outside stairs and going to their carriages. On passing the great hall and entering the withdrawing-room, I found still a large party there. The President was standing near the middle of the room, to salute and converse with visitors. The male part of them walked about or made groups for conversation, while the ladies received the bows and adorations of the gentlemen. Among the ladies were the President's two daughters, Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Eppes, to whom I paid my obeisance; then to Mrs. Madison and her sister, Miss Paine; then to Mrs. Gallatin and Miss Nicholson, besides a number of others. Beaux growing scarce or inattentive, toward the last I had to officiate myself, and to escort several of the fair creatures in succession to their carriages. Several belles from Virginia and elsewhere were brought out on this gala day, and it was allowed on all hands that the company made a brilliant appearance. After the room was cleared, I went into another apartment with the President, and had a conference with him about the best method of preserving our public ships from decay, etc., and then withdrew."

"Washington, *January* 10, 1802.

"I promised you in a former letter some account of Thomas Jefferson, now President of the United States.

"I have had several opportunities of seeing and conversing with him since my arrival at Washington. He is tall in stature and rather spare in flesh. His dress and manners are very plain; he is grave, or rather sedate, but without any tincture of pomp, ostentation, or pride, and occasionally can smile, and both hear and relate humorous stories as well as any other man of social feelings. At this moment he has a rather more than ordinary press of care and solicitude, because Congress is in session,

and he is anxious to know in what manner the Representatives will act upon his Message, and how the communications he expects soon to make to the Senate will be received by that branch of the national legislature.

"He has been many years a widower, and has never, that I know of, showed any disposition to form a second matrimonial connection. His children are two daughters, one of whom is the wife of an old fellow-student with me at the University of Edinburgh, Thomas Mann Randolph.

"Waiting one morning in the parlor for the President, who at the moment of my arrival was engaged with the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Robert Smith, I amused myself a few minutes in looking at the books which occupied one end of the mantel-piece. There were three volumes—one was a volume of the French Encyclopedia, in the original; the second was a tome of the Roman historian Tacitus, with the Latin text on one page and a translation into Spanish on the other; and the third was one of the elegant copies of that celebrated edition of the works of Plato which was printed a few years ago at Deuxponts. Mr. Jefferson had been at Deuxponts, and there had purchased the works of Plato and Aristophanes. He is more deeply versed in human nature and human learning than almost the whole tribe of his opponents and revilers.

"He has generally a company of eight or ten persons to dine with him every day. The dinners are neat and plentiful, and no healths are drunk at table, nor are any toasts or sentiments given after dinner. You drink as you please, and converse at your ease. In this way every guest feels inclined to drink to the digestive or the social point, and no further. Our company on one occasion were Dr. Eustis and General Varnum, of Massachusetts; Mr. John Randolph, of Virginia; General John Smith and myself, from New York, Representatives; and Mr. Baldwin, of Georgia, and Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, Senators, the former being the pro-temporary president of the Senate. The President and his secretary, Captain Lewis, completed the party.

"Mr. Jefferson has interested himself very much in propagating the cow-pox. He has even inoculated many persons with his own hand, and talks on the subject with the intelligence of a physician, so ardent is his philanthropy and such his zeal to extirpate the small-pox.

"I have seen the great 'mammoth cheese' which has been presented to him. It weighs upward of twelve hundred pounds, and is as large as a burr millstone!

"On New-Year's morning the ladies generally went to visit him, and made a grand show. At the same time a body of Miami and Potawatamie Indian chiefs were there."

"Washington, *February* 8, 1802.

"I write you a few lines for the sake of writing. I have news enough to commit to paper, but have not time at present to do so. I am sitting in Congress, where public debates are sounding in my ears. I am in very tolerable health—am to dine this afternoon with President Jefferson, and the day after to-morrow with Citizen Pichon, the charge d'affaires of the French government, who lives at Georgetown, about three miles from my residence.

"I recommend to you Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*. The work is not large. You may borrow it at the library, and read all the parts you will find necessary in a few evenings. I asked Mr. Jefferson some questions about the sublime prospect he has described in that work of the passage of the Potomac through the mountains. My chief object was to be directed to the proper place for observation—the place where he himself stood when there. He told me the place no longer existed, for during the reign of Federalism under Adams's administration, the spot, which was a projecting point of rock on the brow of the mountain, had been industriously blown up and destroyed by gunpowder! A company of Federal troops quartered there were several days employed in boring and blasting the rock to pieces, doubtless with the intention of falsifying his account, and rendering it incredible by putting it out of the power of any subsequent traveller to behold the like from the same point of view. What shameful, what vandalic revenge is this!"

"Washington, *February* 10, 1802.

"The mail of last evening brought your very welcome favor of the 5th inst. It gives me pleasure that you are well enough pleased with the little poem I wrote to read it to your friends and to commit it to memory.

"On Tuesday I wrote you that I was going to dine with the President. The party was easy and sociable, as all these parties are. Among other things ice-creams were produced in the form of balls of the *frozen* material inclosed in covers of *warm pastry*, exhibiting a curious contrast, as if the *ice* had just been taken from the *oven*.

"The reports you allude to about disputes and altercations in Congress are not well founded. To be sure, there have been many warm, and some violent, speeches between certain members. But here we think very little of them; they are not serious things, nor do they in any considerable degree interrupt social intercourse. Gentlemen who have made these violent speeches often get together and laugh and amuse themselves about them afterward. There is a secret about the newspaper reports which you ought to know. Many things are told there

which never happened. Speeches are printed as made which never were made. Many speeches actually made never appear. According to the temper, humor, and party of the editor, debates are mutilated, garbled, and perverted.

"Though I write verses for the ladies of New York, and figure in contré danses with the lasses of Washington, do not imagine me an idle legislator, for since the beginning of the session I am and have been on the following committees, viz.:

"1. The standing committee on Commerce and Manufactures.

"2. The committee for revising and amending the Naturalization Laws.

"3. The committee for protecting American commerce and seamen against the Tripolitan corsairs.

"4. The committee on the Naval Affairs of the United States.

"5. The committee on the memorials concerning Perpetual Motion.

"6. The committee on amending the act concerning Patent Rights.

"7. The committee on repealing the laws concerning the Mint of the United States.

"8. The committee on the memorials of the American merchants for relief against French Spoliations."

"Washington, *March* 17, 1802.

"As I walked out this morning I observed the sons of Hibernia had adorned their hats with the shamrock in honor of St. Patrick, their tutelary saint. On this day the inhabitants of Albany calculate that the ice of the Hudson will melt away or be broken up, and great merit is ascribed to Paddy for clearing away the frosty obstructions of the river navigation.

"I have been out to make some visits, and Mr. Clinton accompanied me. We called to see that remarkably accomplished New York Senator, Mr. Gouverneur Morris. Though a representative of a republic, he talked openly and zealously in favor of hereditary monarchy and privileged orders of nobility. We afterward called on General Dearborn, the Secretary of War.

"A very singular occurrence has happened to General Dayton, of Elizabethtown, one of the New Jersey Senators. He pulled off his stockings of silk, under which were another pair of woolen gauze, just as he was going to bed. The former were dropped on the small carpet by the bedside, and the latter were thrown to some distance near its foot. Electrical snaps and sparks were observed by him to be unusually prevalent when he took off his stockings. He slept until morning, when the silk stockings were found to be converted to coal, having the semblance of sticks and threads, but falling to pieces on being touched. There was not the least cohesion. One of the slippers, which lay under the stockings, was considerably burned. One of the woolen garters was also burned in pieces. The carpet was burned through to the floor, and the floor itself was scorched to charcoal. It was a case of spontaneous combustion. The candle having been carefully put out, and there being very little fire on the hearth, and both of them being eight feet or more from the stockings.

"I wish you would inform me in your next exactly the hour of the night or morning when the snow-storm began which you have described. I wish to know *exactly* when the storm began in New York, as it is connected with other facts tending to a theory of the atmospheric motions in winter."

"Washington, *March* 18, 1802.

"Yesterday I wrote you a few lines containing, among other things, some opinions and facts about the situation and healthiness of this place, and some accounts of two spontaneous combustions. Since that letter was written I have received yours of the 12th inst.

"Lindley Murray's grammar and book of exercises which you mention are excellent works of their kind. You will find them full of instruction on the structure and composition of our language. It is an agreeable reflection to me that you prize them as presents from my old friend the author, as well as for their intrinsic merits.

"I believe you need no assurances of my attachment to domestic enjoyments. I anticipate great comfort from restoration after so long a separation from my wife and home. It seems to me that I shall prize you more than ever. One never knows so completely the want of a good thing as by being deprived of it.

"The failures among the merchants of New York are very serious. I had heard they were frequent, but had learned very few of their names. The longer we live, the more reason we shall have to distrust show, glitter, and outward appearances.

"Do not forget that you have in Washington city a very ardent lover, and that his name is S. L. M."

"Washington, *December* 11, 1802.

"At Mr. Gallatin's I saw for the first time the celebrated Thomas Paine. We had some conversation before dinner, and we sat side by side at the table. He has a red and rugged face, which looks as if it had been much hackneyed in the service of the world. His eyes are black and lively, his nose somewhat aquiline and pointing downward. It corresponds in color with the fiery appearance of his cheeks.

"This extraordinary man contributed exceedingly to entertain the company. He is fond of talking, and very full of anecdote.

He told us of several Indian speeches remarkable for force and eloquence, particularly one at a treaty held with them at East Town, when Colonel Sampson, a chief of the Six Nations, scolded the restless Delawares in a high tone, and concluded his address to them in these words: 'You dogs, if you do not be quiet, I will catch you by the hair of the head and throw you one by one over the Blue Mountains.'

"Mr. Paine told me various things not in print concerning the American Revolution while he was secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs under the old confederation of the States. His memory is uncommonly good, and he discourses of the transactions of those days as readily and to all appearance as correctly as if they were not a fortnight old. Mr. Gallatin has even consulted this magazine of memory relative to an almost forgotten piece of money negotiation between the United States and France, lately renewed by M. Talleyrand.

"Mr. Paine has been a writer of verses, and he recited with considerable emphasis and eloquence a satirical poem he wrote during the Revolution against Mr. Gouverneur Morris, the present New York Senator. There was a good share of fancy in it, and the versification was pretty even. You would have been pleased to hear this old school-boy speak his piece. Mr. Paine is said to be the author of the celebrated song in praise of General Wolfe, whose death was bewailed by Britannia. I suppose you know the song; there is a large share of poetic fire in it."

"In the Capitol,
Washington, *January* 28, 1803.

"Yesterday there was an application of quite delicate nature made to Congress. Colonel David Humphreys had been, during the administration of General Washington and John Adams, minister plenipotentiary from the United States to the court of Spain. He married a wife abroad; I believe in Lisbon. Since Jefferson's election he has been recalled from Madrid, and Mr. Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, sent in his stead. On coming away their Catholic Majesties were disposed to make certain presents to Colonel Humphreys as tokens of approbation on parting. These tokens of Castilian bounty and munificence it was impossible for him to accept, as the Constitution provides expressly that they shall not be received by the donee without the permission of Congress. They consequently were not sent at that time. However, since Colonel Humphreys and his lady returned to America, a box of jewels has been received by Mrs. Humphreys. There was no letter or other written explanation of what they were nor whence they came. Both she and her husband, however, perfectly understand that they came from the *Queen* of Spain as an expression of her good-will to Mrs. Humphreys, her Majesty having thought that although the Constitution forbade the acceptance of presents from *kings* by our *ministers*, it did not forbid the receiving of them from *queens* by their *wives*. Colonel Humphreys, after opening the box, and knowing whence it came, sent it and its contents to Mr. Jefferson. The President sent it back to the Secretary of State, through whose hands he had received it. Mr. Madison, Secretary of State, has offered the box and its contents to Colonel Humphreys, who refuses to take them until permitted by Congress. There they are in the hands of Mr. Madison, and there likely to be until Congress directs something about the precious things. In this dilemma, Colonel Humphreys wrote a letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives about the matter. Mr. Macon, the Speaker, read it to the House, and Mr. Mitchill made a speech about the communication, and moved a reference to a select committee. The motion was debated, and after some time agreed to, so that now three members of Congress are considering whether this royal present shall be given to Mrs. Humphreys, be forfeited to the national Treasury, or be remitted to the Queen of Spain. Think of that! A very important comical sort of a story, is it not?

"Your interpretation of the calls of gentlemen to see me on the presumption that I had got home is so pointed, so inviting, so tenderly reproachful, that I am almost tempted to run away without leave and dash through the mud to Manhattan. I do want to see you, and nothing but imperious duty keeps me here. The gloves came safe. When my friends saw them they marvelled at the attention of my wife. They are of white silk, and I consider them emblematical of what every man, and more particularly every public man, ought to keep, that is, clean hands; by which I mean not only hands rendered pure by the oleates of alkalies, but hands unsullied with public spoil and treasure."

"Washington, *November* 8, 1803.

"The horse-races for the season have begun this day within the Territory of Columbia, and I have been on the turf to behold this great and fashionable exhibition. The ground on which the coursers try their speed is about four miles from the Capitol Hill. For several weeks this time has been anticipated with great expectation. People from far and near throng to behold the spectacle. Particularly from the adjacent States of Virginia and Maryland a multitude of spectators were assembled. The races, though beginning to-day (Tuesday), are to continue until Saturday.

"So keen was the relish for the sport that

there was a serious wish of a number of the members to adjourn Congress for a few days. Having worked so faithfully on the Louisiana business, they said it was high time to rest a little. The Senate actually did adjourn for three days, not on account of the races, you will observe, but merely to admit a mason to plaster the ceiling of their chamber, which had fallen down a few days before. The House of Representatives met and adjourned; but you must not suppose this was done to allow the honorable gentlemen to show themselves on the race-ground: you are rather to imagine that no business was in a due state of preparation to be acted upon. And so there being nothing to do, these gentlemen went to the place where the entertainment was to be held, to wile away the morning and enjoy a few hours' pastime.....

"My morning's work having been dispatched, I went to the place of rendezvous. General Bailey, Judge Verplanck, and Mr. Hausbrouck rode in the coach with me. Not only the gentle and the simple were there, but almost all the great folks, including officers of government. There were a great number of ladies, who mostly sat in the carriages which brought them. Several of the reverend clergy, too, were at this exhibition of the speed of horses.....

"The sport being over, the great men and the pretty women and the sporting jockeys and the reverend sirs and many of the little folks quitted the field. Among the rest one gentleman who has a wife in New York went to his lodgings, and as soon as he had eaten his dinner took his pen in hand and wrote her an account of the whole day's proceedings."

"Washington, *December* 16, 1803.

"I beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance a native of Maryland of the name of Mitchella. He is a namesake of ours, and though you have heard of him before, I do not remember that you ever saw him, or a single individual of the family to which he belongs. He will not make you bows, nor entertain you with speeches. He is stiff and inflexible, and his taciturnity is insuperable. As you will not be able to get any information from him either concerning himself or me or any thing else, I must, in introducing him to you, give you his history and character.

"The *Mitchells* of his family do not belong to the human species, nor even to the animal part of creation. They are members of the vegetable department of nature. They mingle not in the noise and bustle of men, but pursue the means of subsistence which nature has afforded them, and enjoy the innocent loves of which their constitutions are susceptible, in their own quiet way.

"To be plain with you, my dear Kate, this specimen of the *Mitchella repens* was gathered in the city of Washington by the Rev. Dr. Cutler, the Massachusetts botanist. He presented it to me as the plant bearing our family name, and that your curiosity may be gratified by seeing how the Mitchella looks, I inclose it to your ladyship. It grows in moist places, has a tetrandrous flower, and is an evergreen. It is a kind of vine, and creeps along the ground. Botanists consider it an honor of the highest kind to be immortalized by having their names given to plants. These, whenever they are mentioned, revive the name of the botanist whom it is their lot to honor, and as long as they shall continue to grow, and the science to last, so long will the name of these individuals be perpetuated. This plant was named by Linné in honor of John Mitchell, of Virginia, who had labored effectually in the cause of botanical science. Professor Wildenow, of Berlin, wrote to me about eighteen months ago that it was his intention to name a new plant after your husband, but he was prevented by finding that the name had been bestowed already. The Mitchella is said to possess wholesome and medicinal qualities of the astringent kind."

"Washington, *December* 21, 1803.

"A few posts ago there came hither from New York a pamphlet in vindication of Mr. Burr, the Vice-President of the United States. The attacks which have been made upon him during the last twelvemonth by his political adversaries have at length provoked somebody on his side to attempt a defense. In doing this the writer investigates the causes of the confederacy against him, and delineates the characters of the principal persons who compose it. Some of the considerable men in New York in the civil and religious walks of life are libelled in the most violent and acrimonious terms. No regard is shown to the delicacy or sensibility of those who are noticed in the piece. They are flagellated without mercy, and scourged with a whip of scorpions. The person who wrote it certainly carries a better pen than commonly falls to the lot of pamphleteers. The composition, in a literary point of view, is considerably above the level of mediocrity. I am quite at a loss to guess the author. The publication makes no small conversation at Washington, and I am informed the same is the case in New York. Much of the matter of the pamphlet relates to scenes in which I was an actor with the heroes of the performance. I therefore read it with the more interest. And this interest is the more remarkable as I have not been implicated at all in the squabble. It might seem that, situated as I have been, I could scarcely have avoided being singed at least by the tails of the comets. But hitherto I have had a singular escape.

I observe there is an allusion of no very pleasant kind to Mrs. ——; so that you are not the only lady that has been brought into print on account of her husband this winter. Every one is anxious to know what effect this bold and extraordinary performance will produce, and whether silence, lawsuits, or duels are to grow out of it. Lamentable is it that all the characters villified in it are *Republican*. I think such tokens of schism and rupture must give great pleasure to the *Federalists*. And it is to be expected they will foment it by all the means in their power. It is not improbable that the pamphlet is intended to work an effect upon the ensuing State and national elections. The Vice-President is giving very pretty dinners here. On Sunday I dined with him, and Mr. Armstrong, who is villainously abused in the pamphlet, was one of his guests."

"GEORGETOWN, *November* 26, 1804.

"On Friday, November 23, I resigned my seat in the House of Representatives. This I was enabled to do from having received from Albany my commission from the Legislature of New York to act as a Senator. Accordingly, I wrote a letter of resignation to Mr. Macon, the Speaker, which was read to the House, and account thereof ordered to be transmitted to Morgan Lewis, Esq., Governor of the State, that he may issue his proclamation for choosing my successor in the district consisting of the counties of Kings, Richmond, and the city and county of New York. I feel no small regret on separating from a body of constituents who have so often given me proofs of their confidence. But it is not a total separation from them, for I still represent them in a body where my vote is greatly more ponderous; for while in the House of Representatives it was only one-seventeenth of the weight of the State, it is now, when shared with General Smith, my colleague, increased to one-half. My credentials having been read in the Senate by Mr. Otis, the Secretary, Mr. Burr, the President, invited me to advance and take the oath prescribed by the Constitution. Having been thus qualified into office, I retired to one of the scarlet chairs lined with morocco leather, and took my seat among the Senators as a member of the Supreme Executive Council."

"GEORGETOWN, *November* 30, 1804.

"There is a curious and extraordinary proceeding among the Senators which I ought to record. A bill, you know, has been found in Bergen County, New Jersey, against the Vice-President of the United States, Colonel Burr, for the murder of Alexander Hamilton. The aspect of this homicide is very serious, insomuch that it is apprehended the accused may be demanded by the Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Bloomfield, as a fugitive from justice. Mr. Burr is now attending the session of Congress, and sits daily in the Senate as the constitutional presiding officer of that body. The proceedings had at New York in consequence of the duel are deemed by a number of the Senators to be harsh and unprecedented; they conceive the treatment of the survivor to savor very much of persecution and intolerance. They believe it very unfair and partial to make him the victim of justice, while several other persons who have killed their opponents in duels at Hoboken are suffered to go at large without molestation. Under these impressions an address has been drawn up to Governor Bloomfield for the purpose of inducing him to quash or suspend the proceedings against the Vice-President. It was presented to me for my signature, but I declined subscribing my name or having any thing to do with it. This refusal required some resolution, for I was warmly beset, and by Republican influence too, to become an applicant in favor of Colonel Burr. I conceived, however, that as I had hitherto kept clear of the quarrels which had raged among my political acquaintances, it would be better for me to persist in doing so. And I believed that my first act as a Senator ought to be something more to the purpose for which I was appointed than this. But Messrs. Giles, Sumter, Wright, and others have put their names to it."

"GEORGETOWN, *December* 8, 1804.

"If I write very often to you, you will clearly infer that I often think about you, and if I write long letters, that I love to dwell upon you as the subject of my thoughts. You must remember, too, that you are one of my constituents, and that I am in some degree responsible to you for my public conduct. In the theory of our Constitution women are calculated as political beings. They are numbered in the census of the inhabitants to make up the amount of population, and the Representatives are apportioned among the people according to their numbers, reckoning the females as well as the males. Though, therefore, women do not vote, they are nevertheless represented in the national government to their full amount.

"This ordinary share of political influence is possessed by all women. But your situation is widely different. You formerly had a Representative in the House of Representatives to yourself, and latterly (oh, the nature of woman!) you have actually become possessed of a Senatorial vote which is half the weight of the commonwealth in the other branch of Congress. Considering you thus as one among the sovereign people, I have thought it proper from time to time

to give you an account of my behavior, hoping thereby to keep you in a good humor and to conciliate and perpetuate your favorable opinion. Hitherto in the course of my correspondence I have always referred to our social and conjugal relation. I now write to you in [your] sovereign and political capacity, and pay you therein the homage of my dutiful respects.

"On Friday the managers on the part of the House of Representatives, seven in number, exhibited their articles of impeachment at full length and in due form against Samuel Chase, one of the associate judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, for high crimes and misdemeanors. This is a great accusation; it excites much curiosity and feeling hereabout, and on this very important trial it has become my lot to sit as one of the judges."

"Washington, *February* 14, 1805.

"Congress was engaged in a task yesterday which occurs but once in four years. This was in counting the votes from the Electoral Colleges in the several States for President and Vice-President during the four years following the 3d of March next. The direction of the law is that the votes taken in each of the seventeen States shall be sent to the seat of government under seal, and addressed to the President of the Senate. Accordingly, the different parcels had been forwarded to Mr. Burr, who, being Vice-President, is by the Constitution also President of the Senate. The day having arrived for examining the returns, the Senate sent a message to the House of Representatives notifying them to attend in the Senate-chamber upon the occasion. This having been done, the House appointed two tellers and the Senate one. Both branches of Congress met at noon, and the tellers being seated at a table in the midst, Mr. Burr broke the seals of the parcels one by one, and handed them to the tellers. It appeared on counting that Mr. Jefferson is re-elected, and Mr. Clinton is chosen Vice-President for the same term. I think Colonel Burr had a painful duty to perform. He had been the receiver of the votes which made no mention of him for either of the great offices he had been looking to; he now opened the parcels containing them, and handed them to the tellers; he received from the tellers the result of the election; and finally he proclaimed Jefferson and Clinton duly chosen President and Vice-President of the United States. And, hard and trying as such a task must have been to a man of his keen sensibility, and to one who feels that the most outrageous wrongs have been done him, he really acted his part with so much regularity and composure that you would not have seen the least deviation from his common manner, or heard the smallest departure from his usual tone, if you had been a witness of the whole transaction. He has been some years disciplined in the school of adversity, and really has learned to behave like a stoic. All the difference I discerned was that he appeared rather more carefully dressed than usual. He will soon be out of office, and two prosecutions for his duel with Hamilton threaten him with trouble, one in New Jersey and the other in New York."

"Washington, *March* 1, 1805.

"This day at noon the Senate met in their judicial capacity to give judgment on the case of Samuel Chase, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, lately tried on an impeachment. He was found *not guilty*, the votes of the Senators who find him guilty being a constitutional minority, and the rest pronouncing him not guilty. Two-thirds being necessary to convict a judge of high crimes and misdemeanors, the accused is acquitted of the whole eight articles and all the charges therein contained.

"Thus this tedious and important trial is brought to an end. All this mighty effort has ended in nothing. On this occasion myself and my colleague Smith acted with the Federalists. But we did so on full conviction that the evidence, our oaths, the Constitution, and our consciences required us to act as we have done. I suppose we shall be libelled and abused at a great rate for our judgment given this day."*

"Senate-Chamber, *March* 2, 1805.

"I am here in a situation full of remarkable events. Yesterday the Senate passed judgment on one of the justices of the Supreme Court, as I wrote you.

"This day I have witnessed one of the most affecting scenes of my life. Colonel Burr, whose situation and misfortunes you well know, after having presided in the Senate during almost the whole session, came in, as is customary, and took the chair today. He went on with the public business as usual until about two o'clock. Then, the Senate-chamber happening to be cleared for the purpose of considering some matters of an executive nature, he rose from the chair, and very unexpectedly pronounced to the Senate his farewell address. He did not speak to them, perhaps, longer than twenty minutes or half an hour, but he did it with so much tenderness, knowledge, and concern that it wrought upon the sympathy of the Senators in a very uncommon manner. Every gentleman was silent, not a whisper was heard, and the deepest concern was manifested. When Mr. Burr had con-

* Among Dr. Mitchill's papers were found his notes of evidence and proceedings during this trial, amounting to forty folio pages, in his own handwriting. On these his judgment and vote were determined.

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cluded he descended from the chair, and in a dignified manner walked to the door, which resounded as he with some force shut it after him. On this the firmness and resolution of many of the Senators gave way, and they burst into tears. There was a solemn and silent weeping for perhaps five minutes.

"For my own part, I never experienced any thing of the kind so affecting as this parting scene of the Vice-President from the Senate in which he had sat six years as a Senator and four years as presiding officer. My colleague, General Smith, stout and manly as he is, wept as profusely as I did. He laid his head upon his table and did not recover from his emotion for a quarter of an hour or more. And for myself, though it is more than three hours since Burr went away, I have scarcely recovered my habitual calmness. Several gentlemen came up to me to talk about this extraordinary scene, but I was obliged to turn away and decline all conversation.

"I have just received a billet from him and have written an answer to it. He is a most uncommon man, and I regret more deeply than ever the sad series of events which removed him from public usefulness and confidence. The Senate passed a bill to give him the privilege of franking letters and parcels during life, but the House of Representatives refused their assent. The Senate has also passed him unanimously a vote of thanks for the ability, impartiality, and dignity with which he has presided in that body. Burr is one of the best officers that ever presided over a deliberative assembly. Where he is going or how he is to get through with his difficulties I know not.

"It was not my intention to have written to you to-day, but the occurrence of this remarkable event determined me to give you an account of it while the transaction was fresh and the impression warm."

"Washington, *January* 29, 1806.

"I have been much engaged in my Senatorial employment of late. Yesterday I made to the Senate a report in favor of additional fortifications at New York. It is highly desirable to guard more effectually against the attacks of an enemy. And I hope Congress may be inclined to do something for the further protection of our city and harbor. I am laboring the point zealously, and if the attempt fails, the fault shall not be mine.

"The Marquis Trugo, the Spanish minister, has lately published a most outrageous libel on Thomas Jefferson, purporting that in his Message to both Houses of Congress on December 3, 1805, the President uttered misrepresentations and falsehoods! This foreign agent has been ordered away from the seat of government; but he refuses to go, and defies the whole authority of the administration to compel him. He is understood to be as busily employed as possible fomenting opposition to our proceedings, and stirring up all the strife he can. No decisive steps have as yet been taken about him. As he is a minister from a foreign power, and by the law of nations is inviolate in his person, it is not easy to decide what ought to be done with him. Perhaps public opinion will be left to itself on the occasion. He called on me a few days ago, but I have not yet returned the visit. I believe, as matters now are, it is better that I should not. Yet I understand that many members of Congress are very sociable with him, and he boasts that he knows all the secrets of *their debates with closed doors*."

"Washington, *January* 7, 1807.

"I have just written a note inviting Captain Lewis to dine with me on Saturday. In a late conversation I had with him he gave me a description of the *burning plains* up the Missouri. In the Old World they have burning mountains, and so they have in South America. But in North America there are *burning strata of coal underlying the plains*, which produce such intense heat as to form lava, slag, and pumice-stone by the same process that forms those volcanic substances in the burning mountains of other countries. The piece of Missouri pumice in your collection is from one of these burning plains. On the Indian map upon the bison skin which you heard of here, I saw the burning plains marked, but I never understood their meaning until now. You see now that the minerals called volcanic are not necessarily the production of volcanoes, but of plains burning under-ground. Such are the curious processes of Nature, and so wonderfully diversified are her works!

"The news from the Westward is by no means agreeable. Burr is gone to Nashville with post-notes from the Bank of Kentucky to the amount of $20,000, and is changing them away for boats and provisions. I have been told, from an indubitable source, that the Executive possesses one of his letters in cipher, and also the key by which it is deciphered. It was written to a person in New Orleans, and contains the following language: '*I am now on the west side of the mountains, and shall probably never cross them again. But I comfort myself that I have with me a large portion of the best blood and the best spirits in America.*' Wilkinson stands firm on the side of the national administration. There is reason to suspect that the British have a helping hand in this disorganizing project. This information I give for confidential and select use, as a part of it is very little known even in Washington. I can not, however, persuade myself that all their machinations can effect any thing like a successful insurrection or rebellion. What-

ever the meaning may be, in Kentucky Burr has been greatly caressed."

"WASHINGTON, *January* 16, 1807.

"Our information concerning the Western commotions amounts to this: Burr's men and boats were collecting on the waters of the Ohio in the States of Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Ohio. He himself went to Nashville to gather more auxiliaries, and to meet his party by proceeding down the Cumberland River and joining them at its junction with the Ohio. But the Western people have taken the alarm and come out in favor of government. Ohio took vigorous measures against the insurgents in the first instance; this has been followed by steps equally spirited in Kentucky—in both States by legislative acts. If they should still outstrip their pursuers, the naval force of the nation will meet them to the northward of Natchez, under Commodore Shaw, who commands the Mississippi there. The people of the Mississippi Territory are roused, and at New Orleans they are in arms to resist the invaders. I think, therefore, Burr will be disappointed in his main object. By what means he will get out of the scrape I do not know; but he is full of cunning and subterfuge, and will reserve for himself a hole to creep out at. He relied much upon gaining over to his side General Wilkinson, the commander-in-chief of our army, and offered him, among other things, by a spy sent to tempt him, a sum of $100,000. But Wilkinson, after acting the part of a politic man for a while with this emissary, and getting from him all the information he could about Burr's designs, forwarded all the information to the President, like a faithful officer, and has probably before this time arrested Master S——."

"WASHINGTON, *January* 22, 1807.

"To-day or to-morrow a communication is expected from the President on the Western commotions. It will be from Mr. Jefferson's own hand. What a curious subject for reflection, that Jefferson should be engaged in writing memoirs of Burr to be inscribed to the House of Representatives! I believe this conspiracy is fully detected and frustrated. By a letter which I saw yesterday from Nashville, Burr is stated to have left that place on the 26th of December, and to have proceeded down the Cumberland River toward the Ohio in a boat with a very small number of individuals.

"One of my letters received last evening informs me of the late duel in New York between Captain Thompson, the Harbor-Master, and Mr. Coleman, editor of the *Evening Post*. One of the party is said to be mortally wounded. I should think the survivor would have a serious account to settle with the violated laws of his country."

"WASHINGTON, *January* 29, 1807.

"Last evening I went to the dancing assembly, which I have not attended before during this season. There was nothing very remarkable, no display beyond what is common here. The most distinguished persons I saw at the assembly were Mr. Rose, the new British envoy, and his secretary of legation, Mr. Mansfield. With the former I had a long conversation, and found him a man of agreeable manners. He told me he had been thirteen years in Parliament, and had travelled much in Europe. I should think him a man who mingles habits of business with the habits of society. When I told him that I hoped he would conduct the negotiation in such a way as to preserve peace between our nation and his, he pleasantly replied that he had not made a voyage of three thousand miles for the purpose of exciting war. This, however, has not lessened my apprehensions."

"WASHINGTON, *February* 13, 1807.

"There is a piece of information which I ought to give you as connected with the Western conspiracy, to which New York has furnished so many auxiliaries. Notwithstanding all the facts and circumstances attesting Burr's profligacy and guilt, a person named Wood has made his appearance at Washington since the beginning of the session, and has commenced the publication of a newspaper here, under the very eye of government, expressly in his favor. It is intended to demonstrate the purity of his character, the innocence of his conduct, and the patriotism of his soul. A wonderful task! like washing the Ethiopian white. The paper is called the *Atlantic World*, and three numbers have already appeared. It is issued weekly, and is doubtless established by Burr's means. The conductor has come here from Kentucky on purpose to exculpate Burr at the seat of government. The fellow is well known in New York as having been concerned with Burr there in writing his life, and in having published a book entitled *The History of Adams's Administration*. I was applied to this morning by his agent to subscribe for the publication. But, as you may readily suppose, I declined having my name on the list. Only think of the scrapes into which Burr is brought by his cunning and duplicity, and to what extraordinary and expensive expedients he is driven to extricate himself from them! It does not seem probable that this vindication will continue to be printed longer than this session of Congress continues."

"WASHINGTON, *November* 23, 1807.

"Yesterday I saw at church in the new hall many of the great folks here, and had the honor of escorting Mrs. Madison through the crowd to her carriage. She inquired

kindly after you, and so did Mrs. Cutts. The former of these ladies has the prospect of being *Lady President*. Mr. Jefferson is moving away his things gradually to Virginia, with the intent of retiring at the expiration of his term. Mr. Madison and Mr. Clinton are the two prominent characters talked of to succeed him. The former gives dinners and makes generous displays to the members. The latter lives snug at his lodgings, and keeps aloof from such captivating exhibitions. The Secretary of State has a wife to aid his pretensions. The Vice-President has nothing of female succor on his side. And in these two respects Mr. M. is going greatly ahead of him. Besides, people object to Mr. Clinton, his advanced age, and his want of diplomatic knowledge and of the foreign relations of the country. Notwithstanding all his integrity, worth, and decision, I do not at present see how we can assure his election to the Presidency. Read this to Mr. Miller."

"Washington, *December* 30, 1807.

"I am more than usually pleased with your letter of the 24th inst. It is so well written both as to the manner and matter of it, and bears such evidences of an affectionate heart and a cultivated understanding, that I feel pride mingled with satisfaction while I read it. Your account of the blacksmith's suicide, of the charity sermon preached for the orphan asylum, and of the meteoric stones which fell to the earth in Connecticut, are all of them examples of excellent composition.

"Your account of the atmospheric phenomenon arrived in a most convenient time. It preceded all the letters to the Connecticut delegation, and even outran the newspapers. It was, therefore, the great authority on which the news was told, and has been quoted to Senators, Representatives, and other great and curious personages. They all admire the method and distinctness of your description, and consider my fair correspondent as one of the first of letter-writers. Two days after the town had been agitated by your letter a full and circumstantial account of the occurrences reached me from Fairfield. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Holley and Bronson, spent a day in investigating the facts. Their narrative was accompanied with a specimen of the stone, and the whole story was such a verification of yours that it placed the information contained in your letter in a very advantageous point of view. So you have gained great credit by your intelligence. The specimen is exceedingly like the one Mr. Cabell gave you from France.

"I request you will tie up in one parcel all the books, papers, and documents which come from foreign parts during my absence from home. By keeping them together, it will be in my power the more easily to examine them on my return.

"Mr. Rose, the British envoy extraordinary, is daily expected from Norfolk. In a short time after his arrival we may expect a decision of the question of 'peace or war.' You may rest assured the embargo was not laid in consequence of menaces from France. And the suppressed letters between Armstrong and Champagny relate merely to the determination of Bonaparte to execute the blockading decree of Berlin, 1806, against the British Islands, and consequently involves neutrals trading to them."

"Washington, *January* 25, 1808.

"On Saturday evening there was held a grand caucus of the Republican members of Congress at the Capitol, of whom about ninety were present. Their object was to nominate a President and Vice-President of the United States for the term of four years from March 4, 1809. Almost all the votes ran in favor of James Madison as President, and about an equal number were given for George Clinton as Vice-President. This proceeding is exceedingly unwelcome to our venerable friend the Vice-President, who considers himself as fully entitled to promotion to the first place in the nation, instead of being retained in the second while another is elevated above him. I did not attend the caucus, and a greater part of the New York delegation staid away. This, however, proceeded in me more from a feeling of personal delicacy than from any other consideration. I do not know what harm I could have done, either to him or the cause, by going. But apprehending from the temper of some of the New-Yorkers that I should be blamed for having any thing to do with the business at this time, I thought it prudent to stay at home. At the nomination of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Clinton, in 1804, I was very much engaged, and served as a committee-man to render the election sure.

"So, as I foretold you in my former letters, Mrs. Madison has a bright prospect of becoming Lady Presidentess, and of being mistress of the sumptuous mansion on Palatine Hill for four years. Last evening I called to see Governor Clinton, and I am sensible he considers himself treated with great disrespect and cruelty by the gentlemen of his own party who acted at the caucus. But so it is, and it may be owing to his own self-complacency that he has been unable to discern what was as plain as daylight to every body else. I told him frankly he was the man of my preference. But really there does not appear the remotest probability of his success as President, and I like Mr. Madison too well to come forward and make a noise about it."

"WASHINGTON, *April* 1, 1808.

"There is considerable difficulty among the caucus men about the nomination of Mr. Clinton as Vice-President in connection with Mr. Madison as President. Mr. C. has published a letter in which he declared that he had never been consulted by those gentlemen either before or after the caucus. They have consequently found it necessary to send a committee of their body to communicate with him on the subject. This committee called upon Mr. Clinton two days ago, and, as I understand (for I was not present), received from him a tart, severe, and puzzling reply to the message they delivered. They and their associates are as much in a quandary as ever what to do with their nomination of him; for as he has not declined to serve his country when duly called upon, he may be considered as much a candidate for the Presidency under another nomination as for the Vice-Presidency under this one made by themselves. How this business will work, time only will disclose. It is an awkward affair at this time.

"Your friend Mrs. Madison is shockingly and unfeelingly traduced in the Virginia papers. The attack grows out of the approaching election, in which her husband is so prominent a character.

"My attention and time have been occupied by a piece of business imposed upon the New York delegation by the Legislature at Albany. Van Cortlandt, Riker, and I were appointed a committee to call upon the President and the Secretary of War. This service we performed this morning. The object was the defense of our city and the protection of our sailors.

"I will return to your presence and society as soon as the untoward situation of our national affairs will permit. My new suit of blue broadcloth is waiting to be worn on that joyful occasion. A little more patience, and I will come. I am weary, and weary, and weary of waiting."

"WASHINGTON, *December* 10, 1812.

"In my last I mentioned to you that some of us had subscribed for a ball in compliment to our naval heroes. It was held on Tuesday night, at Tomlinson's. The company and doings were such as you have often witnessed here. The rooms, lights, music, ladies, and every thing else, were pretty much as usual. Not more than about fifteen members of Congress were present. There were, however, two or three occurrences which made the exhibition more remarkable than common.

"Lieutenant Hamilton arrived in the midst of the dance, bearing the intelligence of the capture of the British frigate *Macedonian* by Captain Decatur, and bringing with him the flag of that ship as a trophy of the victory. Mirth and jollity were suspended, and changed into the glow of patriotism and the rapture of applause. Cheers of welcome were re-iterated, 'Yankee Doodle' was played, the colors were exhibited, and finally laid on the floor at the feet of Mrs. Madison. The Secretary of the Navy took them up, and from him I bore them to the side of the room that Madame Bonaparte,* Mrs. Hay, and others might examine them.

"The situation of the Hamiltons was singularly interesting. The father, mother, and the two sisters of the gallant messenger were all present. I had conversed with them, not more than half an hour before, on the probable time of the lieutenant's arrival at Washington. Not one of them expected him before Wednesday. Yet by extraordinary exertions he got in a day sooner than was expected. You may judge of the situation of this worthy family, thus happy beyond any perhaps that you ever saw: the son, coming home loaded with honors and the spoils of the enemy, finding the citizens engaged in a festival to honor naval men and the naval profession, ushered in amidst the shouts and plaudits of his friends; his father, mother, and sisters rushing from their places to embrace him. The time and circumstances were wonderfully opportune. They produced a very great and striking effect; and the whole was heightened by the recollection that Lieutenant H. was one of the persons who narrowly escaped with his life from the burning theatre at Richmond last December, and he had not been seen by his family since. Could the father have expired on the spot in a paroxysm of emotion, he would have made a happy exit.

"At supper the highest seats were given to Captains Hull, Stewart, and Morris among the gentlemen, and to Mesdames Madison, Monroe, Gallatin, and Hamilton among the ladies. This will give you an idea of the distribution of the honors. For my own part, I ate and drank but little. I was moving about every where, and enjoying like a correct sentimentalist every thing I could. After I got home I believe I was in the very condition of Themistocles after viewing the trophies won by the Athenians from the Persians at the battle of Marathon—*I could get no sleep.*"

"WASHINGTON, *December* 31, 1812.

"I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your very affectionate and elegant note of the 28th. I hope to give you notice, at the earliest possible day, of my acceptance of your invitation. You may rely upon my attendance, to partake of the rare things you offer, as soon as I shall gain a release from the ties which bind me here.

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* Wife of Jerome Bonaparte.

"Sir James Jay has just left me, after having favored me with one of his interesting discourses. He is an extraordinary man, to cross the ocean, to travel by land, and to walk and ride about the world as he does, at the age of more than fourscore.

"We have lost one of our members. Mr. Smilie, the old and respectable member from Pennsylvania, died here yesterday. To-day is appointed for his funeral. With a grand interment at the public expense, and a monument in the great cemetery here, dying from home is so far from being thought a misfortune, that the sentiment seems to have gained considerable ascendency that a member of Congress is very fortunate in coming to his end during his attendance here.

"The ex-Secretary of War a few days ago quitted Washington, sated with public life and honor. Satisfied with the repast, he has left the table, that another who has inclination and appetite may take his seat. And last night it was announced that the Secretary of the Navy had signified his intention to withdraw. Having basked in the sunshine of the court for four years, he means, it is said, to repose under the shade of the laurels planted for him in South Carolina.

"I went to the Drawing-room last evening to introduce several New York gentlemen, who pressed the service upon me. Neither of the dignitaries just mentioned was there, nor their wives. What a gap in the fashionable circle! Mrs. Madison, Madame Bonaparte, and many others made friendly inquiries after you. I came home early, according to my usual habit.

"Mr. John Howard Payne,* our juvenile actor, dined with me yesterday. I had a note from him at Georgetown a few minutes ago. He proceeds forthwith to New York, that he may embark for England in the cartel now preparing to sail. He is one of the very few of our citizens who have been indulged by the President with a passport to go into the country of our enemy. He promised me to call upon you and take his *congé*."

"Washington, *January* 14, 1813.

"I am once more at my seat in the House, expecting, when the ordinary business shall have been done, that the debate on the bill for raising the 20,000 additional soldiers for one year, to conquer Canada, will be resumed. Yesterday exhibited a spectacle of furious personal invective—Cutts against his colleague Quincy, and Randolph against the Emperor Bonaparte. Every thing is talked of except the matter of the bill, and while the discussion is so immeasurably prolonged, the season for recruiting will pass away, and warm weather arrive before we shall be ready for the campaign. However, there is a consolation in all this, which is, that as the great object of the war is to excite public feeling, and to find something for the people to do, this will be answered whether Canada shall be conquered or not.

"As the cabinet is now filled again by the appointment of William Jones, of Philadelphia, and John Armstrong, of New York, to the seats heretofore held by Hamilton and Eustis, business may be expected to receive a new spring in the executive department; and, indeed, there is abundant need of it. But in all these cases my great consolation is that the progress of society is little or not at all affected by the *ins* and *outs* of men or the *ups* and *downs* of politics. And as to Canadian wars, they have uniformly been disastrous ever since the colonization of these parts of North America, except in the war of 1759 and 1760. Let us therefore be of good cheer, for the great body of our citizens will be in no wise seriously affected, whether we remain within our present limits, or burst the barrier of the North, and occupy all the region to the Icy Sea.

"In the female world it is reported that the most fashionable opinion upon the complexion of a lady is the excessive vulgarity of the natural ruddiness of the face. Should any fair creature be so unfortunate as to have the roseate hue, she is to be cured of it as of any other disease. The remedies are abstinence, acids, and, as the most neat, expeditious, and convenient of them all, bleeding. When she is thus brought down to a proper degree of paleness and delicacy, she can give her face any degree of tint and color that she wishes. And in this way you discover how exquisitely art may improve upon nature. Oh, the ingenuity of the times! Nature's roses were always good enough for me."

"Washington, 1813.

"We are progressing in legislation, and are tolerably valiant and martial upon paper. I am constantly among politicians and *quidnuncs*, and yesterday I was at the President's house, and conversed with Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe. And yet, for the curiosity of me, I can not discover any distinct plan or system of operation for 1813, either for war, finance, or commerce. The war would go on pretty well if we could but get soldiers enough. The taxes are to be postponed until the next meeting of Congress, and we are to get along in the mean time by loans and treasury notes, and trade and navigation are to help themselves under our fleet and privateers as well as they can. But we talk of energy and vigor, and campaigning and battles, and victory and conquests, and glory and death, like brave fellows.

"It is said Baker has gone to England with pacific propositions: that the protection of

* The author of "Home, sweet Home."

naturalized citizens on the high seas is to be abandoned; that the men we vote will not be enlisted; and that peace will be procured upon some terms or other. Such are the secrets, and these the things worth knowing. Take care, and tell them only to the confidential, and not to the Philistines."

"WASHINGTON, *March* 2, 1813.

"This is the last day but one of the session, and of my legislative career. My situation resembles that in which I was placed four years ago. Then I ceased to be a Senator. Now I shall go out as a Representative. I am heartily glad of it, for really there is such a hurly-burly and confusion in the affairs of the nation and the times that I can scarcely tell what is right or what is wrong in our political course, and certainly, as far as I can judge, there is more to blame than to praise in our legislative doings.

"How joyfully shall I return to my study, my books, and the dear companionship of home!"

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

CHAPTER III.

"Who ever wooed
As in his boyish hope he would have done?"



AND what man ever found the woman among women, in whom he fondly sees "his bride to be, his ever new delight," exactly when and where he had expected to find her?

This girl, Silence Jardine — Roderick smiled over the Gallicized version of the old family name; and yet how pretty it sounded —that she was meant for him; that she would one day be his wife, if by any human power or patience such a joy were possible, he never once doubted. All his life he had been accustomed to get every good thing he wanted. Why not this? Besides, he felt so strong, so capable of winning any thing, every thing. That one hour of passionate pacing up and down under the stars seemed to have made a man of him, like the solitary vigil which the young esquires of old were left to spend, previous to being dubbed knights. When he awoke, quite early, long before daybreak, he was no longer a dreamy boy, but a belted knight, ready to go out and fight, with his lady's token on his helm, and his lady's love in his heart. And yet, only twenty hours ago, his life had been so aimless that at breakfast he had actually tossed up a half-penny to decide whether or not he should go direct home to Richerden!

Now, what was to be done?

Not, certainly, what impulse prompted— to find out Madame Jardine's address (would that he had known it last night, and could have watched, Romeo-like, under the window of his sweet, unconscious Juliet!), and entering the house like a whirlwind, fling himself at the dear lady's feet, proclaiming himself her unknown cousin, imploring her to take all Miss Jardine's money—and his too—if only she would give him her priceless treasure, her daughter Silence!

That she was a priceless treasure, this gentle Swiss girl, he never doubted, though it was only twenty-four hours—no, less, sixteen—since he had first seen her face. But the Reyniers loved her; and the Reyniers were most estimable people, and must know.

In fact, having already made up his mind, it was easy to argue from foregone conclusions. And, besides, the whole affair looked so like fatality—the fatality which secretly follows us all our lives, only some of us see it, and some do not.

When the lazy sun began to rise and show his glorious face over the peaks of the Jungfrau, precisely as yesterday—ah, what strange things had happened since yesterday! so that in his life it was no longer dawn, but full day—Roderick felt as if he had come hither not of his own will, but under the guidance of dear dead hands, his father's and another's; helpless once, but so strong and helpful now. Knowing what he did know, and guessing what never could be known in this world, he yet felt sure that if there was one person more than another whom his father would have preferred him to marry, it would be a Silence Jardine.

But he must be very cautious. That they were poor the Reyniers had told him, though the fact had scarcely entered his mind—he knew so little about poverty, and cared so little about riches. They might be proud; if so, perhaps it would be as well not to let them know he was wealthy. Some vague idea struck him of acting the Lord of Burleigh over again; but Silence had no need to grow "a noble lady;" she was that already. Not a girl in Richerden was fit to tie her shoes. Even his mother and sisters—but he sat face to face with the kind old professor, in dressing-gown and slippers, Roderick never could tell; nor what M. Reynier thought of it, though he veiled his opinion in most sympathetic politeness, and gave at once the address which the young man asked, or believed he had asked, in the most business-like and indifferent manner possible.

"Certainly, certainly, yes; and my wife and daughters shall call at once to congratulate the dear ladies on their good fortune



"MADAME JARDINE IS IN VERY DELICATE HEALTH, AND THEY ARE VERY POOR."

there was a certain loyalty in the young man which made him revolt from judging these as he judged other Richerden folk. They were his own. He loved them. But she, the new-found, all-perfect, "inexpressive she!"

"The stars shall fall and the saints be weeping
Ere I cease to love her—my queen! my queen!"

He kept humming the song to himself in a passionate under-tone all the way to M. Reynier's, whither he had determined to go and explain what Mr. Black, in the feeble French of his letter of introduction, had left wholly unexplained, the why and wherefore of young Mr. Jardine's visit to Switzerland.

How he got through that explanation, as in being discovered by so excellent a relative. Stay, perhaps monsieur would like Madame Reynier to go in advance and break to them the good tidings? It might startle them, and Madame Jardine is in very delicate health, and they are very poor, monsieur knows?"

Yes, he knew it; but he did not take it in—no more than the young queen who, hearing her subjects lacked bread, suggested their eating cake.

"I think, Monsieur Reynier," he said, with modest hesitation, "I should like to tell them myself. It is a family matter, and they would not feel my visit a liberty. They are my cousins, you see. If"—with a sudden idea that almost made him smile—

"if you would kindly vouch for me that I am—well, respectable, in short."

"Even if monsieur did not carry his letter of recommendation in his face, Mr. Black's guarantee would have been quite sufficient," answered the professor, with grave politeness.

Another time Roderick would have laughed to think what his mother would have thought of her son's owing his sole credentials of character to Mr. Black, the factor! but now he was in too great haste to linger an instant more than courtesy demanded; and it seemed hours rather than minutes before, armed with M. Reynier's *petit billet*, he found himself mounting the long stair (so like a Scotch one, only clean, scrupulously clean), *étage* after *étage*. Madame Jardine lived *au quatrième*, almost up to the roof of the tall house.

"Are they so very poor?" he thought, with a sharp pang, followed by a wild delight. To come as the *Deus ex machinâ*, the good genius, the protecting angel—how delicious! Ay, even though it were actual want he was about to find.

But no such discovery presented itself to the eyes of the young man, delicate in his tastes, quick, morbidly quick, to detect and revolt from any thing coarse or squalid. A little Swiss damsel in sabots opened the door of the *appartement* and showed him into a salon—very foreign certainly; his mother would have been shocked at the almost carpetless floor and curtainless windows; but exquisitely neat, harmonious in color, refined in arrangement. The glaring grandeur and heavy splendor of those familiar Richerden drawing-rooms were altogether absent. But there was a soft subdued light, a faint odor of flowers, some aromatic late autumn flowers, which lapped his senses in a strange bewildering pleasure. He sat down, wondering if he were dreaming, and whether he should not shortly wake and find himself back in Richerden, looking out into the muggy streets, the dreary park, glad to escape from himself, and from that luxurious habitation which was called "home."

And when she entered—not madame, but mademoiselle—he felt more than ever as if the whole thing were a vision of the night. She entered with a soft, silent grace, which made her Puritanic name seem the most appropriate possible, and standing still in the doorway, bowed to him in the distant foreign way. But she spoke in English—her sweet, slow, precise English, very correct in accent, though the sentences were sometimes arranged French fashion, and the "monsieur," translated into "Sir," frequently appeared therein, in a funny un-English way.

"Mamma has sent me, Sir, to present her regrets that she can not see you." (He had announced himself merely as a friend of M. Reynier's.) "But she is a little more suffering than usual to-day, and she has not risen. Will you say to me that which you desired to say to her?"

"I know—I feel—it is I who ought to apologize," stammered Roderick, feeling it absolutely impossible to face those great, blue, innocent, ignorant eyes. "But I came on business—business which could not be delayed."

The young girl visibly shrunk. "Oh, I hope—I hope it is no more sorrow; mamma has suffered so much."

"Indeed, no; quite the contrary, I trust. May I be permitted to explain?"

But he could not explain. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. All his self-possession, his good common-sense, even his good manners, seemed to have fled from him. He felt like a boor, an actual boor, in the presence of this young creature, whom he had so suddenly elected, or believed Fate had elected for him, as the angel of his life, the mistress of his heart, the queen and ruler of his destiny. So foolish, so romantic are some men, even in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century! O women—queens that might be—think, are you all found worthy to wear your crown?

"I am afraid—I— Pardon, but if mademoiselle would condescend to take these to madame her mother," said he, hurriedly, falling back into French, as if its formal phrases of politeness made a barrier against himself and his irrepressible agitation.

She received the letter and card, without looking at him or at them—he felt a slight pang in noticing that though evidently recognizing him, she showed not the slightest curiosity even to learn his name—and vanished from the salon.

"Vanished" was the most appropriate word for her. Some women—Roderick had known several at home—enter a room with a bounce, and quit it with a bang; this girl stole into it like sunshine or any other blessed, silent thing, and departing, left darkness behind her—or so the young man thought, the hapless or happy fellow to whom had come the first sunburst of that mysterious instinct called Love.

An instinct which, though not excluding reason, sometimes transcends it in a very remarkable way. For, had you asked, he could hardly have told you why this face had so charmed him. Now that he saw it in full daylight, he recognized that it was not really beautiful: in truth, he had often seen much handsomer women. Nay, by the odd contrast which Nature often amuses herself with, had he looked into the mirror opposite he would have seen features far more artistically "correct," a finer figure, and altogether a much more *distingué* specimen of humanity. But he did not look: he never thought about himself at all, only of her.

He felt as if he never should think, except of her, to the end of his days.

Could his mother, who believed no woman alive too good for her boy—perhaps not good enough—could Mrs. Jardine have seen him sitting humbly there in a paltry Swiss parlor, all the contents of which might be valued at a few pounds, watching, counting each minute till the door should open to admit—what? a poor little Swiss girl, a mere music-teacher, neither grand nor stylish, whose dress, nay, whose whole wardrobe, could scarcely have cost the sum that the Richerden damsels were in the habit of paying for a pocket-handkerchief or a muff! Nay, who was not even a pretty girl, except for her eyes; since the wonderful expression which spiritualized her whole face into beauty, and which in the most perfect degree had been caught by Roderick when he first saw her gazing at the Jungfrau, was not likely to be detected by the lady who might one day be—oh, startling thought, had either known it!—her mother-in-law.

The link between them, the young man who already contemplated welding together such a union of opposites, sat for fully half an hour, forlorn as a sparrow on a house-top, and very near the house-top too, before any sign reached him that *his* possible mother-in-law—the sweet Swiss lady whom he felt he loved already, she was so like her daughter in some things—had recognized his existence or his eagerly claimed cousinship. At last the door opened.

Roderick sprang forward, then drew back painfully embarrassed. But Silence advanced with that gentle composure which nothing ever seemed to disturb, and with only the faintest added color in her cheek, as, English fashion, she extended her little, soft, thoroughly English-looking hand.

"Monsieur my cousin, mamma bids me welcome you to our country, and to say that she will receive you at six this evening if you will do her the honor to come."

"Mademoiselle ma cousine, the honor is entirely on my side. I shall be only too delighted."

And then he paused, half expecting she would say something more, or at least ask him to be seated; but she did not. Evidently it was not the custom of Swiss young ladies to hold morning interviews with young gentlemen in the absence of their mothers. He, accustomed to have young ladies more than civil to him, absolutely "running after" him, so far as he would let them do it—lively young ladies who danced and joked, flirted and talked slang, meaning no harm, certainly, but persisting in making themselves "jolly companions every one" to the opposite sex—he was struck into more than admiration, reverence, for this gentle, reticent, womanly woman, who held herself aloof from all men, except in mere courtesy, until there should come the man to whom she could unlock her inmost soul. He fancied her sailing along, moon-like, in her calm blue sky of maidenly life till—till she reached Latmos. And then, oh! the dream of the stretched-out, empty, longing arms, of the passion of meeting hearts, each as pure as the other, in a love old as the heavens and young as the ever-renewed earth!

He started—and truly he had need to start, this self-made Endymion, this very foolish shepherd—and remembered that he was a modern English gentleman paying a morning call, and that he must immediately take up his hat and go. The more so as, in spite of herself, his young "cousin"—how he clung to the word and the tie!—was, he could perceive, a good deal agitated. Her color changed, her little fingers fluttered over her dress. Yes, it was a gray dress, of the sort called Carmelite, for he recollected once admiring the same on some lady visitor, and his sister Bella had laughed at him, saying it only cost a shilling a yard, and was just "fit for table-maids." But upon *her*, with its soft folds and tender, dove-like tint, he could have knelt down and kissed its very hem.

"Mademoiselle—Miss Jardine."

She lifted up her eyes, smiling. "Yes, I am that by right, and I like to be called so. 'Miss' reminds me that I belong a little to father's country."

"Then you are satisfied, your mother too is quite satisfied, that I am really your cousin?" cried Roderick, eagerly.

"Not my cousin-german, of course," she answered, again drawing back a little, "but my cousin much removed—how do you say it in English?—*très eloigné*. That is, they had the same great-grandparents—these three who were educated together, Mr. Henry Jardine, who was the father of monsieur, my father, and the lady I was named after, Cousin Silence."

"Then you too have heard of Cousin Silence?" cried Roderick, feeling every minute the mysterious chains more tightly drawn round him.

"Certainly; my father loved her very much once—always, I think—though it was years since he had written to her. Did you know her? Is she living yet?"

Then M. Reynier's note, which he had not seen, had explained nothing of the money affairs. Roderick felt glad. His welcome here was simply as "Monsieur mon cousin;" nothing more.

"She is not living, but it is scarcely two months since she died."

"Ah! then I shall never see her, and I should have liked it so! Sometimes papa promised when I was older to take me to see his land, and Blackhall, and Miss Silence Jardine. Did you ever see her, Sir?"

"Once—only once; the day my father died. I will tell you about it another time."

By a sudden instinct she seemed to catch his change of look, of tone. "Monsieur is very good," she said, gently, and questioned no more.

There was, indeed, no more to say, no possible excuse for him to remain, yet he lingered. Shy as a school-boy, he felt as if he could not get out of the room.

"This evening at six, then," said Mademoiselle Jardine, with gentle dismissal, not again offering her hand, but merely bowing, as Roderick walked—he felt very much as if he were crawling—out of the salon.

And yet it was a glorious humility, a noble shame, a sensation more delicious than any thing he had believed the world could offer: the world, so empty to him of sympathy, of love—that is, the up-looking love—since his dear father died. He almost felt as if his father knew it all, the reflex of what, perhaps, he too had known in his youth, the "love's young dream," which never comes twice. Happy those to whom it comes truly as love, and neither as passion nor folly—who can say to themselves, as Roderick did during the weary hours between twelve and six, "Now what shall I do for *her*? What would she like me to do? Something, I am sure, that would be good and right."

And with this intent, and perhaps another behind it, he sat down and did what he had forgotten to do day after day ever since he reached Neuchâtel; he wrote a long letter home to his mother—a very affectionate, amusing, clever letter, just what he knew would please her, and which, as he also knew, she would show to every near and dear friend she had. Consequently it was not exactly confidential; indeed, Roderick was not in the habit of writing confidential letters to any body; but it was quite honest, so far as it went: gave a glowing description of the Alps at Berne, and an amusing one of the soirée at Professor Reynier's; painted graphically the quaint little town of Neuchâtel, where he said he intended to stay a few days longer; and ended by stating briefly how he had found among M. Reynier's guests the object of his search, at least all that were left to find—Archibald Jardine's widow and only surviving child. Whether the child was old or young, boy or girl, he omitted to particularize—a degree of reserve which surpassed even the ordinary reticence of Mr. Roderick Jardine.

Poor mother! she was rather to be pitied, if she had known all. And yet, seeing it is from the first the parents who make the children, and not the children the parents, perhaps mothers who need pity for not receiving the full confidence of their sons have in some way or other earned what they get. Alas! it is both a sad and awe-striking thought that many a poor "black sheep" may have been dyed that ominous color by the authors of his being, both after his birth and before it.

Poor dear woman! paying sedulously her vapid, useless morning calls, doing her endless shopping, dining out, or arranging dinner parties at home—occupations which filled up the sum total of Mrs. Jardine's existence, and which she expected her family to conform to, as the old generation so constantly expects the new to grow up exactly after its own pattern—little she guessed that this untoward new generation had already taken its lot into its own hands. Little she knew, on receiving her welcome letter, that the instant her son finished it he plunged into a world of dreamy delight in which she had no part, wherein almost her existence was temporarily forgotten. Yet so it was; so it must inevitably be. Happy those parents who are wise enough to accept the inevitable—accept and forgive. Happier still those who are able even to sympathize: "I also have been in Arcadia."

How far the muggy atmosphere and swimming streets of Neuchâtel now resembled Arcadia is doubtful; yet when Roderick went out to post his letter he seemed to walk on air. Every corner of the quaint old town looked picturesque; every passer-by interesting. For he had a vague hope—half fear too—that under some umbrella he might find the gray gown, black felt hat, and blue eyes.

Just on the faintest chance of this, he went round by the shore of the lake, where a sudden wild wind had caused the waves to rise and roll in, almost like a sea tide, greatly to the distress of the poor Neuchâtellerois. Various movables had been carried away, and a large market barrow was now tossing up and down upon actual breakers, while its luckless owner stood wringing her hands, and two or three men were wading in, vainly trying to catch it with ropes.

Roderick went to help them; he never could forbear rushing to the rescue in any case where his youthful strength was available. Presently he succeeded in saving the cart, and in wetting himself to the skin, which he hardly felt, for, in wading ashore, the first sight he saw, fixed upon him, was those two earnest blue eyes.

She stood among the little crowd, her umbrella in one hand, a roll of music in the other; behind her the little white-capped *bonne* stood, full of sympathy—as, indeed, every body was—first with the owner of the cart, and then with its salvors. She recognized him at once.

"Oh, how good is monsieur!" she exclaimed, warmly, in French. "See, madame," turning to the poor market-woman, "your cart is safe, absolutely uninjured. How

kind, how brave it was of these men, and of this English monsieur!"

And then monsieur, half deafened by the storm of thanks and applause from these warm Swiss hearts, was glad to beat a retreat, and find himself, he knew not how, walking along by the side of Mademoiselle Jardine, and talking, still in French, about how it all happened.

"I have never seen the lake rise so," she said. "All the town has been down here, watching the waves, which are higher, they say, than has been seen for twenty years: never since the year I was born."

She was twenty, then; he had thought her younger.

"Mamma happened to be at Neuchâtel, and remembers it well—that day. She had me in her arms, a little baby, and if papa had not held her fast, the waves and the wind would have swept us away, both of us. How strange it seems!"

"Very strange; but life is very strange," said the young man, as he drank in, full of dreamy delight, the soft tones, the sudden sweet uplifting of those lovely eyes. They rested on his soaked clothes.

"Monsieur ought to go at once to his hotel," she said, with a pretty decision. "Pardon; but I am so accustomed to look after people—to take care of them. I always have to take care of mamma, you know. She has been an invalid so long, with her chest. I think it is that which has given me a morbid terror of damp and wet."

"Yet you are out in all this rain, *ma cousine?*" intentionally changing the word from "mademoiselle," and seeing with delight that though she took no notice, she half smiled, as if not displeased.

"Oh, I? That is quite a different thing. I am strong; nothing ever harms me. Besides, it is unavoidable. I give lessons; I must go out, you know."

That gentle, firm "Il faut," to one who had never known an unpleasant "must" in his life—how it went to the young man's heart!

"Is it very hard work, this teaching?" said he, trying to hide the inexpressible tenderness that was already trembling in his voice.

"Oh no, not at all hard; quite pleasant sometimes," she replied, cheerfully. "But monsieur must really go to his hotel at once. *Au revoir*, till six."

And with a brief, sweet remorselessness, she bowed and passed on, picking her way through the water channels and the mud, and never once looking behind. If she had!

But no. Roderick felt certain she had no more idea of what he was feeling than the moon has of those who stand and gaze at her, so entirely serene and composed was her bearing, so free from the slightest self-consciousness, or consciousness of him either, such as he had seen in some girls, who changed their manner on the instant any man addressed them. Now this young Swiss girl seemed sufficient to herself, and independent of every man alive.

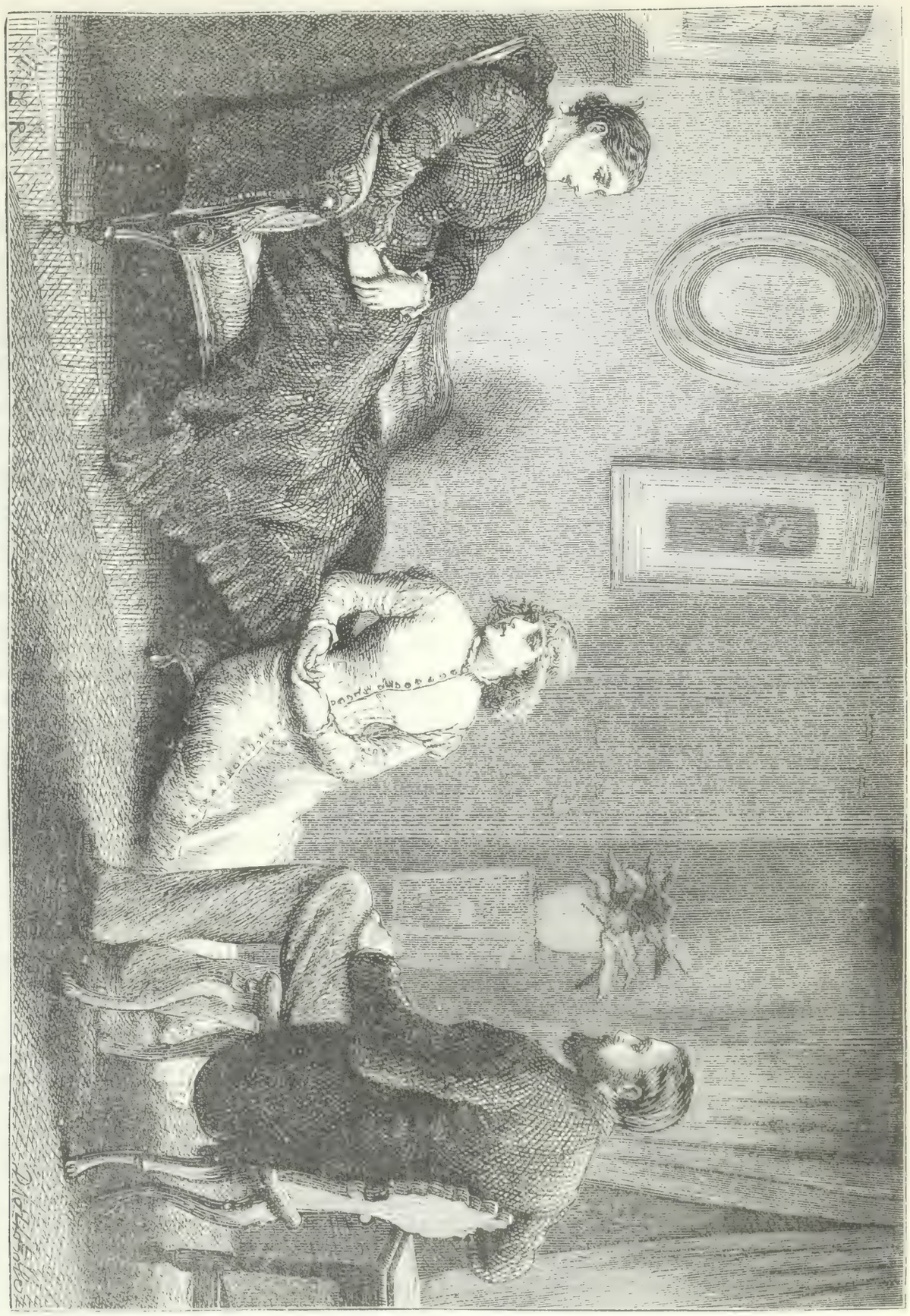
It was not flattering exactly, in the mean way by which some young men like to be flattered; yet as Roderick turned into his hotel, mechanically obeying her, and taking pleasure in doing so, he felt more and more that she was the one woman in the world whom he could love—nay, worship—whether she ever thought of him or not. And owning this, he sighed. Already he had ceased to be satisfied with the "moonstruck madness" of abstract admiration; already had come the desire of possession, of having the beloved treasure all to himself, of hiding it close in his bosom, "lest his jewel he should tine." Fast as his love had grown, like Jack's bean-stalk, all in a night, it had already reached this height.

Another point it had reached also. To think of her—her whom he would have shielded from every harsh blast, and made life to her an actual bed of roses—walking through the soaking streets, giving horrible music lessons! It was to him positive agony. Was she so poor? And he, laden with that heap of useless riches!

This evening, with an involuntary and quite inexplicable feeling, he did not seek for his diamond studs or any other resplendency of his always careful toilet, but dressed himself as simply as possible. He felt as if he could have gone in sackcloth and ashes if by any means it could have advantaged her.

Again he climbed, but impetuously, joyously, as if it were the high-road to heaven, the long stair which led to Madame Jardine's door, and found that what he had hoped would be a party *à trois* was added to by the pleasant faces of M. Reynier and his daughters, and one or two other guests—not pleasant, however, to his eyes at all. Nevertheless, he made the best of it. Most young men would have delightedly acted *cavalier seul* to such a charming cluster of girls; but Roderick would a thousand times rather have sat beside this one girl and watched her pour out the tea and distribute the various condiments which seemed to compose this innocent evening meal, after the custom of the Neuchâtel folk.

How charming it was, and how charming they were! Had he had his full perceptions in use, and even with the proportion he had available, allowing for the unfortunate peculiarity of having always to listen for what *she* was saying and watch what *she* was doing, the young man could not have failed to discover the extreme intelligence, mingled with extreme simplicity, of this little society, where all were poor (or what his mother would have thought poor), but all



"HOW LIKE A DREAM SEEMED THAT FIRST EVENING, THAT FIRST TALK."

refined and cultivated. Never, even in his Cambridge life, had he heard better "conversation," that rare, delightful art or science—which is it?—which only well-bred and well-educated people can attain to, than he now heard round this simple board, in a far-away Swiss town, and in a widow's household too, where, so far as he could see, there was not a trace of wealth or luxury.

All the talk was in French, of course, but now and then "Miss" Jardine addressed him in English, to which he eagerly responded, as to a sweet secret felicity in which the rest did not share. And how he thanked the benign fate which, dragging away the masculine element in the party to some lecture—half Neuchâtel seemed composed of *professeurs* or *écoliers*—compelled an early breaking-up!

"But Monsieur Jardine, who is not at

college, need not depart," said madame, courteously. "Will he not stay and tell us a little of his beautiful Scotland, which my husband loved so, and sometimes thought to see once more, but he died without seeing it? Come and sit by me, *chérie*, and listen. She loves her father's land almost as if she had seen it, does my daughter Silence?"

Afterward, how like a dream seemed that first evening, that first talk, almost a family talk, in the dim light of the shaded lamp, with the wind howling outside round the roof of the lofty house, and inside peace, all peace. What a picture it made! the invalid mother half sitting, half lying on her sofa, and her daughter on a stool at her feet, Desdemona-like, listening, all eyes and ears, as this new Othello told them, not of his wars, labors, and sufferings, for he had none to tell, but of Scotland, and of Blackhall, the little that he knows—how he wished it had been more! Lastly, of the only time he had seen Cousin Silence, when she came to his father's death-bed; and of that beloved father, whom he scarcely ever mentioned to strangers; but with these it was a feeling altogether different.

Mother and daughter, so sweet, so united, so simple, so good! "How I wish," he exclaimed once, "that my father had known you, or that you had known my father!"

And then Madame Jardine questioned him rather closely about himself and his college life, watching him with great intentness, and with a gentle shrewdness which showed that amidst all her simplicity she was a far-seeing woman, not altogether ignorant of the world and its ways. Finally she drew from him the story of his journey hither, and its object.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of both mother and daughter when they learned that they had "inherited"—Roderick carefully put it in that light, trusting to his good luck to be able to explain it away afterward—inherited a sum of money from Miss Silence Jardine.

"How good of her! how generous!" cried Madame Jardine, clasping her hands with one of those impulsive gestures which we English think so strange, but which in her seemed perfectly natural. But they had not descended to her daughter, who in mien and manner was not at all what we term "foreign," but as quiet as any English girl.

"I should explain to you, monsieur," continued Madame Jardine, "that in his youth my husband did his cousin a great unkindness—nay, a wrong. He could not help it; she made him so unhappy. But all that is past now, and I—I made him happy. And she has made us rich—this good Cousin Silence."

"Not rich, exactly," Roderick confusedly explained. "It is only an old house, with perhaps two or three hundred a year."

"Two or three hundred a year! Why, that is a fortune—an absolute fortune! Let us bless the good God for it! Silence, my child, I shall not leave you in poverty."

She burst into tears; and then, wholly oblivious of the stranger's presence, mother and daughter fell into one another's arms and sobbed together.

Roderick knew not what to do. The sight of joy, as of sorrow, in any earnest, simple, passionate form, was to him almost unknown. He had never witnessed, even in womankind, any thing beyond respectable grief and decorous pleasure. He remembered how in her utmost pangs of widowhood his mother had counted with evident satisfaction the ninety-seven letters of condolence which she had received; and he doubted if any family event, even a daughter's marriage, would have produced in her such a gush of emotion as he now witnessed in these poor Swiss ladies. What straits they must have gone through, how terrible must have been their fear of poverty, when a few paltry hundreds could so brighten the future as thus to affect them both!

Roderick could not understand it at all. He—could it be said he enjoyed it? Anyhow he stood gazing at them, in a passion of silent sympathy, until, afraid if he staid longer he should commit himself in some frantic way that would make these gentle ladies consider him as a dangerous lunatic, and cut his acquaintance for evermore, he stole quietly out of the room and house, leaving a message that he would do himself the honor to call next day and explain his sudden departure.

Then he ran down the steep staircase, nor paused once to think till he found himself in the safe, calm moonlight by the lake shore.

A KITCHEN-GARDEN.

A HOMELY theme, it may be thought, and no doubt many a fair reader will pass it by with a sniff of disdain. But, sooner or later, all the world comes to take an interest in the kitchen-garden. Standing in its midst, even the most ethereal and romantic, the people who dote on "culture," worship at the shrine of "high art," and rave mildly over majolica, will come round at last and ask in natural tones concerning the best varieties of green peas; and he who knows the best kinds of green peas, and the sorts of lettuce that show a tendency (rare in this world) to develop a head, will find eventually that society, that elbows aside all not useful to it, will make a place for him. My little hoard of knowledge was not evolved out of an inner consciousness, but obtained, through sunshine, shower, and easterly storms, in the garden itself, and so may have some value to those who prefer a solid head of cabbage to an ingenious theory about a cabbage.

The little tribe of which I am the oldest member settled in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson in the spring of 1875, and on our farm of twenty-three acres we found no kitchen-garden worthy of the name. Nor have we had a decent garden since. I wanted such a good one, and was so loath to enter on any half-way measures, that we came near having none at all. In my unrealized ideal I was like those sagacious people who so bother the dominies by declining to become Christians until good enough for translation. In my early home I was accustomed to a garden in which I have known twenty-six vegetables to be ready for the table at one time, and from my old parsonage garden, where I found "play and profit" for several years, we had a large and varied choice. But since coming to Cornwall I have carried a vague ideal garden in my head, from which the kitchen received no benefit. Our vegetables were planted here and there among the strawberries, and often "went to the bad" from neglect, or lack of the conditions of growth. Nature, over whom the poets rhapsodize, is so matter of fact and exact in her bargains that my scrambling, hap-hazard system came, in 1878, to an inevitable and ignominious end. Nature says, You ask of me a crop of onions. Here are my terms: 1st. The ground must be fit for onions. 2d. It must be prepared in a way suitable for onions. 3d. I demand for onions richness of soil. 4th. The seed must be sown *early* in April. 5th. So much hoeing. 6th. No weeds. 7th. Keep away the onion-fly, etc. And not Shylock himself could be more inexorable in enforcing his bond than she. Therefore I propose to make Nature an ally instead of an enemy, and to transfer the ideal garden from my head to a locality on my place that, after much hesitation, I have decided to be well adapted for the purpose. Remembering the origin of this garden, the reader will be correct in not expecting a very large one.

West of our house there is a little more than a quarter of an acre that was occupied in part by old apple and cherry trees. These had outlived their usefulness, and by putting them into my study fire I can pay them a tribute of regret that their blossoming days are over, before carefully storing their ashes as my best fertilizer for the ground they cumbered. This spot contains two distinct varieties of soil and two exposures to the sun. It is sheltered from the north and east, and, what is of far more consequence, from the boys who would steal my melons. On the 1st of last November this plot was all in sward, with the trees I have named still standing. Part of it is very stony, and I do not think it has been ploughed or cultivated in any way for a great many years. But by the 10th of May next I expect it to be a mellow garden plot, with depth of soil averaging fourteen inches, and all planted. How I shall bring about this transformation may be of interest by suggesting similar changes in equally unproductive land; at the same time I shall see to it that my hints apply also to old established gardens.

I am not writing for that class that employs a certain type of the professional gardener, and scarcely dares to call its soul its own when venturing into the domain of the man it pays so liberally for snubbing Nature and itself; nor for that other class that has given itself over to the mercies of the "hired man"—a bucolic monster that feeds on cabbage and potatoes, and gruffly declines to "potter round 'mong small garden sass." These people have sold their birthright, and the messes of pottage they receive in return are few and far between. My informal talk is for those who are "at home" on their breezy grounds, and intend to get all the fun, good cheer, and profit possible out of them, and, like myself, to make as many blunders, mistakes, and to try as many new-fangled seeds and experiments, as they please, with none to molest or make afraid.

Not a few among this happy class are attacked suddenly on the first sunny days of April with an impulse to return to man's primal calling. They announce at the breakfast table that it is time to "make garden," and the garden is made forthwith. After a day or two of ploughing, digging, raking, and planting, the head of the household remarks, complacently, "That job is off my hands." But Nature quietly proves to the unconscious egotist, who has acted as if universal law would be changed to suit his convenience or ignorance, that making a garden without due regard to her requirements is a waste of every thing contrary to her terms. When all the seeds of a garden are planted at once, some will be right, of course, and there will be by-and-by an oversupply of certain kinds of vegetables, all maturing together, followed by a sudden dearth, in which the garden becomes a weedy desert.

Therefore, with Nature's terms before us, clearly written in the sky and on earth, in the soil of the garden and the shifting clouds above it, we will proceed to show that making a garden is not the work of a few April days, but of nine or ten months. By simply telling what I hope to do, step by step and month by month, perhaps I can best advise those who are rash enough to look to me for advice. At any rate, I will secure the confidence given to one who tries to practice what he preaches.

During the last week of February, unless the weather is very cold, I shall prepare new, unfermented stable manure for my hot-bed by piling it up into a conical heap near the place where it will be needed. As soon as it begins to steam, or when a stick thrust

into it is hot to the hand, I shall turn it over and form it into another conical heap. If I had forest leaves on hand, I would mix them evenly with the manure in the proportion of one-half, but as I have used these in covering strawberry beds, I will turn the manure once more, the object being to remove the tendency to ferment suddenly and violently. It is a long, steady heat that is required. After two or three turnings, or by the first week in March, the manure is ready, and I shall place it in the pit already prepared. This is simply an excavation in a sheltered, sunny, well-drained spot, six feet wide and as long as required. Six feet by six will be large enough for the needs of most families. Around the sides of this pit (which is about two and a half feet deep) is fitted a strong board frame, the sides of which slope upward toward the back about six inches, so that the glass sash may incline toward the sun, and shed water freely. The warm fermenting manure is placed in the bottom of the pit to the depth of six inches, distributed carefully, and at last tramped down quite firmly, so as to secure an even surface on which to spread the firm rich earth in which the seed is to be sown. This soil should have been prepared the season before, and if formed of a compost of rotted leaves, sods, and stable manure, will be found to be admirably adapted for the purpose. If no such prepared earth is at hand, take the richest that can be obtained, and mix with it a little bone-dust or guano—a handful to the space covered by a sash six feet by three. Mix very evenly, and allow no lumps of these strong fertilizers, or else they will burn the plants. The earth is spread over the strawy fermenting manure to the depth of six inches, and a day or two given for the heat to rise through it. There probably will be too great heat at first. Wait two or three days, until the thermometer falls to 80°, and then sow early cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, radishes, etc., in rows four inches apart. These are quite hardy, and can stand considerable cold. I shall separate this part of the hot-bed from the rest of the space, in which, a week or two later, I will sow the more tender vegetables—tomatoes, peppers, egg-plants, etc. This separation of the hot-bed by a board partition enables one to give the different treatment required by the very tender and the more hardy classes of plants. It is a good rule to sow seeds in hot-beds about six weeks before it is safe to put them in the open ground.

The cold frame is a modification of the hot-bed, and even more useful. It is the same in all respects except that no hot manure is placed in the bottom of the pit, but only the rich fine soil in which the plants are to grow. Unless close and careful attention can be given to a hot-bed, a cold frame is preferable, for, although slower, it is surer. If a hot-bed is not carefully watched and aired judiciously, the plants are burned by the heating manure beneath them, or they grow long and spindling because forced too rapidly. The absence of fermenting manure in the cold frame tends to much slower but at the same time stockier and sturdier growth. It is dependent for heat on the sun's rays only shining through the glass, and toward night, as soon as the sun is off the glass, it should be covered, so as to retain the heat as far as possible. Seeds should be sown in it about a week later than in a hot-bed, and even later still should it be very cold, since there is no bottom heat to counteract the low temperature.

The cold frame is essential, since cabbages and the hardier plants early in April, and tomatoes and their tender associates about the latter part of April, should be transferred to it from the hot-bed, so as to give them a chance to harden, and grow stocky and vigorous enough for their final career in the open garden. In each case, especially that of the hot-bed, constant vigilance is required in giving air, in watering, in protecting against high winds, which will even blow one's sash away unless fastened down, breaking the glass, and against sudden changes of temperature. We occasionally have zero weather or a summer day in March, and the lucky gardener is the one who watches his thermometer and keeps up a temperature adapted to healthful growth. An even and not a very high temperature should be aimed at—not above 60° nor lower than 40° for the hardier plants, and a range of from 50° to 75° for the more tender. Trouble comes as often from heat as cold. I once had a large bed of fine lettuce already in head shrivelled up because the gardener forgot to give air sufficiently early in the morning. During cold nights, straw mats, old carpets, or blankets make excellent covering. As the weather grows warm, harden off the plants by gradually lowering and then removing the sash. A drawn, spindling plant is not worth much, no matter how large.

Where only a few plants are required, they can be started in shallow boxes containing about three inches of soil, and these placed in a sunny window. The kitchen is the best place, for the steam is favorable, and the frequent opening of the doors gives air—an article often excluded from the sitting-room. Society tolerates pale, spindling people, but Nature contemptuously frowns out of existence plants of this character. As a rule, she is a Spartan mother.

If one resides near a city, or has a neighbor engaged in raising plants for sale, it will be found cheaper to buy all that are needed at the proper time for planting in the open ground. If you buy, insist on green, stocky, vigorous plants, and should the dealer smilingly suggest that the long yellow ones are

larger, tell him he is hoping to find in you the color lacking in his plants.

Now for open-ground operations. When these can begin will depend upon the earliness or lateness of the season. March in 1878 was almost as warm as May, and one could have "made garden" throughout the entire month. As soon as the frost is out, and the soil sufficiently dry to be stirred, I shall have men at work, be it the first of March or of April. Last fall I had the heaviest soil of my new garden plot "trenched," turned upside down, burying the sod evenly at least ten inches under-ground, bringing the subsoil to the surface. All stones were removed as we went along, and, as I said, a depth of loose earth averaging fourteen inches secured at once. Sod buried thus deep will give no further trouble, but will rot in one season, and form a rich subsoil to be turned up next fall. But the subsoil now brought to the surface is cold and poor, and from it I can not expect the best results this year. Indeed, it requires several years to give a garden plot that unctuous richness which some vegetables require. But I will do the best I can, and try to secure by a little skill and management what is now lacking in my crude, cold land. At the same time it should be added that some crops do better on new land, if only plenty of manure is applied. And here I find the condition on which Nature will insist most strenuously next summer, and when I find that her feminine foot is down, I always yield. Even now (January) my men are making on this garden plot a compost of muck that has been "sweetened by frost" and stable manure mixed in equal quantities. In about three weeks this compost heap will be cut down and turned over. A month later it will be turned again, and as soon as the ground is dry enough in the spring it will be spread thickly over the whole surface and turned under shallowly with a corn plough, so as not to disturb the buried sods. After this light ploughing will come a thorough harrowing, and by this time the rich and warm black compost will be very thoroughly mixed with the cold, yellow subsoil. And yet it will be mainly a mechanical mingling, and only time, frost, sun, and rain can blend all into one homogeneous mould. But enough of richness has been placed in the soil for the coarser-feeding vegetables, and a little later I will make further provision.

I am now ready to plant. Last spring I put in my first peas and potatoes on the 15th of March, and had splendid crops of both, but usually we can not do much in the open soil before the first week in April. As soon, however, as the frost is out and the ground is dry enough, I shall plant in my driest and warmest soil some Little Gem and Laxton's Alpha peas. I shall open furrows three inches deep for the Gems, and one foot apart, and in these furrows scatter the compost I have described above about an inch deep, draw a pointed hoe through the furrow to mingle the manure with the soil, and then sow thickly—three peas to an inch. I will treat the Laxton's Alpha in the same way, with the exception that the rows will be two and a half feet apart. The Little Gems grow only a foot high, and require no support. The Alphas require two and a half feet brush. Two weeks later I shall plant for second crop Little Gem, M'Lean's Advancer, and Champion of England. I have tried a great many kinds, and have come to the conclusion that the four kinds I have named are the richest-flavored and sufficiently productive—in brief, all things considered, the best. It is a pleasant and inexpensive amusement to try fifty other kinds in a small way. Since "Let us have peas" is such a frequent and emphatic remark at our dinner table, I shall plant liberally every ten days until the 4th of July, burying the seed deeper as the season advances, and choosing shadier and moister localities. Very late plantings are usually so injured by mildew that were the vegetable not such a favorite, I would not plant it after the middle of May. Deep planting of the seed late in the season insures longer bearing. I prefer Champion of England for the main crop, as it is by general consent regarded as the flower of the pea family. The short, low-growing kinds like Little Gem will be the better for any amount of manure, but tall varieties like the Champion do not need fertilizers in the drill unless the ground is poor. When gardens are small and brush is not convenient, it may be best to plant the dwarf kinds only. They can be sown on ground designed for tomatoes, Lima-beans, melons, squash, etc., as they do not shade the ground, and soon mature. I put them in such spaces almost altogether, and in rows three or four feet apart, and plant the later vegetables between them. As soon as the green pods are picked, I have the vines dug under, thus returning at once to the soil what was taken from it.

Potatoes also may be planted as soon as the ground is so dry as to crumble naturally when forked or ploughed. I plant in drills five inches deep, and enriched as for early dwarf peas. The potatoes are cut into pieces containing two or three eyes, dried off for a few days, and then planted six inches apart, and from four to five inches deep in the drills or rows, which are two and a half feet from each other.

For several years I have found the Early Rose the most satisfactory variety, but as a mild speculation I always plant two or three of the innumerable new kinds, each of which modestly is claimed to be "incomparably better than any yet introduced." A potato

hill is such an unfailing mystery! The element of chance enters into it so persistently, in spite of our best skill, that we never can see a fork placed under the pregnant mound without a trace of the gambler's feeling as he watches the cast of a die. But the Early and Late Rose reduce the element of chance to a minimum if planted *early* on well enriched land. Wood ashes are a splendid fertilizer for this vegetable, and should be well mingled with the soil in the drills. The earlier this vegetable is planted, the more apt is it to escape the potato-beetle and its destructive larvæ. As soon as the leaves appear above-ground the beetles will be found upon them, and by picking and killing the pests at once the presence of thousands is prevented later on in the season. Potatoes, early and late, should all be planted by the middle of April.

Onion seed or sets also should go into the ground as early as possible. The seed should be sown thickly—five seeds to an inch—and covered half an inch deep. Before sowing, I shall give the shallow drills a heavy dusting of wood ashes or some fine old rotted manure, and then draw a pointed hoe through the drill to mix all with the soil. This fertilizer so near the seed gives the young plants a vigorous send-off, and enables them to grow quickly out of harm's way. As a baby has to run a gantlet of diseases and mishaps incident to its helpless littleness, so the critical period for all young vegetables is from the time they appear above-ground until large enough to hold their own among the weeds and bugs. However the philosophers may argue in their studies, the practical gardener believes in the survival of the unfittest, unless he interferes morning, noon, and night. Even so *strong* a vegetable as the onion hasn't any chance at all.

If onion sets (*i.e.*, little onions) are planted, put them about one and a half inches underground in drills enriched as described above. The "sets" give a crop in half the time required for the seed to mature, and are best for early use. I shall plant the Yellow Danvers and White Globe.

As early in April as possible, I shall plant Red-top Strap-leaf turnip, Egyptian and Bassano beets, Early Horn and Long Orange carrots, salsify (or vegetable oyster, as it is sometimes called), Hollow-crown parsnip, Double-curled and Fern-leafed parsley, Large India and Drum-head lettuce. All these will be sown in drills enriched with very fine and rotted manure as I have already described, the beets and salsify being planted an inch deep, the others half an inch, and in every case the earth made *firm* over the seed by pressing it down with a board, or spatting it with the back of a spade. In the case of all small seeds the ground should be packed not hard but *firmly* over them. In all the above vegetables let the rows be fourteen inches apart. It is a good plan to sow a very little radish seed with all these smaller seeds, as the radishes come up quickly, and enable one to see where the rows are, thus giving a chance to cultivate the ground between them before the weeds get the start.

If radishes are a favorite vegetable, they can be sown by themselves in warm sheltered spots as soon as the frost is out, and then again from week to week, selecting moister land as the season advances. They require very rich, light land, since a radish is good only when grown quickly. Radishes, turnips, cabbage plants, etc., are often destroyed as soon as they come up by a little black flea—a very "wicked flea," with more depravity in its microscopic body than there is in an elephant's. I have found that wood ashes or air-slaked lime checked their ravages, if dusted over the beds just before the germs break through the soil, and later on the leaves, when wet with dew, from time to time; but a flock of little chickens running among the plants is the surest preventive.

If one intends to raise his own celery plants, let him choose a somewhat moist and shady place early in April, and cover the seed so lightly that they are barely under-ground, then press the earth down *firmly* upon them with his feet. As soon as the plants are a few inches high, cut them back and thin them out, so that they will stand about an inch apart. If cut back two or three times, they will make very fine stocky plants.

He who lives in the country and has no asparagus bed has at least one heavy sin of omission on his conscience for which he never can give an adequate excuse. If the man who does "not provide for his own house is worse than an infidel," he that will not "bother" with an asparagus bed is any thing but orthodox, and yet can not call himself a rationalist. Some are under the delusion that an asparagus bed is an abstruse garden problem and an expensive luxury. Far from it. The plants of Conover's Colossal (the best variety) can be obtained of any seedsman at slight cost. I have one large bed that yields almost a daily supply from the middle of April till late in June, and I shall make another bed next spring in this simple way: As early in April as the ground is dry enough—the sooner the better—I shall choose some warm, early, but deep soil, enrich it well, and then on one side of the plot open a furrow or trench eight inches deep. Down this furrow I shall scatter a heavy coat of rotted compost, and then run a plough or pointed hoe through it again. By this process the earth and compost are mingled, and the furrow rendered about six inches deep. Along its side, one foot apart, I will place one-year-

old plants, spreading out the roots, and taking care to keep the crown or top of the plant five inches below the surface when level; then half fill the furrow over the plants, and when the young shoots are well up, fill the furrow even. I shall make the furrows two feet apart, and after planting as much space as I wish, the bed is made for the next fifty years. In my father's garden there was a good bed over fifty years old. The young shoots should not be cut for the first two years, and only sparingly the third year, on the same principle that we do not put young colts at work. The asparagus is a marine plant, and dustings of salt sufficient to kill the weeds will promote its growth.

Rhubarb is as easily grown as a weed. Set the plants out four feet apart and four inches below the surface. It is a gross feeder, and will yield in exact proportion as the soil is deep and often enriched.

Having finished planting the earlier and hardier vegetables, we are now ready to begin our transfers from the hot-bed or cold frame. The cabbage and lettuce can go out first, and then the cauliflowers. If they have been properly "hardened off"—that is, sufficiently exposed to the open air while in the frames—they can be set out by the middle of April. A vegetable that is very hardy when grown out-of-doors may be very tender if "forced" in hot, confined air. I never put out all my plants at once, but reserve several chances against failure. I always pinch off half of the leaves of young plants, for the same reason that we cut back a tree or shrub when setting it out. I shall begin putting tomato and pepper plants in the open ground about May 10, and egg-plants May 20, always keeping a good reserve to replace losses from cold or insects. There is a brown worm that cuts off our plants just above the ground, and often is very destructive. Its ravages can be prevented by wrapping the stem from the root up to the branching of the leaves in tough brown paper. The little black fleas also will devour the plants occasionally, if not watched. Nature apparently would as lief provide for a family of fleas as of poets, and the fleas will get the best of it if the poets in their flights ignore the practical means of living.

We now come to those royal vegetables, sweet corn and green beans, superb in themselves, and in the old Indian combination of succotash forming a dish that civilization never has surpassed. I shall begin planting Minnesota and Moore's Concord sweet corn the last week in April, and continue planting about every ten days until early in July. For main crop Stowell's Evergreen is considered the best, and Burr's Mammoth Sugar is also very good. Very late plantings should be of the quickly maturing kinds. A handful of wood ashes or of fine manure mingled thoroughly in the soil of the hill, and the seed planted on it, insures vigorous growth and often a much larger crop. Cover the seed only an inch or two deep.

Black Wax and Mohawk bush beans can be planted the first week of May, and sometimes the last of April, if the ground is warm and light and the place sheltered. The seed costs so little that we risk one or two late frosts for the sake of having them early. It is a small matter if we do have to plant over, and for a succession I continue planting from time to time till the 1st of August. I have found the Black Wax for early and Refugee for late good enough to cover the whole ground, but then, as it is well to "know beans," there are 107 other varieties that can be planted.

As a pole or running bean the Large Lima stands pre-eminent. Dreer's Improved Lima and the Case-knife are also excellent. I have tried many kinds, and am satisfied with the first two. I make the hills four feet apart, by the 10th of May, enrich them, and plant at once, if the weather is warm. The seed is very sensitive to cold damp weather, and we often have to plant a second and even a third time, but usually by pressing eight beans, eye down, an inch deep in the slightly raised ground of the hill, at least three good strong plants will grow, and these are plenty—five are too many.

Hills for cucumbers should be raised and enriched in the same way as for Lima-beans, and the seed sown early in May. I like the White-spined variety better than any other. Summer and winter squashes can be planted at this time also, and the chances of success are always much increased by enriching the hills with fine and thoroughly rotted stable manure. No two vegetables of this class should be planted near together, since they mix so readily.

Especially must our melons be kept well away from the whole squash tribe, for the influence of the latter is very demoralizing. No better instances could be given of the tendency of coarse, stolid company to lower tone and rob life of zest and flavor. If you wish melancholy examples of debased and insipid character, plant your Nutmegs near the squashes or cucumbers.

Melons are like books. We value them not so much on account of their size as for the richness and sprightliness contained beneath the rind. They are eminently a product of skill and careful selection. When we light on a fine-flavored specimen we should save and plant the seed, and development in this line continued carefully for a number of years eventually will give extraordinarily fine flavor. Some start melons and cucumbers on inverted sods placed in the hot-bed, but I never had much success

in this way. If early in April the hills are made in the open ground, thoroughly enriched by digging in plenty of old compost, and glass placed over them, very much time and increased vigor of growth can be gained.

Of all this class of running vines I always plant four or five times the seed required, since their insect enemies are so numerous and voracious. Let the poets say what they please about Nature, I always will maintain that she did a mean thing in evolving a squash-bug. It has not one redeeming trait. It is pure and unmixed evil. One would think it would die of its own odor, and killing squash-bugs is the most prosaic labor of the garden. I don't believe that Adam and Eve ever saw or smelled one until after they had made the acquaintance of the "serpent."

The seed of fall cabbage and cauliflower should be sown early in May. I prefer a cool, half-shaded place—not the shade of a tree, but the north side of a grape-vine or fence—for this purpose. The seed should not be sown where cabbages or vegetables of like nature were grown the previous year, or the plants will suffer from a destructive disease called the "club-root." For late planting I recommend Premium Flat Dutch, and Drum-head Savoy cabbage, and Le Normand's and Henderson's Snow-ball cauliflower.

By the middle of May the garden, in the main, will be planted, but from first to last the ancient and unceasing conflict between good and evil must go forward. Nature will both help and hinder. She will give you a fine shower one day, a swarm of bugs another, and weeds all the time. There is original sin in the garden, if not total depravity. Only by planting and careful cultivation have I ever obtained a crop of sweet corn, but without lifting my finger I can raise as much "pusley" as Mr. Warner himself, although I can not turn it to as good account. But, after all, Nature is our best ally. With all her caprices, her sudden frowns of cold, her passionate storms, her small spite in the way of bugs and worms, and her perversity in petting weeds and other ignoble things, she has a great, generous heart, which a little tact and devotion wins, and then she bestows upon one even in the kitchen-garden some surprisingly choice favors.

THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRANDAN.

In story, centuries old, I read
That Eden, in its rainless bloom,
The Flood swept off, and islanded
Until the day of doom.
Its shadowy hints the twilight please,
And mariners on moonless seas
Scent strange, sweet odors on the breeze—
They pass it in the gloom.
And once a monk of Innisfail,
With youthful, yearning eyes
Beheld no more of men, set sail
In quest of Paradise.

The legend haunted me: in sleep
I saw the high-pooped galliot, trim
In sail and ballast for the deep,
Depart at dawning dim.
In fire and foam sank Erin's isle,
As in the rising sun the while
A sweet youth with a heavenly smile
On a gold harp did hymn.
"And what, O youth, on deck so quaint,
Seek those seraphic eyes?
What speaks thy harp?" "Hope!" sung the saint:
"I sail for Paradise."

My vision changed: 'twas noon: the sea
In glaring calm one vessel glassed;
In leaden immobility
The worn sails draped the mast.
The voyager, in manly prime,
I knew; and still that song sublime
I heard, defying tide and time,
Although the morn was past.
"O minstrel, what, when hope seems dead,
Yet holds thine earnest eyes?
What now art hymning?" "Faith!" he said,
"And the isle of Paradise."

I dreamed through shocks of storm and gale:
Again I saw: the day was done;
That bark, a wreck with ragged sail,
Steered for the setting sun.
But, ah! I had not known, in sooth,
Save for those eyes of radiant truth,
And that rich harp, that the sweet youth
And gray-haired sage were one.
"And what, O seer, at close of even,
Enraptures still thine eyes?
What music?" "Love, and yon pure heaven,
The shore of Paradise."

Lo! in smooth sweep of gleaming swell,
The jasper sea! A mighty land,
With many a purple peak and dell,
Soared from the waters grand,
With great woods waved on every slope—
An isle distinct from base to cope;
And over all, in face of hope,
Flashed no repelling brand.
Too soon I lost that glorious sky,
That bark, those solemn eyes;
But my night was filled with harmony
That breathed of Paradise.

Let no heart faint in the slow course
Of effort, if it would achieve;
There lives indomitable force
In simply—to believe.
Hope tunes thy harp, boy-poet pure;
Teach faith with all thy might mature;
Sing heavenly love—its promise sure
To give and to receive;
The purest good, the loftiest goal,
Seek with undrooping eyes,
And life's long day, O dauntless soul,
Shall set on Paradise.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

TO rightly understand an author, and the place he occupies in the literature of his country, we must not only understand the events of his life and the order in which his works were written, we must also understand the literary conditions under which they were produced, and which conspired to make them what they were. To judge the authors of the last century by the standards of the present century is to judge them uncritically and unjustly: they wrote according to their light, and whether it was greater or lesser, it was certainly other than our light. They belonged to their day and generation, as we belong to ours, and if we cherish the hope of being appreciated by those who come after us, we should seek to appreciate those who came before us, and who made what we are possible. It is a fashion among young writers to sneer at their elders, as if they were unworthy of serious consideration. I have heard these confident gentlemen declare that the prose of Irving was poor, and the poetry of Bryant dull and monotonous. I have asked them if they were familiar with early American literature, if they had read the prose writers who preceded Irving and the poets who preceded Bryant, and they have generally admitted that they had not, thereby placing themselves out of court. If a crass ignorance prevails in regard to these writers, who are among the most distinguished that we have, what instrument yet invented can measure the ignorance which prevails in regard to others of less note—such men, for example, as Richard Henry Dana? That he wrote something once upon a time a well-informed reader might possibly recollect, but precisely what it was not one in a hundred could tell. And yet he ranked in his day (and justly) among the foremost writers in America. Davenant was right when he sang of Fame,

> "She seldom is acquainted with the young,
> And weary is of those who live too long."

Ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims there came to America an English gentleman named Thomas Dudley. He had been educated in the family of the Earl of Northampton, had served with the army in Flanders, and had been for a number of years steward to the Earl of Lincoln. He was succeeded in his stewardship by Mr. Simon Bradstreet, of Emanuel College, who had been steward to the Countess of Warwick, and who had married his daughter, Anne Dudley, in the sixteenth or seventeenth year of her age. They emigrated to America in 1630, as I have said, and were received with distinction, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Bradstreet both being chosen Governors of Massachusetts. It is not with these worthy gentlemen, however, that we are concerned now, but with the wife of the latter, who shares with George Sandys the honor of baptizing the shores of the New World with Heliconian dew. She was well read in the literature of the time, poetical, theological, and other, and without possessing genius, was a young woman of talents. It was the fashion to admire Sidney's "Arcadia," so she admired it, and wrote an elegy upon its chivalrous author, whom his contemporaries insisted on idolizing. She also admired Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which was more read in the first half of the seventeenth century than it ever has been since; and she may be said to have doted upon Du Bartas, whom every body was reading then, through the lumbering version of Sylvester, though nobody can be persuaded to read him now. Her master was Du Bartas, whose "sugared lines" she read over and over, grudging that the Muses did not part their overflowing stores betwixt him and her:

> "A Bartas can do what a Bartas will,
> But simple I according to my skill."

Whether Mrs. Bradstreet was addicted to literary pursuits before leaving England we are not told. Her education is said to have been completed in America under the care of her husband, who was college-bred, as we have seen, and of his friends among the learned men who presided over the society of Cambridge and Boston. Such, at least, is the statement of Dr. Griswold, who adds that her poems seem to have been suggested by her experiences and observations in this country—an opinion which is not borne out by her verse, which is bookish and pedantic. We have her own words that she was a good wife and a careful mother; for in one of the poems which she addressed to her husband she sang:

> "If ever two were one, then surely we;
> If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
> If ever wife were happy in a man,
> Compare with me, ye women, if ye can."

And she wrote concerning her children:

> "I had eight birds hatched in the nest;
> Four cocks there were, and hens the rest;
> I nurst them up with pain and care,
> For cost nor labor did not spare;
> Till at the last they felt their wing,
> Mounted the trees, and learned to sing."

The hatching and nursing of her birds and the care of her nest did not prevent Mistress Anne Bradstreet from wooing the Muses, greatly to the edification of her polite contemporaries, who were in raptures with her effusions, which were doubtless handed round in manuscript. They were collected and published without her knowledge, with a preface which Dr. Griswold thinks was written by her brother-in-law, John Woodbridge, of Andover, who affects to believe that the reader will ask whether it was pos-

sible that they were the work of a woman. "If any do, take this as an answer from him that dares avow it—it is the work of a woman, honored and esteemed where she lives for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more than so, these poems are the fruit of but some few hours, curtailed from sleep and her other refreshments."

It was the day of commendatory poems, and the volume of Mistress Anne Bradstreet did not lack these ushering strains. Nathaniel Ward, the author of the "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," declared

"The authoress was a right Du Bartas girl."

Benjamin Woodridge, the first graduate of Harvard, maintained that the Muses, Virtues, and Graces were females all:

"Only they are not nine, eleven, or three—
Our authoress proves them but one unity;"

and bids his own sex confess itself outdone:

"The moon doth totally eclipse the sun."

John Rogers, one of the presidents of Harvard, calls upon the poetasters of the period to veil their bonnets before her poems:

"Strike lower amain, and at them humble fall,
And deem yourselves advanced to be her pedestal."

Still more extravagant was the famous and voluminous Dr. Cotton Mather, who recalled the memory of the daughter of Sir Thomas More as not the least of those bright things which adorned a judge of England, and said that now a judge of New England had a daughter who was a crown unto him. America justly admired the learned women of the other hemisphere, who were witnesses to the old professors of all philosophy. She had heard of Hippatia, who formerly taught the liberal arts; of Larochia, who more lately was very often moderatrix of the disputations of the learned men of Rome; of the three Corinnas, who equalled if not excelled the most celebrated poets of their time; of the Empress Eudocia, who composed poetical paraphrases on various parts of the Bible; of Rosnida, who wrote the lives of holy men; of Pamphilia and other learned women whom he enumerated; but never of such a one as "Madame Ann Bradstreet, the daughter of our Governor Dudley, whose poems, divers times printed, have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles."

Mrs. Bradstreet's poems were published in England in 1650, and the authoress was hailed as the Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America. They must have had some vogue, for Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, writing of them in 1675 (*Theatrum Poetarum*), says they were not yet wholly extinct.

Ten years after the advent of the Dudley and Bradstreet families, and while the literate few of the early colonists were refreshing their recollections of the English poets by patriotically perusing the compositions of Mistress Bradstreet, which discoursed at large upon the Four Elements, the Ages of Man, the Four Monarchies, as well as other pleasant and profitable themes—in 1640, I say, there came to Massachusetts a certain Mr. Richard Dana, who settled at Newtown, near Boston. Nothing is known of this gentleman, whom tradition once credited with being a descendant of one William Dana, who was said to have been sheriff of Middlesex during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sheriff Dana, if not a myth, is not believed in by the American Danas, who are content to trace themselves from Richard Dana and his descendants, who were as honorable in their day and generation as the descendants of any Elizabethan sheriff. Richard Dana settled in Newtown (which, in the course of time, came to be known as Cambridge), married, it is to be presumed, in that scholarly place, and begot children, who in turn begot other children, one of whom—a grandson, named also Richard—was an eminent member of the Massachusetts bar about the middle of the last century. He married a sister of Edmund Trowbridge, who was the first lawyer of the colony, and one of the king's judges. This judicial relationship hung lightly on him, however, for instead of standing by his Majesty in the troubles which were arising between him and his American subjects, he espoused the cause of the latter, and became an active—or, as his Tory friends would have said, a pestilent—Whig. His political principles were inherited by his son Francis, who studied law with his loyalist uncle, and rose to eminence in his profession. He was sent as envoy to Russia during the Revolution, was a member of Congress and of the Massachusetts Convention for adopting the national Constitution, and afterward Chief Justice of that commonwealth. These distinctions meant more in his day than they do in ours, when to occupy posts of honor is not always to be honorable, nor to be widely known to be respected or admired. Francis Dana married a daughter of the Hon. William Ellery, of Rhode Island, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—an estimable lady, who descended from Mistress Anne Bradstreet (whether from one of her cocks or hens history does not state), whose poetic talent, ripened into genius, saw the light again in Richard Henry Dana, who was born at Cambridge on the 15th of November, 1787.

The ancestry of illustrious persons has been largely discussed by Mr. Francis Galton, who believes in the hereditary transmission of genius. He makes out a strong case in some directions, and a weak one in

others; the weakest, perhaps, of all in the highest walk of intellectual life—poetry. The children of poets are seldom poetical, though their later descendants have occasionally possessed poetical gifts. Cowper, who was descended from Donne (on his mother's side, I believe), was a better poet than his metaphysical ancestor; Warton was a better poet than his father (whom he succeeded, by-the-way, as Professor of Poetry at Oxford); and Lord Lytton is a better poet than his father, who will live in literary history as the most versatile novelist of the nineteenth century. Two of our poets, Bryant and Longfellow, are descendants of John Alden, and a third, Dana, is a descendant, as I have said, of Mistress Anne Bradstreet, who will compare favorably with the best serious poets of her period.

Richard Henry Dana was exceedingly delicate as a child, as was also William Cullen Bryant, and the two young poets were largely benefited by water—the latter by the enforced use of a cold spring which gushed from the under-world near the homestead of his father at Cummington, and the former by the fresh and briny air of the ocean at Newport, whither he was sent when he was about ten years old. Studiously inclined, he was not able to study much, so he passed his time mostly out-of-doors, rambling along the rock-bound coast, and listening to the roar of the breakers. The wind came to him with healing on its wings, and the tumultuous waves strengthened his love of solitude. No other American poet was ever so moulded by the ocean, which haunted him like a passion, insensibly blending with his thoughts and emotions. That he was a poet did not dawn upon him in childhood, as it did upon the young dreamer at Cummington, nor was there any thing in our literature to suggest the possibility of an American poet. Poets by courtesy there were, of course, for, like the poor, they are always with us. Dwight had published his "Conquest of Canaan," Barlow his "Vision of Columbus," and Freneau a collection of his patriotic poems. These swallows, however, no more made a summer than the little beach birds which Master Dana saw flitting before him in his daily rambles along the shore at Newport.

The traditions of the Dana family were scholarly, and in his seventeenth year, when his health was sufficiently restored, Richard Henry Dana was sent to Harvard College, as his father and grandfather were before him, where he pursued his studies until his twentieth year, when he became involved in a college rebellion, and was compelled to leave his course unfinished. He returned to Newport, where he devoted himself for the next two years to classical literature, and the little that was worth reading in American literature, which may be said to have begun with *Salmagundi*. An experiment in the shape of a periodical, the *Monthly Anthology*, languished until it reached ten volumes, and is worthy of remembrance if only on account of the zeal of the club which projected it (the Anthology Club), and which had the satisfaction, such as it was, of footing the bills for publishing it. Clearly the *Monthly Anthology* was not wanted, though the best pens in Boston wrote for it. What the little world of American readers wanted was not literature pure and simple, but literature with a purpose, which purpose at this time was a political one. Our fathers were bitter politicians, and their best writings were on political subjects. Their mania affected their children, one of whom, a boy of thirteen, perpetrated a volume of political verse which led the conductors of this luckless *Monthly Anthology* to question whether it could really have been the production of so young a person. "The Embargo" soon passed into a second edition, and the name of its author, William Cullen Bryant, was introduced to the attention of his admiring countrymen. It was read by the son of Judge Dana in the intervals of his classical studies at Newport, whence he soon removed to Baltimore, and to the study of law in the office of General Robert Goodloe Harper.

There was a marked literary element in Boston in the first decade of the century, as was shown by the persistent attempt to establish a periodical in that city, and notwithstanding its want of success, its projectors never lost heart or hope. Prominent among them were William Tudor, a graduate of Harvard and a travelled man, George Ticknor, the future historian of Spanish literature, and John Quincy Adams. They cultivated literature (not exactly on oatmeal) by giving suppers, at which they discussed their contributions to the *Monthly Anthology*, and to which they occasionally invited their friends, among others Richard Henry Dana and Washington Allston. A South Carolinian by birth, Allston had spent his childhood at Newport, where he doubtless knew young Master Dana, and where he certainly knew Malbone, the miniature painter, whose influence determined him in his choice of the profession he adopted. He painted in oils before he was seventeen, at which age he entered Harvard College, where his attention was divided between his pencils and his books. Before he was invited to the suppers of the Anthology Club he had travelled in England, where he became a student of the Royal Academy, after which he proceeded to Rome. While at Rome he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, who was on his way back to England from Malta, where he had proved unsatisfactory as a secretary to Sir Alexander Bell. The young American painter was fascinated by the

English poet, of whom he declared in later life that to no other man did he owe so much intellectually. "He used to call Rome the *silent* city," Allston wrote, "but I never could think of it as such while with him; for, meet him when or where I would, the fountain of his mind was never dry, but, like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living stream seemed specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. And when I recall some of our walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to Plato in the groves of the Academy." To his talents as a painter, which were eminent, Allston added the dangerous talent of writing poetry, in which he was not eminent, though it was once the fashion to say that he was. He was the honored guest of the Anthology Club, at whose symposia his verses were read and admired, at least by his friend Richard Henry Dana, who reviewed them when they were published a few years later. They were connections, Allston having married a sister of Dr. Channing.

Though he had been admitted to the bar both in Boston and Baltimore, and was in a certain sense a law-maker, having been elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts, Richard Henry Dana failed to sustain the legal reputation of his family. He followed his profession for a few years, and finally quitted it for literature, which was slowly but surely striking root in New England, watered, so to say, by the hopeful young arboriculturists of the defunct *Monthly Anthology*, headed by William Tudor, who, with a courage in keeping with his name, projected a periodical which should (and did) take its place. This was the *North American Review*, which appeared in May, 1815, and still survives in a green and flourishing old age. It was managed by a club, as its predecessor had been, who gave suppers as they had done, at which they read the papers that they had written, or that had been sent to them, and decided upon their merits and demerits. Richard Henry Dana was a member of this club, which was presided over by Tudor, who was the actual editor of the *North American Review* for upward of two years, and by far the largest contributor, three-fourths of the first four volumes coming from his facile pen. He was succeeded by Edward Tyrell Channing, a cousin of Richard Henry Dana, under whom its literary character was more assured. To this gentleman, or more exactly, perhaps, to the club of which he was president, there were sent two poems, which were read before the club, as the verses of Allston had been read before the Anthology Club, and which its members declared could not have been written by an American, they were so stately and well sustained. They were the productions of the young man whose youth had been questioned by the critics of the *Monthly Anthology* some seven or eight years before, and who had lately been admitted to the bar in Great Barrington. The longest and most important of these poems—a meditation upon the universality of death, was written when he was about eighteen, and left by him among his papers, where it was discovered by his father while he was at college, who thought it was worthy of publication, and accordingly sent it to the *North American Review*. The doubt which had been cast upon its paternity was apparently solved, but really increased, by the information which the manuscript appeared to convey, that the author, whose name was Bryant, was a member of the Massachusetts Senate. This intelligence excited the curiosity of Richard Henry Dana, who immediately walked from Cambridge to Boston, where the Senate was then in session, in order to obtain a sight of the eleventh Muse, lately sprung up in America, Mistress Anne Bradstreet having been considered in her day the tenth Muse. He went, he saw, and was not convinced. The plain middle-aged gentleman who was pointed out to him could not be the new poet whom he was seeking. He was right—he was not the poet, but he was the poet's father, Dr. Bryant, of Cummington. Such was the history of "Thanatopsis" in its exodus from manuscript to the pages of the *North American Review*.

Superficial students of literary history are often surprised at the disproportion between the reputation of certain writers and the intellectual value of their writings, and are consequently unjust in their judgments of both. Readers of to-day who are not familiar with our early literature—the literature of seventy years ago, for example—wonder, and not unnaturally, at the estimation in which their fathers held the fathers of our present race of writers. Contemporary critics were too favorable to them, they think, and they are not altogether in the wrong, but they forget that the contemporary critics were cognizant of literary conditions that no longer exist, the consideration of which materially influenced their decisions. Our fathers were worthy people, but their sympathy with literature was slight; they tolerated rather than encouraged it. The young gentlemen who sustained the *Monthly Anthology* sustained it at their own cost, and were out of pocket for the frugal suppers upon which its continuance depended. The *North American Review* paid its contributors nothing for years, and when it did begin to pay them, the honorarium was ridiculously small. They wrote, not because they had any thing to gain, but because they had something to say, the saying of which was its own exceeding great reward. They wrote

under many difficulties, not the least of which was an invidious comparison with English writers, who so habitually asserted their superiority that few Americans thought of disputing it. The disesteem with which authorship was then regarded was frankly stated by Richard Henry Dana in the *North American Review* (September, 1817), in a notice of the poems of his friend Allston, which were originally published in England. "One generation goes on after another as if we were here for no other purpose than to do business, as the phrase is. The spirit of gain has taught us to hold other pursuits as mere amusements, and to associate something unmanly and trivial with the character of their followers. If a work of taste comes out, it is made a cause of lament that so much talent should be thus thrown away; and the bright and ever-during radiance in which it is in mercy hiding our dull commonness is neither seen nor felt. We hold every thing lightly which is not perceived to go immediately to some practical good—to lessen labor, increase wealth, or add to some homely comfort. It must have an active, business-like air, or it is regarded as a dangerous symptom of the decay of industry amongst us. To be sure, we read English poetry; but for the same reason that we take a drive out of town, because we are tired down by business, and must amuse ourselves a little to be refreshed and strengthened for work to-morrow. And, besides, we say the English can afford to furnish us with poetry. They are an old, wealthy people, and have a good deal of waste material on hand. And so it comes about, naturally enough, that poets are set down as a sort of intellectual idlers, and sober citizens speak of them with a shake of the head, as they would talk of some clever idler about town, who might have been a useful member of society, but, as to any serious purpose, is now lost to the world." If it required courage to state thus plainly the conditions by which authorship was then surrounded, it required more courage to prosecute it under such conditions, and I for one honor the single-minded men who did so, chief among whom I place Richard Henry Dana.

His contributions to the *North American Review* were not numerous, but they marked, if they did not originate, an era in the history of criticism in America. One paper in particular—a review of "Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets" (March, 1819)—was too remarkable to be readily accepted. It was remarkable for the originality, not to say the audacity, of the writer, who did not hesitate to reverse the judgments of Hazlitt, but who gave substantial and convincing reasons for reversing them, and for the soundness of his own judgments. Here is one, the reader felt, who is not content to let the English critics think for him, but who is abundantly able to think for himself, and who, besides, is thoroughly equipped with scholarship. Reading has made him a full man, and a man, therefore, to be feared. He questioned the supremacy which had been conferred by common consent on Pope. He declared that his much-bepraised epistle of Eloisa to Abelard was a gross production: that it was hot with lust and cold with false sentiment, far-sought antithesis, forced apostrophes, and all sorts of artificialities in the place of natural feeling and plain truth. The justice of this criticism might have been, and no doubt was, controverted by those who had taken Pope upon trust, accepting him as a precious intellectual legacy from the past century; but they could not controvert the justice of the verbal criticism on Pope's poetry, his incorrect use of words, his fondness for stock phrases, the paucity of his rhymes, and the nearness to each other of couplets terminating with the same rhyme, his rhymes to the eye rather than to the ear, and other flagrant violations of the minor morals of verse, which, however, in his case could hardly be considered minor ones, since his verse consisted for the most part of little else than these. "He has a deal too much of what was wont to be called poetic language for no other reason than that it would make intolerable prose."

Not less independent were other critical estimates of this new Zoilus, who said, for example, that the diction of Thomson swarmed with words that should seldom be met with except in a dictionary or a court letter of compliment; who contended that Gray's "Elegy" was not his greatest poem, and remarked that he would rather have written "The Bard;" who thought but little of the poetry of Goldsmith, whose fame would rest upon his two plays, his *Citizen of the World*, and his *Vicar of Wakefield;* who preferred Campbell's "O'Connor's Child" to his "Pleasures of Hope," which abounded with that language of no definite meaning which is styled elegant; and who warned Hazlitt and his master, Leigh Hunt, that if they undertook to banish such gentlemen as Crabbe into the kitchen, they would soon have the parlor all to themselves. These singularities of opinion (to call them by no harsher name) were overshadowed by a monstrous heresy which dared to place Wordsworth among the great poets of England—Wordsworth, whose tedious "Excursion" the great Jeffrey had crushed five years before with his famous "This will never do." This will never do, echoed the readers of the *North American Review*, who might probably have overlooked the slight which had been put upon the little Queen Anne's man, but could never overlook the glorification of the puerile poet of the Lakes. The scholastic conscience of New England was shocked by this paper; a strong party

rose up against its author, who had the whole influence of Cambridge and literary and fashionable Boston to contend with. He was also in a minority in the club, who permitted him to write but one more paper for the *North American Review*, and upon the safe subject of Irving's *Sketch-Book*, which he could not easily have made offensive to their sensitive palates.

It is not easy to go back in thought sixty years, and put ourselves in the place of those who seriously objected to a dispassionate discussion of the relative merits of English poets in a publication devoted to just such discussions. We must try to do so, nevertheless, or we shall be unjust toward them, for, after all, they believed that the interests of literature were likely to suffer if such new-fangled opinions were permitted to pass unchallenged. We had no literature to speak of, and if we were to have any, it ought to begin in accordance with recognized modes of thought and forms of expression; in other words, it ought not to violate settled canons of taste. Their forefathers believed in Pope, therefore they believed in him; the English critics did not believe in Wordsworth, therefore they did not believe in him. This is what they meant, I think, by their opposition to this famous criticism, the writing of which demanded greater originality and intellectual fearlessness than the conductors of the *North American Review* were disposed to stand by. Disowned as it was, however, its critical influence was as distinctly felt as the poetic influence of "Thanatopsis," which was an outgrowth from Wordsworth. "I shall never forget," wrote Richard Henry Dana, after the storm which he had raised had subsided—"I shall never forget with what feeling my friend Bryant, some years ago, described to me the effect produced upon him by his meeting for the first time with Wordsworth's Ballads. He lived, when quite young, where few works of poetry were to be had—at a period, too, when Pope was the great idol of the Temple of Art. He said that upon opening Wordsworth a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once within his heart, and the face of nature of a sudden to change into a strange freshness and life. He felt the sympathetic touch from an according mind, and you see how instantly his powers and affections shot over the earth and through his kind."

The mention of Irving's *Sketch-Book* in a preceding paragraph affords a clew to the next work of Richard Henry Dana, which was undoubtedly suggested by it — *The Idle Man*. The American original of both was *Salmagundi*, which was the first successful attempt to transplant the essay literature of England in the New World, the last being *The Lorgnette* of "Ik Marvel." The author of *The Idle Man* was familiar with the writings of Irving, and admired them, though not so warmly as the uncritical majority of his countrymen. The style of the *Sketch-Book* was less to his taste than the style of *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. It was conceived after some wrong notion of subdued elegance —a too elaborate elaboration, and was more noticeable for wit and humor than for sentiment or pathos. This judgment, added to the gravity of his genius, determined the composition of *The Idle Man*, which was issued in numbers in New York in 1821–22. It was so little read that the writer was warned by his publisher that he was writing himself into debt; so he abandoned it on the publication of the first number of the second volume, and with it all serious connection with the prose literature of his country, limiting himself thereafter to the occasional writing of critical papers.

The author of *The Idle Man* and the author of "Thanatopsis" contracted a friendship through that incomparable poem, which was of great intellectual advantage to both. If any thing could have relieved the sombreness of that unlucky work, it would have been the poems which the latter contributed to it. The retired lawyer at Cambridge and the active lawyer at Great Barrington corresponded with each other upon what was nearest to their hearts, which it hardly need be said was not law, but literature, of which they were the most earnest representatives in America. One of the most important results of their correspondence was an invitation to the poet to write a poem for the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard—an invitation which he wisely accepted, and which produced the best poem that was ever recited before a college society—"The Ages." This was in 1821, his twenty-seventh year. When he went to Cambridge to deliver the poem he lodged at the house of his friend, and while staying there prepared for the press a small collection of his poetical writings, making several changes in "Thanatopsis," and adding the beginning and end as we have them now, no doubt by the advice of his critical host. Four years later he abandoned the law, and went to New York, where he started the *New York Review*, which is notable in the history of our literature as containing the first poems that Richard Henry Dana is known to have written.

When Master Dana was dreaming beside the sea at Newport, a young English poet at Stowey, an inland town in England, was writing a mysterious poem, of which the sea was the background.

Left an orphan at an early age, he had been educated at Christ's Hospital, where he made the acquaintance of Charles Lamb, had enlisted in a cavalry regiment, where he had proved a very awkward recruit, had married one of three sisters who were mil-

liners, had published a volume of poems of more promise than performance, and had betaken himself to the consumption of opium. The poem in question, "The Ancient Mariner," was probably composed while he was stimulated by this pernicious drug, which was the bane of his after-life. It was published in the same volume as the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth, which were such a revelation to the young Bryant, whose genius does not appear to have been touched by the imagination of Coleridge. Not so Richard Henry Dana, to whom Coleridge was made known by the admiration of their common friend Allston, and who read all that he had written in verse and prose, and assigned him a high place in his unlucky paper on the English poets. Whatever the select few who read the Lyrical Ballads may have thought of "The Ancient Mariner," it created no impression on the English public, and was accepted by no English poet, except, perhaps, Wordsworth, who occasionally liked the verse of others, though he always preferred his own. It germinated in America, however, in the mind of Richard Henry Dana, and by some association, which he himself could hardly have explained, inspired his longest and most important poem —"The Buccaneer."

"The Buccaneer" resembles "The Ancient Mariner" in that the supernatural is an element in both, and that they turn upon the commission and punishment of crime. The crime of the ancient mariner is trivial, humanly speaking, and is followed by consequences in which others are more concerned than himself; the crime of the buccaneer is dreadful, and its consequences fall upon him alone, and not on others who were equally guilty with him. There is an air of verisimilitude about both poems, in spite of the impossible incidents with which they deal, which gives them a high place among purely imaginative works. The facts upon which the American poet has grounded his story are well vouched for, he claimed in his preface, and few truths were so fully believed in as the events that he narrated, though he admitted that he had not hesitated to depart from the truth in order to heighten the poetical effect by putting his hero on horseback instead of allowing him to die quietly in his bed. In other words, he had taken a story out of the *Pirate's Own Book*, and saved it from being merely horrible by adding a supernatural element to it.

The conception of "The Buccaneer" is better than the execution, which is lacking in ease and fluency. It is simple and severe in its style, Bryant wrote, in the *North American Review*, and free from that perpetual desire to be glittering and imaginative which dresses up every idea which occurs in the same allowance of figures of speech. As to what is called ambition of style, the work does not contain a particle of it; if the sentiment or image presented to the reader's mind be of itself calculated to make an impression, it is allowed to do so by being given in the most direct and forcible language; if otherwise, no pains are taken to make it pass for more than it is worth. There is even an occasional homeliness of expression which does not strike us agreeably, and a few passages are liable to the charge of harshness and abruptness. Yet altogether there is power put forth in this little volume, strength of pathos, talent at description, and command of language. The power of the poem was warmly acknowledged by Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, but the style was thought by him to be colored by that of Crabbe, of Wordsworth, and of Coleridge. "He is no servile imitator of those great masters, but his genius has been inspired by theirs, and he almost places himself on the level on which they stand in such poems as the 'Old Grimes' of Crabbe, the 'Peter Bell' of Wordsworth, and 'The Ancient Mariner' of Coleridge. 'The Buccaneer' is not equal to any one of them, but it belongs to the same class, and shows much of the same power in the delineations of the mysterious workings of the passions and the imagination." The poem differs from most modern poems in that it contains no passage which can be enjoyed by itself, separate from the context, either as a piece of description or sentiment—no passage, for example, like that in "The Ancient Mariner" in which the unearthly music heard by that strange personage is compared to the noise of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June, and no statement of a moral fact which fixes itself in the memory, like

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

The general impression which the poetry of Richard Henry Dana leaves upon the mind is that he is not so much a poet as a man of vigorous intellect who had determined to be a poet, and that he reached this determination too late in life. He moves like one who is shackled by his measures, whether they are simple, as in "The Buccaneer," or of a higher order, as in "The Husband and Wife's Grave" and "The Dying Raven."

The literary career of Richard Henry Dana may be said to have practically ended with the publication of the little volume containing "The Buccaneer" (1827), though he afterward added to it about as many more poems as were contained therein (nine in all), and brought out a collected edition of his works in two volumes. What he might have written if he had followed the example of his friend Bryant, with whom poetry was a life-long passion, can only be conjectured.

That a greater measure of success than was meted out to him would have encouraged him is probable; for, as he wrote in the preface to "The Buccaneer" (and almost prophetically, it now seems), "the most self-dependent are stirred to livelier action by the hope of fame; and there are none who can go on with vigor without the sympathy of some few minds which they respect." He felt, with his master, Coleridge,

> "Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
> And hope without an object can not live."

Fortunately for himself, if not for literature, Richard Henry Dana never knew

> "What ills the scholar's life assail—
> Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

Born a gentleman, like his father before him, he inherited a good estate at Cambridge, a portion of which he sold in order to build himself a house elsewhere. His early love of the sea led him to select a site on the south side of Cape Ann, where he could look out upon the broad billows of the Atlantic. The lawn upon which it is built stretches to the edge of a steep gravelly cliff, below which lies a sandy beach of semicircular shape, isolated on the right by a projecting ledge that runs out beyond it into the sea, and on the left by the base of a precipitous hill. The house faces the south, and is sheltered on the north by a wooded hill. A thrifty farmer, anxious to turn his acres to advantage, would not have chosen the spot for a residence, or, choosing it, would not have left it, as our scholar and poet did, in a state of nature, covered with ancient forestry, and tenanted by crows, hawks, with occasionally an eagle, and multitudes of little beach birds haunting the surges and calling along the sands. It has a noble outlook, for the light-houses of Salem, Boston, and Marblehead can be seen from its window, as well as the passing hulls of Atlantic steamers; and it has a poetic interest in the rocky headland already mentioned, which is nautically known as "Norman's Woe," and is celebrated by Longfellow in his "Wreck of the *Hesperus*." Here, in full sight of the sea, the author of "The Buccaneer" passed his summers among his books, and friends, and his grandchildren: for he married in his early manhood, and perpetuated his name in a son, who achieved as much reputation as his father, though not exactly in the pleasant walk of letters which their ancestress Mrs. Anne Bradstreet laid out nearly two hundred years before, but in the sterner and more beaten highway of the law. A delicate child, the health of Richard Henry Dana improved when he was past fifty, and the current of his years bore him slowly onward to a ripe old age. The oldest writer in America, he lived through several dynasties of literature —the reigns of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey; Byron, Moore, and Scott; Hazlitt, Lamb, and Macaulay; Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, and other English worthies; and he saw at home the rise of American literature, and what of brightness has been shed over it by the genius of Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe, and other lesser lights in their several orbits of glory. All this he saw—a grave, scholarly, reverend man whom Time seemed to have forgotten. But the graybeard travels in divers paces with divers persons, ambling with some, trotting with others, and galloping at last with all. He crept with our old poet, but finally overtook him, and cast over him the shadow which he will one day cast over all mankind, and which we in our ignorance call Death. He found him in his winter residence in Boston, on the 2d of February last, and he was gathered to his fathers in peace, the greatest of his name.

CHELIDONISMA.

[NOTE.—Χελιδόνισμα is "The Swallow-song," an old popular song of the return of the swallows, which the boys of Rhodes went about singing, of which the refrain meant, "He has come, has come the swallow!" It is reported by Athenæus, about A.D. 200.]

HARK! Hark to hear
The burst of cheer,
That brings again the budding year!
Through air, through earth,
Resounds the mirth,
And hills ring with the merry birth;
The swallow chirps his twittering tone,
And the Rhodian lads prolong
With minstrel strain their jocund song—
Ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδών.

Adown the vales,
The dingles, dales,
The breath of melody exhales;
And happy lanes and proud-pied plains
Swell out the pomp of glad refrains;
And hark! above the swallows' tone—
Ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδών.

Glad chanticleer
Chants out his cheer,
His pæan piping to the year;
The boys' blithe voice
Makes mirth its choice,
And all the happy hills rejoice.
Hark! Listen to the swallows' tone—
Ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδών.

The earth's great heart,
With throb and start,
In universal joy takes part;
And clouds that fly
Athwart the sky
Couching in fleecy clusters lie;
And oh! how sweet the swallows' tone—
Ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδών.

The Spring, the Spring,
Makes Nature sing,
And life and love are on the wing,
And lads and lassies carolling;
Soft in mid-air the swallows' tone—
On earth—Ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδών.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE citizens of New York can not complain of a want of entertainment of every kind. The plays that are popular elsewhere are immediately reproduced here, and the famous artists of every kind come as to an El Dorado—rich, but of an unfriendly climate. It would be interesting to know what the musical people especially, who are accustomed to circumstances so different, really think of the American audience. One of the Frenchmen who came with Rachel twenty-five years ago wrote a little book of travels in this extraordinary country, which contained some very amusing gibes. Nothing amazed him more than the tendency of the New-Yorker to take a friend to Greenwood Cemetery for a pleasure drive: still taking our pleasure sadly. It is observed that actresses and singers on the off nights of their own playing usually go to the theatre to see the others. The theatre is, in fact, their world. When the Easy Chair was introduced to a famous prima donna, and in the course of conversation spoke of Vienna in other years, the eyes of the "cantatrice" glistened, and she asked eagerly: "Was there a good opera?" She was wrapped to the eyes in furs, and spoke of her winter journeys about this strange country as if she had been traversing some barbarous Lapland or Nova Zembla. These birds of song bring from the foreign greenroom such vague geographical conceptions of the New World that the reality is probably a little rough. From the heights of their lyric stage they courteously pity those who are born so far from the "great capitals," but to whom they will be all the more kind and forbearing for that reason. Coraggio! they seem to say, by-and-by there will be a permanent opera here too, and other artificial flowers of civilization.

On our side, however, there are traditions also. When we see and hear the last musical artist, we are not wholly without a perspective, although the opera as yet is by no means permanent. When Nilsson comes, we can remember Jenny Lind; when Parepa is queen, our loyal hearts can pay a backward homage to Alboni; when Rubinstein and Von Bülow play, we can hear far off the playing of Thalberg and Herz; and when Wilhelmj stands before us, we can see behind him Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, and Wieniauski, with Artot and other slighter figures. This is part of the charm of fine concerts. They awaken delightful associations, as the sound of one string thrills all the others into rapt accord. It is the mood thus produced which is perhaps most receptive to musical impressions. It is upon this half-pensive, tender reminiscence that the most delicate effects are drawn. The music that sounds from yonder violin is not Wilhelmj's only:

> "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
> Take, I give it willingly;
> For, invisibly to thee,
> Spirits twain have crossed with me."

There were doubtless many persons who knew of Wilhelmj before he arrived last autumn, but certainly no great fame heralded his coming. The first evening that he played, however, assured every appreciative listener that here was a master. It was pleasant to see in the papers next morning how immediate and indisputable the impression was. Mr. Whistler says in effect that nobody is competent to criticise who can not do the thing criticised. If his assertion be correct, there are several superior violinists upon the morning press, for they had no doubt whatever at the first hearing that Wilhelmj was a great artist, and every body who has heard him agrees with them. In fact, the city and the country—for he has made the grand tour—overflow, upon Mr. Whistler's theory, with masters of the violin. He played at a morning concert when the Easy Chair proved its skill upon that instrument by admiring him. It was in Steinway Hall, which, it is sad but necessary to pause long enough to say, is a hall without proper means of egress. The narrow staircase to the balcony is simply ludicrous so long as it is not tragical. The chances against a panic are of course many, because the building is a wareroom and not a factory, but for a hall of such size and with two galleries the entrances are very inadequate. It is not singular in this respect, because there are very few halls in the country which are properly constructed to avoid panic and danger. But the constant protest is necessary.

Nobody, however, thought of it that morning, when the hall was full, and after a symphony had been played and there was a pause, a sudden hand-clapping announced the coming of Wilhelmj, and a well-formed young man, dressed in black, with smooth face and a flowing mass of dark hair, made his way through the musicians to the front of the stage, and stood there holding his violin, while the introduction was played by the orchestra. In all musical playing, the personal impression of the artist—what is familiarly called magnetism—is a very important element. Looking from the balcony, there is something very manly and winning in the aspect of Wilhelmj. He stands perfectly self-possessed, and his expression has almost a heavy gravity, like that of Rubinstein, and even of Beethoven. It is a kind of drowsy repose of strength, and something in the mien and pose foretells the vigor and power that are to follow. While the orchestra plays, and he is still holding his violin and gazing abstractedly at the audience, the spectator in the balcony naturally recalls Ole Bull as he stood on the stage of the old Park Theatre in Park Row on the Saturday night of his first appearance long ago. He stood robust and erect, like the Antinous or some fair-haired son of Thor, smooth-faced, commanding, and caressing his violin as he touched it lying close in his neck, and heard its faint and true response. It was the Norwegian's manly personality, almost more than his skill, which conquered the audience; and the young man went far and wide over the country, fascinating as he went, and overpowering by his prestige the exquisite art of Vieuxtemps. While the prelude is playing yonder and the young Wilhelmj stands waiting in Steinway Hall, it is an evening and a stage long vanished that rise around him, and the central figure is a blooming son of the vikings, whom you seek in vain in the picture of a wan face with flowing gray hair, hanging by the side of the street entrance at the foot of the staircase.

As Wilhelmj draws his bow there is no question of the master. There are the full, clear, true tone; the ease and grace and nerve; the wonderful and tireless skill that chases the most elabo-

rate difficulties, and tames them and plays with them while they vanish. "This," remarks a wise neighbor under his breath, and intently listening, "is probably the most trying and difficult of all compositions for the violin." But in the swaying grace and perfection of the player's art there is nothing but an effortless continuity of sound—

"Call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble."

The members of the orchestra sit quietly, carefully watching him. The hall is entirely still. The orchestra stops, and the violin alone is heard, soaring and winding through a maze of harmonies, a cadenza prolonged, amazing, ending at last, while the player bows amid the general applause and delight. There has been no trick, no clap-trap. It is pure, "classical" music, perfectly rendered; and it is not the man, as in old times it was Ole Bull and more recently Rubinstein—comparable only by their strong individuality and not as artists—but this time it is the artist only who has conquered.

Yet as he retires through the orchestra, and returns to the encore, and again and again returns and bows, and at last comes again with his violin and plays a mournful, rocking strain, like that of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides," the spectator, conscious of the unsurpassable skill of the artist, and remarking the well-conducted applause, is asking himself whether Paganini, not, certainly, a more accomplished artist, would not have thrown the audience into a tumult of enthusiasm, and why this great and exquisite art leaves them admiring but passive. There have been singers and players, less invulnerable to the critic, who have thrilled the heart of the listener, quickened his blood, blanched his cheek, and touched him with unutterable emotion. Such are the traditions of Paganini, such are the living memories of Malibran and Pasta and Jenny Lind. "It is perfect, but it does not touch me," some of the *habitués* used to say of Persiani, of Caradori Allan, of Castellan. "Von Bülow is as accomplished as Rubinstein, but he can't do as much with his skill," said an enthusiast. There was the indefinable something that Thalberg did not have. Just that something is the secret which enchants instead of merely moving admiration, and if the hearer, in the midst of his enjoyment of the masterly performance of Wilhelmj, wonders, since he can find no fault, why he does not enjoy more, what can he say but that it is certainly no fault of the artist?

The counsel remarked that he had never heard of such a case.

"Never?" asked the learned opponent.

"Never," was the reply.

"What, never?" retorted the other.

"Drop that, gentlemen," said the judge, smiling, while the court-room burst into a laugh.

It was a very complaisant court-room, for there was apparently no jest in the question or answer. Yet it affected bench, bar, and audience with the same comic emotion, and evidently with complete common understanding. And, indeed, every where at this time, if the question were pressed, it would lead to a laughing answer, as if by previous concert, "Well, hardly ever."

It is a kind of slang which will seem incomprehensible to some gentle Dryasdust of the future who unearths this number of *Harper* to see what amused his simple old ancestors. He, indeed, is the only person whom it is necessary to tell that the words are part of the most popular burlesque ever known, *H. M. S. Pinafore;* which at this writing is playing at five theatres in New York and one in Brooklyn, and by other companies, local and peripatetic, all over the land. It is sheer burlesque, pure fun, the satire general and ludicrous, not personal, although in London, where it has had a great "run," the leading character was thought to be a hit at a member of the cabinet. The fun is of that easy, amusing kind that it is immediately current, and while the hand-organs and theatre orchestras and street bands play the gay melodies, and the streets and parlors hum with the familiar refrains, common conversation, and the newspapers, and the lawyers, as we saw, and every body every where, quote and repeat and re-echo the good-natured nonsense.

The scene is the deck of the *Pinafore;* the drama sets forth the love of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty, for Josephine, the daughter of Captain Corcoran, and the counterplot is the love of Josephine, the captain's daughter, for Ralph Rackstraw, able seaman. Dick Deadeye, also able seaman, and the bumboat woman, little Buttercup, assist the development of the plot, and from first to last the fun is continuous and the music capital. But whence came the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.? We do not mean the conception of the character, but its "creator" upon the stage at "the Standard?" Originally it was whispered that Mr. Smith, called into the Beaconsfield cabinet from a news stand, so to speak, was bodied forth by Sir Joseph. That was London gossip, and they may always wear the cap whom it fits. But here we know nothing of such London gossip. It is for us a creation of pure fun; and what we ask is whether the gentleman who plays the First Lord is a well-known artist—for that he may be, and unknown to the Easy Chair—or whether an actor plods steadily on in his nightly rut unmarked for especial and superior merit, and then—some Wednesday night, say, after a Tuesday night of the ordinary work—suddenly steps forth with remarkable cleverness and becomes immediately and justly famous.

There is no doubt that Mr. Whiffen's Sir Joseph is, in the French phrase, a "creation." It is unique and irresistible. Other Sir Josephs may be excellent, but this is so conceived in the purest spirit of jollity, its restraints and reticences and freedom from exaggeration—if such words may be used to describe what is all exaggeration and nonsense—are so full of tact and genius that it is impossible to escape the conviction that this is the real Sir Joseph.

When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts.
Chorus. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts—
His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants.
Chorus. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts—
His sisters and his cousins, whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts.

It is so well done that there is an uncomfortable suspicion that very eminent places are open to

the dismal suspicion of being sometimes filled inadequately and by a wrong system—a suspicion which, of course, the well-regulated mind instantly dismisses.

When I was a lad I served a term
As office-boy to an attorney's firm;
I cleaned the windows, and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up the handle so carefullee
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
* * * * * * *
I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's navee.

No one who has not seen *Pinafore* can infer the fun from the words, although there is a great deal of grotesque suggestion in them. The idea of a ship managed with courtesies and compliments is exceedingly ludicrous, and the big bluff captain is also very droll.

Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef, and steer,
Or ship a selvagee;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea.
Chorus. What! never?
Captain. No, never.
Chorus. What! never?
Captain. Well, hardly ever.
Chorus. He's hardly ever sick at sea.

Bad language or abuse
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it!" I may occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D.
Chorus. What! never?
Captain. No, never.
Chorus. What! never?
Captain. Well, hardly ever.
Chorus. Hardly ever swears a big, big D.

The solemnity of the captain is irresistible, and the universal horror, when, in a moment of great excitement, "a big, big D" drops out of his mouth, is the highest testimony to the elevated moral character of the crew of H. M. S. *Pinafore.* Not less admirable is the standard of refined and gentlemanly manners which the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., wishes to impose upon the able-bodied seamen and their commander. His point-device lordship does not see why the courteous amenities of the drawing-room of Belgravia should not prevail upon the ships of her Majesty's navy, nor why politeness should not soften and tame rude, blustering Boreas. "For I hold," sings this most decorous of marine lordships—

For I hold that on the seas
The expression "if you please"
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.
Chorus. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

So when the captain directs the boatswain to serve extra grog at seven bells, the improving boatswain responds, "If—what, your honor?" and to the captain's astonished inquiry answers, "If you *please*, your honor."

The rollicking nonsense is very fascinating, and it has taken possession of the town. Perhaps it has just a little higher flavor for us because it is a gay hit at our cousin Bull and his wooden walls. Certainly no loyal subject of 'er Majesty could enjoy more than the most uncompromising Yankee the joyous strain at the end of this amusing drama.

He is an Englishman,
For he himself has said it;
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman;
For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an—
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an.
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman.
Hurrah
For the true-born Englishman!

It is a prolonged good-natured laugh set to music; and, with the Easy Chair's compliments to the future discoverer of this page, it would respectfully say that *H. M. S. Pinafore* is a very much more respectable entertainment than the opéra bouffe of Offenbach which amused the town a few winters ago.

"Nature made him great, he made himself virtuous," says the anonymous inscription upon the back of the frame of a miniature portrait of Washington that hung, and doubtless hangs, in the home at Mount Vernon. No man ever lived in a fuller light; and the brighter the light, the purer his character and fame. Aaron Burr used to depreciate Washington, but no other man in the world has ever imitated him, and it is no wonder that a country whose independence sprang from a war which Washington led, and which was united under a government of which Washington was the first head, should feel itself to be unique among nations. Debating societies doubtless still argue whether he had genius. But if he had not, there is something very much higher and more effective for mankind than genius. The annual meditation upon him suggested by his birthday, which is justly a legal holiday, shows how fast his hold is of the national heart. It is not exactly true, after all, that he becomes mythical, for there are few great men who are more precisely and accurately known to us, or of whom general opinion, however exalted, is more intelligent and just.

And it was as much so while he lived as after his death. There is always a wonder why so little is known of the personality of Shakespeare—so little, indeed, that it has been ingeniously argued that, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, he was three gentlemen at once, or at least that somebody else, probably a club of Elizabethan sages and wits, wrote his plays. There is, indeed, very little known of the man Shakespeare, and so the question is mooted in scholarly circles whether he was recognized by his contemporaries and passed in his own age as the foremost child of time. We have heard it discussed by poets and scholars in a manner so delightful that it would have gone far to reconcile any man to our meagre knowledge of Shakespeare's biography. Dr. Whately has shown us, also, how ingeniously doubts may be thrown upon a life as near and apparently as familiar as that of Napoleon. But nobody ever doubted that we know, and that his contemporaries knew, the real greatness of Washington. Fox's splendid praise, with its exquisitely humorous exception of King George and his hopeful children, is familiar. "Illustrious man! deriving honor less from the splendor of his sit-

uation than from the dignity of his mind, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe (excepting the members of our own royal family) become little and contemptible. . . . I can not, indeed, help admiring the wisdom and fortune of this great man. By the phrase 'fortune' I mean not in the smallest degree to derogate from his merit. . . . It must, indeed, create astonishment that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling for a series of years a station so conspicuous, his character should never once have been called in question; that he should in no one instance have been accused either of improper insolence or of mean submission in his transactions with foreign nations. For him it has been reserved to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career." And there is the tribute of Erskine, in a letter accompanying a book which he sent to Washington in 1795: "I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence which will be found in the book I send you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world."

His time knew him, but how totally free his life is from any consequent trace of self-consciousness! Indeed, only a man of perfect simplicity could endure to receive such a letter as this of Erskine. But neither homage nor injustice could touch the sweet serenity of his great soul. The thought of him, annually renewed by a whole nation, rebukes our petty aims, our narrow lives, our selfish spirit. Forty years ago the wisest American wrote of him: "Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped sweet in his shroud and forever safe, the hope of humanity not yet extinguished in him?" The example of his public and of his private life is an equal legacy to his countrymen. Think of the career of Fox, who so generously recognized the greatness of Washington—Fox, the idolized Whig leader in England—and contrast his private career with that of Washington. Washington's tone in public life was almost unique when measured by that of the Europe of his time, although happily in America there were other public men of the same patriotic purity. Both in public and in private life he had all of what are called the minor virtues, and if Senator Burnside's bill should pass, Washington could be held up in the schools of the District as illustrating every one of the virtues and qualities enumerated. It is his excellence that although a most active and positive man, and always firm and uncompromising in asserting and maintaining his views, the chief of colonial "rebels," a strong party man, a man of distinct sectarian views in religion, yet such is the supreme superiority of his character to his opinions and attachments, that all political parties, all religious faiths, all men of every kind in all countries, may feel that his birthday is their festival, and his greatness a common glory of humanity.

When Andrew Jackson, LL.D., returned from Harvard College to Washington, more than forty years ago, he brought with him a change in academic customs. Dr. Jackson probably did not understand the Latin words with which the president of the university accompanied the presentation of the degree, but every body understood that he received it not because he could read Latin or speak it, or calculate an eclipse, or "take the sun," or do any thing else that showed unusual academic accomplishment, but because he had rendered great services to his country. The highest honor that a university can bestow is its academic degree, and if it would honor any man, it must do it in that way. It was grotesque to think of the old-world doctorates in association with the frontiersman from Tennessee, and to fancy a Seraphic Doctor Jackson intrenched behind cotton bales at New Orleans. But if the degree were regarded as a laurel crown, which a venerable institution placed upon the head of a soldier of the republic, it became most fitting and satisfactory. Certainly from the time of Dr. Jackson's departure from the classic shades of Harvard, the degree of LL.D. has been a crown of laurel or of bay awarded to those who have deserved well of the republic, whether they know or not the difference between a spondee and a dactyl.

If in our time and in the State of New York there have been men who without any especial claim of academic culture peculiarly merited the honor of the degree of LL.D. as a sign of public regard and respect for eminent services to the cause of academic culture, unquestionably the late Ezra Cornell and Peter Cooper are among them. "I don't understand that Latin quotation," said Mr. Cornell, when he was listening to a speech upon his project of a university, "but I don't wish any young man to be obliged to say so hereafter if I can help him." He gave his fortune, his sagacity, his time, his unwearied energy, to the foundation of the institution which, not by his wish, bears his name. He needed no honor, no title, no recognition of his beneficence and wise public spirit and service: he did not need it, and perhaps it was never offered; but no man more than he merited the crown for a good work done for the republic. Matthew Vassar was another. And another is the hale and hearty patriarch still unostentatiously living among us in a golden and remarkable old age, Peter Cooper.

The Board of Regents of the University, recognizing that the founder of the Cooper Union—a school of various knowledge and opportunity, practically free, and especially a school of the people, with its reading-room visited by more than half a million of persons annually, its galleries and collections and free lectures—was a citizen not only respected for the uprightness of his character and the purity of his life and his generous philanthropy, but deserving the fitting signs of that respect, resolved that the degree of LL.D. should be conferred upon Mr. Cooper. The Board of Regents of the University, the most venerable, and to many worthy persons the least intelligible, public body in the State—a body which charters colleges, and to which colleges and academies report, which is the guardian of the State Museum and the trustee of the State Library, which disburses all the State money to the academies and higher schools, and whose service, for its amount, is probably as economical to the public treasury as any in the State—is not lavish of degrees. All the higher honorary degrees it is competent to

confer. But the infrequency of the bestowal makes the honor more precious.

The evening of Mr. Cooper's eighty-ninth birthday was the time selected for the ceremony, and a very brilliant and distinguished company assembled at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Hewitt, with whom he lives. It was one of the assemblies at which, as the solemn elder of the Major Pendennis school remarked to his junior, "Here, my son, every body is somebody." The most remarkable figure was the host, who defies time, and whose activity and freshness of temperament at so great an age are doubtless very extraordinary. Presently Chancellor Benedict in his robe, the gown of the chancellor of the university in *Our Old Home*, stood behind the table at the end of the library, his Oxford cap on the table before him, the Secretary at his right hand, the Vice-Chancellor at his left, and other Regents within supporting distance. In a brief and appropriate address, that contained statistics in regard to the Cooper Union which probably amazed most of the company, as showing how great and useful an institution it is, the Chancellor stated the action of the board and its reasons. He then requested the Secretary to read the official minute of the resolution, after which the Rev. Dr. Adams and Dr. Harris presented Mr. Cooper for the degree. The Chancellor, whose instinctive courtesy caused him to forget to don even his official cap in a room, then proceeded with the Latin formula in which he received his own first degree from Williams College more than half a century ago. At its close the Secretary handed to Mr. Cooper the scroll of his degree. The new Doctor then read a short speech in a voice as firm and vigorous as that of a younger man, and at its close recited some twenty lines from Pope apposite to the speech with remarkable fluency of utterance and tenacity of memory. Throngs of friends gathered about the Doctor to congratulate him again, and there was not one of the distinguished company who did not feel the singular propriety of the honor, and rejoice in the hearty and cheerful age of the veteran.

The facts in regard to the Cooper Union which were mentioned by Chancellor Benedict are not familiar, but they are well worthy attention. The institution has cost Mr. Cooper more than $2,000,000. It has a body of about thirty instructors in literature, science, and art, and it is maintained at an annual expense of about $50,000. During the last year its free reading-room has been visited by 614,000 readers, for whose use there are 294 newspapers, magazines, and periodicals provided. There is an increasing library of 20,000 volumes, and during the year there have been 3395 students in the various classes. This is the work of one private citizen, and it is no wonder that Dean Stanley was impressed in this country by nothing more than by the private foundation of institutions of priceless public value.

The reader of the morning paper which disposes of the daily news of other countries in a few telegraphic lines must sometimes ask himself whether he really knows as much of these countries as when he read of them in the letters of correspondents. The letters were always a fortnight old or more, but they were the latest accounts. The telegraphic summary is almost contemporaneous. He knows this morning what was done yesterday in the Caucasus or on the Euphrates. Time and distance have been practically abolished, and the events of London and St. Petersburg, of Vienna and Rome and Paris, are known by him almost simultaneously. It is a miracle, but he asks himself apprehensively whether there is not some loss with the gain. It is not easy to read the story carefully when you know the catastrophe. When the details of the change of Presidency in France reach us, the event itself has become remote, and the equally absorbing interest of intervening events disinclines the mind to return to the story. We know that M'Mahon has resigned, and that Grévy has succeeded him by a peaceful election, and every day since that change was announced we have followed the record of events. But the reasons, the political situation, the movement of opinion, the significance of votes—all this, which is indispensable to real knowledge, the telegraph can not give us, and when it is offered afterward it is not attractive, because the result is known.

It is the conclusion of a recent English writer that the telegraph has in this way actually separated nations. He argues that in England there is really less accurate and intelligent knowledge of Continental affairs than in the days when news was brought by mail. It is undeniable that the interest in writing letters to a newspaper to discuss what was universally familiar a fortnight before is as seriously diminished, also, as that of reading them. The first charm of newspaper correspondence is news. If the correspondent knows that he is telling news, his spirit is very different from that of one who is simply explaining the news or speculating upon it some time afterward. This is seen in the changed character of the foreign correspondence that is still maintained. It becomes more and more personal, and treats of what the telegraph omits, but omits because it is not of commanding importance. The English writer whom we have mentioned says: "There is no country in the world whose history is fully reflected in a London daily journal, nor one, with the partial exception of France, in which it is any longer possible, from the information afforded in any English newspaper, to follow the movement of opinion. Londoners hear of Prince Bismarck's reactionary proposals, but not of the reasons by which he justifies them—his long explanatory letter on Protectionism was never even published—still less of the sentiments they excite in Germany." The writer goes through the countries of Europe in the same way, declaring that isolated facts are published, but that there is no continuous history—"history like the history of England which 'G. W. S.' furnishes to the New York *Tribune*," and that the evil is nearly incurable, because with the increase of immediate news there is not a corresponding increase of newspaper space. The consequence, he dolorously apprehends, will be that as Englishmen become more and more insulated in contemporary intelligence, they will necessarily receive as true whatever the telegraph may choose to report, and will be, therefore, at the mercy of the most monstrous lies.

But the writer indicates, without perceiving it, the natural remedy. He says that the best current historical accounts of the leading European nations, their political, literary, scientific, and social movements, are found in the *Contemporary*

Review. The *Review* is of limited circulation; but it supplies the continuous story to those who are interested. It explains the daily reports of facts and events for those who wish the explanation, while the report itself satisfies the great multitude of readers. This is especially true of this country. We are generally satisfied to know the fact that England has decided upon war in Afghanistan or in South Africa, and that there was a battle in which the Afghans were defeated, or one in which the Zulus defeated the English. The reasons of the war, the debates that preceded it, the movement of opinion, the great mass of Americans do not care to know. If there were long letters published upon the subject, they would probably not read them. It is, however, true that under the old system they were compelled to be in the way of knowing these details while they were learning the crowning events. But a great many did not know the main facts because they were not attracted by the letters. However plausible the argument may seem, it is hardly probable that greater facilities of acquiring intelligence will increase ignorance. The English writer has overlooked the very important fact that the daily crisp summary of foreign news will naturally quicken the desire of many readers to understand it, and will in fact awaken an active and inquiring interest. The reader of the paper, as he begins to wonder whether the telegraph is really separating nations, may profitably ask himself whether he is himself less familiar with foreign countries than before, whether he understands British or French or German politics less, and whether he does not understand the Eastern question a great deal better.

If the innumerable drawing-room juries which last summer held Mr. Henry James, Jun., guilty of maligning the American young woman abroad in *Daisy Miller* have now read his *International Episode*, they have probably acquitted him of any deep-seated malice against his young country-women. They have suspected, perhaps, that an artist of an eye so true and a touch so fine has no other purpose in his work than fidelity to nature, and that nature, not he, is responsible for the consequences. If he sees a figure which attracts his artistic eye, and he proceeds to delineate it, those who recognize what they do not like must not accuse him of ill intention. If Daisy Miller is at once recognized, it is because the portrait is good, not because the painter is malicious; and he chooses to depict her rather than another not because she is a Persian or an American, but because she is a striking and interesting figure. The work is so faithful that every one who has seen her knows her, and as her name is, in a limited sense, legion, the fidelity of the portrait troubles those who wish that their country-women were not so often judged by the unfavorable impression produced by the actual Daisy Miller. Yet we remind these critics that even from their own point of view Mr. James's fidelity is fortunate, for while no foreigner can fail to recognize the original, every foreigner is compelled to see that he has been cruelly unjust to the original. Is that an offense in the artist?

We have no writer who has so cool and shrewd an eye, and an insight and a hand so delicate, for the conditions and aspects of a certain kind of American life which calls itself "society." The traditions and theories of other countries and times are wholly inapplicable to this country and this society, and nothing is more amusing than the sensitiveness to the criticisms of other "society" upon our own. We have no rank, no court, no recognized social hierarchy, and while in every State there are certain family names which are more or less politically eminent in our history, they are not necessarily leaders, nor even represented in "society." Indeed, in the foreign sense, "society" does not exist. In point of fact, Daisy Miller, and Mrs. Westgate and Bessie Alden in *An International Episode*, are not unfamiliar figures, and they are as characteristic as any personages of Thackeray or Miss Austen. When an American woman says that Daisy Miller is the kind of girl that makes her wince, she means really that she does not wish Lady Bareacres or Lord Steyne to regard her as a typical American girl. But why does she care what they think? Does not her nervousness betray the very snobbery of which Daisy Miller is absolutely free? The very young woman who wishes that Bessie Alden wouldn't betray to Lord Lambeth her wish to see the Tower of London is the young woman who could not possibly, like Bessie Alden, refuse the son of a duke. It is, indeed, probable that both in Daisy Miller and in Bessie Alden Mr. James has depicted young persons who are essentially superior to those who wince at "the extraordinary conduct" of the one and the romantic eagerness of the other.

Mrs. Westgate is one of the most difficult of characters to portray. Yet in a few strokes, and in a very small space, Mr. James has drawn her perfectly. The reader smiles at the felicity of the work. It is an elusive model, and invites extravagance, but it is absolutely uncaricatured. With all her knowingness, Mrs. Westgate seldom knows herself, and will hardly recognize her own likeness. Her sister, Bessie Alden, could have been drawn only by an artist, who does not suffer his own wishes or tastes or preferences to mar the accuracy of his work. He draws the woman he sees, not his fancy of a woman, and the actual woman is infinitely better than the figure of fancy. It is the proof of Mr. James's power and skill that he makes the issue of his tale inevitable from the characters that he portrays. Any other issue would have been unsatisfactory, and yet the actual event is doubtless surprising for a moment to the multitude of readers. They see, however, instantly that the reason is in themselves. They had not truly apprehended the character unfolded before them.

Both these little books are unequalled cabinet studies; and *The Europeans*, although of larger scope, has the same character. *The American* showed more glimpses of the talent necessary to construct the novel, although it is in no point more felicitous in handling than the others. The analytical, critical, introspective tendency is so marked in the genius of the author that it sometimes holds in check the creative and narrative power. When Mr. James has once fairly projected a character—and this he does with singular force—he is careless of the rest, and is not interested to show its play in a sustaining series of events. This, however, is the instinct of the story-teller. But Mr. James is so true to himself that he will do only what his good genius prescribes, and no reader certainly will complain that a lyric

is only a lyric. His genius and that of Mr. Howells are akin in subtlety, refinement, and grace. Both have an airy and delightful humor. They are thoroughly conscientious and full of the spirit of a pure and high art. They do not, indeed, work together. Each pursues his own way. But turning from the page of one to that of the other, the reader involuntarily recalls, by no other suggestion than that of two young and gallant literary figures, the pleasant association of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Editor's Literary Record.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jun., has compressed within the limits of an unpretending volume a large fund of valuable matter upon railroads,[1] from their origin in Great Britain in 1830 until the present day. Under the head of "The Genesis of the Railroad System" he first outlines the history of the earliest pioneer railroads in Great Britain and the United States, giving the dates of their completion and going into operation, and interesting descriptions of the difficulties the new enterprises encountered from natural obstacles and public opinion, and also of the incidents and accidents which promoted or retarded their construction and operation. After this, under "The Railroad Problems," he discusses the relations of railroads to the people, the state, and one another, and gives brief accounts of the railway system in various countries, in which he considers the tendencies of the growth and development of the system, the evils and benefits attending it, the difficulties and complications besetting the management, operation, functions, and control of railroads, the conflicts of interest between the competing lines, with the plans that have been ineffectually extemporized for their adjustment, and the absorbing questions of free trade, competition, amalgamation or consolidation, and monopoly. In the course of the discussion Mr. Adams presents concise views of the principles on which the railroad systems of Great Britain, Belgium, France, Germany, and the United States were organized and are now maintained. Those of Great Britain were inaugurated, much as were those in this country, by associations of individuals chartered by the state, at first having exclusive privileges for certain districts, but afterward competing lines were chartered on the principle of free trade and competition, and liberal encouragement was extended to them. Gradually competition worked itself out into combination and amalgamation, till at length nearly all the competing lines have been absorbed by a few monster lines which control the entire railway system of Great Britain. Meantime the attitude of the state to the roads has become one of expectancy and supervision, inspection and advice, rather than of coercion or direct interference. The Belgian system was projected by King Leopold on the idea that railroads were steam-highways analogous to, and to take the place of, the king's highway, and therefore to be constructed, owned, and operated by the state. The system was developed originally on this theory to a considerable extent, but later on was supplemented by concessions of charters to private companies, the fundamental idea of all these concessions, however, being ultimate public ownership. At first the government owned two-thirds of all the railroad mileage, but ten years later the proportions had been reversed, and the private companies owned two-thirds. The effect of this divided ownership between the state and individuals was to make combination between them impossible, and to improve the service of each. At length, however, the private companies formed among themselves a consolidated union sufficiently powerful to compete with the state lines on equal terms, and the government was forced, in self-defense, to further develop its lines, with the final result of its acquisition, by lease, of all the competing lines. Thus, as Mr. Adams remarks, "Belgium has simply presented the spectacle of the state, in the character of the richest and most powerful railroad company of its system, holding in check and regulating other companies not greatly inferior to it in power, which compete with it for business, and with which it deals on terms of equality." The effect on both the public and private roads has been excellent, and has proved satisfactory to the government and the competing lines. Mr. Adams suggestively observes that while competition in Great Britain and America has disturbed and disorganized traffic, in Belgium, as between the public and private roads, it has had the effect to regulate it. The tendency in Belgium now is toward the absorption of all the railroad lines by the government. It would be interesting to follow Mr. Adams's descriptions of the French and German systems, which, with those of Belgium and Great Britain, compose the four great railway systems of the world. While these four systems have many points in common, they have also important distinctive features that are worthy of study. A concise general characterization of them must suffice. In their political relations, says Mr. Adams, they are divided into two groups by a broad line of demarkation: on one side are the systems of the English-speaking race, based upon private enterprise, and left for their regulation to the principles of *laissez faire*, the laws of competition and of supply and demand; on the other side are the systems of Continental Europe, in the creation of which the state assumed the initiative, and over which it exercises constant and watchful supervision. The comparatively large space which Mr. Adams appropriates to the railroad system of this country is occupied with concise accounts of the Granger episode and its influence for good or ill; of the strifes between railroads and the State Legislatures, as also between the rival railroads; of the scandals in railway management and construction; of the phases of growth through which the American system has passed; and of the development of the idea of governmental interference. Much prominence is given to the "Massachusetts plan," as contradistinguished from the "Granger plan." In the

[1] *Railroads: their Origin and Problems.* By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jun. 12mo, pp. 216. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

West, Mr. Adams says, the fundamental idea behind every railroad, under the latter, was force: the commission represented the constable. In Massachusetts, under the act of 1869 organizing a commission, the fundamental idea was publicity: the commission represented public opinion. The Massachusetts commissioners had no arbitrary power: the only appeal provided was to public opinion; they had to listen, and they might investigate and report. After several years of patient work which bore good fruit, they were empowered to prescribe a uniform system of accounts for railroads, and to examine their books; and so completely had they won the respect and favor of the roads by their fairness and discretion that every facility was cordially extended to them, and the light of day was thus thrown upon every dark place, exposing it to the eye of the public. The result has been that, acting as a judicial and impartial instead of a prosecuting and hostile tribunal, the supervision and counsels of the commissioners have brought the interests of the people, the State, and the railroads into unison, and the commissioners are now in reality a permanent board of arbitrators, acting without the formality, expense, and delay of courts of law, who enjoy the confidence of all concerned, and whose opinions are influential with them. In Mr. Adams's judgment, the Massachusetts plan carries the method of dealing with the railroad question to its ultimate point of development under a State government. His final deductions are that the tendency of events and drift of discussion are unfavorable to the notion of beneficial effects to be derived from competition; that in some Continental countries there is an inclination, held within defined and limited bounds, toward a confederation of railroads responsible to, but not yet owned by, the government; in others the tendency is toward a close regulation of railroads, without owning them; while in the English-speaking countries, where the institutions are of a more popular character, a system of public supervision is assuming shape—*supervision* being the limit of present development on the one side, as *regulation* is on the other.

Independent of the interest it possesses for men of science, especially those who have been hampered by unfriendly life callings, and have experienced a perpetual conflict with incommensurate means and instrumentalities, Mr. Smiles's biography of Robert Dick,[2] of Caithness, baker, geologist, and botanist, is admirably qualified to interest and instruct young readers, and is a model volume for the school library. It is the record of a toilsome, pure, and honorable life; of one who diligently and uncomplainingly labored from early boyhood to the close of his career to win an honest though scanty living at his humble trade; whose regular education was meagre, and interrupted just when he most thirsted for knowledge, and when it was sweetest to his palate; whose books were few, and to whom no libraries were accessible; who supplied the defects of his education by his own patient and resolute application in hours snatched from sleep after his daily task-work was over; who pinched himself, at the cost of great self-denial, to become the master of the books for which he hungered; and who, most of all, studied with loving and observant eyes the pages of Nature that lay freely open around him on every side, detecting the manifold beauties and bringing to light the marvellous secrets that lay hidden in her plant and bird and insect life, and in her world of rock and moor and mountain, and wresting knowledge from every thing animate and inanimate in her domain, till he took high rank among the ablest scientific scholars of the world. Here was a man, as was repeatedly acknowledged by Sir Roderick Murchison—and the acknowledgment should be a perpetual incentive to all youths and men whose horizons are narrow, and who are tied down to exacting callings—who "while earning his daily bread by his hard work," while "obliged to read and study by night," was yet "able to instruct the Director-General of the Geographical Society of Great Britain," and "knew infinitely more—ay, ten times more"—than the renowned Sir Roderick himself. As the memoir of a self-made man, and the record of the scanty means and simple appliances by which he won distinction in spite of his obscure station and calling, the book is full of instructive suggestiveness; and it is also valuable for the noble example it presents of fortitude and cheerfulness, of patience and piety, of toil willingly undergone in the search for knowledge, and of hard-won attainments modestly worn. Besides these teachings and incitements, the biography is rich in the lessons and poetry of Nature, and abounds in those lofty thoughts and reverent reflections which intimate communings with her always inspire. The descriptions, given for the most part in Dick's own nervous words, of the scenes he visited and the explorations and discoveries he made in his night and day foot-rambles of twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty miles each, have been rarely surpassed in delicacy and simplicity, or in ruggedly picturesque power.

No new facts or incidents are revealed in Mr. Black's biographical sketch of Oliver Goldsmith;[3] but his arrangement of familiar facts and incidents is so judicious, and his versions or interpretations of them so happy, that they throw new and genial lights on Goldsmith's character. Less minute and more reserved than the biographies by Prior, Forster, and Irving, still Mr. Black's sketch neither omits nor spoils any authentic or characteristic saying or doing or trait of this exquisite writer and odd but most ingenuous and lovable man. His virtues and merits are portrayed cordially; his foibles and imperfections—often closely allied to virtues—are avowed with kindly frankness; and there is no attempt to explain away his frailties, or to hold his contemporaries responsible for the natural and certain effects of his own heedlessness, improvidence, and prodigality. In one essential this brief sketch has a high value: it is a fuller and better *literary* biography than we have yet had of Goldsmith. With it in hand we are able to trace the most of his performances, great and small, from their germs to their final perfection. This is an exceedingly interesting feature, for besides affording us glimpses of many pleasing personal characteristics, it gives

[2] *Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist.* By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 436. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Goldsmith.* By William Black. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 152. New York: Harper and Brothers.

us a connected view of his writings in the order of their production, and enables us to note the steps of his progress as a writer, and the stages of the unfolding of his genius as a poet.

Professor Huxley is a strong reasoner, and writes with force and precision, but he is not an artist. He has little faculty for description, is defective in his grouping or disposition of parts, and is careless or contemptuous of those delicate details of light and shade and incident which give grace, variety, and lifelikeness to a picture. These defects are painfully visible in his monograph on David Hume,[4] which forms one of the latest of Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters." He has compressed the biographical sketch within the narrow limits of two brief chapters, extending over less than fifty pages, and it is remarkable for the little it reveals of the personal incidents and events that gave color to the great historian's life, or that influenced his character and shaped his career. It is a synopsis rather than a biography. In the later and more extended part of the performance, however, which is devoted to an analytical exposition of Hume's philosophical writings, Mr. Huxley is thoroughly at home. Those who desire to become better informed as to this class of Hume's works can have no more intelligent or satisfactory guide than Professor Huxley.

The interest that is felt in whatever relates to the life and character of Dr. Johnson is opportunely ministered to by the collection in a volume, entitled *Samuel Johnson: His Words and His Ways*,[5] of a fund of anecdote, personal incidents, conversations, traits of manner and character, etc., exhibiting the sage under nearly every aspect of his life and associations. The material is drawn chiefly from Boswell, and also from Madame D'Arblay, Bishop Percy, Mrs. Piozzi, Hannah More, Anna Seward, Miss Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and others, with whom he was more or less intimate; and it is classified under such heads as his "appearance, manners, and peculiarities," his "partialities," his "habits as scholar and author," his "diseases," "piety," "superstition," "wit," "playfulness," "gallantry," and the like. Appended to the anecdotal portion are copious extracts from Macaulay's and Carlyle's well-known critical essays suggested by the publication of Boswell's *Life*.

In reviewing the publications of fiction for the month, we have no hesitation in awarding the palm of superiority to Goldsmith's inimitable miniature romance, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.[6] Written more than a hundred years ago, the freshness and popularity of this charming story have survived all the changes of taste and opinion, and its merits have won for it an undisputed and foremost place among the classics of our tongue. A model of "English undefiled," it is also a model of delicacy of sentiment and purity of thought, as well as an exquisite example of the cheering and beautifying influences of modest contentment, simple piety, and unostentatious learning.—Two other republications of novels by well-known English authors are among the literary events of the month. Of these, *Jane Eyre*[7] must always be interesting, apart from its intrinsic merits as one of the curiosities of literature, because of the premature development of its gifted author, and for its surprising display of irregular power. Among its merits are its picturesque descriptions, its vigorous and massive if not always natural conceptions of character, and its strong but exaggerated delineations of passion.—The other republication to which we have alluded is Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Man and Wife*,[8] one of that industrious writer's most characteristic novels, in which he exhibits his mastery of the intricacies and involutions of a plot, and his skill in constructing an uninterrupted succession of entertaining surprises. In this novel, as in most of his productions, the attractiveness of the narrative is mainly due to the ingenuity with which the author, following the models afforded by *causes célèbres*, first weaves the web of a compromising secret around his leading characters, and to the dexterous art with which he then, bit by bit, unfolds it till all the threads of the tangled skein are gradually unravelled.—The second series of the "No Name" publications opens with *Signor Monaldini's Niece*,[9] a novel of more than usual excellence, in every page of which we discover the signs of a practiced hand and a finely tempered imagination. Written anonymously, as are all of the series, it is the work of an American author on an Italian theme, the scene of which is laid in modern Rome and the country adjacent. The actors are mainly Italian, with a sprinkling of English, German, and American artists and "Bohemians," and the accessories are purely Italian; but there is nothing either in the actors or their accessories of the volcanic passion and crime which usually form the staple of Italian romances. The narrative is strong, sustained, and unfolded by natural gradations; without being startling or sensational, or even dramatic, the incidents are various and exciting; its descriptions of social life in Rome, and of the great city's suburban and sylvan surroundings, are graphic and picturesque; and its numerous characters are so disposed as to give an air of lifelikeness to their movements, while some of them are made to act and suffer with such true loftiness and nobility of spirit as to excite the liveliest sympathy and admiration. Despite its general excellence, however, this fine novel has two grave defects which impair its quality as a work of art, and are the more surprising because of the abundant taste and skill uniformly displayed by the author. Sometimes, as in the case of the beautiful niece of Monaldini, upon whom the chief interest of the romance centres, the author apparently falls in love with his own ideal creation, and in his distempered efforts to paint her superb loveliness and her grandeur of form and spirit, by his repeated touches he robs her figure of its glow and

[4] *Hume.* By Professor Huxley. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 206. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Samuel Johnson: His Words and His Ways.* What he said, what he did, and what Men thought and spoke concerning him. Edited by E. T. Mason. 12mo, pp. 319. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Vicar of Wakefield.* A Tale. By Oliver Goldsmith. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 258. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Jane Eyre.* A Novel. By Charlotte Brontë. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 89. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Man and Wife.* A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 113. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *Signor Monaldini's Niece.* "No Name (Second) Series." 16mo, pp. 334. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

warmth, and reduces her to the level of a beautiful statue or of a cold abstraction only. Another and graver defect is confined to the concluding chapter, where the story is wound up by a catastrophe which is simply a bungling spectacle made up of sensational and stagy clap-trap out of keeping with the generally fine proportions of the entire previous performance.—*My Guardian*[10] is one of the class of tales that derive their inspiration from that fruitful source of conventional English romance, the Indian Mutiny. While the heroine, a child of five or six, was in London awaiting the coming home of her parents, who were an English officer and his wife, the mutiny broke out, and they were among its victims. In due time a brother officer and bosom-friend of her father appears upon the stage, charged with her guardianship as the legacy of his old comrade—a trust which he undertakes loyally and fulfills faithfully. The interest of the story is concentrated on these two, first as child and man, ward and guardian, and then, through the stages of companionship, friendship, and liking, to mutual love. Their love meets the usual complement of thwarting or disturbing incidents and interruptions, and at one time the complications reach such a pass that a successful issue seems impossible; but at last the wizard pen of the story-teller disperses all the clouds, and the romance closes with sunshine and clear skies.—Mr. Drake's *Captain Nelson*[11] has little attractiveness as a love tale, but as a historical revival of an interesting episode in the annals of Boston, depicting the attitude of its people toward each other and their rulers, the social, political, and religious antagonisms that disturbed them, and their internal plots, struggles, strifes, and collisions, at the period of the involuntary abdication of James the Second and the accession of William of Orange, it is exceedingly spirited and unique. In the course of its reproduction of this episode the author brings upon the stage such prominent actors as the venerable ex-Governor Bradstreet, Cotton Mather, Sir Edmund Andros, Secretary Randolph, and others, and graphic descriptions are given of the parts which they bore, of the ferment of popular feeling, and of the secret or open machinery by which the people were organized for an irresistible movement against the partisans of James. Several of the incidents are painted with great liveliness, and one of them—the gathering of the people on the memorable 18th of April, 1689, with its crowning event of the bold and successful attack on Governor Andros and his soldiery in Fort Hill—is given with dramatic effect.—*Mrs. Merriam's Scholars*[12] is the title of a story by Mr. E. E. Hale, in which he illustrates the possible extension and co-operative power of personal influence, where people live and act faithfully, unselfishly, and hopefully, by the instances of four young girls just graduated from school. These young girls, not content to be nonentities, set themselves to do some useful work, as their convictions of duty might urge or their opportunities might allow—one as a teacher in a freedmen's school, two as nurses in army hospitals, and the other in the more immediate sphere of her every-day surroundings. As a romance the tale has little of the interest that usually attends Mr. Hale's stories, but the lessons it teaches by example are told with genial grace, and are suggestive and ennobling.—Notwithstanding the gracefulness of their style, the four stories comprised in *Tales from the German of Paul Heyse*[13] are the reverse of exhilarating. The narrative of each is ingenious, the situations are often striking, and many of the groupings and descriptions are picturesque and poetic, but with all this they are totally lacking in humor and vivacity, and the relation throughout has a tinge of sombreness.

Multum in parvo is justly applicable to a series of "Health Primers," prepared by a number of scientific English philanthropists, and just republished in this country. Nor is it only for the quantity, but for the quality of the information compressed within their small limits that they are commendable. Each "primer" is plain and popular in its phraseology; is brief, simple, and elementary in statement; and having been prepared by a thoroughly competent specialist, is entirely trustworthy, and in all essentials suitable to the habits and circumstances of American modes of life. The first of the series, on *Exercise and Training*,[14] opens with an intelligent popular exposition of general physiological principles, in which the structure, functions, and uses of the muscles are explained, the source of muscular force defined, and the motions and employments of the different muscles while engaged in different forms of work or exercise described. This is followed by an application of the teachings derived from these general principles to the character of the exercise most appropriate to different ages, sexes, and physical conditions; and a consideration of the training that is best suited, under varying conditions and circumstances, to bring the body to the most perfect state of health and vigor.—In the second of the series, on *Alcohol: Its Use and Abuse*,[15] the author undertakes—leaving out the moral and social aspects of the question—to show what is the evil physiologically of the use of alcohol, and how to avoid it; and what the good, and how to gain it. The subject is treated with candor and moderation, involving a consideration of the following topics: the properties and constituents of alcoholic beverages, their physiological operation, their effects when taken in excess, their uses, and their administration in ill health or disease. The general conclusion of the writer is that in health the use of alcoholic beverages is entirely unnecessary, and if habitual may become injurious; that even where they may be used temporarily with advantage there is a liability to grave dangers from them; and that in disease they should be used strictly as medicine, and be regulated by the doctor's orders as to quantity, quality, and time.—The third of the series, *The House and Its Surroundings*,[16] is an

[10] *My Guardian.* By Ada Cambridge. 16mo, pp. 274. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Captain Nelson.* A Romance of Colonial Days. By Samuel Adams Drake. "Library of American Fiction." 8vo, pp. 172. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Mrs. Merriam's Scholars.* A Story of the "Original Ten." By Edward E. Hale. 16mo, pp. 269. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[13] *Tales from the German of Paul Heyse.* 16mo, pp. 281. New York: D. S. Appleton and Co.

[14] *Exercise and Training.* By C. H. Ralfe, M.D. 16mo, pp. 96. New York: D. S. Appleton and Co.

[15] *Alcohol: Its Use and Abuse.* By W. S. Greenfield, M.D. 16mo, pp. 95. New York: D. S. Appleton and Co.

[16] *The House and Its Surroundings.* 16mo, pp. 96. New York: D. S. Appleton and Co.

exemplification of the influence of the soil and situation of a house, and of certain particulars belonging to its construction—such as drainage, water supply, ventilation, closets and urinals, scullery and sinks, warming and lighting, paint and paper, and the general arrangement of bedrooms, nursery, kitchen, etc.—upon the spread or prevalence of disease. There is also much practical information concerning the use of disinfectants and antiseptics, and the methods to be observed in contagious and infectious diseases.—The fourth of the series, on *Premature Death*,[17] points out the principal causes of early or premature death and the conditions under which they are most active, and then recounts the rules and observances which are necessary to be observed for the avoidance of these causes when they belong to the class that have been bequeathed to us, and the methods necessary for the prevention of those conditions which, whether bequeathed or not, repeat, multiply, and perpetuate the causes of early death.

Mr. Eugene Véron's treatise on *Æsthetics*[18] would be a more satisfactory contribution to science if it exhibited greater equanimity and a more judicious reserve, and were less dominated by a crusading spirit. But if it lacks poise and surrenders itself too unreservedly to the demolition of one system and the erection of another on its ruins, it compensates in a degree for this defect by the vigor and ability of its attacks on the one hand and of its advocacy on the other, and, perhaps, is more interesting and suggestive for the intelligent scrutiny it provokes than it could possibly be if it merely challenged a passive assent. Belonging to the school of art reformers, of which Viollet-le-Duc was the latest and most distinguished exponent, the author vigorously reiterates that great critic's protest against the "despotism" and "pedantry" of the Academy. His theory is that there are but three ways open to art—first, the imitation of previous forms of art, or the academic method, whose "latent principle is the negation of progress or even of intellectual change;" second, the realistic imitation of actual things, which, though not true art, is a medium of art, and whose perfection is that of a copy producing complete and absolute illusion, or of a photograph improved so as to reproduce color as well as form, by which "all the precision and all the indifference of machinery is attained;" and third, the manifestation of individual impressions, or true art, by which the artist puts something into every thing he does, and while rendering appearances visible as seen by all the world, adds something which is not actually apparent, which comes from within himself, and has the stamp of his own personal emotions and impressions, and which governs his choice of subject, inspires the arrangement and proportion of parts, interprets forms and objects, and invests the whole with particular colors and other qualities which are derived from his own nature and personality. Of these three forms, which he succinctly denominates the conventional, the realistic, and the personal, he affirms that only the latter deserves the name of art, since the personality of the artist is the essential constituent of all art. This he illustrates in this way: If, he says, people imagine that the admiration or delight they feel for a poetic or other work of art is due to the fidelity of the imitation or any intrinsic quality of its own, they mistake—it is the power of the artist that strikes and attracts them; what they admire or what they censure is simply the degree of talent attributed to the author; the poem, the picture, or the statue is but the starting-point and first cause of their emotion, but in reality it is the personality of the artist by which they are affected, and their admiration must always be summarized in the words, "What genius it must have required to execute such a work as this!" This narrow view of the limitations of art and its effects upon the mind is unceasingly elaborated in a hundred different ingenious applications. The work, however, is not confined to the discussion of these theories, but embraces a wide field of art criticism and analysis. In the first division of the treatise the author illustrates and explains the general principles which underlie all art, first historically, in an account of the origin, progress, and grouping of the principal forms of primitive art; then philosophically, in an attempt to trace the physiological and psychological conditions of man, which are the mediums of artistic expression and the source and nature of æsthetic pleasure; and finally, by a series of disquisitions on taste, genius, decorative and expressive art, and style. In the second part each art is considered separately, after having been classified under two well-defined groups—the arts of the eye and the arts of the ear; or, in other words, those arts, such as architecture, sculpture, and painting, which spring from the sensations of sight and deal with exterior forms, whose common feature is the development of space, whose manifestations have to do with a single point of time, which exclude movement and replace it by simultaneity and order, and whose law is proportion; and those arts, such as dancing, music, and poetry, which have sound for the vehicle of their expression, which appeal to the sense of hearing, and take their immediate origin from spoken language, whose principal action is by succession through ideas of lapse of time and movement, and which are the direct expression of the inner essence of life. Each of these is considered historically and philosophically as a source of æsthetic pleasure in the light of the doctrine that genuine art consists essentially in the predominance of subjectivity over objectivity, that the artist is one whose imagination or impressionability or personality is so lively and excitable that it transforms every thing with which it comes in contact, dyeing them in its own hues, and reproducing them in accordance with its own preferences; in fine, that art is the direct and spontaneous manifestation of human personality, and that all art worthy of the name is human, personal, and the reflection of the mind of the artist.

A laudable attempt has been made to idealize the prehistoric legends, and the colonial, Revolutionary, and post-Revolutionary scenes, events, traditions, and people of Southwestern Pennsylvania, in an unpretending volume entitled *Southwestern Pennsylvania in Song and Story*,[19] by Mr. Frank

[17] *Premature Death: Its Promotion or Prevention.* 16mo, pp. 94. New York: D. S. Appleton and Co.

[18] *Æsthetics.* By Eugene Véron. Translated by W. H. Armstrong, B.A. (Oxon). "Library of Contemporary Science." 12mo, pp. 423. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[19] *Southwestern Pennsylvania in Song and Story.* With Notes and Illustrations. By Frank Cowan.

Cowan. Its contents have slight merit if judged strictly as poetry, though many of the original pieces exhibit sprightliness, humor, and fidelity to nature. The principal value of the collection is its preservation of incidents illustrative of the early people and times of Southwestern Pennsylvania which might otherwise be lost. The most interesting and most valuable portion of the volume is the appendix, which contains a goodly number of curious poetical effusions in ballad or broadside style by writers of a very early period. One of these dates back as early as 1692, and others are grouped under the "The French War" (1754–1759), "Lord Dunmore's War" (1774), "The Revolution" (1775–1783), the "Indian War" (1782–1791), and "The Whiskey Insurrection" (1794).

Although *The Telegraph in America*[20] has few literary attractions, it has value as a book of reference. Especially will it be interesting to the large and intelligent class of telegraph operators and employés, and all who are engaged in telegraphic enterprises, for its sketches of the history of signal telegraphs, of the dawn of electrical discovery and the progress of electrical science in America, of the era of telegraphic invention and discovery (including an outline of the early and artist life of Professor Morse, and the birth and final success of his inventions), and of the practical application of Morse's discoveries by the various telegraph companies that have since sprung into existence. The work comprises a large amount of statistical information concerning the companies that have been formed, their sphere of operations, their promoters, managers, and officers; and it is interspersed with personal incidents and anecdotes of those who have been honorably connected with the practical working of the telegraph in this country as operatives or officials. It also comprises a summary of telegraphic progress and achievement, and an account of telegraphic journalism and literature.

The practical good sense of a little treatise on *The German*,[21] by two "amateur leaders," will recommend it to the favor of those with whom this popular dance is already a favorite, and will insure it a welcome from those who wish to become acquainted with the intricacies of its spirited maze. The opening chapters are devoted to a plea for the "German" in preference to ordinary dances, to an outline of the duties of the hostess and a description of the arrangements and "properties" that are necessary, and to a statement of the etiquette of the dance. The greater portion of the book is appropriated to suggestions, directions, and instructions for the benefit of the "leader," showing him how his duties may be performed with ease to himself and to the enhanced enjoyment of the company. A variety of examples are given of "figures" that have stood the test of experience, classified under "simple," as requiring only such properties as may be conveniently improvised, "with properties," as demanding more elaborate and costly preparation, and "hall figures," which may be executed with or without elaborate properties. There is also an appendix, with approximate estimates of the cost involved in the performance of the dance on varying scales of elegance and expensiveness.

A new edition of that standard help to students and useful assistant to literary men, Crabb's *English Synonymes*,[22] retains all the valuable points of the earlier editions, and is much more convenient for reference. Instead of the synonymes being ranged under what the author denominated a "scientific arrangement," but which in reality was greatly lacking in simplicity and directness, in the new edition they are arranged alphabetically, thus affording greater facility for consultation, the ease and rapidity of which are still further secured by a copious index to all the words commented on. Besides, the definitions and exemplifications have been curtailed by the elision of numerous moral and other reflections having no philological signification, which were plentifully strewn over the old editions, with the result of greater condensation and clearness. The portions exhibiting the origin and composition of words have been amended so as to conform to the advances that have been made in philological learning since the work was first written. The vocabulary has also been considerably augmented by the introduction of a number of synonymes that were not in the previous editions.

A very satisfactory view of Spanish literature is given in a gracefully written volume, modestly styled *A Primer of Spanish Literature*,[23] but which is scholarly enough in its execution and sufficiently comprehensive in its scope to interest and instruct advanced readers. Although the author has been limited by the space at her command to an outline sketch of Spanish literature from the twelfth century to the present day, her outline is not confined to a dry statement of facts and names, but is an animated and flowing relation, embodying spirited versions and epitomes, characteristic specimens, and tasteful criticisms and estimates of all the more notable prose, poetical, song, ballad, and dramatic productions of Spanish genius. Specially attractive are her expositions and analyses of the grand old epic, "The Cid;" of the rich store of Spanish and Moorish ballads, chronicles, and romances, with their sparkle of love and chivalry; and of the immortal works of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon.

Mr. Swinton has performed an acceptable service by remodelling his former volume of *Language Lessons* so as to form an intermediate elementary manual adapted to the wants of scholars entering upon the study of grammar. Not the least important among the advantages of his *New Language Lessons*[24] is this, that the pupil is not wearied and discouraged by the forbidding tech-

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With an Appendix: "The Battle Ballads and other Poems of Southwestern Pennsylvania." 12mo, pp. 424. Greensburg, Pennsylvania: Printed by the Author.

[20] *The Telegraph in America; Its Founders, Promoters, and Noted Men.* By James D. Reid. Royal 8vo, pp. 846. New York: Derby Brothers.

[21] *The German.* How to give it, how to lead it, how to dance it. By two Amateur Leaders. 12mo, pp. 132. Chicago: Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.

[22] *English Synonymes Explained in Alphabetical Order.* With copious Examples drawn from the best Writers. To which is now added an Index to the Words. By George Crabb, A.M. New Edition, with Additions and Corrections. 12mo, pp. 856. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *A Primer of Spanish Literature.* By Helen S. Conant. "Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 227. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *New Language Lessons.* An Elementary Grammar and Composition. By William Swinton. 16mo, pp. 192. New York: Harper and Brothers.

nicalities and abstractions which he usually encounters at his entrance upon the study of grammar, and that, instead, he is introduced to the language itself by easy, natural, and attractive stages, is gradually familiarized with its structure, spirit, and methods, is almost imperceptibly taught to discriminate the powers and offices of the parts of speech, and to handle, mould, modify, and analyze the sentences of which our tongue is built, till at length he insensibly masters the essentials of grammar and composition by his own practice in their use and application.

While a wise parent will not lament the natural fondness of his child for romance, nor wish that its imaginative powers might be extirpated, he must be painfully conscious that the quality of the romantic fiction which is devoured by children of the present generation is such as unnaturally and unhealthfully to develop their imagination, and to stimulate their sensibilities and passions into premature and hurtful activity. While ministering to a child's imaginative longings and needs, and gratifying its taste for romantic vicissitude, Charles Lamb's version of *The Adventures of Ulysses*[25] has none of these enervating effects. As Lamb himself tells us, the picture which the story of Ulysses exhibits is that of a brave man struggling with adversity, who, by a wise use of events and inimitable presence of mind, forces out a way for himself through the severest trials, and defeats the enemies, natural and preternatural, who surround him. The agents with whom he contends, besides men and women, are giants, enchanters, and sirens—things which denote external force or internal temptations, and which constitute the twofold form of danger which a wise fortitude must expect to encounter in its course through the world. Aside from its healthful influence upon the imagination and morals, the story in Lamb's version will prove practically useful to young classical students by familiarizing them in advance with the actors and events celebrated in the Odyssey.

A juvenile volume, which combines instruction with amusement, is *Dick Sands, the Boy-Captain*.[26] It is from the pen of the indefatigable Jules Verne, and despite its exaggerations and its crowded succession of incidents, it deserves to be a favorite with the wonder-loving lads who delight in tales of sea-voyages and adventure.

Editor's Scientific Record.

Astronomy.—The director of the observatory of Melbourne has made his thirteenth annual report. His staff consists of a chief assistant (Mr. White) and three junior assistants. The purchase of a new transit circle is recommended, at a cost of £1200. The great reflector is reported to be working satisfactorily. Out of 326 nights, 150 were unfitted for observation from unfavorable weather, bright moonlight interfered on 32, visitors interfered on 49, and the telescope was under repair 20, so that only 75 nights were available for observation with this instrument. (In this connection it may be proper to state that the Washington 26-inch refractor has not been out of use for repairs, cleaning of lenses, adjustment of clock-work, etc., for twenty nights since it has been mounted —over five years.) The principal work of the 4-foot reflector has been the drawing of southern nebulæ; 77 of these of Herschel's catalogue have been figured during the year 1877–78. Some changes in the *Eta Argûs* nebula have been noticed, and many of Herschel's nebulæ are to be identified with his drawings only by their position. Some missing nebulæ are spoken of.

Flammarion has published a useful volume of about 200 pages, with the title, *Catalogue des Étoiles doubles ou multiples en Mouvement relatif certain.* The observations of about a hundred observers are collected chronologically and discussed by the author.

The Bulletin of the Brussels Academy contains a second memoir by Montigny on the scintillation of stars, which is translated and condensed in *Nature*, January 9, 1879. The dependence of the character of the twinkling of stars on the amount of moisture in the air seems to be established.

Mr. John Hammes has reported to Rear-Admiral Rogers, of the United States Naval Observatory, that on November 12, 1878, 8.30 P.M., local time, he saw a volcanic eruption on the moon in the vicinity of the craters Baco, Barocius, and Nicolai, with a 6½-inch telescope, at Oskaloosa, Iowa. The matter ejected took a fan-like form, and Hammes says the spectacle continued for half an hour, and was seen by him as plainly as "any other mountain scenery in the moon is seen, and of the same color."

Professors A. Cœster and E. Gerland, of Cassel, have just published a *Description of the Collection of Astronomical, Geodetic, and Physical Apparatus in the Royal Museum of Cassel*, in quarto form. It contains 48 pages, and five interesting plates of instruments. Section II. contains a description of the apparatus of William IV., 1532–1592, of Byrgi, 1552–1632, and of Papin, circa 1690. Section III. contains a description of the various instruments classified according to use.

The plates of ancient astronomical instruments are of most interest.

In the department of *Meteorology*, we have received during January the last report of the "Permanent Committee of the International Congress," embracing special reports by Everett on atmospheric electricity, and Scott on the present state of maritime meteorology and weather telegraphy. The former is a valuable addition to works on atmospheric electricity. It clearly exposes and contrasts the rationale of the most common modern methods, and refers for details to a few of the best memoirs on the subject. Everett gives the result of William Thompson's and his own observations, as also those made at Kew and Lisbon, and the experiences of the observers on the recent arctic expedition. He also alludes to the self-

[25] *The Adventures of Ulysses.* By CHARLES LAMB. "Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 159. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *Dick Sands, the Boy-Captain.* By JULES VERNE. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 486. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

recording apparatus constructed for Mascart, and working with remarkable success through the whole of the past year. The best memoir yet written on atmospheric electricity is, he states, one by Angot, in the last volume of the Annuaire of the Meteorological Society of France.

Professor Everett, in addition to the preceding report, has also published in the Proceedings of the Belfast Society a lecture delivered by him on January 22, 1878, on atmospheric electricity. He sums up our knowledge as follows: "There is no other meteorological element, except perhaps the wind, that can compare with electrical potential for the extent and suddenness of its variations. On some rare occasions, with no assignable external cause, and notwithstanding the mitigating action of the collector, which eases off all sudden changes, the needle of the electrometer swings from side to side with a violent trembling like that of a magnetic needle in a strong field. As regards the variation of potential according to the season of the year, all observations concur in showing that the average strength of potential is greater in winter than in summer, but the months of maximum and minimum appear to differ considerably at different places. The chief maximum occurs in some one of the winter months, the chief minimum occurs every where in May or June; the average potential in the strongest month is about double of that in the weakest. As regards the variation of potential with the hour of the day, the Kew observations show a double maximum in the twenty-four hours. The hours of maximum are, in July, 8 A.M. and 10 P.M.; in January, 10 A.M. and 7 P.M.; and in the spring and autumn, about 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. The few observations taken during the recent arctic expedition show that the general features of atmospheric electricity were the same at the winter-quarters of the *Alert* as they are in these temperate regions." He adds that our great want at present is balloon observations, and suggests a method by which such can be made. With regard to the origin of atmospheric electricity, he says, "I feel convinced that friction either of the air itself or of the solid or liquid particles contained in it against the surface of the earth is one cause of the generation of electricity in the air."

In *Physics*, we note a considerable discussion which has been going on in England relative to the stability of Cleopatra's Needle, recently erected on the Thames Embankment, in London. The statement having been made that this monolith could withstand a wind pressure of 80 to 90 pounds per square foot, attention was immediately called to the fact that on the 30th of January, 1868, a wind pressure was experienced at the Liverpool (Bidston) observatory which drove the registering pencil far beyond the limit of 60 pounds, up to which the anemometer had been graduated, and which was estimated by Mr. Hartnup at from 70 to 80 pounds per square foot. To this it was replied that a densely packed crowd scarcely weighs 80 pounds per square foot of the space it stands upon; and as no one would dream of standing on a floor formed of glazed window-sashes, the Bidston window-sashes must have been of unusual strength, or else there were serious errors in the anemometer indications. Leaving the meteorological question, however, a writer in *Nature* has calculated the pressure necessary to endanger the obelisk, and concludes that "as long as the foundations remain secure, the obelisk may be frequently subjected to a wind pressure of 21 pounds per square foot without the slightest tendency to accident. If subjected at long intervals to a pressure of 40 or 50 pounds to the square foot, it would probably stand for an indefinitely long period, until the fatigue of the cement under variations of stress, or its natural decay, if that ever takes place, causes its rupture; but under a pressure of this intensity it must be borne in mind that considerable oscillation would take place, and that if the period of the gusts nearly agreed with the time of vibration of the stone, it might be overturned; while if a pressure of 80 pounds per square foot is reached, it is very questionable if the survivors among the inhabitants of the neighborhood will find it *in situ* when they have time to go and look for it."

Poynting has pointed out that the two chief causes of error in using a balance are (1) disturbances through changes of temperature, such as convection currents or unequal expansion of the two arms, and (2) the possibility that after raising the beam on the supporting frame and lowering it again the same parts of the knife edges may not come into contact with the planes. He removes the former by protecting the balance in a gilded case and making the readings at a distance, and the latter by not raising the beam between successive readings, but by having a clamp beneath one pan which can fix the pan in any position. In his experiments the value of a given deflection was estimated by riders, and a special apparatus was used for interchanging the weights. The greatest deviation from the mean in comparing two one-pound weights was one twenty-millionth of one pound in unfavorable weather, and one fifty-millionth in favorable. The mean density of the earth was measured by hanging a pound weight about six feet below one scale pan, accurately counterpoising it, and then inserting under the pound weight a sphere of lead of about 340 pounds weight. The increase of attraction was about one forty-five-millionth of a pound. Comparing this with the earth's attraction upon the pound weight, the mean of 11 determinations gave 5.69 for the density of the earth, with a probable error of 0.15.

Fawsitt has observed the curious fact that certain metals are capable of welding at comparatively low temperatures. In estimating hydrocyanic acid, the silver cyanide obtained was reduced to the metallic state by ignition in a crucible. Noticing a small piece of dirt in the hot mass, he attempted to push the silver to one side by means of a platinum wire, when, to his surprise, the wire adhered to the silver. Placing then a piece of silver-foil about a centimeter square on an inverted porcelain crucible lid, and heating it to about 500° C., a wire of platinum was brought in contact with it. It immediately adhered to it, and so strongly that the silver could be lifted by it from the lid, the adhesion continuing after the silver had cooled. Sir William Thomson, to whom the experiment was shown, regarded it as a case of welding at low temperatures. With smaller pieces of foil the adhesion took place below 500°; and other metals, as copper and aluminum, adhere to silver in the same way, though not as strikingly.

Ayrton and Perry, in a paper read to the Lon-

don Physical Society, have called attention to the well-known fact that emotion is excited by moving bodies, and have predicted the creation upon this basis of a new emotional art capable of high development. Among Eastern nations, for example, entertainments consisting of motions and dumb-show are common, which, although incomprehensible and even ludicrous to the European, powerfully affected the feelings of a native audience. In Japan the authors had seen whole operas of "melodious motion" performed in the theatres, the emotions being expressed by movements of the body affecting to the audience, but quite strange to them. To carry out this idea the authors have devised an instrument for effecting changes in the period, amplitude, and phase of the harmonic motions given to a moving body, which they claim is the first musical instrument of the visual art in question. By its means numberless combinations of graceful motions producing emotional effects on the beholder can be given to a visible body, the influence being heightened by the use of colors properly blended together.

Blyth has described in detail the form of microphone which he uses not only for transmitting but also for receiving sounds. An ordinary white porcelain jam pot 3½ inches in diameter and 4 inches deep is half filled with gas coke broken into coarse fragments. Two strips of tin about 2 inches wide are slipped down on opposite sides between the coke fragments and the jar, and are fastened by being bent over the edge and bound with string. When two of these jam pots were put in circuit like a pair of ordinary telephones, with a battery of two Grove or four Bunsen cells, there was no difficulty in transmitting and receiving both singing and speaking, though the articulation is not as distinct as would be desirable.

Wilde has proposed to improve the Jablochkoff candle by simply removing the insulating material between the parallel carbons, thus getting rid of the strong color given to the light by this material, and rendering the construction much simpler. The arc will always remain at the end of the carbons, owing to electro-dynamic action. He has devised a simple automatic apparatus by which on the passage of the current the carbons are separated at their tips, and by which also, should the current be momentarily interrupted, it will be renewed at once. This is effected by having one of the carbon pencils movable in the plane containing them, about an axis at right angles to its length. The points are kept together by a spring when no current passes; but the current charges an electro-magnet and separates them.

Du Moncel presented to the French Academy an apparatus constructed by Oder, and called an electrophone, by which singing and talking can be received loud enough to be heard several meters off. It consists of a sort of drum formed of a parchment-paper diaphragm, having in its centre six small iron bars arranged circularly, on which act six very small U-shaped electro-magnets connected together. The result is attributed to the fact that the small magnets are more rapidly magnetized and demagnetized. The transmitter used is a carbon microphone or telephone.

Crookes has communicated a remarkable paper to the Royal Society, on the illumination of lines of molecular pressure and the trajectory of molecules. He regards the dark space which surrounds the negative electrode in an ordinary vacuum tube when the spark from an induction coil is passed through it as due to the extension of the molecular disturbance of the electrode to the surrounding gas, to a distance increasing with the rarefaction. The thickness of this dark space is a measure of the mean length of path between successive collisions of the molecules. The conflict occurs at the boundary of the dark space where the luminous margin bears witness to the energy of the collisions. Using an electrical radiometer having cup-shaped vanes of aluminum, the velvety violet halo forms over each side of the cup, the dark space between it and the cup widening as the exhaustion progresses, until on the convex side it touches the glass, and positive rotation commences. On the concave side the bright margin becomes concentrated to a luminous focus, the whole appearance being strikingly similar to the rays of the sun reflected from a concave mirror through a foggy atmosphere. At very high exhaustions the dark space fills the tube, but the dark violet focus can still be seen, and a sharply defined spot of greenish-yellow light appears on the glass where the rays diverging from this focus fall. This greenish-yellow phosphorescence appears only at high exhaustions and under the influence of the negative pole, the color being due to the German glass used. At four-millionths of an atmosphere (4M) no other light is visible in the tube, reaching its maximum at 0.9M. The focal point of this green light the author found to be at the centre of curvature, showing that the molecules by which it is produced are projected in a direction normal to the surface of the electrode. The author explains this green light thus: When the exhaustion is sufficiently high for the mean length of path between successive collisions to be greater than the distance between the electrode and the glass, the swiftly moving rebounding molecules spend their force wholly or in part on the sides of the vessel, and the production of light is the consequence of this sudden arrest of velocity. The heat is also quite considerable, since when the concentrated focus from a hemispherical cup of aluminum is deflected by a magnet on a strip of platinum foil the platinum is melted. Crookes hence infers a fourth state of matter, where the corpuscular theory of light holds good, and where light does not always move in a straight line. This he calls the ultra-gaseous state, and in it the mean free path is comparable to the dimensions of the vessel.

Celi has made a series of experiments to ascertain the action of electricity upon the growth of plants. By means of a water-dropping collector a positively charged metallic spheroid was obtained, which was put in communication by means of a wire with a comb of metallic points inside of a bell-jar, ground on a glass plate, having tubulures by which the air could be changed. Three grains of corn were sown in a flower-pot and placed under the bell, a precisely similar experiment being conducted under a second bell-jar without any electrical connection. In two days the seeds sprouted, with scarcely any difference; but the third day the plants furnished with electrized air showed an increased growth. On the twelfth day the plants which had been electrified were seventeen centimeters high, while the others had a height of only eight centimeters.

In *Chemistry*, Berthelot has shown that the reactions by which both the oxygen and the hydrogen were produced in Pictet's experiments for their liquefaction were of the kind which he called exothermic, and hence are not arrested by pressure. On thermo-chemical grounds he calculated that the production of oxygen and potassium chloride from potassium chlorate evolves 11 calories; and the decomposition of potassium formate into carbonate by the action of the hydrate evolved 18.4 calories. It is, therefore, possible by such reactions to generate any desired pressure by the evolution of any gas which may be set free during the process.

Phipson has observed that if a fragment of chloride of lime be held before the opening of a narrow tube from which issues a rapid current of hydrogen sulphide, the odor of the latter disappears at once and entirely, and is replaced by that of chlorine. A slight deposit of sulphur is formed on the fragment of chloride of lime, and the evolution of heat is so considerable that this can scarcely be held in the fingers. In this reaction the hydrogen sulphide displaces the hypochlorous acid, its hydrogen being burned by the oxygen of the latter, the chlorine becoming free. A part of the sulphur is set free as such, but the larger portion is burned to sulphuric acid.

Church has made a series of analyses of white and green leaves, of the same age and from the same plant, to see whether he could detect any difference in their composition. The leaves were obtained from the maple, holly, ivy, and three exotic plants. White leaves contain more water than corresponding green leaves, while the ash of white leaves contains more potassium and phosphoric acid, but less lime, especially less calcium oxalate and carbonate. Nearly sixty per cent. of the nitrogen in the white leaves is non-albuminoid, while the green leaves contain thirty per cent. of nitrogen in that state. The author has also analyzed the vegetable parasite known as dodder, as also its host, the red clover. He finds that white leaves resemble more closely the parasite, while the green leaves are more nearly like the clover. The white leaf, in a certain sense, is a parasite on the green one, from which it hence draws its nutriment.

Bert has studied the state in which carbonic acid exists in the blood and the tissues. The escape of the carbonic acid during respiration requires a dissociation of the supercarbonated salts in the blood. These salts were supersaturated with carbonic acid neither in the arterial nor in the venous blood nor in the tissues. The life of the anatomical elements can be maintained only in presence of carbonic acid in the state of combination. When the alkalies are saturated and this gas appears in excess in the state of simple solution, it rapidly causes death.

Anthropology.—Professor Langston has written a letter to the Philadelphia *Medical Times* upon the wanga plant and Voudouism in Hayti:

"The plant called wanga is known only to the king, the queen, the papalois (priests), and perhaps some of the more distinguished of the Voudous. Moreau, speaking of the Voudou ceremony of initiation, says: 'The king of the Voudous draws a great circle with a substance which makes a black mark, and there places the one who is to be initiated, and puts in his hand a packet of herbs, horse-hair, pieces of iron, and other things as disgusting. Afterward, striking him lightly upon the head with a little battledoor of wood, he (the king) begins singing an African song, which those in the circle repeat in chorus, when the new member sets himself to trembling and dancing. This is what is called "monter Voudous."' The herb is used when the sick are to be healed, the dead raised, or some extra-natural work is to be done. The followers of this faith are very numerous. They are eaters of human flesh, and to secure it do not hesitate to take human life, especially that of small children. There is a plant (*Stramonium spinosus*) growing in Hayti whose somniferous properties are known to the negroes, which is supposed to be the main ingredient of the compound used by the Voudous. All things connected with the Voudou service—the serpent, the herbs, the horse-hair, the pieces of horn, as well as the drum, the song, and the circle—have a solemn mystery thrown around them, and are held in their sacred uses and effects as profound secrets. Every thing is done to secure this object, such as the initiation oath, etc."

One of the greatest archæological puzzles in our country is the large flaked flints, usually called leaf-shaped implements. They are from 4 to 9 inches in length, 3 to 5 wide, and about half an inch thick, round at the base, and very obtusely pointed at the opposite extremity, the apex being slightly to one side. They show no signs of use whatever, and are found in masses from a few to many hundreds. Mr. Thomas Rhodes, of Akron, Ohio, has lately discovered a *cache* of these objects about three miles west of that town, under an old tamarack stump, about two feet below the surface, in peat or muck. There were 197 in the nest. The largest is 8½ inches long by 3½ wide; the smallest is about 2½ inches long.

The Smithsonian Institution has just issued a quarto pamphlet of 86 pages, by Dr. Habel, entitled "The Sculptures of Santa Lucia Cosumalhuapa." This site is near the city of Guatemala, capital of the province of the same name. Up to the discoveries mentioned in this account it was not believed that the Maya or Aztec civilization extended south of the Sierras. The twenty-two figures, beautifully executed in heliotype, convince us that this is so far from the truth that the sculptors of Santa Lucia stand among the very first for beauty in designing and skill in executing. The same barbaric excess of ornament and the same brutality in religious observances characterize these sculptures that we see exhibited in those of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico. On the other hand, there are some symbols not hitherto observed on Mexican structures. The most notable of these are the signs for speech and emotion, if the author has rightly interpreted them. Nearly all of the plates represent a priest or layman adoring a deity, and offering human sacrifices. From the mouth of the adorer, or of the severed head, or even from the obsidian knife, emanates a vine-like ridge, dotted here and there with little knots variously grouped. This speech sign ascends in a variety of curves, and frequently passes to the ear of the deity, who is enveloped in a great profusion of symbols, doubtless indicating his function. In a few of the slabs flame-like figures ascend from the waist of the adorer. Dr. Habel considers these as the expressions of emotion. In one of Stephens's drawings a simi-

lar flame issues from the mouth of a trumpet. If this be true, we do not know which to admire the more, the cleverness of the designer or the ingenuity of the decipherer.

The *Zoology* of the lowest animals (*Protozoa*) is enriched by the appearance of the first part of the third volume of Stein's great work on the *Infusoria*, which will interest microscopists in this country, as the work is richly illustrated, and gives a summary of the discoveries of English and American authors. The appearance of this and a translation of Bütschli's recent article on the flagellate *Infusoria*, in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* for January, and of H. B. Brady's paper on the deep-sea rhizopods of the *Challenger* expedition, as well as Gruber's notice of the organ of adherence in *Stentor*, in Carus's *Zoologischer Anzeiger*, will call fresh attention to the study of the lowest organisms.

An organism supposed by Haeckel and others to be one of the lowest sponges, and called *Haliphysema*, has been shown by Mr. Carter, and finally "demonstrated" by W. S. Kent, to be a rhizopod—at least the species (*H. Tumanowiczii*) carefully studied by Kent in the English Channel. Instead of having the structure of a sponge, as described and figured by Haeckel, it appears from Kent's observations, published in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, that the tubular structure of this organism is filled with sarcode, the pseudopods streaming out in different directions, and ingulfing young crustacea. That the sarcode organism has not accidentally taken up its abode in a dead *Haliphysema*, which may be, after all, a sponge, seemed disproved by the fact that examples (how many is not stated) were kept for several weeks "in a living and healthy state," and some early developmental stages of it observed.

In connection with these low organisms may be read Mr. Ryder's article in the *American Naturalist* on "the gemmule *vs.* the plastidule as the ultimate physical unit of living matter."

The structure, internal and external, of the paleozoic crinoids of the Western States is being elaborated by C. Wachsmuth, whose success in collecting and describing these forms has been marked.

The crustacea of the coast of California are being worked up by W. N. Lockington, who has described a number of shrimps new to science, especially of the genus *Alpheus*.

Dr. Brandt notices in the *Zoologischer Anzeiger* the existence of an apparently rudimentary hermaphroditism in the male larva of a stone-fly (*Perla*).

A writer in *Nature* states that as the locust is a frequent and occasionally aggravating accompaniment of drought and famine, it can not but be interesting to notice that periodical incursions of this insect into the temperate zone are apparently regulated in some way by the terrestrial meteorological abnormalities which accompany the varying phases of the sun spots. Dr. Hahn, in a treatise on the relation of periods of appearances of sun spots to meteorological phenomena, after remarking that locusts will probably only visit the temperate regions in great numbers during unusually hot and dry years, and abandon them again in wet and cold years, shows from a list furnished by Dr. W. Köppen, embracing the period 1800–1862, that in Europe they begin coming about the epoch of minimum sun spot, paying annual visits from thence up to the epoch of maximum sun spot, after which they disappear altogether until the next following epoch of sun spot minimum. The writer (Mr. E. D. Archibald) then adds that in the face of such an apparent predilection on the part of locusts to swarm during the epoch of minimum sun spots, it might be advantageous to institute an extensive comparison of all past visitations of these insects with the eleven-year cycle of sun spots. This, after due allowance had been made for any known natural cycles of incubation, might possibly bring to light a physical cycle of visitation, the size and position of the area affected by which would, perhaps, afford some indication of the corresponding limits of the rain-fall variation. We would add, if the periodical return of sun spots, and consequently of increased rain-fall, can be predicted by astronomers, then it will follow that years of drought, and consequently of undue numbers of locusts, can be predicted, so that agricultural communities can be forewarned, and raise sufficient crops to last through years of scarcity. A chronology of locust years in North America appears in the first annual report of the United States Entomological Commission.

The dorsal chord or notochord of *Amphioxus*, the lowest vertebrate, that organ which represents the backbone or vertebral column of the higher vertebrates, has been investigated by MM. Renant and Duchamp. They find that while the dorsal chord of fishes does not differ fundamentally from that of the embryos of the highest mammals, that of *Amphioxus* presents no such arrangement, but is so different as to raise doubts whether it is morphologically the equivalent of the similar body in other vertebrates.

A third paper by Dr. Day on the geographical distribution of the East Indian fresh-water fishes deals with five families. Among the eighty-seven genera two only are African, thirty-two extend to the Malay Archipelago, and twelve are common to Africa and Malaya; of 369 species two are African, twenty-seven Malayan, and two common to both regions. In short, the fresh-water fish affinities preponderate to the Indo-Chinese and Malayan sub-regions. Dr. Day believes that the Indian fresh-water fishes point to three subordinate separate faunas: 1. That belonging to the Ghauts, Ceylon, the Himalayas, and Malay Archipelago, wherein may be distinguished two fish races, a palearctic and a Malayan. 2. A fauna of the plains west of the Indus, with an African element in it. 3. That (by far the largest) spread over the plains east of the Indus, and which appears to have a Burmese connection.

Pelzeln's report on the progress made in the natural history of birds during the year 1877 has just been received in this country in the *Archiv für Naturgeschichte*. A late number of the same journal contains some recent anatomical studies on the African elephant by Dr. Mojsisovics.

The best account of the reptilian fauna of Papua or New Guinea which has yet appeared is Peters and Doria's recent memoir on this subject in the Annals of the Civic Museum of Genoa. They studied 3000 specimens, from forty-four different localities. It appears that land tortoises are few, as well as crocodiles, there being but one species of the latter, which extends from India into Northern Australia. The lizards, especially the skinks, geckos, and *Agamidæ*, are nu-

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merous. There are fifty-four species of snakes, and about twenty species of batrachians.

In *Botany*, there has appeared a very elaborate work on algæ, entitled *Études Phycologiques*, by G. Thuret, edited by Dr. E. Bornet. It includes fifty-one folio steel engravings, with lengthy descriptions. It is the most complete treatise on the structure and development of the different orders of algæ which has ever been published, and is a summary of the life-long investigations of Thuret.

The *Botanische Zeitung* contains an account of the proceedings of the botanical section of the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians, held at Cassel last September. Professor De Bary exhibited specimens of *Azolla caroliniana*, which has been introduced into Germany from America, and grows so rapidly as to become a pest in small ponds. At the same assembly Dr. Haskarl read a paper on cinchona culture in Java.

In the *Botanische Zeitung* is a lengthy paper by Borodin on the physiological action and distribution of asparagine in the vegetable kingdom. He relates in detail his observations to show that asparagine is an intermediary form which the substances of the starch group assume in their transformation into the albuminoids of the plant.

De Candolle calls attention to the fact that a branch of a coffee-tree preserved in a solution made by boiling water with about seventeen per cent. of common salt retained its green color for fifty-three years.

The *Torrey Bulletin* contains a note by Professor Gray on the etymology of the words *Diclytra*, *Dielytra*, and *Dicentra*. The form *Diclytra* seems to have been the original one, although the composition of the word is bad. Mr. C. F. Austin records the discovery of a new species of *Agaricus*, named by Peck *Ag. chlorinospermus*, which exhales a very strong odor of chlorine. The editors of the *Bulletin* note in this connection that the Californian *Eschscholtzia*, common in gardens, has a colorless juice with the odor of muriatic acid, yet the juice on being tested gives no trace of chlorine.

The twenty-ninth report of the botanist of New York State, Mr. C. H. Peck, describes about eighty new species of fungi, besides recording the discovery of many other species not before found in the State.

The *American Naturalist* contains a paper on "Contrivances for Cross-fertilization in Flowers," by Professor J. E. Todd. The article is illustrated with figures of *Iris*, *Martynia*, and other genera.

Engineering and Mechanics.—The National Congress is being strongly urged to provide a harbor of refuge on the Pacific coast between San Francisco and the Strait of Fuca. Between these two localities the distance is 700 miles, and the whole of this intervening coast, it is said, does not afford a harbor where vessels may find shelter from southerly storms. Several locations have been examined by Major Wilson, of the government engineers, and it is understood that the most feasible plan to remedy the want will be the construction of a breakwater at Point Oxford, about half way between the two places above named. The cost of this work will not be less than several millions of dollars. It is pointed out that many vessels are annually lost on that coast for want of a safe harbor.

Representations equally urgent have also been made to Congress to appropriate half a million of dollars for a resurvey of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers and harbor, and for the construction of certain improvements that the growing commerce of these waters has rendered absolutely necessary.

Rear-Admiral Ammen, in a lecture lately delivered before the American Geographical Society "On the proposed Interoceanic Ship-Canal across the American Isthmus," after reviewing the work and results of the late expeditions under Lieutenant Wyse of the French navy, and of which we have already given accounts in these columns, took occasion to re-affirm his conviction "that no possible route exists at all comparable with what had been presented in the surveys made by order of our government." It will be remembered that a commission of engineers appointed some years ago by act of Congress to examine the numerous reports of these surveys, and to recommend the route which in their judgment was the most feasible, decided in favor of the Nicaragua route of Commander Lull and Civil Engineer Menocal, U.S.N.

At the last meeting of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, Mr. W. B. Ross exhibited to the members a series of cards which he has designed for the use of engineers, and which are intended to facilitate the calculation of quantities and areas. They are referred to in the transcript of the proceedings before us as being particularly convenient in expediting the calculation of excavations and embankments, such work requiring with their use but one-third the time usually taken. The error is always a percentage of the quantity, and is constant at about one-twentieth of one per cent.

The *Railroad Gazette* gives in a late issue a lengthy account and analysis of the accidents to railroad trains in the United States during the year 1878, from which we glean the following facts and figures:

Number of accidents in 1878	740
Number of deaths	240
Number of injuries to person	756

As compared with similar statements for previous years, this statement for 1878 appears to be a favorable one, if such a term is admissible with such a subject, being seventeen per cent. better in respect to accidents than the previous year, and in respect to the number of deaths and injuries the best showing that the railroads have made for six years. Of the accidents in 1878 220 were caused by collisions, 481 by derailments, and 39 by other causes.

Dr. Dudley, chemist to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has just published an elaborate paper upon the "Chemical and Physical Properties of Steel Rails," in the course of which he discusses the important question as to whether the wearing qualities of steel rails increases with their hardness. As the result of a very laborious examination, in the course of which he has made a chemical analysis of a large number of rails, the records of whose performance had been carefully kept by the company for a series of years, Dr. Dudley is of the opinion that, contrary to the belief generally entertained, the softer varieties of steel, which contain a low percentage of carbon and phosphorus, give better results with rails as regards their power to resist wear than the harder varieties.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of February.—The Arrears of Pensions Bill, passed by the United States Senate January 16, became a law on the 26th by the signature of the President. The bill provides "that all pensions which have been granted under the general laws regulating pensions, or may hereafter be granted in consequence of death from a cause which originated in the United States service during the continuance of the late war of the rebellion, shall commence from the day of death or discharge from the said service of the person on whose account the claim has been or shall be hereafter granted, or from the termination of the right of the party having prior title to such pension: provided, the rate of pension for the intervening time for which arrears of pensions are hereby granted shall be the same per month for which the pension was originally granted." The House, February 17, passed a bill appropriating $26,852,000 to carry out the provisions of the bill.

A bill to restrict Chinese immigration to this country was passed by the House January 28, by a vote of 155 to 72. The Senate passed the bill February 15, by a vote of 39 to 27. The bill restricts the number of Chinese that may be brought in a single voyage to this country to fifteen. Senator Conkling's amendment, providing for the notification to the Emperor of China of our purpose to pass such a law if he refused to negotiate a modified treaty, was rejected.

In the course of the debate on the Army Appropriation Bill in the House, February 4, amendments proposing the reduction of the army to 15,000, 17,000, and 20,000 were rejected. The bill was passed by the House on the 8th, with amendments for the reorganization of the army, and prohibiting its presence at the polls. The amendment transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department was defeated. An amendment was adopted authorizing railroad companies owning telegraph lines to transact commercial and general business over them. This amendment was adopted by the Senate February 24.

The Senate, February 7, by a vote of 40 to 20, passed the bill to admit women to practice before the Supreme Court.

The Certificate of Deposit Bill was passed by the Senate February 10, the interest being fixed at four per cent.

The Senate passed the Internal Revenue Bill February 18, rejecting the clause imposing a tax on tea and coffee and the section repealing the tax on matches. The tax on snuff and tobacco was reduced to sixteen cents.

The Brazilian mail subsidy, provided for in the Post-office Appropriation Bill, was carried in the Senate February 20, by a vote of 23 to 17.

The House, February 25, passed an amendment to the Legislative Appropriation Bill, repealing the law relating to Federal Supervisors of Election. The division of the vote was strictly one of party.

The nominations of General Merritt and Mr. Burt for Collector and Naval Officer of the port of New York were confirmed by the Senate February 3.

The following new United States Senators have been elected by the State Legislatures: J. D. Walker, from Arkansas; B. F. Jonas, from Louisiana; J. J. Ingalls, from Kansas; and Zachariah Chandler, from Michigan, to fill vacancy made by Senator Christiancy's resignation.

The public debt statement shows a decrease during the month of January of $2,751,980 66.

President M'Mahon resigned, January 30, rather than subscribe to the measures proposed by the ministry regarding military commands. M. Jules Grévy was elected by the congress of the two Chambers to succeed M'Mahon as President of the French Republic, by a vote of 536 to 99. January 31, M. Gambetta was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 314 out of 405. The new cabinet, announced February 4, is constituted as follows: M. Waddington, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; Senator Le Royer, Minister of Justice; M. De Marcère, Minister of the Interior, and also Minister of Public Worship *ad interim;* M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts; M. Lepère, Minister of Agriculture; Admiral Jauréguiberry, Minister of Marine. Five of the six new ministers are Protestants, and three of the six are lawyers. The government bill granting amnesty to Communists has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies.

Prince Bismarck's Discipline Bill has been shorn of its most objectionable features by the Legal Committee of the Federal Council. The bill as amended limits the disciplinary power of the Reichstag over the members to their conduct as members, that is, while exercising the privileges or discharging the functions of members. A milder punishment has been interpolated, in the shape of a first warning, which is in every case to precede official reprimand. The clauses making members amenable before a criminal court for misdemeanor committed in the discharge of their office, and empowering the House to deprive them of eligibility to future Parliaments, are altogether stricken out.

In the British House of Commons, February 14, the Liberals and Home Rulers united to carry a motion in favor of assimilating the Irish borough franchise to the English and Scotch, but the measure was defeated, by a vote of 256 to 187.

The British forces in South Africa suffered a serious reverse in a battle with the Zulus, January 22. Lord Chelmsford reports a loss of 30 officers, besides 500 men of the Imperial troops and 70 of the colonial troops.

The definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey was signed February 8.

DISASTERS.

February 22.—At Stockton, California, sixteen persons were killed and twenty-six injured by a boiler explosion.

OBITUARY.

January 27.—In Washington, D. C., Dr. Henry Lindermann, ex-Director of the United States Mint, aged fifty-three years.

February 2.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Richard Henry Dana, the eldest of American poets, in his ninety-second year.

February 23.—At Kingston, New York, Hon. A. Bruyn Hasbrouck, ex-president of Rutgers College, in his eighty-eighth year.

Editor's Drawer.

SOME lawyers take very practical views of cases in which they are retained. In a certain town in Missouri Squire G—— was defending a charge of malpractice. A colored man was suing for damages, his wife having died shortly after an operation for the removal of cancer. When it came Squire G——'s turn to cross-examine the plaintiff, he asked: "Mr. Wilson, how old was your wife when she died?"

"About forty-five, Sir."

"Been in feeble health a long time, had she not, Mr. Wilson, and cost you a great deal for medicine and help?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You have married again, have you not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How old is your present wife?"

"About thirty-five, Sir."

"Is she stout and healthy, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, Mr. Wilson, will you please state to this jury how you are *damaged* in this case?"

Mr. Wilson had evidently never taken this view of the matter, and could make no answer. The good and true men thought he had made rather a good thing by his bereavement, and brought in a verdict for the defendant.

IN that very interesting *Autobiography and Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie*, one of Scotland's foremost ministers, many details are given of the manner in which he raised nearly $600,000 from 6610 subscribers for the Manse Fund. On one occasion he remarked that if he could only get the ears of the people he should not fail of success. "I was much disposed to say with the poet Pope," he remarked, "when on one occasion he said he would address a field of corn. The people wondered what he would say, when Mr. Pope, taking off his hat, and bowing to the nodding corn, said, 'Gentlemen, give us your *ears*, and we shall never want bread.' An artilleryman at Waterloo was asked what he had seen. He replied that he saw nothing but smoke. The artilleryman was asked what he had been doing. He replied that he had 'just blazed away at his own gun.' Now I have been like the artilleryman, blazing away at my own gun."

THIS, from a French source, is very neat, and has a fine flavor of modest piety:

The owner of a large landed property happened to meet the wife of one of his farmers, who had just lost her mother. "Well, my poor Rose," he said, "there is another good woman gone."

"Yes, indeed, Sir," replied the daughter; "she was really a good woman, and should have a good place in paradise. When I say a good place, I mean good for people like us."

OUR legal readers will perhaps do a little smile at the following, which we quote from *Fifty Years of My Life*, by the Earl of Albemarle:

"Scene, Dublin. Baron O'Grady presiding in court. Bush, then a king's counsel, was pleading a cause with much eloquence, when a donkey in the court-yard set up a loud bray. 'One at a time, Brother Bush,' called out his lordship. Peals of laughter filled the court. The counsel bore the interruption as he could. The judge was proceeding to sum up with his usual ability, when the donkey again began to bray. 'I beg your lordship's pardon,' said Bush, putting his hand to his ear; 'but there is such an *echo* in the court that I can't hear a word you say.'"

THE late Judge John W. Edmonds, being once asked what he thought of a certain speaker who had a loud voice and was rather prosy, said that he considered him a remarkable man, for he could fill a house and empty it at the same time.

A FRIEND in Kansas City, Missouri, furnishes the following:

Seeing the article in the February Drawer respecting military titles in Virginia calls to mind a little event that took place in Kansas a short time since. One of our railroad officials residing at Kansas City takes a deep interest in Sunday-schools. Besides superintending a large school, he frequently attends conventions and institutes in our neighboring State, Kansas. Some time since he was called upon to address a convention, and after he sat down a gentleman arose and said, "I would like to ask the colonel a question."

"Certainly," he replied; "but not 'colonel,' if you please."

"Well, major, then."

"No, not even a major."

"Well, captain, then; you must be a captain."

"No, Sir, not a captain."

"Well, now, Mr. President, I wish to ask the colonel this question: Don't you live in Missouri?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And in a house?"

"Of course I do."

"With chimneys?"

"Certainly."

"How many, please?"

"Two, I think."

"Then, Mr. President, I knew I was right at first. You see, I've lived in Missouri, and know how it is myself. Over there, Sir, if a man has three chimneys on his house, he's a general; if two, he's a colonel; if only one, he's a major; and if he lives in a dug-out and has no chimney, he's a captain, anyhow. So you see I was right after all."

In Kansas our friend is known as Colonel ——.

ENTERPRISE and sympathy are pleasantly intermixed, as it were, in Jacksonville, Florida, where an undertaker closes an advertisement in the local paper with the following consolatory invitation:

When any one, by the hand of Providence, is directed to an Undertaking Establishment, come directly to me, and SAVE MONEY.

IN Northern Illinois a suit was on trial in one of the minor courts, where it became necessary to require security from two persons in behalf of the plaintiff for the costs of prosecuting the action, inasmuch as the plaintiff lived out of the county. As there was no one else to sign, and plaintiff, who was absent, was abundantly able to

pay, it was agreed by his two counsel that they should both sign themselves. The senior did so, and turning to his junior, who had a reputation for never paying any thing, remarked: "Now, D——, it is your turn."

D—— looked at the paper, and then in a quizzical way shook his head and remarked, "No; on the whole, I guess I *won't dilute the security.*"

Mr. Thomas B. Chrystal's name is appended to the following bit of poetic coloring:

THE PAINTER AND HIS GIRL.

A painter who a store did keep
  Was such a jolly joker
That when he found his girl asleep
  He with a yellow ochre.

Her choler rose—"Am I so brown
  You call me 'pretty yeller?'"
Indigo-nant she left the town—
  Thus went his umber Ella.

He vowed he'd ne'er sienna one;
  He'd give his life to toil;
He keeps that vow in violet—
  His name is Lynn C. Doyle.

That was not bad in a country debating society, where the subject considered was: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" After full discussion the decision was: "Not wrong, but too difficult to pay for the trouble."

After all, definition is every thing, as this case in point will attest: In a "horse case" recently tried in New Jersey, a negro witness was called upon to explain the difference between a box stall and a common stall. Straightening himself up, and pointing to the square inclosure where the judge sat, he said, "Dat ar's what I calls a box stall, dere whar dat old hoss is sittin'!"

The man who wants to know about things. We have all seen him. Have all "been there," as they say in the beautiful West. A dear son of New England having plied a new-comer in the mining region of Nevada with every conceivable question as to why he visited the gold region, his hopes, means, prospects, etc., finally asked him if he had a family.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply, "I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

Then there was a brief silence, after which the bore commenced: "Was you ever blind, Sir?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you marry a widow?"

"No, Sir."

Another pause.

"Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Fact."

"How can that be?"

"Why," was the reply, "one of them was born after I left!"

In a leading church in the diocese of Huron, Canada West, there has lately been some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of gas, through a defect in the main, or other cause. The manager at the gas-works sent a boy to the church with instructions to see the sexton and ascertain whether they were getting enough light. The boy arrived after service had commenced, and not seeing the sexton, walked boldly up the aisle and accosted the rector, who was reading the service, and asked, in a frank and perfectly audible tone: "*Say, boss, how are ye off for gas?*" The answer was not heard, but there were reasons why most of the congregation indulged in a smile.

Without lawyers and witnesses we couldn't have very much court, and it not infrequently happens that those who go upon the witness stand get the better of ye lawyer man. For instance, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, this legal legend is remembered:

A certain lawyer, who had a reputation as being very astute at cross-examination, asked a female witness: "Madam, are you now living with your first or second husband?"

"That's none of your business!"—sharp and short.

With an air of offended dignity the lawyer turned to Judge Brigham, who remarked, with a smile: "I think the witness is about right in that, is she not?"

One of the most diverting books is *England from a Back Window*, by Mr. Bailey, editor of the Danbury *News*. He describes every thing he saw in the same solemn style that he uses in his Danielbury paper, and it's very funny. He finds himself at Stirling, in Scotland, where "every body worships his Maker according to the dictates of his own conscience; and every town has an abundance of schools, and one or two cannon from Sevastopol."

From the wall of an old church Mr. Bailey copied the following rates for interment in the grave-yard:

For a hearse with four horses (including grave-digging)	£7 50
For a hearse with two horses (including grave-digging)	4 50
On shoulders (including grave-digging)	6 52
On spokes (under twelve years)	1 25
On spokes (above)	2 00
Child in arms	1 25
Ushers, each	0 25
Bag for bone	0 25

"Bag for bone" is good, and cheap.

The Life of John Wilson ("Christopher North"), recently published in England, could not be otherwise than a work replete with interest. His daughter, Mrs. Gordon, has executed her task in a manner that has elicited general commendation. Its pictures of the literary society of the times, varied with a rich variety of personal anecdote, make it a delightful companion for a leisure hour. From among the many amusing sketches of the management of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the mystifications in which its chief contributors loved to indulge, we take that of the "Odontist:"

"But the most elaborate and successful of these mystifications, of all which, I suspect, the invention must be attributed to Lockhart, was that about Dr. Scott, of Glasgow, or 'the Odontist,' as he dubbed him. I am not aware, indeed, of any other instance of this kind of joke being carried out so steadily and with such entire success. The doctor was a dentist, who practiced both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but resided chiefly in the latter city—a fat, bald, queer-looking, and jolly little man, fond of jokes and conviviality, but with no more pretensions to literary or poetic skill than a street porter. To his own and his

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friends' astonishment he was introduced in *Blackwood's Magazine* as one of its most valued contributors, and as the author of a variety of clever verses. There was no mistake about it: 'Dr. James Scott, 7 Miller Street, Glasgow,' was a name and address as well known as that of Mr. Blackwood himself. The ingenious author had contrived to introduce so many of the doctor's peculiar phrases, and references to his Saltmarket acquaintances, that the doctor himself gradually began to believe that the verses were really his own, and when called on to sing one of his songs in company, he assumed the airs of authorship with perfect complacency. The 'Odontist' became recognized as one of Blackwood's leading characters, and so far was the joke carried that a volume of his compositions was gravely advertised, in a list of new works prefixed to the magazine, as 'in the press.' Even the acute publisher, John Ballantyne, Hogg relates, was so convinced of the 'Odontist's' genius that he expressed a great desire to be introduced to so remarkable a man, and wished to have the honor of being his publisher. The doctor's fame went far beyond Edinburgh. Happening to pay a visit to Liverpool, he was immediately welcomed by the literary society of the town as the 'glorious Odontist' of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and received a complimentary dinner, which he accepted in entire good faith, replying to the toast of the evening with all the formality that became the occasion."

An open letter to William Black, author of *A Daughter of Heth*, *Madcap Violet*, and *Macleod of Dare*:

Oh, Mr. Black! dear William Black!
Why will you be so blue?
For hypochondria's deepest dye
Has surely dyed in you.

Why, why with living corpses fill
The darkling dreadful main?
Or fish them out again at will,
Only to go insane?

My swollen eyes, they look so bad,
I say I'll never more
Read any of your novels sad,
Then—read them o'er and o'er!

Just write a nice one—that's a dear—
And make your hero marry
The girl he loves, nor cause one tear
Within my eyes to tarry.

My "Black Sweet William" you shall be
If you'll write such a book;
If you decline, then, Mr. B.,
I hope you may be—shook!

A correspondent in the Province of Ontario sends this:

"Your anecdote in the February number respecting old Father Taylor's prayer, reminds me of something of the same kind that occurred here in our little town, not a hundred miles from the capital of the Dominion, during the excitement of the last election for the Dominion Parliament. It will be necessary for your readers to know that parties here are called Reformers and Tories, and that at the time referred to the Reformers held the reins of government.

"There lives in a neighboring town an ex-minister who is a very pronounced Reformer, and one Sunday during the excitement he came here to supply for our minister. During the service, after praying for the Queen, he went on thus: 'And now, O Lord, in this crisis of our country's history, we pray Thee, who hast the hearts of all men in Thy keeping, to so influence the people that they shall send to the Legislature *men who will enact laws in Thy fear, and promote that "righteousness which exalteth a nation," and who will eschew sin which is a disgrace to any people.*'

"That same week the Tory paper here came out and declared that the preacher had taken politics into the pulpit, and *prayed for the success of the Reform party!*"

In the ante-war times there lived a negro in Newbern, North Carolina, who was the property of two masters. In the course of time, after hard toil, he managed to buy a half of himself of one of his masters, and so became half a slave and half a freeman. While he was in this anomalous condition, his remaining master thought it necessary to give him a flogging. He was accordingly taken to the whipping-rack, his arms were tied above his head, his feet were bound to the stake, and he was about to receive the lashes, when he turned suddenly on his master, and said to him, "Luck a-yere, massa, you kin flog de slabe haff ob dis darky jess so long as you likes; but if you totch de free haff, I'll hab de law on you, *shore*."

The following, cut from an old scrap-book of a Western correspondent, will be new to most of the old and probably to all the younger readers of the Drawer. It's good, at any rate:

When Judge Story held his first term of the Circuit Court in Rhode Island, he had for his crier a precise and formal functionary who had been accustomed to open and make the usual proclamations in the courts of the State, which he did with great deliberation, fervor, and unction, especially the "God save" part with which they were closed. In that bland and affable manner which Judge Story knew how to use, he said to the crier, "Be good enough to open the court in your best manner."

"Yes, your honor," was the reply, followed by the usual "Hear ye!" twice repeated, and closing with a prayer to save "the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

"That will not do," said the judge: "this is a court of the United States, and it is the United States that are to be saved."

Again the crier repeated the "Hear ye!" and again, so inveterate had become the habit he had formed by his previous experience, he closed with a prayer for "the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

Judge Story again reminded him of his mistake, and was assured by the crier that he could now do it correctly; and he began again, closing with a most emphatic prayer for God to save "the United States of America," but adding, in the same breath, "but more especially the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," which the judge accepted as a compromise opening, and went on with the business of the court.

Not long since a prominent minister in Upper South Carolina, on leaving home to make a pastoral visit, gave his little son Hal a task of shelling a peck of corn during his absence. On returning, late in the afternoon, Hal was amusing himself and two little sisters by standing on his head, while the task was unfinished. The father concluded a lecture on disobedience by telling Hal he must finish the task after supper. Hal

complained, thinking it hard that he had to shell corn that night. The father told him that in his youth a similar occurrence would have resulted in a flogging besides having to complete the task. Hal, with childish innocence, replied: "*Yes, father, but you know that was in slavery times.*" That settled it. No more shelling that night.

Numberless are the "good things" attributed to the late President Lincoln, and if we may rely on what is said by those who knew him well, the half of them have never been told. The following, we think, have never been in print:

On a certain occasion he had an interview with a well-known author. The latter had been at "the front," and had brought to Mr. Lincoln some private dispatches from the commanding general, which required a lengthy verbal explanation. Mr. L. listened in grave silence, but at the close, when the visitor rose to leave, he said, with sudden animation, "Don't go—don't go; you have been at the front. Sit down and tell me all you know. *It won't take you long.*"

On another occasion the same gentleman was urging upon him the sending of a certain army officer upon a mission requiring great discretion and diplomatic tact. "No, no," said Mr. Lincoln; "I have known him for twenty years. He would never do; he is *too honest;* but—*if some one like you were to go, the thing might be accomplished.*"

When the A. B. C. F. M. held its annual meeting in Hartford, Connecticut, some two or three years ago, the Rev. Dr. P——, of New Jersey, was a guest of Mrs. B——. One day while at dinner the topic "the prayer of faith" came up in the course of conversation, and Mrs. W——, Mrs. B——'s mother, who was a strong advocate of the doctrine, cited this incident: A farmer in Kansas during the grasshopper plague prayed to the Lord that his crops might be spared from the ravages of the grasshoppers. Such was his faith that his prayer would be answered that, when the grasshoppers came, they *divided* and went each side of his farm, and *his* crops were spared. Dr. P—— was silent a moment; then looking over at Mrs. W—— with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "*I think it was rather hard on the neighbors.*" Mrs. W—— was silent, but the party at the table shouted with laughter.

They make cities pretty fast in the farthest West. Here, for instance, come a couple of anecdotes from a gentleman formerly of New York, who writes from Snohomish City, Washington Territory:

"Even in this remote corner of the United States *Harper's* occasionally makes its appearance, and its old familiar face is most heartily welcomed. Of its contents the Drawer is the most eagerly read. Your contributions from this part of the world are, no doubt, like unto the visits of angels. A story which I heard a short time since struck me as worthy of being embalmed among the facetiæ of the Drawer, and I accordingly send it.

"The Campbellites, a religious sect flourishing principally in the Western States, draw the preachers of their doctrine from men in the ordinary walks of life, who take up their calling without having had any special education or training therefor. Any previous occupation they may have been engaged in they do not give up, but carry on, side by side, their worldly and spiritual pursuits.

"The Rev. Mr. M'C——, of this place, formerly of Indiana, relates that on one occasion, while travelling in a railway car, he met a Campbellite preacher with whom he was well acquainted. He had for two or three seasons officiated as the expounder of Campbellism in a large town in Indiana, besides being the owner of an extensive farm, on which he lived, not far from the place where he preached. In the course of conversation Mr. M'C—— asked him if he were still preaching at ——. The Campbellite answered, 'Well, to tell the truth, I have been so busy during these last few months that I haven't had time to pay much attention to either *politics* or *religion*.'"

This one mayhap some of the modern Athenians will appreciate:

"The Presbyterian clergyman of this place, the Mr. M'C—— above referred to, is a rigid Calvinist, and most severely orthodox in his views. Not long ago, while in a general conversation, the name of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes happened to come up, whereupon our dominie remarked that the Autocrat's theology was very injurious in its tendency, and expressed himself forcibly in condemnation of the man on this account. An elder in his church was present, a way-down-East 'Mainer,' as they are called in this region, who chimed in: 'Wa'al, there was a good many Holmeses back East where I come from, and I never knew one on 'em that wasn't a good-for-nothing kind of a feller.'"

Of the late Louis A. Godey, who was a ready-witted man, Colonel Forney relates the following:

On one occasion, at an evening entertainment at Godey's house, two angry disputants were facing each other, almost ready to resort to blows, when Godey picked up a huge carving-knife from the supper table and handed it to the most violent of the two. The latter unconsciously received it, at the same time demanding of Godey, "What do you mean by this, Sir?"

"I mean," said the jolly editor of the *Lady's Book*—"I mean that you should cut off the quarrel right here."

The general explosion of merriment made the controversy so ridiculous that it was stopped at once, the excited adversaries themselves joining in the laugh, as they shook hands and begged pardon of the host.

The Rev. Mr. Blank, having lost his wife after a long and tedious sickness, bethought him that he must take another woman to share his lot and part of life; accordingly he set himself to work looking up some one to be a partner in his concerns of life. He did not look long nor far, but was soon fortunate enough to find a woman all suited to his tastes. So these two hearts beating as one seek the aid of a fellow-clergyman who could make them one flesh, and so being joined together, no man could put them asunder. The aid of a young and valued friend is secured as an assistant, and all goes merry as a marriage bell, and the party, with the old couple so happy in their new-found love, adjourn to the home now to be so bright and happy. And now comes the

hour of settlement, and the old man asked his best man how much the coachman would charge. The answer came: "Well, I don't know; I suppose about four dollars."

"What!" said the clergyman; "four dollars? Why, they only charge two dollars for a funeral!"

His first wife had been dead about three months.

THIS *is* a little rough on Yale, yet the Drawer must give it. Comes from Chicago.

"At a meeting of the Third Ward Republican Club, held on Saturday evening, Mr. ——, a defeated candidate for Congressional honors, in speaking of packing the club for nominating candidates, declared that he had brought but two men into the club during the campaign: one was a graduate of Yale; the other was a *respectable* man!"

A CORRESPONDENT at Ithaca, New York, sends us the following, copied from a stone in a graveyard a few miles from that town:

While on earth my knee was lame,
I had to nurse and heed it;
But now I'm at a better place,
Where I do not even need it.

SOME ten years ago the congregation of St. Thomas's Church, then located on the corner of Broadway and Houston Street, purchased and removed to their present locality on Fifth Avenue. The vestry then offered the old site for sale, part of which consisted of the burial-ground, the vaults of which contained the remains of many of New York's most honored citizens. An order from the Supreme Court having been granted authorizing a sale, the vestry retained Mr. Q—— to arrange with the several vault-owners for the transfer of their interests to the church, which, after a long and tedious process, was accomplished. Subsequently the property was sold for $260,000. Messrs. S—— and S—— examined the title for the purchasers, and it being approved, a day was appointed at their office for the delivery of the deeds, etc. The conveyances from the vault-owners, numbering over fifty, had been prepared by Mr. Q——, and having them in charge, he also attended at the same time. It was necessary in those days, being one of the inconveniences attending our late unpleasantness, that a stamp should be affixed to all deeds, mortgages, etc., the amount being regulated by the consideration named in the instrument. The stamp required for each of the fifty conveyances was more formidable in size than in amount, and Mr. Q——, having seated himself at the table, proceeded to attach the stamps to the deeds. The labor was monotonous, not overdignified, and certainly exhaustive to the salivary glands. When some dozen of the deeds had been properly stamped, Mr. Q—— suddenly ceased, and pushing his chair back from the table, said, "Before proceeding further in this highly intellectual pastime, I desire to know who is to pay for the job." A suggestion from one of the firm, in which the word "Champagne" was distinctly heard, having removed all scruples, the stamping proceeded, and the title passed; while the Champagne, it is hoped, restored the salivary glands to their normal condition.



OLD LADY. "Doctor, kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

DOCTOR. "Why, hem, certainly, madam. It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech."

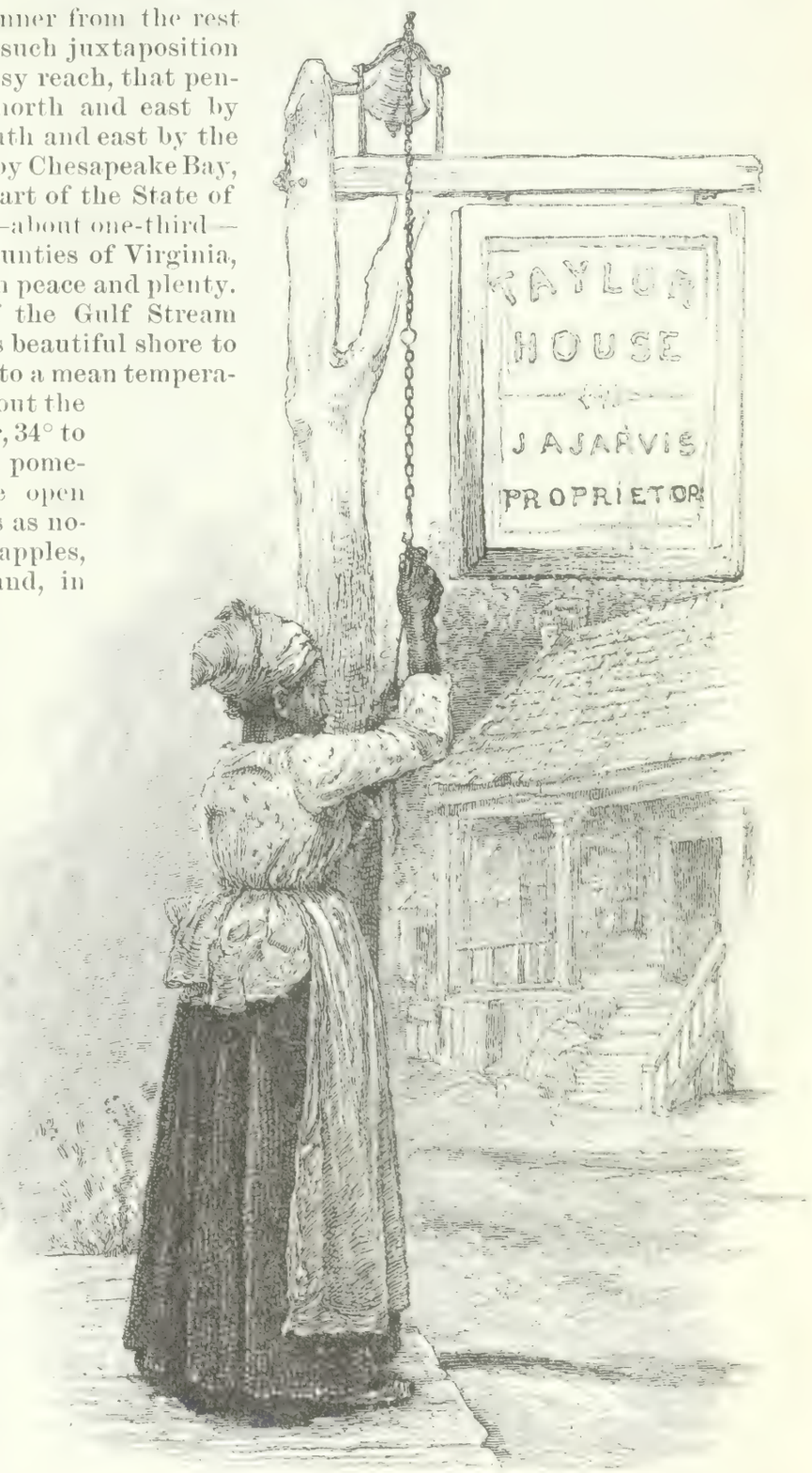
OLD LADY. "La me! Now jest see what it is to have physical eddication! I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that same thing, and all that I could ever get out of him was jest this, 'Kase they is!'"

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXLVIII.—MAY, 1879.—Vol. LVIII.

A PENINSULAR CANAAN.

SEPARATED in a manner from the rest of the world, yet in such juxtaposition as to render it within easy reach, that peninsula bounded on the north and east by Delaware Bay, on the south and east by the Atlantic, and on the west by Chesapeake Bay, containing the greater part of the State of Delaware, nine counties—about one-third—of Maryland, and two counties of Virginia, lies balmily luxuriating in peace and plenty. The mysterious flood of the Gulf Stream flows close enough to this beautiful shore to soften the humid climate to a mean temperature of 54° to 58° throughout the year, 74° to 77° in summer, 34° to 38° in winter. Figs and pomegranates flourish in the open air, with peaches, luscious as nowhere else in the world, apples, pears, melons, berries, and, in short, all varieties of fruit growing in temperate and semi-tropical regions. Wheat, oats, corn, and other cereals grow abundantly, vegetables yield a rich crop, and forest trees of valuable timber—pine, cedar, cypress, and black and white oak—abound. Not only does the lightest labor secure a speedy and abundant return from this generous soil, but Nature, as though it were her chosen spot, has stocked it with a lavish supply of her special bounties. The waters teem with oysters, fish, terrapin, and crabs, the long stretches of marshy shore with wild fowl, and the inland fields, morasses, and

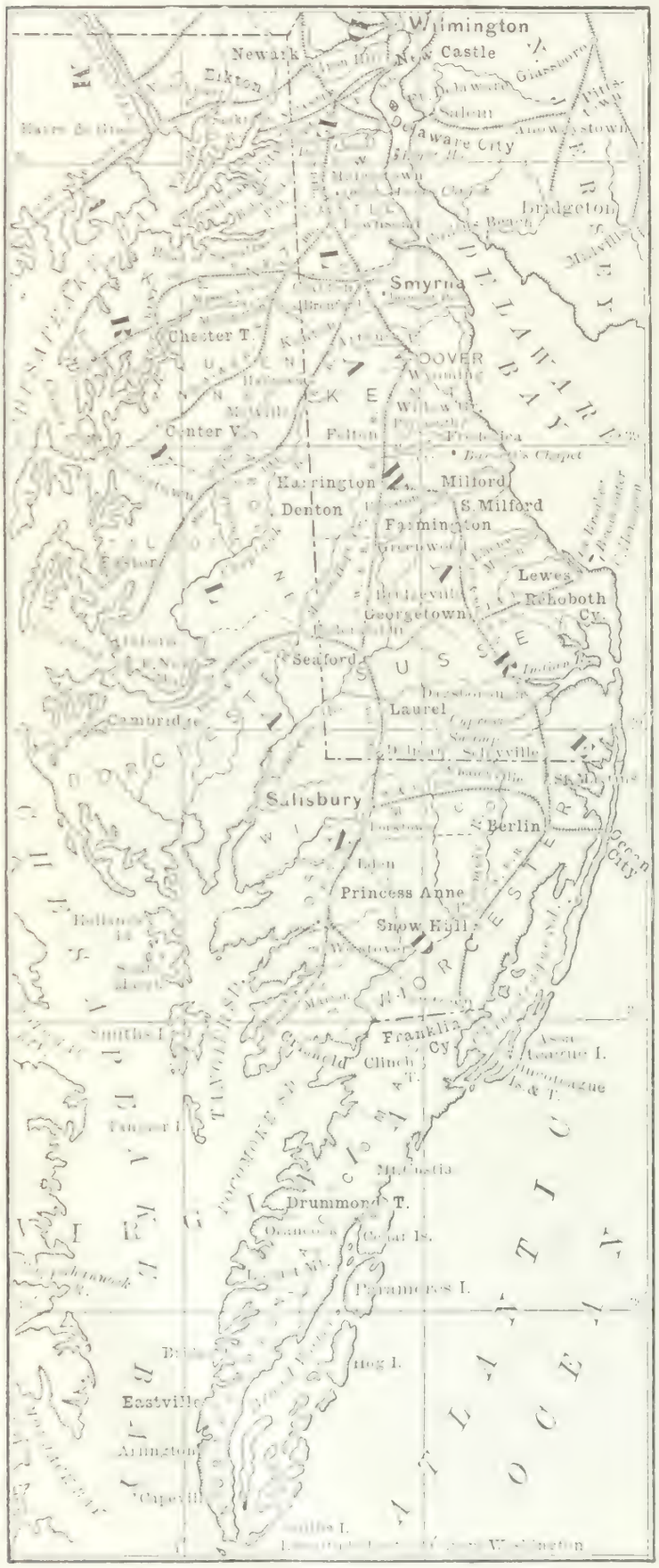


DINNER-BELL AT AN EASTVILLE TAVERN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

swamps with partridges, gray snipe, and woodcock. With such a land so near us, the busy hum of the world's teeming life beating against its shores like its own Atlantic surges, while it lies quiet and tranquil, with its Italian climate and the fruitfulness of Normandy, supplying as it does a large part of the berries, one-third of the oysters, and nearly all the peaches to the New York markets, it is remarkable that so little is really known of it.

One of the earliest English discoverers on this continent described the outlying Chesapeake shores of this peninsula, and its natural features have but little changed since that early time. When New York city was a wilderness inhabited by wild deer and Manhattoes, while around Plymouth Rock all was still a virgin forest, Englishmen were growing tobacco, dredging oysters, and shooting wild fowl in this region. The vast tide of civilization has swept westward, deluging the plains of Colorado, southward to the chaparrals of Texas, and northward to the frozen shores of Alaska, but has left the peninsula still clinging to old manners and customs, old modes of life and traditions, with a firm tenacity. This is especially true the further southward one travels in this region, where, with but few exceptions, the descendants of the earlier settlers still live, with but a small increase of outside population. Separated from the outside world by the broad waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake, connected only by a narrow isthmus fifteen miles wide with the body of the continent, one still finds here the easy-going old-time life, the broad hospitality of our forefathers, the careless air of ancient gentility, just tempered by an aristocratic exclusiveness. So the peninsula lies winking at the hurly-burly of modern progress, but it begins nevertheless at last to feel dubiously the intestine stir of modern Yankee notions in the midst of its indolent life.



MAP OF THE "EASTERN SHORE" OF DELAWARE, MARYLAND, AND VIRGINIA.

The peninsula embraces about 6000 square miles of area. Of this about three-ninths is comprised in the State of Delaware, four-ninths in the so-called Eastern Shore of Maryland, and two-ninths in the lower counties of Virginia. Throughout the upper portion and half way down the eastern shore of the Chesapeake the country is gently rolling, covered with verdant farms and clumps of oak and chestnut woods, the Maryland portion indented with numerous inlets or creeks running far up into the

land. The highlands of the Susquehanna seem, as it were, to break against the neck of the peninsula, sending rolling billows of hills sweeping down through the counties, until they gradually subside into the unbroken level of the lower portion. Along the Atlantic coast the land sinks into a long stretch of marsh land, low, and covered with rank sedge grass, varying from a quarter of a mile to three or four miles in width. This ring of flat marsh extends from Crisfield, on the Chesapeake side, to Cape Henlopen, on the Atlantic. Further inland, though slightly higher than this, the land is yet low and only partially cultivated, the rest being covered with a thick growth of pines.

The northern part of the peninsula, along the line of railroad which is the connecting link between it and the great cities north and south of it, has a progressive manufacturing community. The Delaware River has been called the Clyde of America, but even the ship-yards of the Clyde can scarcely compare with those of Wilmington and Chester. In this portion of the peninsula are the largest gunpowder and iron works in the country; flour mills which in the early days of the republic produced more flour than all the rest of the country put together, still flourishing, though now left behind by the great mills of the Northwest; cotton and woolen mills; leather and morocco manufactories. It is the Connecticut of the South. From this point south, however, this phase of life changes, the vim and progress of modern utilitarianism merging into the indolence peculiar to Southern life. At first rich farms with modern improvements supersede the busy industries of the north peninsula; and these again give place to the broad peach orchards and berry fields of Central and Southern Delaware. These yield in turn to the scantier cultivation and thinner population of Maryland, where broad dismal swamps of cypress and cedar and forests of pine intersperse the fertile meadows and corn fields, until at length the waves of life seem to strand on the levels of Northampton.



THE COUNTY ROAD THROUGH A CEDAR SWAMP, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.

For sixty-five miles of the lower length of the peninsula there is no railroad, and that in a country rich in natural products, easy of cultivation, and delightful in climate; there are but few steam saw or grist mills in a region abounding in valuable timber, and where corn meal is the staff of life; there are no steamboat lines on the Atlantic side, and but few on the Chesapeake, where



almost the only means of being reached from the outside world is by water travel. Thus the southern peninsula, the garden spot of the country, to whose shore Nature seems to have invited man by every bounty she could lavish upon it, appears to be cut loose from the rest of the world, sleepily floating in the indolent sea of the past, incapable of crossing the gulf which separates it from outside modern life, and undesirous of joining in the race toward the wonderful future. *Requiescat in pace*, O Canaan of modern times, land overflowing with milk and honey, toward whose shores the footsteps of the pilgrim are directed *backward!* Who could visit thee and wish thee other than thou art?

Eastville is the county seat of Northampton, a quaint, sleepy little place, Virginia-peninsular in its character. A broad sunny high-road running through it from end to end composes the main street. A row of disconnected houses lines its either side, broad, cozy, and home-like, low-roofed and whitewashed.

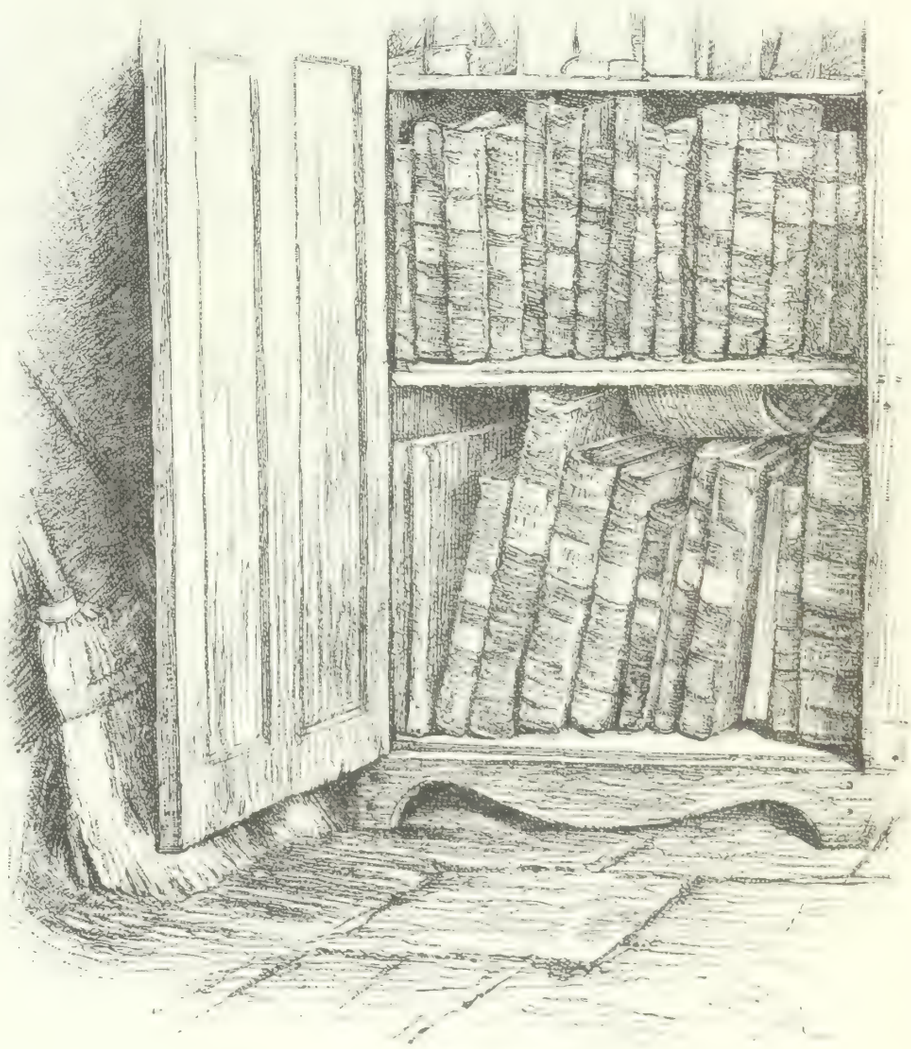
Its importance is impressed upon the visitor by an aged and respectable-looking court-house and clerk's office, standing near together, somewhat withdrawn from the street, aloof from the business part of the town, like two old-time aristocrats in a crowd of *canaille*. The business interests of the community are embodied in two or three country stores, a couple of broad, roomy, comfortable-looking taverns facing each other jealously across the street, and a barber's shop modestly withdrawn from view behind the corner of a house. Such is Eastville, the metropolis of Northampton County.

The neighborhood is the centre of the ultra-aristocracy of this portion of Virginia, solidly wealthy people in the ante-bellum days, counting their slaves by hundreds and their acres by thousands — old families whose ancestors date far back into the seventeenth century as men of importance and power. The well-known Custis family, high in social position and pride of birth, one of the later descendants of which was the first husband of Lady Washington; the Robins family, in honor of whose progenitor, "the Hon. Obedience Robins, Cavalier," the county received the name of Northampton, he having been born in Northamptonshire, England. Others of lesser fame follow—the Eyres, the Parkers, the Costins, the Nottinghams.

Among the many creeks that deeply indent the shores of the Chesapeake stand numerous old mansions outlooking over the beautiful waters of the bay, with lawns in front smooth as green velvet, dipping down to the placid water's edge. Roomy old-fashioned buildings are these mansions, an air of easy, careless gentility, somewhat decayed, hanging about them. Such is the old Parker mansion, standing on a little peninsula at the junction of two of these inlets, a large fine old house, surrounded by a thick cluster of trees, with large porches front and back, paved with marble slabs, and a long colonnade running from the kitchen to the main building. In these old Virginia mansions the kitchen is almost always separated from the house, only connected with

it by this covered way, thus securing coolness to the house, at the same time providing shelter from the rain for the dainty dishes, delicate yet simple, such as only the negro cooks of the South can compound, in whose hands the simple-sounding staples of corn bread and pork become ambrosial, and, eked out with oysters and soft crabs, a royal banquet. In the old days the cook reigned supreme in her quarters, with a parcel of jolly, grinning little negro boys as pages. The mistress might rule the household, the master the fields, but in her own dominions the cook reigned supreme.

The old families inheriting patrimonial plantations and mansions seldom leave this country of their birth, collectively forming a population more strictly English than any elsewhere in the country. In their dialect can be recognized something of the negro twang, gained, as in other Southern States, through early nursing and constant association of the children with their "darky mammies," or nurses. Of course there is less of this now than in the time of the "peculiar institution," but it has left its indelible impress, so that even the most highly educated have traces of negro localisms and phrases. But mingled with this peculiarity incident to Southern life are old English phrases and words rarely used in writings since the days of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher.



OLD RECORDS.

When we arrived at Eastville a knot of talkers were occupying the tavern porch where we halted, with chairs comfortably tilted back and feet elevated, Americanwise, above the level of the head. There is always a knot of talkers about a Virginia peninsular tavern porch. The old, indolent, easy-going, horse-trotting days have not altogether passed away. The earth yields kindly the necessaries of life, "hog and hominy," Nature provides the delicacies, so the peninsular Virginian places a beautiful trust in Providence and waits for the fig to drop into his mouth. The first thing that struck us was the superficial conglomeration of all castes; all are hail-fellow-well-met with each other and with any visitor whom chance may fling among them; all have the same peculiarities of speech; all dress alike roughly. That undefinable something that distinguishes the gentleman from the boor seems lost here, until a lengthened acquaintance shows it in time; but at first it is difficult to distinguish between classes.

"There is one way to classify them," said an epigrammatic gentleman, *not* of Northampton, speaking of this point. "Should you meet a man walking along the road with bare feet, he is a poor white; if he has shoes, he possesses a potato patch, and perhaps a corn field; if you see one driving a cart with one ox harnessed to it, he is a middle-class farmer; if you see one driving an open wagon, he is a gentleman; but if you see one driving a gig, *he* is a prince."

As we stood on the porch talking with a knot of men to whom we had been introduced, a negro girl bustled out with all the temporary importance due to one who announces the dinner hour, and vigorously rang a bell perched at the top of the tavern

porch, which emitted a cracked and melancholy yet welcome sound.

We found ourselves the centre of much curiosity and interest to the Eastvillians. They did not see us doing any thing but walking about with a sketch-book, the use of which they knew not; and as many of them had never heard of an artist, and knew no more of monthly magazines than of locomotives, their curiosity waxed great.

The tavern clerk sidled up to us, the first morning we were there, with the mysterious words, "If you have any keerd you'd like to show, I'll stick it up for you."

"Eh?" said the person addressed, somewhat startled; "I don't understand."

"Oh, I reckoned you was a commission merchant, and would like to put up your name."

"No, I am not a commission merchant."

"P'r'aps you're a salesman then?"

"No, I'm not a salesman either."

"Oh!" A pause; then: "Then what might yo' be doin'?"

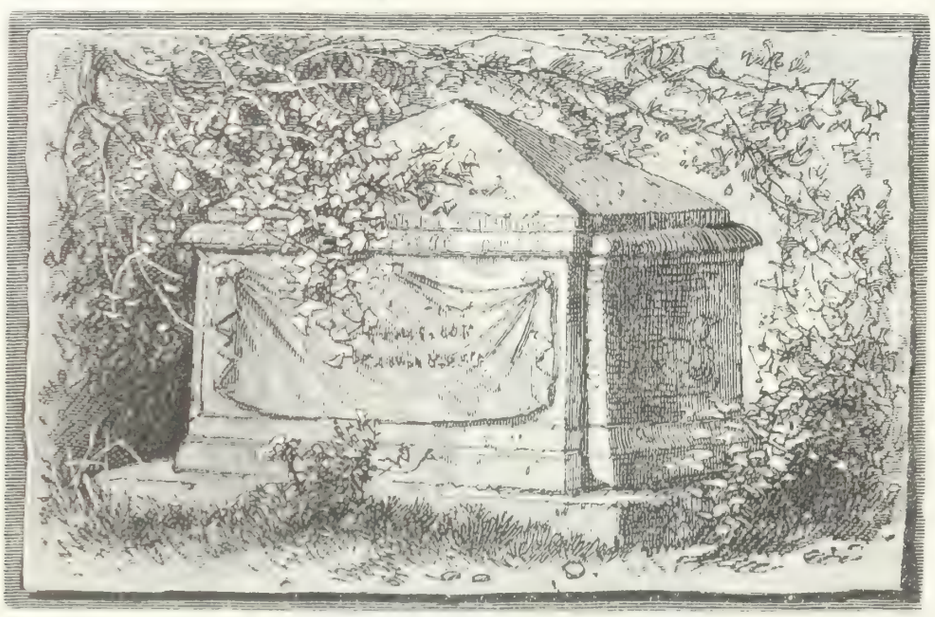
"Oh, I'm only looking around to gain some information."

And so the word went about that he was a detective.

O Sterne! how wouldst thou have delighted in Mr. F——! how thy keen yet kindly pen would have revelled in such a subject! his kindliness, his quaintness, his loquacity, his long-spun anecdotes of bygone Southern statesmen whom he had met in days of former greatness; and, above all, his lingering, unctuous, loving talk about things that tickle the palate and please the carnal man, so liberally bestowed on this chosen region.

He tilts back in his chair, crossing his legs on the deal table in the queer old county clerk's office, with its flag-stone floor and high windows.

"Wa'al, Sir, it's all very well to talk about fixin' up yer tarrapin with spices an' things; but give me *my* tarrapin *straight*. You first bile him till the under shell comes off easy; then you take out the gall-sac, an' butter him, an' put pepper an' salt on him, an' then you have a tarrapin that *is* a tarrapin."



THE CUSTIS TOMB AT ARLINGTON PLANTATION.

In this same county clerk's office, safely stowed away in an old corner cupboard, are a number of mildewed, tattered volumes containing the ancient records of Northampton, dating back as far as 1632. These contain a number of semi-official law cases, tried apparently by an unofficial court—queer cases, describing old peninsular life in a series of outline pen sketches, odd and interesting, in quaint characters difficult to decipher. So-and-so "fined seven hundred pounds of tobaccoe" (the currency of that time), "and costs of court. ——, one hundred and twenty pounds of dittoe." Whether the Court was obliged to smoke the "tobaccoe" received as perquisites is not stated in the chronicles. Another case is that of a bull that escapes into "John Symmes his field." The witness deposeth: "Saw said Symmes take a gun and fire at said bull, but hit him not, whereupon Thomas his servant taketh y^e^ gunne and shooteth y^e^ bull in his backside, making him both to skippe and leape." John Symmes was not a crack shot, to say the least.

In another case a servant dies from exposure, and a semi-official coroner's jury brings in a verdict that "Richard Costin his negroe John came to his deathe by y^e^ will of God and y^e^ inclemencie of y^e^ wether." And so numerous cases go to make up a whole picture of life, quaint and amusing, yet in their unofficial and unbusinesslike air much resembling the Northampton of the present day.

Some ten or twelve miles below Eastville

lies the old plantation of Arlington, the seat of the well-known Custis family—a fruitful race, a drop or more of whose blood flows in nearly all of the leading families of peninsular Virginia. One fine day, under the leadership of Mr. F——, we drove down to this old plantation, formerly a great tobacco farm, now subdivided into numerous small estates, F—— chattering in his loquacious style, we listening, amused by the graphic pictures of old-time life our companion drew.

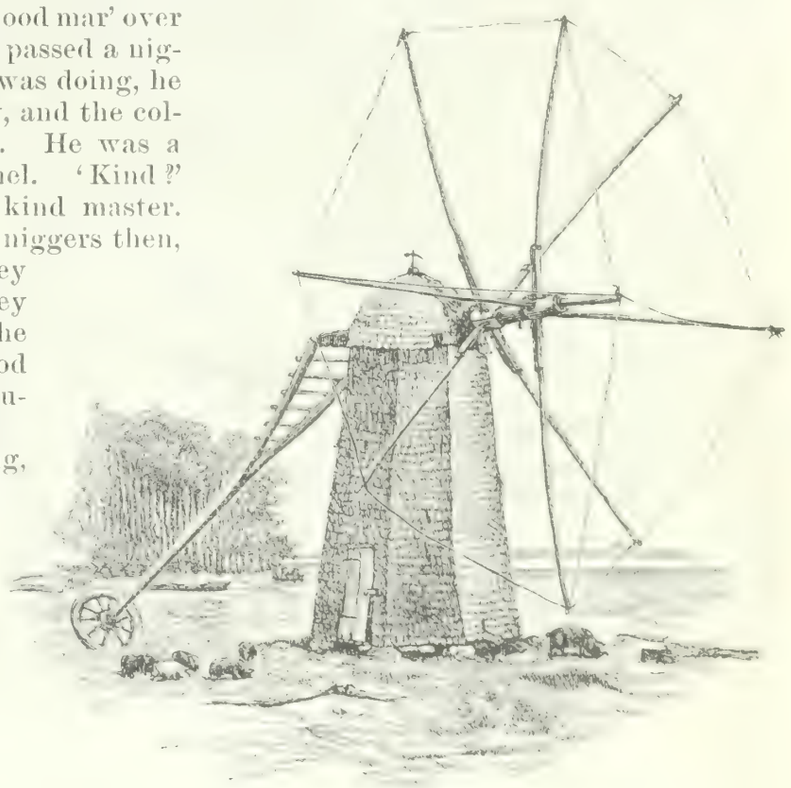
"D'ye see that house over theer?" pointing to an old brick mansion embowered in trees. "Well, that's Eyre Hall, where old Colonel Eyre lived. Ah! I recollect the old colonel well. A fine high-toned old gentleman he was. We used to say the two finest gentlemen in Virginia was Colonel Eyre and his overseer, Mr. Lockwood. The old colonel used to ride about on a blood mar' over his plantation. Whenever he passed a nigger, no matter what the man was doing, he had to stop his work and bow, and the colonel always touched his hat. He was a mighty polite man, the colonel. 'Kind?' Oh yes, I reckon he was a kind master. We all had to be kind to our niggers then, they was worth so much. They ain't as well treated now as they was then, I reckon." And so he talked on, unfolding the good and evil of the defunct "institution" with unconscious *naïveté*.

Arlington is a broad-lying, fertile plantation, stooping gently to the waters of the beautiful Chesapeake, that seem to bathe the shoulders of the old "tobacco place." The mansion has long since crumbled away, and no vestige of it remains; but near its former site are a number of old tombstones that once stood, as is customary throughout Virginia, close to the old homestead. The rather elaborate mausoleum that covers the remains of the father of Martha Washington's first husband bears an epitaph that is rather a remarkable production of its kind. Here it is:

"Beneath this Marble Tomb lies y^e^ body
of the Honorable John Custis, Esq.,
of the City of Williamsburg and Parish of Burton,
Formerly of Hungars Parish on the Eastern Shore of
Verginia and the County of Northampton the
place of his Nativity.
Aged 71 years and yet lived but seven years
Which was the space of time he kept
A Bachelor's House at Arlington
On the Eastern Shore of Verginia."

The epitaph tells all: he considered no time of his life *living* but that which he spent on the Eastern Shore. And yet it is much to be doubted whether it was so much the beauty of the Eastern Shore as the crossness of his wife at "Williamsburg in the parish of Burton." The father-in-law of Martha Washington was evidently the crankiest of eccentric old gentlemen.

Across on the other side of the peninsula, which is but narrow in this its lower part, stand a number of half-ruined and very dilapidated windmills, posted close along the broad marsh that lines the shore, like so many landmarks of the past. We examined one of them near at hand, interested in its quaint style as it stood alone, a drove of little black pigs rooting around its foundation, its arms stretched imploringly aloft without a vestige of sail to cover their nakedness. A long lever with a wheel attached at the end of it was the means whereby it was turned in the direction of



OLD MILL.

the wind. These windmills have long since passed the age of usefulness, and are now abandoned in their loneliness to crumble away neglected until time shall remove the last vestige of them.

In the old plantation days a portion of a field was generally set apart for a negro burying-ground, where their bodies lay unmolested by ploughshare or hoe. Now that slavery is a by-gone thing, remnants of the former force of black servants still come to the planter begging that, as one by one their companions die, they may lay their remains in the last resting-place beside their relations. The burying-grounds are generally marked by a clump of trees, around which the farmer religiously ploughs, not disturbing the low mounds beneath which



FISH-HAWK NEST ON THE SAND-DUNES, HOG ISLAND.

lie the remains of perhaps the planters' former faithful servants.

Outlying along the Atlantic coast reaching from Cape Charles to Cape Henlopen, from the Chesapeake to the Delaware Bay, is a continuous chain of islands, corresponding to the Sea Islands of the Carolinas, separated from the main-land by a sheet of water varying in width from a quarter of a mile to seven or eight miles, bearing different names in its more considerable portions, such as Chincoteague Sound, the Broadwater, Sinepuxent Bay, and so forth. These islands, varying in length from less than a mile to two or three leagues, are of two characters, either low and marshy, covered with a thick growth of rank sedge, the refuge of countless millions of fiddler-crabs, the brooding-place of numberless gulls, marsh-hens (Virginia rail), and willits (a variety of snipe), or sandy, and covered with alternate strips of pine glade and salt-meadows, on some of which run wild a peculiar breed of ponies, called "beach hosses" by the natives. Off-lying from Northampton County, and separated from it by the Broadwater, is one of the most considerable of these islands, rejoicing in the not very euphonious name of Hog Island, a favorite resort of thousands of fish-hawks, which mate, brood, and rear their young at this spot, finding ample means of sustenance in the treacherous shallows of Broadwater shoals. Stretching here and there through this sound are numerous reefs of "oyster rocks," spots whereon oysters have lived, propagated, and died for ages, until the accumulated mass of shells and live oysters has grown into a reef nearly as hard as a rock close to the surface of the water.

We who proposed making a trip to this island found ourselves on our way thither in a small open boat, under the care of an experienced guide, following the tortuous windings of one of the many creeks that intersect the off-lying marsh along the shore. North and south, as far as the eye could see, extended the broad salt-marshes, here and there relieved by a so-called island—a patch of ground somewhat elevated above the surrounding marsh, clustered with a growth of pines or cedars, mostly scrubby and stunted. Overhead sea-gulls and forked-tail terns wheeled clamorously, while flocks of snipe and curlew swept in rapid flight along the more distant marsh. Along the banks of the creek numberless absurd little fiddler-crabs stood erect, waving each his one preposterously large claw at the intruder, or went popping into their holes that riddled the marsh in all directions. Here and there a column of oysters called "cat's-tongues," grown into an irregular, consolidated mass, thin, bitterly salt, and useless, stood in black clumps, tangled with weed and drift. So we passed out through the crooked windings of the creek, past a long low marsh called "Gulls' Island," on account of the numberless gulls, terns, marsh-hens, and willits that build their nests at this spot, and so into the Broadwater. The fishermen take innumerable eggs here during the season. One can see their black figures, stooping with baskets, gathering the eggs, while in the sunny air above them a cloud of clamorous gulls hovers with anxious cries.

Indeed, these marshes are plentifully stocked with Nature's dainties. None but those who have tasted can judge what a delicate morsel a spotted marsh-hen's egg is, or how savory that of the gull—surprisingly large for the size of the bird—or the sharp-pointed egg of the willit. The nest of the marsh-hen is built in a clump of sedge above high-water mark, that of the willit on the ground beneath an overshadowing knot of grass, and the gull's upon a few sticks or drift, open to the air. Besides these dainties, wild fowl and snipe abound in their season, growing surprisingly fat. The waters are plentifully stocked with fish, and numerous terrapins—the most sought after of all delicacies—abound. These latter are generally caught in the autumn, when they commence digging down into the mud, where they lie torpid during the winter. The hunter, walking slowly along the bank, looking closely with practiced eye, presently sees a round spot of mud softer than the surrounding marsh. Into this he thrusts a long pointed stick until he strikes the back of Master Terrapin, when nothing remains but to dig him up from where he lies, as he thought, so securely. In the spring and early fall they are caught with nets in the deeper pools where they abound.



DRUM-FISHING IN THE SURF, HOG ISLAND.



LOG-CABIN OF POOR WHITES.

Leaving the creek and the marshes, we sailed across the beautiful Broadwater, just rough enough to make the boat dance merrily, passing numerous fishermen in little cockle-shells of skiffs on their way to spear drum-fish on the shoals. The drum somewhat resembles a large black-fish, and receives its name from a peculiar drumming noise it makes under the water, probably caused by the sudden expulsion of air from the air-sac or bladder. On a calm day their smothered thum! thum! can be distinctly heard in all directions. They are taken with a harpoon, which the fishermen throw with the greatest accuracy, striking the fish at a considerable distance below the water. When the fish is struck, the pole comes loose from the gaff of the harpoon, to which it is attached by a cord some six or eight feet long; this then serves as a float, constantly drawing the fish to the surface until it is exhausted. The drum, strong and lusty, sometimes runs for a mile or more, dragging the pole through the water with surprising velocity. Away goes fish, and fisherman in pursuit, up and down the channel, until at length, fairly tired out, the victim is captured and hauled into the boat. We were told that these fish are sometimes taken weighing over a hundred pounds.

The inhabitants of Hog Island are nearly all fishermen and their families, the exceptions comprising one or two store-keepers and the United States light-keeper's family, the light-house standing on a little sand-knoll in the eastern part of the island. At the time of this visit the fish-hawks were mating, and as they circled overhead the air was filled with their peculiar note, sounding like the cry of a half-grown chicken. The party struck across the island to the sand-dunes, about a mile away to the eastward. Nothing could be drearier than these hillocks of bare sand, rolling in undulations of whiteness; yet withal it is a picturesque dreariness. In some places the sand-hills were eighty feet high, covering every vestige of trees they have buried, except at the sloping sides, where the occasional skeleton top of some dead pine protrudes through the surrounding whiteness. Beyond the hillocks, to the eastward, stretches a barren waste of flat sand resembling the ripples in water known to sailors as "cats'-paws." On the distant eastern shore the surf of the Atlantic breaks with perpetual rumble and roar, now loud and angry as the sound is borne down on the salt breeze, now with a muffled and distant thunder as the wind dies away.

The wooded portions of the island are in many cases swampy, and tangled with a thick growth of vines and underbrush—excellent harborage for that most abominable of nuisances the wood-tick, as we found from personal experience.

On almost every tree on the borders of this swamp, standing stark and solitary, is

seen a huge mass of twigs, indicating a fish-hawk's nest. Some of these are of enormous size, the interstices between the sticks in some cases being occupied by families of grackle, or common crow-blackbirds. The small, solitary, stunted trees that stand at the feet of the sand-dunes are also frequently burdened by one and sometimes two of these huge, unwieldy nests, and in some cases they are perched on the bare sand atop of some bald, melancholy knoll.

The light-house stands at the southern extremity of these hillocks, which are continually shifting their position, moving ever inland and southward, destroying every thing in their way. Even the light-house seems in some danger of submersion by this rolling sea of grit, and already fences and trees appear half drowned by it. Below the light the level waste of sand extends far away southward to the sea, the life-saving station looking like a speck in the extreme distance.

In the afternoon we took a stroll across the intervening sand-flats to the Atlantic coast, where a number of fishermen were drum-fishing with strong lines heavily loaded with lead, which they cast far out beyond the breakers.

Nothing could be more spirited than this scene. The day was windy, and the breakers roared thundering up the beach, filling the air with salt spray. Little sandpipers ran up and down at the edge of the water, following the under-tow down until it met the on-coming wave again. In the offing the dark and troubled Atlantic cut sharp against the horizon. In the foreground stood the fishermen, clad in a motley of water-proofs, sou'westers, and huge rubber boots reaching to the hips, standing thigh-deep in the water. Presently one of them hooked a fish. He threw his line over his shoulder, and turning, splashed through the surf up the beach, dragging his flouncing captive after him and landing it bodily.



These fishermen live in small cottages on the westward of the island, standing back each in a little yard, some with a row of fig-trees in front, their outward appearance poorly indicating the sumptuousness of the bill of fare of the meal the visitor will receive within—ham and eggs, hot corn bread, drum-fish steaks, clam stew, coffee, and preserves. No matter how poor these people are, they always manage to live well, having for their every meal what people of the outside world consider dainties.



MAIL-COACH FROM NORTHAMPTON.

Perhaps the reader has never seen a Virginia bed: the huge pile of feathers, mattress upon mattress five feet high, Pelion upon Ossa, into the depths of which one sinks as into a valley, a mountain of feathers rising high upon either hand; the gorgeous counterpane resembling Joseph's coat in point of motley, the valance of snowy linen. The best bed in a poor Virginian's house is as the apple of the housekeeper's eye. It stands conspicuous, the first object that catches the visitor's glance. In such a bed we (compelled to a night's stay upon the island by a coming storm and the unseaworthiness of our boat) found our weary frame recumbent, somewhat to the disturbance of the original inhabitants, who took a bloody vengeance upon us. This bed stood not in the main room of the house, but in a large apartment in the second story, haunted by a ghostly spinning-wheel, two or three old sea-chests, and some bonnet boxes. Immediately above it was the roof, sloping on either side to the eaves close to the floor. The storm soon broke in all its fury, but we only dimly heard it as we floated away into the fathomless sea of sleep.

We had a happy opportunity, soon after returning to the main-land, to inspect the means by which the United States mail service connects Northampton with the rest of the world.

Four o'clock in the morning, and dark as night, with just a faint inkling of light tempering the eastern sky. An early cup of coffee at a hospitable friend's, and then a ride of a mile to catch the mail-stage on the county road from Northampton to Accomac. The morning was raw and chilly; it had rained the night before, and silvery wreaths of mist clung around the edge of the woodlands, betokening moisture and marsh within their gloomy shades. Chuck-will's-widows called hurriedly out of its piny glades, and the mocking-birds — the nightingales of America — were yet heard from the tangled thickets.

We had pictured the mail-stage to ourselves, not, perhaps, as the old-time mail, with its guard, its blue panels, and its crest, but still with a pair of brisk peninsular horses bowling quickly along the county road, with rattle of chains and jolly lurchings from side to side. When we reached the county road the gloom had given way to the dusk of dawn. A curious spectacle came limping and hobbling along, with many eccentric lurchings and side movements — a white horse with a preposterously deformed leg, harnessed to a crazy wagon, creeping through the shadows of the pine glades.

"Has the stage passed yet?"

"Wa'al, I reckon this yer's the stage," in a reproachful accent. There was another occupant of the stage, Nottingham by name. They say if you hail any man as "Nottingham" in Northampton County, you hit his name two times out of three.

"Your horse is rather lame," we ventured.

"Wa'al, boss, I reckon he's jest as good a hoss as you'll find in Northampton County. He don't go fast, but he goes regular. Howsumever, we change hosses at Bell Haven, and then we git a fine one." Bell Haven is the intermediate station between Eastville and Anancock. Here the change of "hosses" was made, and when we stepped out from breakfast at the queer little tavern we found the late dilapidated white animal replaced by a vicious-looking black, with a straight neck, a backbone that sagged in the middle, and sharp little promontories at the points of his shoulders and hips.

"Jes' you tack the reins and start 'im," said the driver, standing at a respectful distance and tossing us the reins, of which we only managed to catch one. Off started the horse, ran over a large stone, caught the hub of the wheel in a corner of the fence, tearing away a couple of rods of palings, and brought up with a lurch in the middle of the road. There he stood immovable, with legs apart, refusing to budge, resisting all entreaties and commands, and standing as though meditating. After the space of about five minutes he apparently came to a determination, for with another sharp lurch he started once more at an ambling trot. We had no more trouble with him from this point to Anancock, excepting an occasional halt in the middle of the road, as though the animal were debating the feasibility of turning back; but he reconsidered the point on every occasion, and finally carried us safely into Anancock. Certainly, considering how the mail-carrier of Northampton endangers life and limb, not to speak of patience, he deserves the palm for patriotic disinterestedness and self-sacrifice.

In some of the off-lying Atlantic islands before referred to, owned by private individuals, numbers of cattle and sheep are raised, running nearly wild, and requiring but little attention, finding ample sustenance in the rank salt sedge or in the scrub bushes that cover the more elevated sandy portions. It was sheep-shearing time, and as we were curious to see not only these island sheep, but the manner of shearing them, we had an excellent opportunity of examining both the one and the other under the pilotage of the owner of one of these islands—one of those many temporary friends whose open-handed hospitality we have so much cause to remember.

B—— keeps bachelor's hall on the mainland, under the strict supervision of a self-



CATCHING SHEEP FOR SHEARING.

relying, self-asserting, kind-hearted colored woman, Aunt Saber, an ex-slave of the B—— family, to whom she seems to have attached herself with all that faithful, uncompromising affection sometimes attending the old "patriarchal institution." After many vicissitudes subsequent to the war, during



OLD FIRE-PLACE, AUNT SABER'S KITCHEN.

which B—— had served in the Confederate navy, he returned once more to settle in Virginia, and Aunt Saber, who had nursed him when a child, came to keep house for him. She calls him "honey," scolds him vigorously, and oversees his household economy with the strictest attention.

B——'s lawn slopes gently down to the shore of a salt creek or inlet from the Broadwater, along the bed of which lie quantities of delicious oysters, which can be raked up not fifty yards from the house—fat and delicate bivalves, not flaccid as those in a city restaurant, but plump, firm, and sweet, as they never are but when fresh from their native beds. At the shore of this creek, its bow on the gravelly beach, lay a large flat-boat, with a leg-of-mutton sail, in which B—— and his guest proposed to cross to the island of the sheep-shearing. The crew consisted of B——, the writer, four men, and a small negro boy; the freight of two baskets of "grub," sheep-shears, and a demijohn of water, for rarely any thing but rain-water can be obtained at these islands.

They reached the island about night-fall, and after wading about a quarter of a mile through five inches of salt-water across an overflowed marsh, finally arrived at their destination—the overseer's cabin. It was a little log-built hut, containing but two small rooms. The lower one, half filled by a gigantic bedstead, is used for kitchen, sitting-room, bedroom, and dining-room all in one; the upper, for some mysterious purpose that man knows not of.

Luckily a warm fire awaited the bedraggled travellers, and a hearty meal of the food Aunt Saber had put up for us, eked out with a dozen or two of delicate marsh-hens' eggs—tidbits for a king. The overseer had carried a bushel or so of these beautiful little eggs over to the main-land to sell, but had luckily left enough for our consumption.

The night passed comfortably enough, except for the requisitions of the native occupants of the bed, a heavy smell of damp clothes in a close room, an occasional feeble grumbling of the men on the floor (where the overseer's wife had wrapped them up like four babes), and once the frantic yells of the little darky, who had the nightmare, and scrambled over the recumbent men amid muttered execrations. Beyond these little inconveniences, the night passed as comfortably as could be expected.

At dawn the next morning the men started to scour the island over and collect the stray sheep in a flock. They were scattered in all directions, some along the Atlantic surf, some across the marsh, some in the thickets in the southern part of the island. At length the sound of distant bleating was heard, and soon the drove—constantly augmented by the stragglers that joined it from

all directions—slowly and reluctantly moved toward the sheep-pen; a moment more and they rushed tumultuously into it.

The shearing was done on a long table, a carpenter's work-bench, the small negro being sent into the pen to catch the sheep for the shearers. It was amusing to watch him—the cautious way in which he would approach the frightened drove huddled in a corner, he scarcely less frightened himself. Suddenly he makes a dive, misses his sheep, stumbles, and the whole flock gallops over his prostrate body. Another rush is more fortunate, and he fastens his black little hands in the shaggy wool on the back of some old ram, which drags him, grinning, yelling, and with gleaming eyeballs, half around the pen before the animal acknowledges itself conquered. In the afternoon the wind blew up from the northeast and rain set in; the poor denuded sheep, shivering in the cold wind, looked so miserable that B—— in very pity stopped the shearing.

It was a cold passage across the water to the main-land. All were wet to the skin, silent, and grim, the little darky's teeth rolling like ivory castanets. Aunt Saber scolded when we arrived, of course.

"What yo' come across fo' in dis kine o' weather, anyway?" But she presently provided a roaring fire and warm clothes; then, seated in easy-chairs, with feet stretched to the grateful blaze, with a bottle of claret and our pipes of tobacco, we rather enjoyed than otherwise our late experience.

Judge —— sauntered in. His family live in one end of B——'s house, and he seems in the habit of dropping in in the evenings to have a friendly pipe and "powwow" with his landlord. He is a dry, taciturn man, but occasionally drops into narratives of his services during the late war.

"Gentlemen," he began, leaning back comfortably in his chair, "I remember serving in the Confederate service here on the Eastern Shore."

"I didn't know the war reached here," we said.

"Oh yes, we all marched out to protect the land from the invader—till the Yankees came down under Lockwood."

"And what then?"

"Why, then—we all went home again. Before we broke up I recollect laying in front of the Yankee lines at Nashville, up the county here. There was no way of getting water there except by crossing a road up which the Yankees shot at us. I do hate bullets, gentlemen, hate them infernally. So I got a big nigger to bring the water for me whenever it was my turn. One morning he comes in to me, and says he, 'Boss, I isn't like white genlums. I's afeard of bullets. I don' like 'em. I wouldn't git no mo' water, boss, ef you gave me a half a dolla'.' Well, gentlemen," said the judge, reflectively, "there's no doubt about it—the nigger is the greatest coward under heaven."



BUZZARDS.

A picturesque sight is Aunt Saber's kitchen, with a large open fire-place in which she can stand upright, a huge crane hung with a variety of pot-hooks and hangers, its mantel-shelf adorned with bottles and hung around with newspaper artistically scalloped at the edges, and standing in front of the blazing logs an array of pots, pans, spiders,

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB



MOUNT CUSTIS MANSION-HOUSE.

and kettles emitting odors of corn bread and the like, appealing balmily to the inner man. It is raining, and a couple of pickaninnies are warming their bare black toes in the ashes, sharing the genial warmth with a boxful of goslings nearly drowned out by the northeaster.

"Wa'al, now, honey," says Aunt Saber, standing with a frying-pan in her hand looking over our shoulder as we make a sketch of this interesting interior—"wa'al, now, honey, ef you haven't got de head on you! now ef dat hain't my spiders jes ez natural ez life! Why, I might figger a week 'fo' I could do dat."

The Virginian plantation houses on this portion of the sea-side are generally built of frame, large and roomy. As in other places along the southern peninsula, they generally stand close to the shores of a creek. We



PEACE AND WAR.



A FAMILY PARTY.

visited several comfortable and cozy houses of this kind, among the most so Mount Custis, about three miles from Drummondtown, the county seat of Accomac, one of the old Custis farms, as its name indicates.

The buzzards in the southern peninsula are very abundant and exceedingly tame, being protected by the law of Virginia, as in other Southern States, where the decomposition of refuse takes place with such rapidity that they are most useful as scavengers. They build in the depths of the swamps that abound throughout this country. We visited one of the nests of these birds in the gloomy recesses of a swamp, where an almost tropical tangle of trees and vines rendered it nearly impassable. One constantly sees these birds, either sailing in graceful gyrations through the air, flapping awkwardly up from the road-side to some low tree within easy reach of the carriage whip, or indolently sitting in rows along the top of a worm-fence, scarcely noticing the passer-by.

Numerous Revolutionary cannon are scattered throughout the peninsula. How they got there it is hard to say, but there they are, like so many veterans long past the years of active service, stranded in a country district. Sometimes they are seen lying recumbent in the grass, converted into a temporary horse and carriage by a small impish negro boy "'tendin' baby;" sometimes standing erect at the village street corner, their muzzles in the ground, their butts serving as an excellent means whereby the inevitable small boy can take his necessary exercise.

The soil of peninsular Virginia is rather kindly than rich. Certainly it has not that richness of virgin land of which it is said, "Tickle it with a hoe, and it laughs in a harvest;" but light manuring produces a quick return and ample crops, and that considerably earlier than in other places north of Norfolk. There is still a remnant of the old style of farming to be seen, of which it was said that there were only three crops raised in Virginia—corn, hogs, and niggers, of which the hogs ate all the corn, and the niggers devoured all the hogs. One of these "crops," however, is removed from the list.

The "poor white" is poor—very poor. The small farmers of the North can not compare with these in absolute destitution of money.

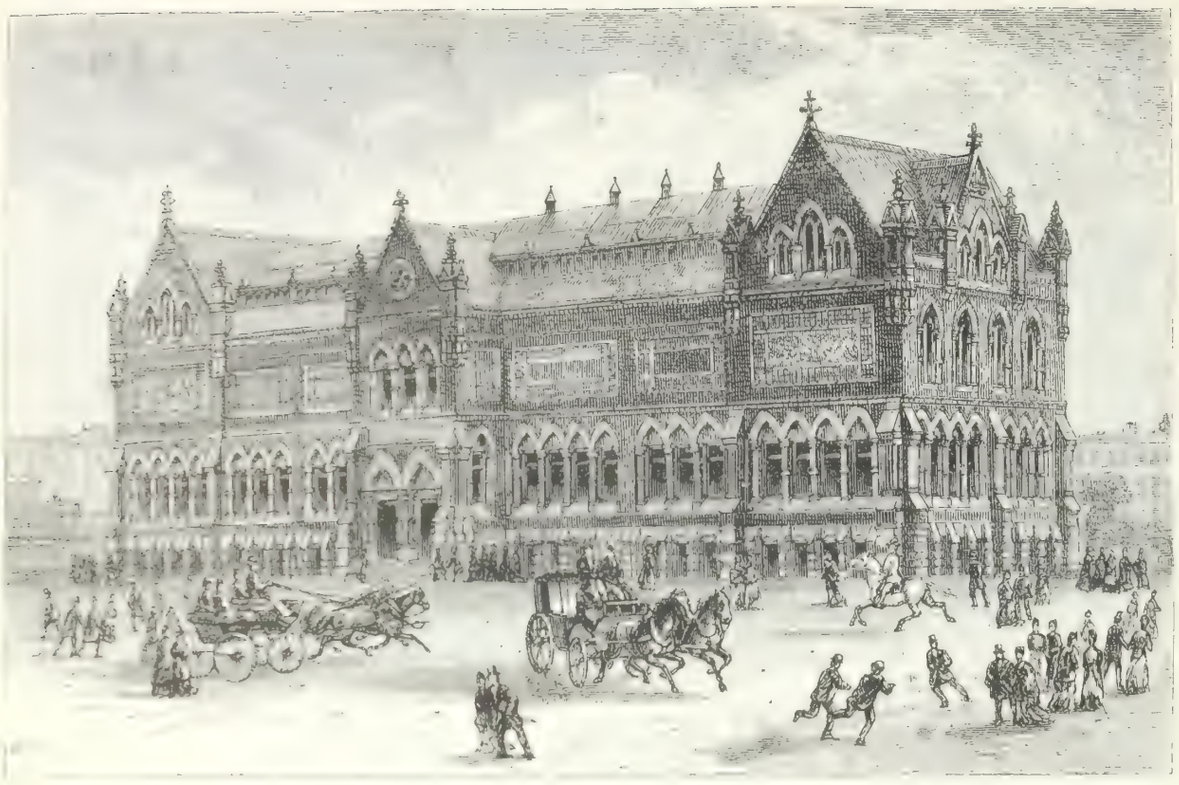
"Doctor," said one of them, who had slowly recovered consciousness after being terribly injured by an exploding grindstone —"doctor, I reckon I'm pretty badly bruck up, hain't I?"

"Yes, my man; you are hurt just about as badly, to stand a chance of recovery, as any man I ever saw."

"Thet's so, thet's so. Wa'al, doctor, do you know, thet ez poor ez I am, an' ez much ez I need money, I—I wouldn't ev hed this happen to me fer—fer *twenty-five dollars!*"

Many of these poor whites are day-laborers on the neighboring farms, but others work a small patch of potatoes or corn on their own account, in ground mostly so filled with stumps and so given to overgrowing bushes as to be useless to any but themselves. One sometimes sees them working in their fields. Paterfamilias does the ploughing, Filius Minimus drops the corn, and the rest come in regular sequence, Mater leading the hoeing.

The poor are wofully ignorant, as the upper classes are, in many instances, indolently unprogressive, though far less so than formerly. In short, the Virginia portion of the peninsula seems sunk in a Rip Van Winkle sleep that has lasted a hundred instead of twenty years, and that as yet shows but small signs of awakening.



BOSTON MUSEUM AND SCHOOL OF ART.

THE STUDY OF ART IN BOSTON.

MUSEUMS of the fine arts may be said to do a service to us of America, at the present time, similar to that which the monasteries of Greece, Byzantium, and Italy —and, in missal painting, that of St. Gall, in Switzerland — accomplished during the transition period from the fourth century to the Renaissance in the thirteenth.

The monasteries were the chief conservatories of art throughout that long term of change and violence. They protected it from the dark ages: our museums defend it against an enlightened age. That is to say —if the phrase need explanation—an excess of enlightenment of that kind which has been rather narrowly called "practical," and of progress in commerce, invention, politics, and the subduing of new land areas, has imperilled the higher development of the æsthetic. What was it that caused our earliest school of painting—the school of Copley, West, Trumbull, and Stuart, followed by Allston—to expire, leaving scarcely a spark of its inspiration to the next comers? This result was due mainly if not altogether to the absence of efficient means for preserving traditions, disciplining new painters, and training the general public to a spontaneous yet refined and discerning appreciation of artistic effort. There has now been no serious question for a long time as to the strong and redundant native ability of Americans in the plastic arts. Neither has there been wanting a kind of whole-souled yet keen response to good work among the people of wealth who have known how to use their incomes for other than the more coarse and obvious needs or pleasures. I lately heard it remarked by a young artist of acknowledged gifts, who also has the faculty of observing and reflecting upon his art in various relations, that, talk as we may about the public ignorance in America touching the fine arts, there has been among us, in the long-run, an encouraging amount of instinctive recognition bestowed upon the best performance (though indisputably much bad art has been fostered besides). The opinion finds support in an analogous one expressed by Reményi to a friend of the present writer. The violinist declared that there was something in American musical criticism far more to be prized than the experienced *finesse* of French or the erudition of German and English writing of the same class, namely, an easy and unaffected discrimination, a firm grasp of points having the most significance, with a use of phrases sometimes deficient in a technical way, but revealing at once an insight into the heart of the æsthetic mystery. Thus we have it fairly well established that there is both a positive bias in our national character toward productivity in the arts, and an innate cordiality about encouraging those who produce. Nevertheless, painters find existence hard and precarious amongst us. Were it not for a modest patriotism on the part of some of them, which has not always been recognized generously enough, we should soon have none of the better class of artists on our shores; and those who now steadfastly persist in a career at home, either through choice or necessity, sometimes stand terribly near starvation. Of the more successful, some, tired of the uncertain, thin, and plu-

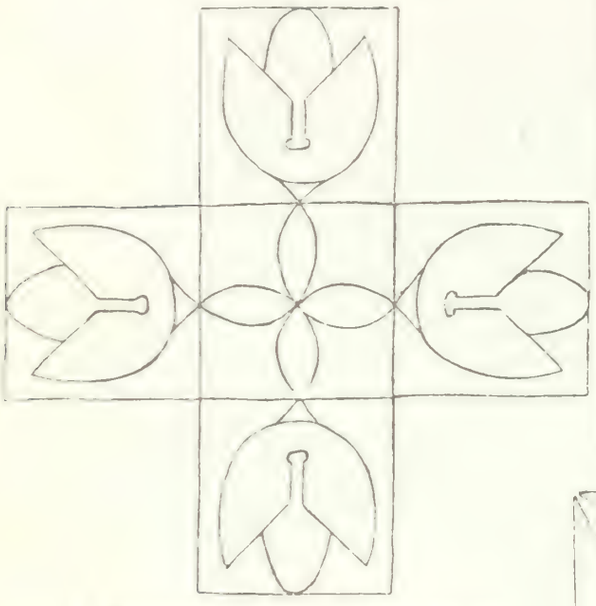
vious atmosphere in which art must dwell on this side of the Atlantic, have gone to England and France, where they have found congenial surroundings and better support. Now here is a contradiction: on the one side, American character with its inborn responsiveness to the artistic; on the other, American artists finding it next to impossible to achieve a healthy, balanced growth in this country. Do we ask the reason of this contradiction? Once more the answer must be, Because we have not heretofore had proper means for the conservation of the arts. What one powerful mind or one group of such minds may accomplish, after gallant and prayerful struggling, is lost to all successors; each aspirant has to fight the old ground over again, and to waste in manœuvring for temporal success that fine superfluity of inspiration which ought to be given wholly to spiritual victories over form and color. Hence the necessity of museums and art schools.

In this whirlpool of energy wherein we exist, and with the conditions that still dominate in the greater part of the country, the attention which may be fixed for a time on a few prominent artists or their works is soon absorbed into the centre of material activity again. The only way to change this is partially to break up the vortex. We must give the currents of popular life a new direction. The goal to which that direction refers can be kept before us only by well-appointed museums in which the achievements of art are permanently and tangibly shown; the means for impelling people toward the goal in view are supplied by the public-school drawing system and the free evening classes in drawing, which find a culmination in schools like that established at the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston. This is the underlying philosophy of the movement for improved art study begun in Massachusetts some eight or ten years ago, which has led to the establishment of the best general graded scheme of instruction yet inaugurated in this country. It is not to be supposed that this movement was begun solely out of a love for the beautiful, or to ripen local art as an end sufficient in itself. The cultivated New-Englander has not laid aside his traditional shrewdness in parting with certain ancestral crudities, and sound business reasons were found for State legislation in favor of artistic training. The mortifying experience of England in her World's Fair of 1852, which resulted in the formation of the South Kensington Museum and schools, told at last upon the observation of Yankee manufacturers and merchants, who saw the immense strides that the mother country had taken since cultivating design in her industries. This was once well exemplified by a lecturer at the old Central School of Design, in London, who showed his audience three marmalade pots of exactly the same size. The first, a plain jar, cost fourteen cents; the next, which had a mimic thistle embossed on it, cost eighteen, though the jar was still plain white; the third, which had a spray of the orange painted on it in colors, sold for twenty-four cents. Yet, mark carefully, *neither of the decorated jars cost the maker two cents more* than the plain one. So much value does ornament add. The commercial importance of design might easily be proved here on a much larger scale, but unfortunately statistics are not popular. Let it be enough to say that in 1870, after less than eighteen years of South Kensington, the value added to cotton goods manufactured in England was twice and a quarter the original cost of raw material. This enormous rate in the addition of value by workmanship was largely owing to the improvement in patterns caused by the new art training. Ample precedent, therefore, could be cited in support of the Massachusetts Legislature when it passed an act, in April, 1870, declaring that any town might, and all towns and cities of over 10,000 inhabitants *must*, annually make provision for giving free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing to persons over fifteen years of age. This instruction, either in day or evening schools, was wisely placed under the care of the regular local school committees, so that the study became at once a part of the regular education of all embryo citizens who should attend the public schools at all.

Before going any farther, let us look into one or two of the Boston schools, and see how this branch of knowledge, at once useful and flowery, is followed out by the children. Like all proverbial blessings, that of education in art here falls upon the rich and the poor alike. In the Eliot School, for example, where the pupils are contributed from a poorer quarter of the city, we find them tracing the same lines, copying the same designs, pictures, or models, furnished in the Brimmer School, where a class of more fortunately circumstanced children do their studying; and, best of all, we find them exercising the same sort of knowledge and imagination in making original decorative or architectural designs. Some examples of the work which these common-school classes produce are given in this article, and as they have been chosen in order to show the regular progression of acquirement, a short account of the plan now followed will serve to make them more interesting. One does not at all appreciate on a first glance how much method and what careful thought on the part of the State Superintendent of Drawing they represent.

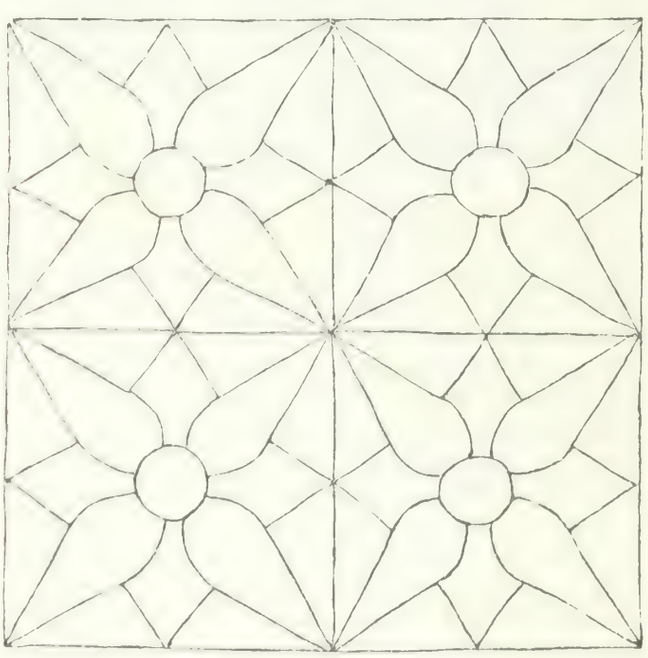
A kind of superstitious terror as to the difficulties of learning to draw reigned in the minds of teachers, the public at large,

and the city government when the matter was first broached. This notion had grown out of the unsystematic way in which pupils had attacked the study during the days of the partial and desultory efforts to teach it which preceded the system now in vogue. The beginner at that time used blandly to open upon the drawing of a house, let us say, which involved all the difficulties of proportion, perspective, and shading. Ignorant of all these, he grasped at them all together, and, like the ignominious hero of the nursery tale who tried to accumulate too many apples at once, failed to get any thing of what he strove for, unless he happened to be especially gifted, and then success came only after squandering much valuable effort. Mr. Walter Smith, a graduate of South Kensington, who took charge of the drawing in the State, applied the gradations usual in other studies as soon as he could make the required changes; and now the child encounters but one difficulty at a time, mastering that before going on to face the next.

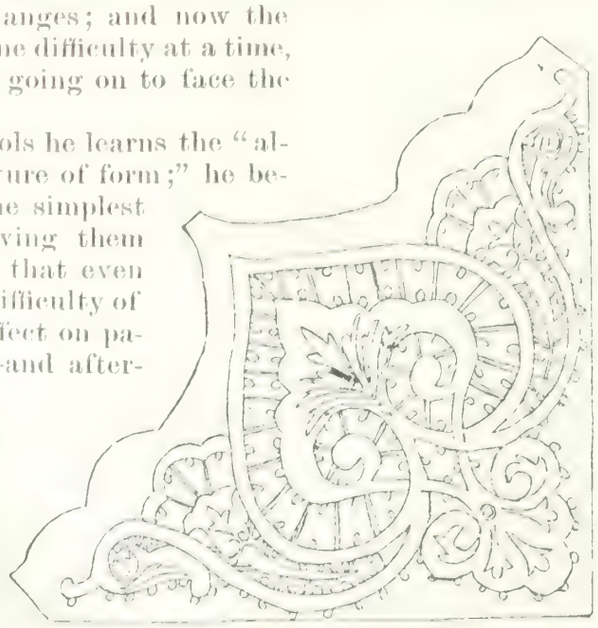


1.—ORIGINAL DESIGN, PRIMARY SCHOOL.

In the primary schools he learns the "alphabet and nomenclature of form;" he begins with lines and the simplest geometric forms, drawing them first upon a slate—so that even the slight additional difficulty of producing the same effect on paper may be avoided—and afterward in his book. These make a basis for varied outline exercises, with which he becomes perfectly familiar, all of them having something of beauty to stimulate him, and cultivating his intelligence as well as his eye and hand. In this way he is equipped with a vocabulary, which he can use with entire facility when he comes to more difficult forms of artistic expression. The first figure given here is based on the square and circle, in subdividing which the eye begins to acquire accuracy. Every design of this sort is made up by repetitions and rearrangement of a small unit—in this case a three-quarter ellipse, supplemented with sections of diagonals and other simple lines. In the next pattern we see what was done by a boy of eight in the way of original design, using straight and curved lines within squares. His production, though mechanical and very elementary, shows that his eye has been accustomed by the previous exercises to select good forms. Besides calling invention into play thus early, the primary course teaches drawing from oral description, without the pupil's seeing the design he is to reproduce; and another very good point in it is the drawing, *from memory*, designs which have been taught previously. Every one will perceive how much this discipline must strengthen the memory, and in that way act favorably upon other studies, though this and the learning to define and draw plane geometric figures are merely incidental advan-

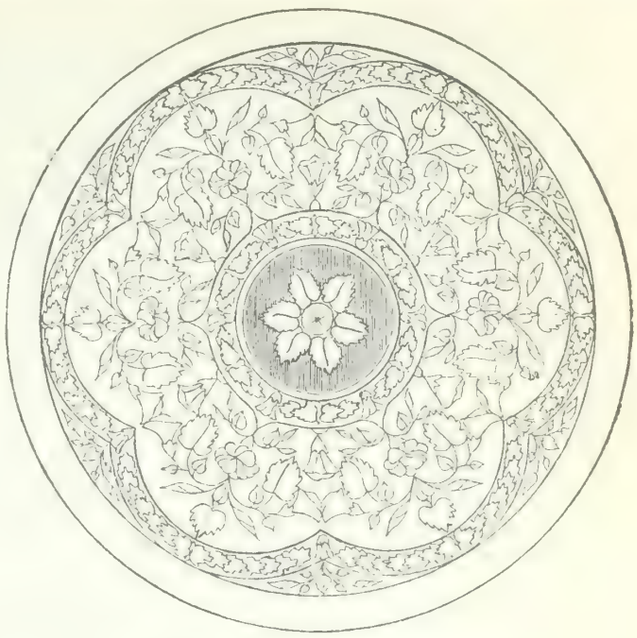


2.—ORIGINAL DESIGN, PRIMARY SCHOOL.



3.—ORIGINAL DESIGN, GRAMMAR SCHOOL, THIRD CLASS.

tages. The main thing is that, here at the start, the children learn simple principles of drawing which they can never forget, and from them they can go on developing technical power with great ease. This power will serve them well at every turn in life, whether they are to be machinists, carpenters, workers in stone or iron, gold, silver, or tin, pattern-drawers, engineers, artists, architects, teachers, lecturers, inventors, agriculturists, naturalists, antiquarians, journalists, or art critics. In fact, it has been said by an educator that "a boy or girl who can draw has acquired *one* qualification for *nine-tenths* of the occupations into which all labor is divided."



4.—ORIGINAL DESIGN, GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

That the promise of these careful beginnings has not been exaggerated in what I have just written will be seen as we pass on in our inspection of the ascending grades of this public-school work. By the time we reach the grammar schools we find in the lower classes original designs like the third example given here, and in the higher classes others, like the next in the series. This one is from the hand of a girl of fifteen. Though it is perhaps not the most shining instance that might be pointed out, I have selected it in order to give a fair representation to the coming woman as well as the coming man. If a politician were writing this article, he would tremble for his future in venturing to say what I am about to say, more especially since the design just mentioned comes from that home of liberty, the Bunker Hill School; but, not being engaged in the making of a platform, I must boldly state my conviction that, below the high schools at any rate, the boys succeed better in original design than the girls do. Why this is so I am at a loss to explain on any accepted tradition, because the reigning belief—due perhaps to the aptness of women for fancy-work—seems to be that in decorative design women are naturally more gifted than the male sex. Women, however, are

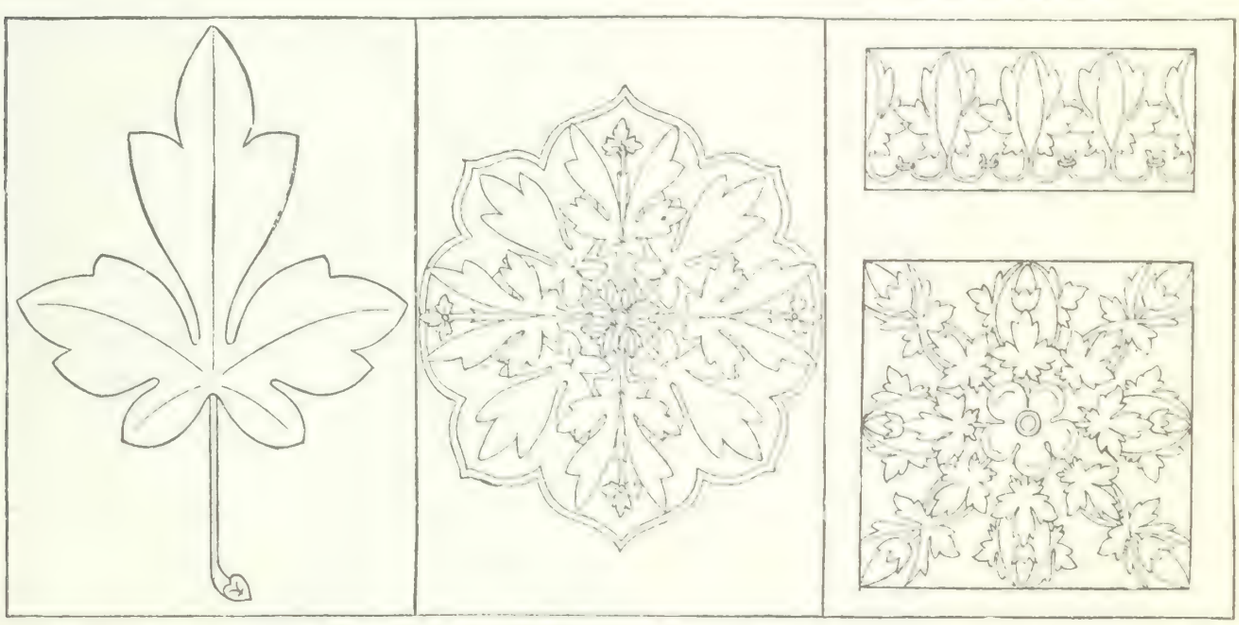
EXERCISE 151.- THE MAPLE LEAF.

The maple leaf has already been drawn to fill a square. Its general shape, therefore, is known to the pupil. In this exercise it is proposed to apply it in filling a circle. Two or three sizes may be used; and the lower lobes may be omitted from the smallest, if thought desirable.

Draw two straight lines of equal length, at right angles, and crossing each other at their common centres. Through their extremities draw a circle. Determine the number of parts into which the circle is to be divided, and the number and size of the leaves to be used. Try the effect of the design in one quarter of the figure before applying it to the other quarters.

EXERCISE 152. DESIGNING.

Using the maple leaf as a subject, design a pattern for the rectangle, which shall consist of upright leaves, repeated at any agreeable distance from each other. Let the stems of these upright leaves grow from a common horizontal stem or branch near the bottom of the space running completely across the rectangle. In the second, design any original combination, making it as much as possible different in treatment from that shown in Ex. 151.



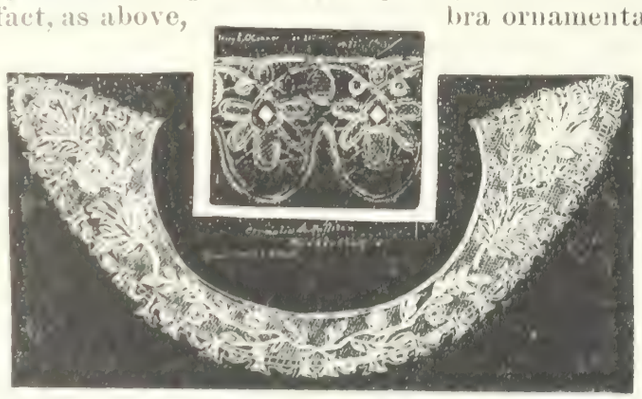
5.—PAGE FROM COPY-BOOK (GRAMMAR SCHOOL, HIGHEST CLASS), WITH LEAF GIVEN, AND ORIGINAL DESIGNS COMPOSED FROM IT. AGE OF PUPIL, 14.



6.—DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF CUP AND SAUCER.

more conventional in mind and habit than men, who consequently have the larger share of originality. The fact, as above, is stated; this explanation is merely suggested. To return to the grammar schools: the most important new element added to the lines of primary instruction is the choice of natural foliage, berries, etc., as the subjects for original design. The teacher gives, as here, a leaf divested of accidental peculiarities—simply a conventionalized leaf and some buds. With these the young scholar makes a design of any shape she chooses, introducing abstract curves if so disposed. Or perhaps the theme to be treated is an acorn and an oak leaf, in which case the cup of the acorn can be made into a pretty border. Among the illustrations will be found one representing a page of a copy-book, in which the process is shown: given a maple leaf, a design to fill a circle, another for a square, a third for a rectangle, are required. But besides this the grammar-school classes have free-hand drawing in outline, and from models on the blackboard or solid objects. The latter are very simple, but the geometric construction of solids like the cone and cylinder is explained to the pupils as they draw, and thus they are able later on to understand the structure of more complicated objects, the forms of which are based upon these. In this exercise the process of drawing from nature is begun, for the students here develop the faculty of seizing the main underlying forms of natural objects, which of course are largely reducible to geometric figures. The other lessons of this grade are geometric drawing with instruments, and memory drawing. The latter often includes intricate patterns. At one time drawing maps from memory was practiced, but this, I believe, is not done very much now. The instrumental training is found to increase the precision of the free-hand work when introduced at this stage.

Next in order are the high schools, and here the element of shading is brought in. Simple groups composed of a jar, a cube, a ball, and so on, are drawn and shaded from the actual object, giving a chance for study of smooth surfaces with nicely graduated light and shade upon them. After this, various reliefs are used as models; for instance, a plaster cast of a couple of quinces on a twig, with their leaves—which gives opportunity for dealing with shadows of greater inequality—or a cast of some of the Alhambra ornamentation. Moreover, the range of original design becomes wider and at the same time more special: instead of a mere re-arrangement of conventionalized flower and foliage forms, the pupils are required to invent their design and apply it to some particular decorative purpose, such as wall-papers, tiles, plates, cups, and lace. Thus we have here



7.—DESIGNS FOR LACE, HIGH SCHOOL. AGES OF PUPILS, 16 AND 17.

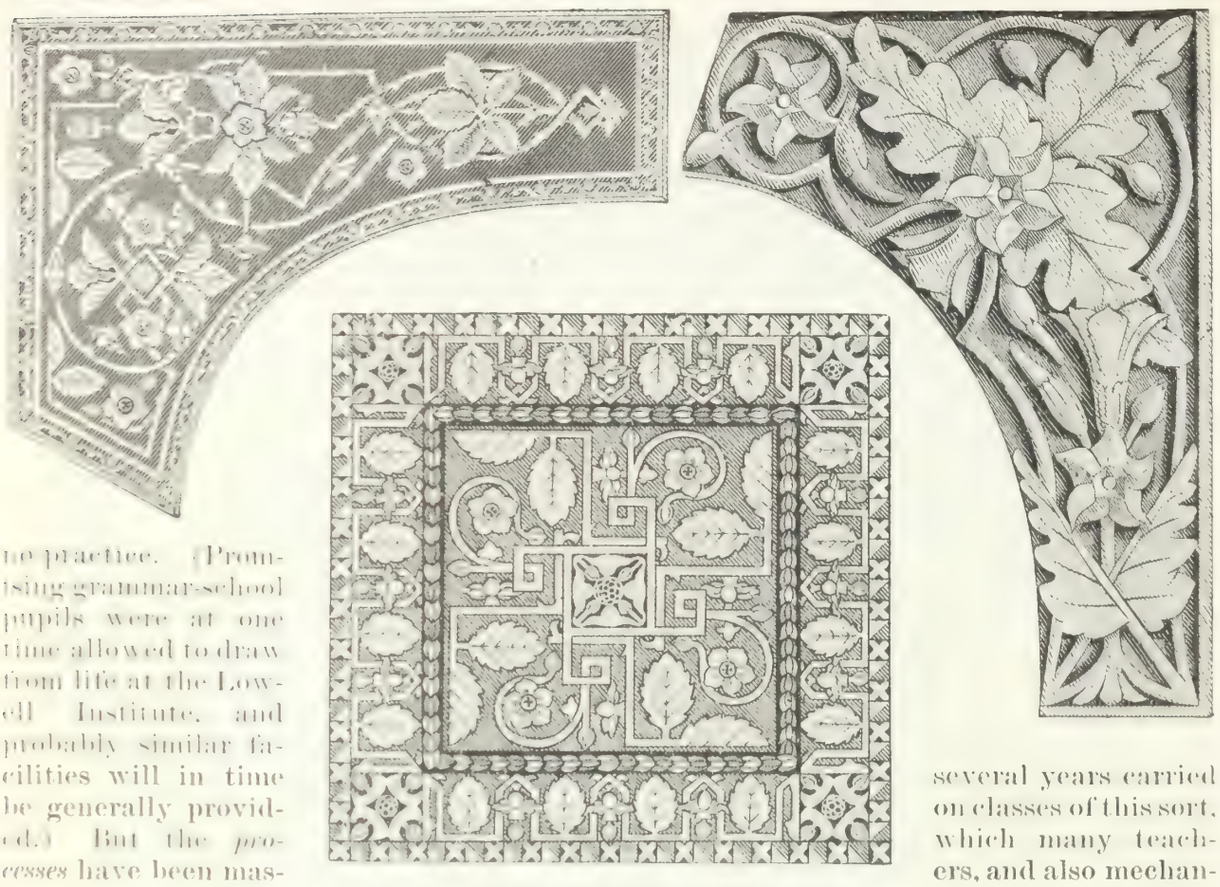


8.—FREE-HAND, SHADED FROM THE CAST, EVENING SCHOOL.



FIRST INSTRUCTION IN DRAWING AT PRIMARY PUBLIC SCHOOLS, BOSTON.

a cup laid off in regular professional style; and it is worth while to reproduce two plans for a lace collar and some edging, which illustrate the confidence and grace of touch and the appreciation of the beautiful attained by one of the pupils so long as four years ago, when Mr. Smith's system was not nearly so complete as at present. In things of this sort, and at this stage of proceedings, the feminine genius seems to come out ahead of the masculine. The Girls' High School, indeed, may be called the most flourishing in the city as to art, and has a room properly fitted up for drawing, in which the beauty of the examples ranged about produces a very favorable effect. Rooms like this have an æsthetic atmosphere much to be desired in all the schools. Some members of the advanced class in the boys' high schools select machine drawing for their chief attention, and have made very good copies from flat models; while others, again, apply themselves to the first steps of pictorial art—one of the girls of the ex-senior class, to cite a case, making a sepia copy of one of Turner's landscapes (presumably from a lithographic or engraved copy). Naturally, these branches can not be carried very far in the schools, for just at this point the common-school instruction in drawing ends. But when they have reached this limit, the students are prepared to go forward alone; and, in fact, from there on they will be their own best instructors, unless they wish to enter a technological school, or to go abroad for the benefit of study with the modern masters of fine art; for all that they have learned in school is solid, connected, and self-reliant knowledge. When they copy a drawing of a stationary engine or square-threaded screw, or an engraving after Turner, they know just how to render every line and surface. It is with them no painful imitative job, like the efforts of school-children who managed to draw all sorts of things in the old "copy-books," without ever learning how to reproduce the same things from nature. The technical facility with the pencil of boys and girls who emerge from this course at the ages of sixteen or nineteen is as unconscious as the ability to write, and henceforth they can go about drawing landscapes, animals, human figures, or machines and patterns for themselves, constantly progressing farther on the path in which they have been so well started. To be sure, the human figures which they draw will at first be poor affairs, because in that noblest and most difficult function of art they have had



ORIGINAL DESIGNS, EVENING DRAWING SCHOOL.

ne practice. (Promising grammar-school pupils were at one time allowed to draw from life at the Lowell Institute, and probably similar facilities will in time be generally provided.) But the *processes* have been mastered, and after that the proficiency attained in any thing like figure-drawing will depend upon time, industry, individual talent, and opportunity for studying from the life.

Enough has already been accomplished to prove that this is not an overstatement, although at first, and even now to some extent, the full advantages of the system could not be reaped in the upper schools, because so many of the students there had passed through the lower grades of general education before drawing was made one of the requirements or put upon its present footing of scientific thoroughness. Only the original designs are reproduced here, because it would be difficult and tedious to illustrate the various stages of dictation and memory drawing, and because the designs embody the effects of drill in those exercises. Great stress is laid on free-hand work from the start, and when confidence in that has been gained, pupils in the higher grammar classes are allowed to use tracing-paper in copying and recombining parts of figures and designs which they have already been over in free-hand drawing, the object being to familiarize them with the simple combination of elements, divested for the time of any added effort of the hand.

One part of the public instruction not yet mentioned lies somewhat outside of this course, though governed by the same managers and on similar principles. This is the work done in free evening classes for drawing. Previous to the law of 1870 the Christian Unity Society of Boston had for several years carried on classes of this sort, which many teachers, and also mechanics, had attended with profit. Free evening schools being maintained in Boston for other studies, it was thought well to have the same thing in drawing, and some of the instructors in the former benevolent lectures at first shared in this portion of the city's work. When the experiment was begun, after very brief public notice that it would be tried, nearly a thousand men, women, and children registered their names for entrance within a week, and many more were turned away because the rooms provided could not accommodate them. This shows how great was the real desire and need for an evening school. Among these thousand persons enrolled *ninety-six* distinct occupations were represented—the oldest pupil was fifty-five years of age, and the youngest fifteen—but, as might be supposed, carpenters and machinists were the most numerous. Very few who attended had ever had any instruction in drawing, however, so that all were started upon about the same order of tasks. The teachers also had something to learn respecting the best method to be adopted. One enthusiastic pre-Raphaelite requested his class in general drawing to select small pebbles, and forthwith make representations of them. It is a little pathetic to think of this assemblage of earnest but ignorant disciples, who had come to ask for the bread of art, sitting patiently down to their feast of stones, and trying to make something of it. The experiment proved a failure, and the Kensington style of outlines, placed on the blackboard, was substituted for the pebbles. Improvement began at once, and then

twigs, oak leaves, and plaster casts were brought into play. To encourage quickness of execution, after outline and shadow had been fairly well grasped, a very pretty and poetic device was adopted. The path of knowledge was strewn literally with flowers: rose-buds, tulips, petunias, and callas were brought for the students to draw from; and the generous interest which the whole study roused among the citizens appeared in the readiness with which certain florists and the Horticultural Society sent flowers gratuitously for this purpose. Lasting only a single evening, they had to be copied in the two hours devoted to a lesson, and it must have furnished a pleasant stimulus to the workers to make the flowers live again on paper, amid the expiring perfumes thrown out by the actual blossoms as they slowly faded. It was a gentle agency for discipline, which worked very well. One pupil insisted upon depicting the usual models with coarse, heavy lines, even applying these to the blossoms. Seeing this obstinate trait, the teachers flung a pot of lilies at him by way of punishment; that is, they placed lilies-of-the-valley before him as a model. The pupil was baffled. It was clearly impossible to represent lilies-of-the-valley by means of heavy lines, and from that hour the fault was completely cured. How perfectly symbolic of the whole culture of art, that an undiscerning eye and prejudiced hand should be conquered by a delicate little flower!



NIGHT SCHOOL, APPLETON STREET, BOSTON.

A class in free-hand drawing from the solid model succeeded better than any other during this first winter's session; and really the results which were shown from them in the first exhibition of public-school drawings, held May 1, 1871, only five months after they began, were astonishing. It was in this small class, too, that mechanics gained the most. They had come to the school with a restless conviction that they must use instruments and do technical work at once, but the fact was that instruction in instrumental drawing was found to be wasted upon those who did not gain some proficiency in free-hand. Ornamentation was taught, with something of its history, and the difference



ORNAMENTAL BORDER IN PLASTER (HONEYSUCKLE), DESIGNED AND MODELLED BY PUPIL OF APPLETON STREET SCHOOL.

between good and bad design was shown by hanging examples of both in papers and printed cloths. The committee were not satisfied with what was thus hastily accomplished, but felt the great importance of establishing the evening schools more firmly. One encouraging observation made was that although owing to hurried organization the classes were conducted almost without rules, and though they embraced people of very unlike habits and associations, complete order prevailed, so that any lady might attend the lessons without annoyance to herself, and there were no cases of discipline. Matters having been thus finely set in operation, the City Council of course—as some part of a municipal government is always sure to oppose far-sighted measures—refused the appropriation for the evening drawing school for the next year. This caused some trouble, but was finally remedied, and ever since that time this part of the undertaking has proceeded with the greatest success. There are now five of these schools in Boston, and another is soon to be opened in Roslindale district. They were imitated in other cities, one having been formed in Worcester, one in New Bedford, and so in Lowell, Haverhill, and Cambridge; but the last-named has not been kept up. The Boston schools are open four evenings each week, but no pupil can attend on more than two. It is a fine sight, that which you obtain at the Appleton Street School between seven and nine at night. There, in three spacious rooms at the top of the solid, quiet, well-lighted building, a silent troop of absorbed workers—men, women, boys, and girls—are bending over their boards, pencilling away softly, carefully, happily. One of the apartments is given up to those who are drawing from flat copies. Here is a young man striving to catch the lasting yet elusive grace of some old sculpture, say the Riccardi Sappho; here a woman in a cheap figured shawl, who patiently studies the play of muscles on the Vatican torso. Yonder black boy, rubbing out vigorously, and then applying himself again to his outline, seems very much in earnest. Then there are young girls with a womanly seriousness resting on their foreheads, and eyes that glance at you a moment with the calm passion of art, then turn back to the copy. In the other two rooms half the occupants are made of plaster, and those who are not are hard at work making portraits of those that are. Curious, to see these dumb, white, lifeless figures receiving so much reverent attention from the living, the young forms, colored palpitatingly with inflowing breath! It is human, conscious clay studying worshipfully that other beautifully fashioned dust, and growing the better thereby, even ministering to the expansion of the soul through this process. What interests one much is to trace the same concentrated, dignified repose in all the faces of the pupils, different as they are among themselves, because they are all turned toward some aspect of one common ideality. A small class who model in clay as well as draw from the antique has been formed here, and some of the most meritorious efforts of the pupils have been cast and hung up on the walls for their encouragement and that of their fellows.

"That is a very good frieze indeed," says a member of the committee, pointing to an original cast among these, as we go through the room together. "Who did that?"—to the teacher.

"The young man who did it is here," says the teacher; "over there in the corner."

In fact, there has been a quick glance from the corner, which shows that the young modeller is delighted, though he is now bent over his drawing-board again assiduously. The committee member, whose

word of praise (owing to his high character in art as well as other things) descends like a sort of crown on the young man's brow, goes up and congratulates him directly. Every body in the room feels happier after that fortunate little incident.

Looking into the list of two hundred and fifty pupils at this school, I found among them the following occupations, coming exactly in this order: Fresco painter, student, salesman, errand-boy, grocer clerk, sail-maker, cabinet-maker, bell-man. Among others, taken at random, were a switchman, an artist (lady), box-maker, cigar-maker, housework servant (a woman), a shoe-cutter, tinsmith, tailor, upholsterer, engraver, lithographer, machinist, clerk, marble-cutter, carver, decorators, apprentices, a scenic artist, a merchant and his wife.

The flat copies used here are chiefly Ravaisson's splendid photographs from the antique and Gérôme's "Cours de Dessin," sets of which have been loaned by Mr. C. C. Perkins, who was wisely elected chairman of the Drawing Committee in 1873, and has served the cause indefatigably and most effectively. The expense of the evening schools during the winter of 1870–71 was about $4000, or at that time $10 90 *per capita*. It is now much less in proportion. Pupils have to pay for the paper and rubber they use, which, by-the-way, makes them much more careful in their work; and those who use instruments return them each night to the desk, very few cases of misappropriation occurring. There is a class for mechanical drawing in Bedford Street, which is well worth visiting. A hundred green-shaded lights hang like a swarm of big Cuban fire-flies over the heads of the students at their long rows of desks, these jets being ingeniously connected with the gas-pipes by rubber tubes, so that they can be slid along upon an iron frame and adjusted exactly as may be desired. We found pupils and teachers here so deeply interested in what they were doing that they had allowed the atmosphere to become suffocating, and were not even aware of it. This was the only tangible objection to the study of drawing that I had encountered, but it was speedily removed by partly opening the windows. The school has two of the most enthusiastic teachers that can be imagined, and their enthusiasm takes the form of very hard work, great cleverness in getting up the best modes of instruction, and incessant extra labor over the details of the school out of hours.

The students are all men (some quite young), mostly apprentices to builders or machinists, and they come here at night to lay up new capital that may aid them in the day work on which they depend for a living. A very interesting course was shown us on a set of cards done by former pupils. Its gradation was simply exquisite. From a simple dotted line each pupil is carried on through every kind of line employed in mechanical drawing, and taught their various uses; through several styles of lettering; then into plane projections, followed by the projection of solids, and next of curved bodies, closing with the introduction of solid bodies into others, and isometric projection. When all these elaborate elements have been learned, pupils elect to make a special study of architectural or machine drawing. The measures for teaching these advanced branches are equally good. I saw one young fellow, who had been there but a few weeks, who had passed through the initial course, and was making a fine colored drawing of a street hydrant of which he had taken a rough sketch in all its parts. The hydrant was on the other side of the room, in pieces, and he could neither see nor was allowed to refer to it; he had to rely solely on his sketch. Now that young man will soon be able to command a higher salary, because he can go to distant places, make sketches of machines, bring them back, and draw out the whole thing in working plans; or, if not that, he will utilize his sketching faculty in inventing or in becoming at some time a manufacturer himself. The evening class at Charlestown serves a very useful purpose: it is entirely devoted to ship-draughting, which is more likely to be congenial to the young artisans of that part of the city, where the great steamers land, and where the navy-yard is situated. It is to be hoped that the atmosphere of jobbery surrounding the latter institution will not contaminate the class, which has been one of the most successful. None of its work can be reproduced in these pages, for somewhat the same reason which Heine ungallantly assigned for not giving diagrams of the Göttingen women's feet in his *Reisebilder*—no sheets of paper large enough could be found. The mechanical drawing of the evening schools would not interest general readers, excellent though it is; but a glimpse of their free-hand work is given in the illustrations.

The system merely outlined in these paragraphs has been built up to its present excellence only by eight years of unselfish labor on the part of a few citizens and assiduous exertions by the State Director, Mr. Smith, whose health has now temporarily broken down under the strain. These have been seconded by faithful subordinates. It was in the nature of things that many experiments should have to be tried before the whole plan could be perfected, and the want of sufficient funds often compelled slow progress and the adoption of a makeshift policy. But there were many people who allowed nothing for these hinderances; and strange as it may seem, this vast project of improvement has been carried out against



THE NORMAL GRADUATE.

continual narrow opposition, sneers, and criticism. At first there was a party who looked upon even mechanical drawing as an idle accomplishment, with which the State had nothing to do; and afterward there was a party who thought that mechanical drawing was entirely beneath the notice of the State, which ought to concern itself only with teaching the fine arts. But these persons have not succeeded in preventing a great improvement in education; and how warmly the debt to Mr. Perkins for *his* large share in assisting to accomplish it is acknowledged in Boston, may be inferred from the fact that his name appeared on all the tickets for School Committee in the last election. He will thus continue at the head of the drawing department. Before looking at the cost of introducing drawing, the reader must be reminded that one large source of expense and difficulty was the necessity of *teaching all the teachers* at the same time that the pupils began the study. At first special instructors had to be employed in the high schools, lectures and lessons were given to teachers in all the grades, and a Normal Art School was established to train teachers who had not yet begun practicing their profession. As fast as a teacher mastered one of the five required branches free-hand, model, memory, geometrical drawing, and perspective—credit was given for the examination passed in that one branch, but not until all had been learned was a certificate given. In 1875 over 1000 teachers passed examinations in one subject, and eighteen head-masters took full diplomas. Four years before not a master or teacher in the city could have taught more than one branch, and special instructors would have been out of the question by reason of the expense involved. But in 1875 all five were being taught in forty-nine schools out of fifty-eight. Since then the state of things has improved still more, and only five special instructors are now required in the whole of Boston. The system has thus been grafted on to the regular machinery of the schools, making very little additional expense to the tax-payers, and no more labor for teachers than before, although croakers had predicted that this could never be done. A similar outcry of sympathy for teachers had been raised when music was added to the curriculum a short time before: now both these refining pursuits are carried on without any extension of the school-hours, and are found to quicken pupils in their other studies. Only two hours are given to drawing in the primary per week, one and a half in the grammar, and two hours in the high schools.

It would be difficult, even with a greater number of wood-cuts, to give an adequate idea of the good results reached every year by the devotion of even this small portion of time during the two terms. These were manifested in the first exhibition held in May, 1871. A well-known artist, examining some of the free-hand drawings shown there, remarked aloud: "It's impossible that they were done without dividers and the rule. *That*, now, was never done without instruments." "Indeed it was, Sir," said a little girl who stood near, "for I did it myself!" No one would now be so incredulous, for children can be seen doing this sort of work at any time during drawing hours in the schools. People used also to suppose the question unanswerable in the affirmative, which is now sometimes asked: "Can *any one* learn to draw?" The work just referred to above came from the Shurtleff School, and represented every scholar in it, yet there was not a single bad production in the collection, which sufficiently proves the possibility of teaching children who may not have been known to have any capability in this direction. The exhibition of 1871 was peculiarly convincing, because the system was not at that time even fully organized, and had not got the momentum, so to speak, which it has now acquired. Another showing was made in 1872, with the same success; the last exhibition was in 1875, and there will probably be another in May of this year.

The cost of drawing in day and evening schools for 1873–74 was $31,835 52; for 1874–75 it was only $30,187—a reduction of over $1600 in one year, while great improvements were also being made. When we distribute these amounts among 50,000 pupils who are getting the benefit of them, we find that to teach drawing costs but a few mills a day for each student, and the knowledge thus given may be worth to him hundreds or thousands of dollars every year in after-life. By so much as he is a gainer in this way, the State will also profit.

There is room for criticism of the teaching, if it were wise to dwell upon its limitations. Every system planned for large masses of minds must be somewhat mechanical, and in the painting of the teachers in the Normal Art School we sometimes observe the bad effect of this. It also seems a matter for some regret that color is not used in the public-school drawing. But the Museum of Fine Arts (to say nothing of individual masters and exhibitions of good paintings) will do much to enlarge and make more graceful the style of graduates from the schools. The museum was originated at about the same time with the State drawing, but independently. It was in the hands of a small group of wealthy and cultivated gentlemen, but very few people could guess eight years ago what strides would be made toward a full expansion of the idea between then and now. Training in the production of art has to be helped along, after a certain point, by training in observation of it; and before the mind can be fully imbued with the sense of beauty, the eye must get into the way of experiencing a certain physical pleasure in the contemplation of exquisite masterpieces of art. The founders of the museum knew this, and provided the means for imparting that pleasure. They also recognized the principle that a treasure-house of the beautiful ought itself to be picturesque, and so they have begun a noble edifice in the Italian Gothic style, one-quarter of which is now completed.

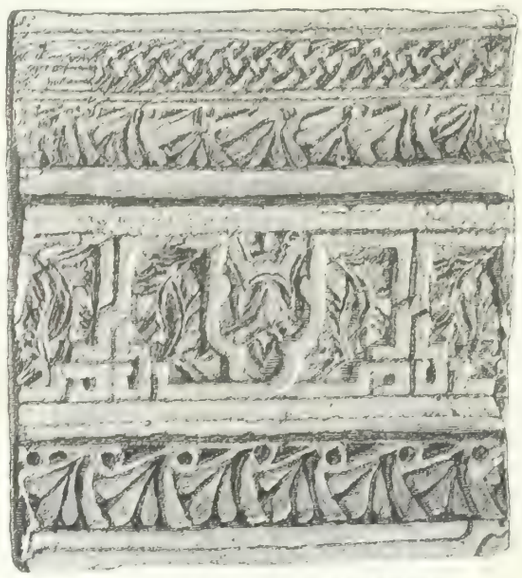
The main substance of it is brick, with terra-cotta mouldings, capitals, and other details. The mellow yet fresh and earthy red of this terra cotta gives a very bright look to the front, at one point in which a large relief of the same material is let into the wall. It represents the nations doing homage to art. And here and there a terra-cotta head leans out, looking down solemnly at the approaching pilgrim from amid the light and variegated tints of the façade. One feels the artistic atmosphere exuding, as it were, through the material of the walls. A beautiful porch, supported by clusters of slim granite columns polished till they shine like glass, admits us to the spacious hall and staircase. This grand vestibule is finely lighted up by high windows at the back, which perhaps interfere a little with the picturesqueness of it, but make it eminently useful. Every thing can be seen well. Here, at present, are assembled a few pieces of sculpture and other objects, which meet us like outposts of the regular collections disposed about the rooms. Among the marbles is Crawford's "Orpheus" (an illustration of which was given in the last number of this Magazine), which brought the sculptor his first encouragement from his countrymen. In Pierce's *Life of Charles Sumner* we read how the future statesman appreciated the struggling artist and accomplished the purchase of this statue. A bust of Sumner, from the same hand, close by, seems to commemorate the connection of their name and fame, and is a part of Mr. Sumner's bequest to the museum. Crawford's "Hebe and Ganymede" is a gift from Mr. C. C. Perkins; and here, too, is to be seen Miss Hosmer's "Will-o'-the-Wisp," an elfish fancy full of nimble motion. One extremely well-devised exhibit in this lower hall is that of some sixty fragments—torsos, heads, hands, and inscriptions—set in the wall just as their like are to be seen in Rome, whence these specimens collected by Mr. Perkins came. A faded though still magnificent Gobelin tapestry of the fifteenth century hanging on one of the walls diversifies the



A PIECE FROM THE ALHAMBRA.

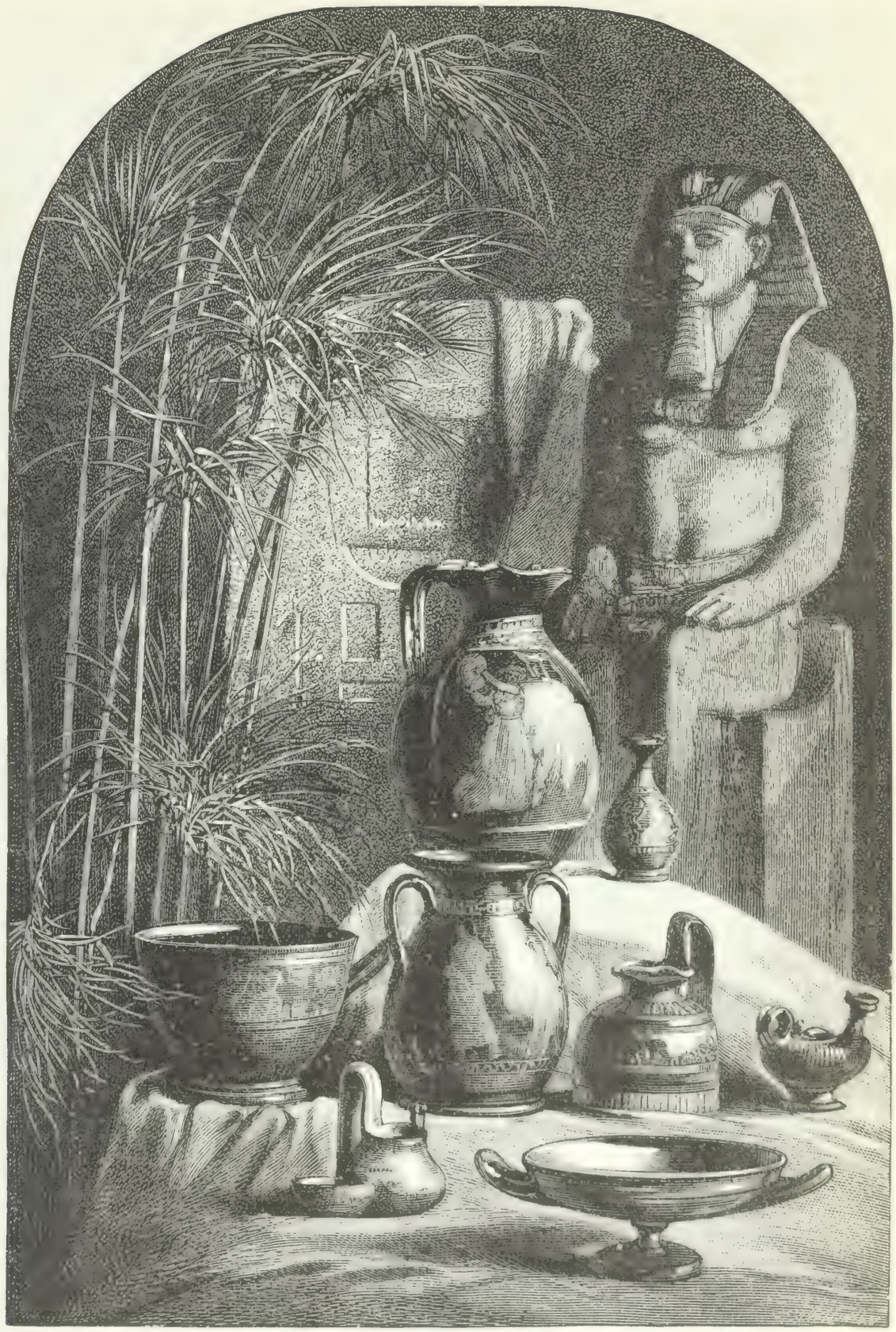
effect of the place. It represents France crowned by Victory, assisted by numerous parrots and a wealth of fruits and flowers dyed with refulgent colors—indigo blue, and scarlet that might once have been Milton's "grain of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old." Then there are many casts from the walls of the Alhambra, courteously presented by the Spanish commissioner to our Philadelphia Exhibition, and two trophies of electrotype reproductions from arms and armor. In some cases along the walls are valuable contributions of Peruvian mummy cloths woven with grotesque designs, Moorish, Kabyle, and Spanish pottery, and, best of all, some pottery of the Western mound-builders. Certain of these jars are very graceful in form, others have human or animal heads, and two dishes give the outline of a fish, the handles forming head and tail, while the dorsal and other fins are shown on the different sides. In significant proximity to these is found some of the latest American ceramic work, from the Chelsea Pottery, near Boston, where for several years a Mr. Low has been turning out some exquisite pieces in the Limoges style. This brings us to the door of the Egyptian Room.

In studying art historically we are compelled to study antiquities also. It is from this fragmentary silt of ages, represented by clay vessels, burial garments, decorated coffins, old wine vessels, and so on, that the beauties of art, properly speaking, slowly grew up and opened into full perfection, as the most gorgeous blossoms may root in the ooze of a swamp. Museums of art suffer from the same difficulty that Goethe once pointed out as existing in museums of natural history, viz., that in them we see the objects of interest torn away from their fit surroundings, thrown out of the order of time and place, and set arbitrarily side by side. The directors of this museum, keeping both these facts in mind, have begun with the ancient Egyptian relics most fortunately secured by Mr. G. C. Way, of Boston, on the original English collector's death, and generously presented to the museum in 1872. Here we have the heavy wooden mummy cases, outer and inner, and the bodies themselves in highly ornamented cartonages, as the stiff forms made of linen and fitted close to the body at burial are called. The artificial faces are colored red for men, yellow for women; and the mummy of Anchpefhir—a lady of rank—has a gilt face, with hieroglyphic odes running down each of her sides—one to the rising, one to the setting sun—and forms of the Egyptian mythology distributed over the rest of the surface. In a case near by hangs



A PIECE FROM THE ALHAMBRA.

a "robe of justification," which the dwellers by old Nile supposed to be worn by the dead in the trial before Osiris, and a bead net-work containing a human face, a winged beetle (the symbol of creative power and of the sun), as well as other forms. Full of



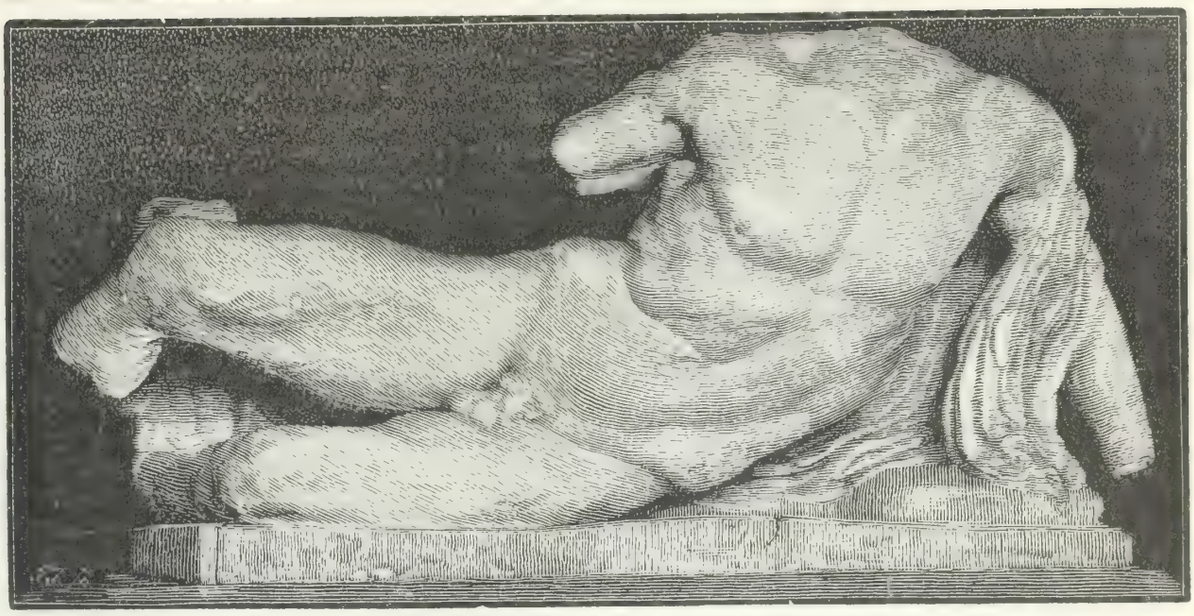
A GROUP IN THE EGYPTIAN ROOM.

solemn interest, also, are the osirids—sacred talismanic figures of stone or wood placed in the tombs—from some of which inscriptions speak with the voice of a long-perished faith through twenty hundred years: "This will do all that is to be done there in the Divine Undermountains. Behold, herewith evil is warded off there by any one when it happens to him. Call ye me, count me, whenever a festivity is celebrated there: when the field grows green, when the bank-dams are overflowed: when the sacred boat is rowed between the sandy shores from east to west." These things, together with the mysterious pectoral amulets and nilometers in limestone, lapis lazuli, and carnelian, the rings, necklaces and gems, and little stibium bottles, stir the imagination to some purpose, and in this way at least affect the art student directly. To



ROMAN AND RENAISSANCE ROOM.

understand the æsthetics of any age he must know and feel the religious symbolism of that time; and here he gets some insight into the material conception of immortality among Egyptians, which Bunsen has investigated. Studying the miniature wax genii of Amenti (Paradise), with heads of a monkey, a jackal, a hawk, and the canopic jars with heads of cats and dogs, which contained embalmed human viscera, he connects them with the work of the American mound-builders, and is led to reflect on the earliest movements of human craft in fashioning images. Much remains to be added to show what Egyptian architecture and ornament were, but the collection has several fine pieces of sculpture from the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, presented by the family of Mr. John Lowell, founder of the famous Institute bearing his name. These are, a black granite figure of Pasht, the colossal head of a king placed on a block of red granite supposed to be a fragment of a throne, and parts of the lid of a sarcophagus. Some of the throne fragments have portions of figures cut into them. Over the farther door is a bass-relief cast of Seti I. attacking a fortress in Palestine (Seti was the predecessor of Rameses II., under whom Moses was in Egypt), and a colossal Memnon, from that in the British Museum, sits before the door. A papyrus plant blooming near him gives life to the whole collection. There are other small pieces of sculpture in one of the cases, and some of



THE TORSO, BOSTON ART MUSEUM.

the terra-cotta lamps of a late date show Christian emblems creeping in, just as at one time before Christ Greek and Roman art influenced the Egyptian slightly. But this was a mere reflex from an art which in itself sprang largely from the Egyptian.

Says the old poet, Nicholas Michell, apostrophizing Egypt:

> "What owes the past, the living world to thee?
> All that refines, sublimes humanity."

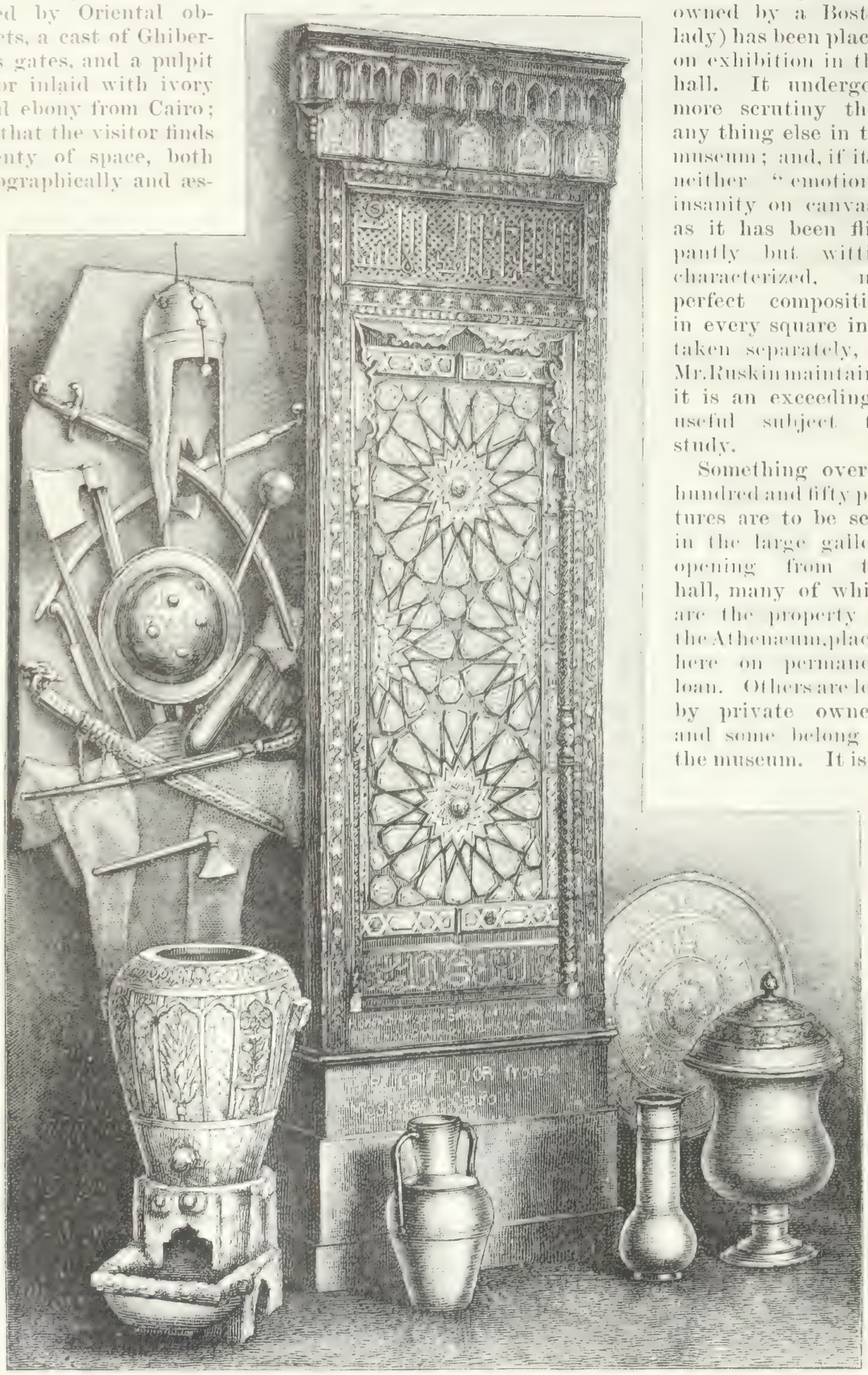
At first, looking about at these uncouth and sometimes repulsive emanations of the Egyptian art instinct, it seems impossible that they should have any thing in common with the gloriously beautiful works of Greek fictile and sculptural creation. But when one passes into the next room, called the First Greek, it is not difficult to detect the affinity between the petrified crudeness of Egypt and the first Hellenic strivings toward beauty. We see the mingling of influences in the sculptures from Cyprus, with their awkward smiling faces, recalling those of the Egyptian images; but in the casts from those famous statues taken out of the pediments of a temple at Ægina we note a great advance. The smiling expression is refined, the figures are full of action modified by a healthy artistic restraint; and Athene, or Minerva, who with the Egyptians always retained the form of an owl, is here a noble woman exquisitely proportioned. This room also contains an interesting collection purchased from General Cesnola, smaller than that in New York, but exceedingly interesting; and the black Chiusi ware, which not even the Gregorian nor the British museum nor the Louvre possesses. Only two Italian museums have it. The Cyprus pottery, this Chiusi ware, and the Græco-Italian vases, chiefly presented by Mr. T. G. Appleton, represent the growth of ceramic art for about nine hundred years preceding the century before Christ — from the early lacustrine jars fashioned by hand without even the potter's wheel, through the several periods of mere line decoration, Assyrian influence, Greek modelling, and figure-painting, and finally the epoch of moulds, and of decadence in shape and coloring.

The Second Greek Room is filled with fine casts from statues of the golden age of Greek sculpture — that of Phidias, of whom Mr. Appleton, in a brief publication relating to the museum, has trenchantly said, "He was not only a man, but a school." The perfect culmination of a national genius is seen here to the best advantage by contrast with the work of an earlier epoch in the preceding room. Archaic stiffness and timidity have disappeared from the lines of drapery, the figures seem to breathe a larger, more exhilarating atmosphere; and in the frieze of the Parthenon, hung about the walls, we find the horse introduced with a mastery and grace which placed the Greeks at this time so far beyond all predecessors, and out of the reach of after-comers. This room contains also casts from the statues unearthed by the German government at Olympia. This, with the Third Greek Room, is much used by students for drawing and painting from these best of models. The last apartment in the series is devoted to Roman and Renaissance casts, some of which were purchased with the Sumner fund. Among the antiques are to be seen a Greek vase from the Pisan Campo Santo, which Nicholas of Pisa utilized in reviving sculpture in the thirteenth century. Here too is the beautiful Bacchanalian vase from the Townley Gallery, mounted upon a small four-sided altar from the Augusteum in Dresden.

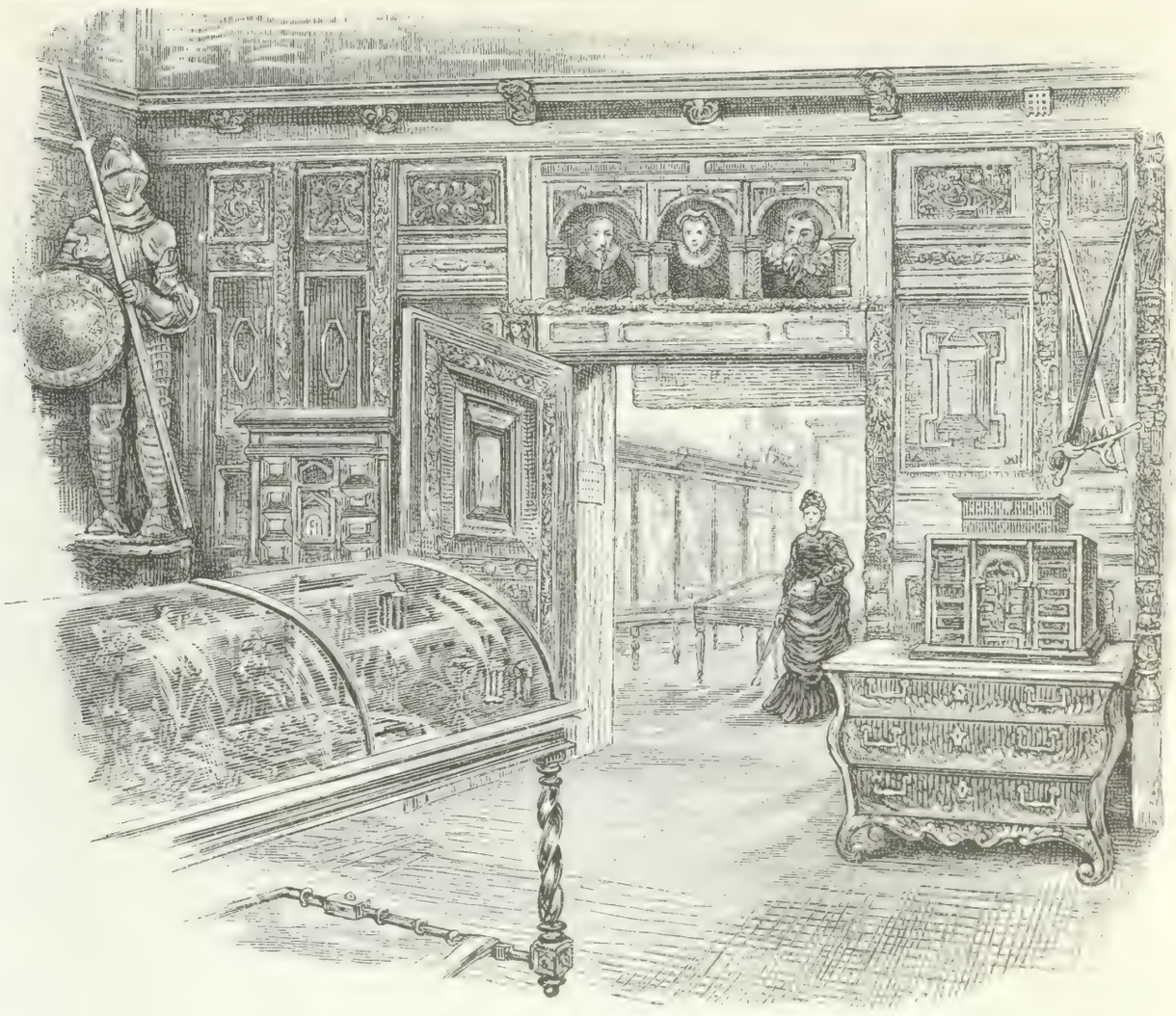
The staircase leading to the upper story is well arranged with some objects to carry along the attention, and on the walls above are hung West's well-known "King Lear"

and Allston's "Belshazzar's Feast," with some Copleys, a Le Brun, an Ary Scheffer, and a number of others. In the upper hall itself is a very useful collection of water-colors, which are copies of old masters and the English painters, bequeathed by Thomas Dowes to the Athenæum. The central space is occupied by Oriental objects, a cast of Ghiberti's gates, and a pulpit door inlaid with ivory and ebony from Cairo; so that the visitor finds plenty of space, both geographically and æsthetically, to cover with his attention. Mr. Martin Brimmer, who as chairman of the executive committee has done a great deal to help the museum's growth, has presented a charming selection of drawings, water-colors, and pastels by François Millet, which find their place here; and at present Turner's "Slave-Ship" (now owned by a Boston lady) has been placed on exhibition in this hall. It undergoes more scrutiny than any thing else in the museum; and, if it is neither "emotional insanity on canvas," as it has been flippantly but wittily characterized, nor perfect composition in every square inch taken separately, as Mr. Ruskin maintains, it is an exceedingly useful subject for study.

Something over a hundred and fifty pictures are to be seen in the large gallery opening from the hall, many of which are the property of the Athenæum, placed here on permanent loan. Others are lent by private owners, and some belong to the museum. It is in



PULPIT DOOR FROM MOSQUE AT CAIRO, ARMS, ARMOR, ETC.



LAWRENCE ROOM, PANELLED WITH OLD ENGLISH OAK CARVING.

many ways a collection affording opportunities for keen enjoyment and profitable study, though it is not within our present scope to describe its merits —somewhat kaleidoscopic in various senses, for changes are constantly going on through the withdrawal of loans. The almost total absence of old masters is, of course, a serious weakness; but this may be partially remedied in time.

On the left of the gallery, entering, a doorway opens into the room devoted to the Gray collection of engravings—a priceless addition to the museum's treasures —deposited here by Harvard University, to which it belongs. The cartoon of Paul Delaroche's "Christ the Hope and Support of the Afflicted" is also displayed here; some of Charles Sumner's engravings hang upon the walls, and a few specimens of Chinese engraving have been added.

Next to this is the Lawrence Room, entirely lined with fittings in carved oak, dating from the sixteenth century, and supposed to have been used in a chapel. It has two rows of panels, a ceiling, mouldings, cornice, brackets, and pilasters, with carved figures, and six bass-reliefs from the parable of the Prodigal Son. On panels in this elaborate wood-work are nine portraits, all depicting royal personages or connections, and among them copies of Holbein's portraits of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Cardinal Wolsey. In these rich and appropriate surroundings full effect is obtained for old "Ginevra" marriage chests, cabinets, other Italian furniture and carvings, and some Italian Renaissance bronzes, derived from the Castellani collection and other sources. The fittings were presented by Mrs. T. B. Lawrence, who had a rare collection of armor (destined for the museum) destroyed in the great Boston fire of 1872. The insurance money was applied by her to this new purchase, in addition to some magnificent altar cloths and church vestments in ruby, emerald, and scarlet velvet arabesqued in gold and other gorgeous threads. Some of them hang here, and add greatly to the splendid sombreness of the apartment, which forms a sort of resting-place amid the crowding claims on the eye and brain in other sections. Oddly enough, some great arras hangings *de haute lisse*, in the Loan Room beyond (which is the largest room yet opened in the building), came near sharing the fate of the lost Lawrence armor. They were stored in a warehouse in the centre of the district burned over in 1872, but were fortunately brought off in safety, while the more durable objects of metal

perished: and this was the second time the tapestries had escaped that danger, for they were bought by the donor, Mr. George O. Hovey, after having been rescued from Louis Philippe's burning château of Neuilly in 1848. One is led to wonder how many strange adventures the big Flemish men and women here depicted in scenes of summer, winter, and autumn may have had



JAPANESE DRAPERY.

during the three centuries that have softly dimmed the bloom of their scarlet and blue and delicate green costumes, standing out against the golden-tinted backgrounds. On the walls of this resplendent Loan Room are various Persian hangings, and the whole area is lined and filled with cases containing rich textile fabrics, among them a fine group of Japanese costumes and other things showing the utmost luxury of art in industry. One may continue here the study of ceramics so well begun in the First Greek Room below, for here may be seen the mysterious *lustre* of the Moorish pottery, the majolica derived from this, the Chinese and Japanese supremacy of color in porcelain, and the products of Dresden, Sèvres, Capo di Monte, Rouen, St. Petersburg, Worcester, Chelsea, Minton, and many another famous factory. There is much that is curious and delightful in the fine Italian medals; the gold, silver, and gems from all quarters of the globe and wrought in many different periods; the "longevity vase" of China, on which the word "longevity" is repeated sixty times in characters of rubies and emeralds set in pure gold; the cloisonné enamels; the cinnabar lacquers; exquisite and unsurpassed Japanese carved bronzes; the rare embroideries and laces; the inlaid Persian brass-work, recalling that which Herodotus mentions as having been sent by Alyattes, the father of Crœsus, to appease the oracle. The influence of these things is prodigious in disseminating knowledge and refinement. The Loan Room and the Egyptian are the most popular on free days—the former because it strikes the universal taste for luxury, the latter because its very antiquity makes it bizarre and novel.

The present building was begun by private subscription. In 1875–76 over $261,000 were given for beginning the structure, besides smaller sums for auxiliary needs. Since then sundry bequests and gifts have enriched the museum's resources, and in the present year some $50,000 more were raised for the building fund. During the year before the collections were moved from the top floor of the Athenæum about 10,000 persons visited them. After they were placed in this more fitting repository the total of one year's visitors was 38,698. This enormous increase was largely due to Saturdays' being made free days, which extended the influence of the institution to precisely those classes who most needed it. The next year (1877), the museum having been thrown open free on Sundays as well, the number of people who came to it was 158,446—four times as many as in 1876, though the building had to be closed for a whole month in 1877 for re-arrangement. On a Sunday the rooms are densely crowded with people, old and young, among whom appear great numbers who clearly have not had much chance to make themselves familiar with works of art hitherto, and some who show but little ready capacity to enjoy them. Yet it is an intently interested crowd, quiet and receptive, and not disposed to make fun of what it can't understand, but seriously trying to learn. Late one Sunday afternoon I lingered there, fascinated by this spectacle almost as much as by the contents of the Loan Room, while the red, sleepy light of a great sunset struck higher and higher through the lofty windows, and played on the tinted and tapestried walls. The people moved about in the deepening shadows unremittingly, gazing until obliged to go. Outside, the sunset, clear and flawless, began to fade as we emerged in a big throng; but the rays of a sunset like that, having once brought the joy of beauty to our eyes, are never wholly lost, though they fade out of



ANTIQUE SCHOOL, UPPER CLASS, BOSTON ART MUSEUM.

sight; and so I think the rays of finer light from the human handiwork which those people had been looking at will never quite leave their minds nor their children's.

But this is not the only way in which life is imparted to the instruction afforded by our museum. Very early in the growth of their plans the trustees aimed at forming a school for the several arts, to be held in the museum building. Scarcely was the new edifice formally opened when Professor William R. Ware, of the Technological Institute—an eager friend to the arts on every occasion—called a meeting and pushed to completion the project, which, owing to lack of funds, had been held somewhat in abeyance. The school was opened in the winter of 1876, under direction of a permanent committee, among whom were Messrs. John Lafarge and William Hunt. To this committee the rooms used for the school are loaned by the museum trustees, who also allow the use of the collections to the students. It was at first expected that the artists on the committee would take an occasional supervision of the school in addition to the work of the regular instructor, Mr. Grundmann, of Antwerp; but this has not yet been done. Mr. Grundmann and his assistants, however, are amply qualified for the work they are doing, and accomplish good results, so far as may be with pupils who are not bound to attend the school more than three months. Each pupil must come at least four times a week, though instruction is given only on three days. He or she is put at first into a room provided with a seductive assortment of casts, from which one is chosen at pleasure by the student, for copying. The drawing made here determines the novice's place in the classes, so that this innocent little process becomes a sort of initiatory torture—a very necessary one, however. There are several grades of classes in drawing and painting from the cast and from life; an evening class for men and boys who draw from the nude; a class recently organized for sketching from draperies of various kinds; and a sketching club among the students for acquiring rapidity and freedom in sketching in oils, crayons, or water-colors. They sit for each other in costume, and this exercise has been found a very good means of counteracting the formality and want of independence which are apt to creep into a school. Moderate fees are charged, and the school—which was started by a guarantee fund—is now a self-supporting institution.

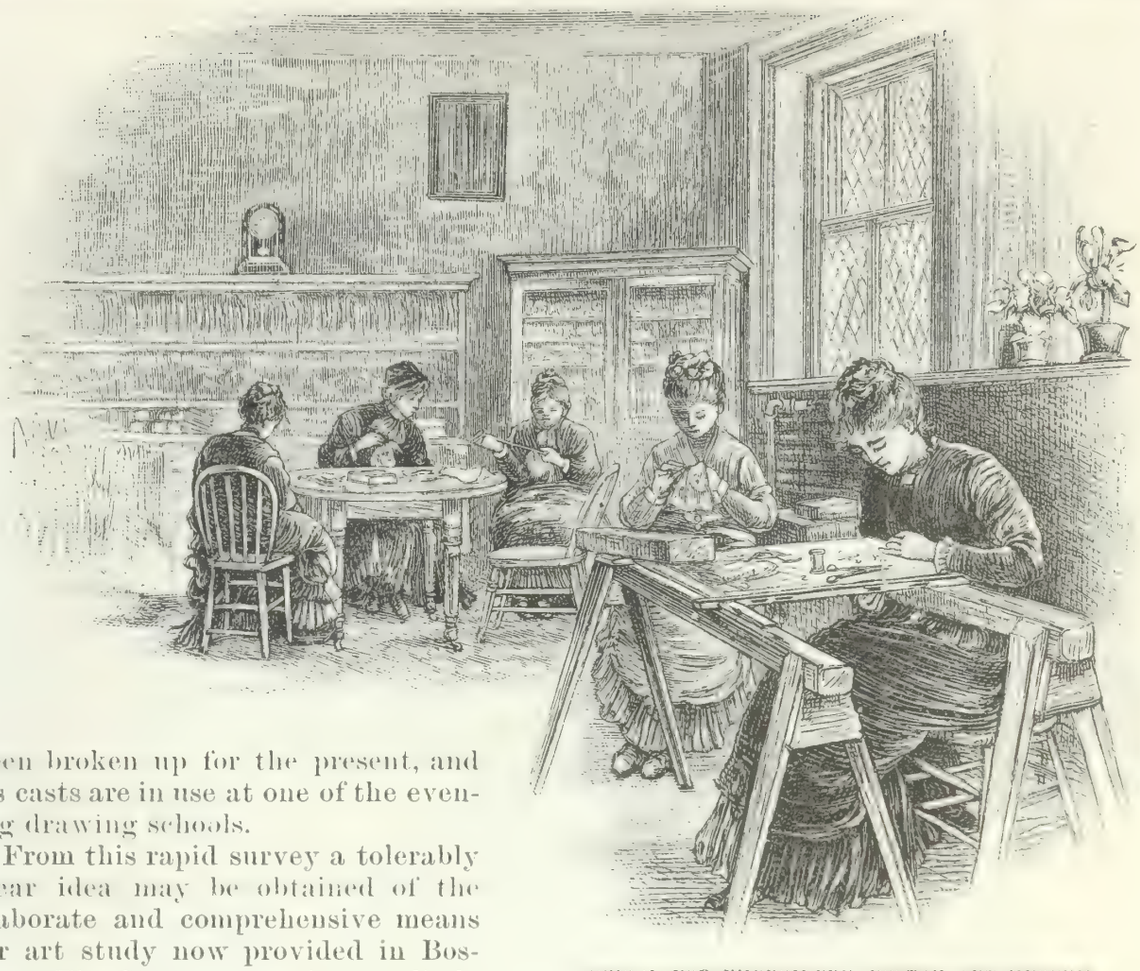
Not content even with this important school, the museum management have adopted a sort of free-trade principle in building



CARVING SCHOOL, BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

up a complete academy of the arts by admitting to their demesne all parties who wish to form a subsidiary art school. Dr. Rimmer, long celebrated in Boston for his wonderful method of teaching anatomical drawing, gives his blackboard lectures in the neighboring Technological Institute as a part of the general scheme of study encouraged by the museum, and has lately added to these a course of anatomical modelling in clay (the germ of a school of sculpture), besides giving lessons in pictorial composition and design which are of the utmost value in developing creative power. During the past winter, also, a school of carving (in wood and stone) and modelling, for women, has been opened in one of the basement rooms of the museum, under the auspices of the Women's Education Association. In this, women who, for the most part, intend to gain a living by the art, labor earnestly for five hours a day, first modelling a form in clay, then cutting it in wood or plaster. They also learn to make plaster casts from their own models, and later in the course make and execute original designs. The teacher is Mr. John Evans, who carved some fine colossal heads of great orators for the Harvard Memorial in Cambridge. The latest addition to the schools is one for art needle-work, which was started by a few ladies interested in developing this branch. This is largely patronized by amateurs, but is intended chiefly for free pupils, who will be able through the knowledge gained in it to obtain profitable employment. If, as Dr. Von Falke maintains, the reform of household art should begin with embroidery, the school ought to accomplish something of great value. Several Boston artists are supplying designs for the pupils gratuitously, and the latter are also to be taught principles for use in producing good designs of their own.

Nothing has been said here about the Lowell Institute School, because that has



SCHOOL FOR EMBROIDERY, BOSTON ART MUSEUM.

been broken up for the present, and its casts are in use at one of the evening drawing schools.

From this rapid survey a tolerably clear idea may be obtained of the elaborate and comprehensive means for art study now provided in Boston. The State system is very little understood even by most residents. A cultivated citizen recently, meeting one of the drawing committee, said, "And so you have got all those children in the public schools at work painting pictures: I don't see what good that is going to do them." The truth is, the system in the schools teaches what has been well defined in one of the reports as graphic science, and not fine art. But, nevertheless, it is scattering far and wide the seed of the fine arts, and is sending out every year thousands of budding men and women whose eyes have been trained to *see*. They will gradually form an immense appreciative body, a great portion of which will also actually be producing something of artistic value. While they are adding to the beauty and value of industrial products, and spreading the refinements of art through the humblest homes, and while some of them may ripen into students of ideal art, the museum schools are at work enlarging the perceptions of luxurious amateurs, and training young painters in the higher order of artistic production. Of course genius can not be made by either scheme of instruction; but these may often aid in bringing it to intelligent and successful use of its powers. In a country of popular institutions no great period of art ought to be looked for which does not count on a thorough public sympathy; and to secure that, all classes should be united. The study of art as now conducted in Boston is founded on this principle.

THE LIFE OF SONG.

Is there any thing on earth,
  Where the strongest are not strong,
Half so feeble in its birth,
  Or so sure of death, as Song?
Frailer blossom never grew,
  Pelted by the summer rain;
Lighter insect never flew—
  Scarcely come ere gone again!
Children, who chase butterflies,
  May pursue it, to and fro;
  Little maids who sigh, "Heigh-ho!"
May deplore it, when it dies;
Loftier deeds to men belong—
    Larger Life than Song!

There is nothing on the earth,
  Where so many things are strong,
Half so mighty in its birth,
  And so sure of life, as Song.
Never pine on mountain height
  So the thunder-bolt defies;
Never eagle in his flight
  Soars with such undaunted eyes!
Conquerors pull empires down,
  Think they will not be forgot;
  But if Song pursue them not,
Time destroys their dark renown:
Nothing is remembered long
    But the Life of Song!

BERG UND THAL.



ALPINE ROSES.

SKETCHES IN TYROL.

III.

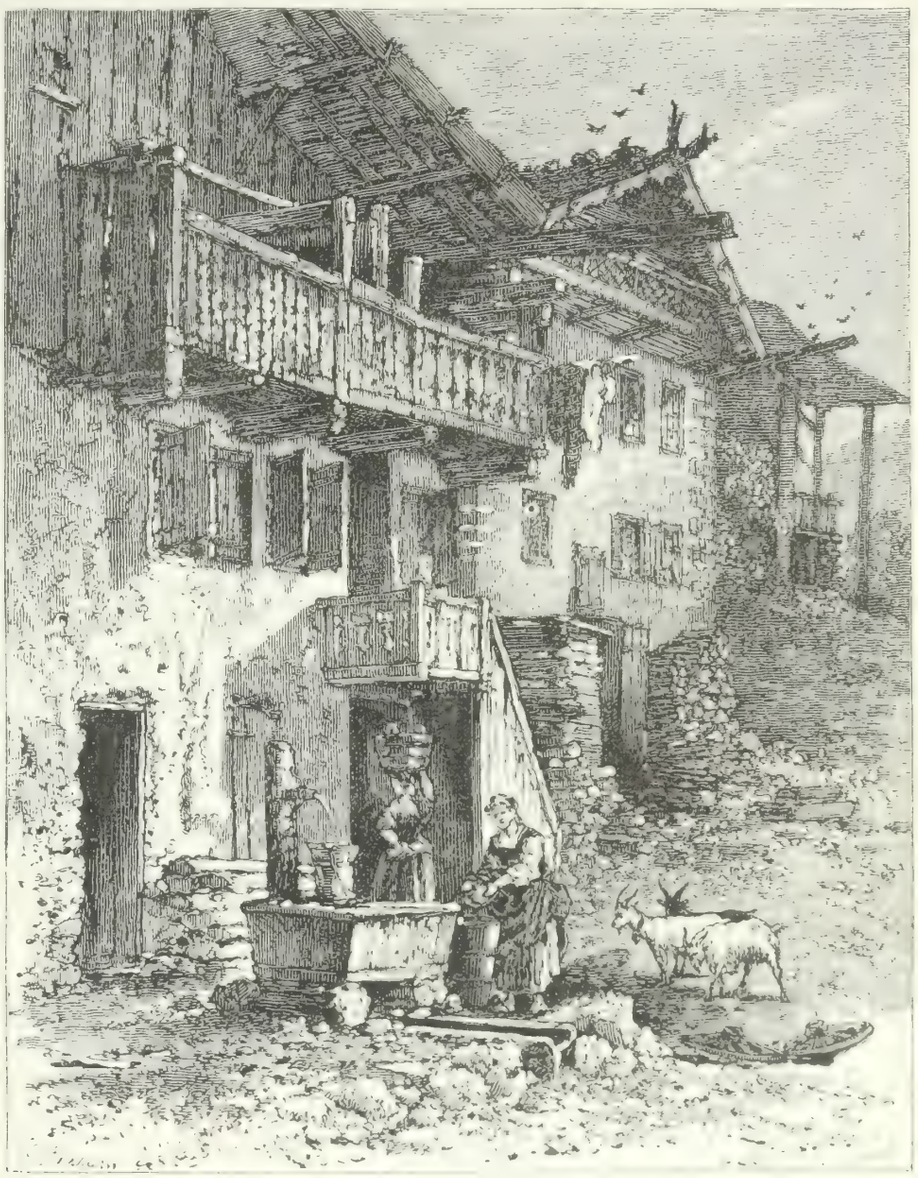
IT is curious to observe how a great railway throws into obscurity the country through which it passes. It plants widely separated centres of civilization here and there along its route, but practically it cuts off its way-side villages from intercourse with the world. In the old diligence days every village between Innsbruck and Botzen was familiar with frequent travel; its post-house was enlivened with throngs of passengers, and its special industry or interest had a public upon which to thrive. The Brenner Railway has changed all this. The great flood of travel between the north and the south is swept unheeding through the valley, only here and there a tourist, tempted by beauty or romance, halting to awaken once more the echoes which have so long been stilled in the guest rooms of the abandoned Gasthaüser.

Railway travel down the valley of the Eisach is eminently satisfying; the rate of speed is slow enough for one to take in intelligently the most attractive features of the landscape; its halts are frequent enough and long enough for one to study the character and the costumes of the peasants gathered about the stations, and one arrives at Botzen with the satisfactory feeling of having "done" the Brenner. Such was our own impression after repeated trial — an impression which might have lasted through life had we not had occasion to learn its inadequacy. How often, I wonder, has our blissful ignorance blinded us to the best our journeyings have had to offer? In this instance our enlightenment came with the drive from Botzen to Waidbruck on such an afternoon as seems generally to be reserved for the occasion of our expeditions. I say it with bated breath lest the fates should overhear me and break the charm, and I even whisper the German's cautionary "nicht berufen." But it is a secret which I can not withhold from my readers that though those who precede us and those who follow us may be saddened with rain and gloom, when we travel the clouds part before our pathway, and give us sunshine and bright flowers and sweet breezes.

The interest of the road begins immediately on leaving the town. The transition from its sombre streets and its arid piazza to the roses and the vine trellises is instant. Soon the narrow plain is passed, and the great walls of the valley draw closer together, leaving at times barely room for road and river and railway. The mountains grow higher and steeper as the valley narrows, and we penetrate a deep and majestic gorge, winding abruptly to right and to left; now veiled in the shades of twilight, now bursting again into sunshine, filled always with the river's roar, and always rich with a grandeur and beauty which one can no more appreciate from the

windows, or even from the observation car of a railway train, than one can appreciate Niagara from the Suspension-Bridge. The form and the substance we may get; but the spirit, the sweetness, the singing of the birds, the fluttering of the leaves, the climbing of the shadows, the life and the still-life—these need the calm and deliberation of slow locomotion. The pleasant greeting of travelling peasants; the clambering of scared goats up the sheer cliffs; the suggestions of the fire-blackened rock where gypsies have camped; the hawk's nest at the top of a dead tree; the strongholds where Hofer and his hardy men contested the passage of the gorge, as the Romans and the Goths had done before them; the degree to which nature, unheeding all the heroic record of history, has drunk up the wasted blood with the simplest vegetation, and holds all these rocks and ravines as pure and fresh as though they had known only the grazing of goats and the soaring of hawks—these come to the apprehension by processes too slow for the railway; not coming, they leave us ignorant of the real essence of remote travel.

The great Gasthaus at which we stopped for hay and coffee is a great ghost-house now, peopled with the memories of the post-



A VILLAGE STREET IN TYROL.

ing days. It still maintains a brave front, gay with flowers, fresh with scrubbing, and always ready for the hurrying throng, which now, alas! sends it but rare and transient representatives. How long this old post-house of Atzwang will continue under its old impetus no one can say. It gets a little foot-weary travel by the high-road, and it is the starting-point for the Kastelruth entrance to the Dolomites; but all this is little for so great a house, and sooner or later "Ichabod" must be written over its doorway.

How many of my readers have ever heard of Waidbruck? If they are told that it is an odd little Tyrol village under the shadow of the mighty Schloss Trostburg, the Roman Acropolis of Sublavione, and the birth-place of Oswald von Wolkenstein, the "Minnesinger," and that at the end of its single



ST. ULRICH.

street a white picket gate opens to let us into the Grödner Thal, they will still have much to learn, for Waidbruck is its only entrance, and though one of the smallest, the Grödner is one of the most curious and most interesting of the valleys of all Tyrol.

Physically, it is a deep score in the steep side of the mountain, eighteen miles long, and 3600 feet higher at its upper than at its lower end. Its population numbers about 3500, which number has not materially varied for ages. Until 1856 this people—always known and always noted—kept up their frequent intercourse with the world and carried to it their abundant wares over the roughest of mountain foot-paths. Now a good carriage road—a marvel of difficult and costly communal engineering—leads down the steep valley to Waidbruck: for us it led up from Waidbruck. Day had deepened to dusk, and dusk to dark, long before we reached its capital village of St. Ulrich—locally and gutturally "Sanght Hulbrich." The Grödner Bach is a roaring torrent, swirling its way between and around angular rocks, and falling in frequent cascades. The close-lying hill-sides are steep and craggy. Here and there, where a little clearing has been possible, a thrifty farmhouse and overflowing barn cling to the acclivity. Every where else thick forest clothes the rocky slopes, and through this humming valley we climb higher and higher, past the little village of St. Peter, past occasional level fields, and through still higher and higher forests of pine and black fir, and

more frequent clearings and lighted windows. The tall straight pines are trimmed of their side branches to make bedding for cattle, but often branches are left near the top to simulate the cross. These stood in frequent silhouette against the clear sky. At a bend of the road there rises suddenly before us, high beyond the great fir-clad mountain-side, towering above the very world, and illumined with the golden glow of sunset, the majestic column of the Lang Kofel, the giant king of the Western Dolomites. Separated from its own surroundings, standing out like red gold above the dark forest and against the deep blue, solitary and unmeasured, a shining blaze of glory, it beckons us on, like the pillar of fire by night, to the wonders of the Promised Land. At last the hills part, the starry sky opens, and the sparkling house lamps of St. Ulrich stretch high up the sides of the broad basin in which the village lies.

At the "White Pony" we found an amiable lisping landlord and an intelligent and friendly Kellnerin ready to serve our comfort and to minister to our wants. All the appliances of maps, horses, guides, and luncheons, and wise advice, were at our disposal for the days of our stay, and all the marvels to which the Grödner Thal leads were before us for a choice.



COSTUME OF BRIDE IN THE GRÖDNER THAL.

The Grödner Thal itself engaged our earliest interest. Its hidden and so long inaccessible fastnesses caught 2000 years ago the reflux of the tide of Northern barbarians which swept down into Italy only to be driven back by Roman valor, and—save where such a sheltered nook as this caught fragments of the fleeing band—to be wiped from the face of the earth. The eddy of Rhætian fugitives, resting among these hills, staid to transmit to our own time the blood, and the hardy qualities, and the roots of a language which only here and there besides has escaped total destruction.

The Northmen held to the mountain valleys—the Grödner, the Gader, and the Fassa—and spread out over the intervening hills. The Romans held the fertile lands along the rivers, and guarded the entrance to the valleys. In time, tempted by the accumulated crops and herds, and by the fertile fields of the Rhætian bands, they encroached upon their domain, usurped their homes, and absorbed their nationality. Hence the mixed race and the mixed speech, which hold their own here better than in the Pyrenees, the Engadine, and elsewhere where the tongue of the troubadours has told of the mingling of Southern and Northern blood, as the two races beat themselves together in mountain warfare. Here, to-day, well within the Austrian domain, and in close intercourse with the world by their active traffic, the descendants of the old Rhæti-Roman heathen hold to their old Romance language with the pride of birthright possessors. And not only here, but all the world over, wherever a Grödner has settled, though he may never see his native hills again, he cherishes his native speech, and makes it the mother-tongue of his children.

It is a musical tongue, and a mixed. There must have been soldiers of fortune in those days as in ours, for Spanish and French roots are plenty in the speech, and these could have come to this distant quarter only by the chance fortune of war. Naturally Ger-



THE WOOD-CARVER.

la intenzionj de mën sī da tlò dëmöz. 'L père partēš la röba, y dà al fi chëll, chë jë tuccòva. 'L fi pòcchè l' hà abu si àrpesonj, sën jël sit da tgèsa dëmöz tënj paîs dalonc. Ilò hà ël scumënça a mënè na slötta vita, y in puech temp s' hà 'l doffàtt dutt chell, chè l'öva giatà da si père.

It is evident at a glance that there is some special source of prosperity in this valley which marks it very distinctly from other parts of Tyrol. It has its own thrifty agriculture and its frugal habits, its untiring industry and its simple mode of life, which go so far to make any people comfortable; but here is more than the comfort of even the best agricultural valleys. A spruce New England air is seen on every hand—in fresh paint, new houses, trim-looking door-yards, and the many minor evidences of good fortune.

The secret of it all is that in the last century the art of *Holzschnitzerei* was introduced among the people, and the manufacture of wooden toys soon became general among them. For a long time this industry has thriven, and has occupied the attention of nearly the whole population. Even the children on coming home from school sit at the bench and cut busily away at the special object to which the talent of their family has been devoted for generations. It may be horses, or cows, or donkeys, or sheep, or cats, or jointed dolls, or soldiers. It is never a variety. The most skillful cat-maker would stand defeated before the smallest wooden soldier. If the mother and the grandmother made donkeys, tradition and family honor compel the child to make donkeys, and donkeys only, and to transmit the species unchanged to succeeding generations. In this way a certain skill, or rather a quick deftness, has been acquired, which has led to most abundant production. Ordinarily the quality of the work is extremely rude; it rarely leads to any thing like artistic performance; but it has sufficed to fill the whole civilized world with the painted wooden toys of the Grödner Thal. For a century or so these wares found their way to market in the packs of the peddlers, who regularly visited all the principal fairs of Europe. Later, dealers in toys established themselves at St. Ulrich, and bought the whole product for ready money. The peddlers turned their attention to other merchandise, and to-day furnish a very large quota of the pack-carriers who peddle the lighter appliances of domestic life.

man words have crept into it by contact, and the Italian of the valleys to the south has also made its mark. But these influences have not sufficed to change its fundamental character, any more than neighborhood, religion, and community have modified the fundamental character of the people themselves; the Grödner is still distinct among Tyrolese, and his valley is still unique.

"A Resident"—evidently a priest with a soul above his beads—has recently published a considerable treatise (*Gröden, der Grödner, und seine Sprache*) which might serve to make the "Ladin," as the people call it, a written language. The composite character is apparent at the very outset.

The numerals are: *Unjn, doi, trëi, catter, cinch, sies, sött, òtt, nuèf, diös; vint* (20), *cënt* (100). Other examples are: *Prim* (1st), *sëcond* (2d), *sëmpl* (single), *dopl* (double).

Jö soy—I am. *Tu jës*—thou art. *El ëila jè*—he is. *Nous soy*—we are. *Vo sëis*—you are. *Ëi ëiles jè*—they are. *Jö fòe*—I was. *Jö soy stàt*—I have been. *Jö fòe stàt*—I had been. *Jö sarè*—I shall be. *El wo mël dà*—he does not give it to me. *'N mël dis*—I am told (one tells me).

Here is the beginning of the parable of the Prodigal Son:

'L FIGLIUOL PRODIGO.

Unj père òva doi fionjs. 'L plu sonn và unj dì da si père, y dis: Père! daēmë la pèrt, chë më tocca, chè hè

With the attachment to their homes which is characteristic of all Tyrolese—and, indeed, of all mountaineers—the profit of their traffic, saved with rare economy, generally serves to increase the comfort of their native homes, and to improve the condition of their families. In this way, as well as directly, the toy industry has been the chief element in the prosperity of the people. Since the road has been opened, the shipment of toys in large packages has been carried on directly from the valley, which is visited by buyers from most distant lands. We saw huge cases marked for Spain, Sydney, and Brazil. Along the valley road and on all the mountain paths we constantly met women and children and old men with back baskets filled with freshly painted toys, all bound for Herr Purger's great Noah's ark of a warehouse.

It indicates what frugal life in Tyrol implies when we find that the evidence of marked prosperity in the Grödner Thal, as contrasted with small valleys where agriculture is the only resource, is chiefly due to a petty industry which brings a return of less than one dollar per week for each member of the population. This is supplemented by the savings of the wandering peddlers, and there is a certain amount of domestic weaving which ekes out the income of many a family; but when all is reckoned, we shall find that the art of money-saving has been a larger factor in the accumulation of Grödner wealth and comfort than the art of money-making.

The wood-carving is not entirely confined to the rude toy-making in which nearly the whole peasantry is employed. There are many carvers of Madonnas and saints—some of them skillful—who find their market wherever the Catholic Church exists. The chief dealer in St. Ulrich has some examples of artistic work, inferior, however, to that of Innsbruck. We visited a carver's shop where an old man and his wife were busy with church effigies, large and small. They were extremely deft and clever in the handling of their many tools, and in the precision with which they cut to the exact line where the desired expression lay hidden. We selected an unfinished group—"The Education of the Virgin"—and sat by while the grave and responsible maternal look was developed in St. Anna's face, and a real learner's interest and curiosity were awakened in the Virgin. It is a rude little block, and we declined to have it "finished;" but it is full of expression. Made without model or drawing, it is real, honest sculptor's work. The trained eye of these people sees the statue in the unhewn wood, and they know how to cut away the chips which conceal it.



TYROLESE COSTUME, VAL SUGANA.

During our wanderings we made quite a complete collection of photographs of Tyrolese costumes, some of them belonging to this valley. The habit with regard to dress varies with the locality. Here and in the Ziller Thal the every-day gear is not especially marked, the full costume being reserved for Sundays and for festivals. In other valleys, at Meran and at Berchtesgaden, the "world's" dress is hardly worn at all by the peasants. Every where the climate seems peculiarly adapted to the growth of flowers and feathers in the hat-bands of men of all classes and of all nations. It is especially pleasing to see a staid, smooth-shaven Englishman, who at home would reprehend the wearing of any thing less than a stiff hat, unbend his rigid lines, deck



A MOUNTAIN PORTER.

himself with light and rolling felt, and sport a cock feather or a bunch of Edelweiss at his crown. It is good, too, to see his side-long glances at the mirrors, and the little wreath of pleasure that winds about his lips at the thought of such rare indulgence.

The costumes are every where interesting. Many of them depend mainly on color, and can not be well reproduced in engraving; but others, as those of Val Sugana, Sarn Thal, etc., are of curious form. Most of them are very old, and they are all worn with traditional pride.

Although the Grödner Thal is the seat of a special industry, its agriculture has all the minuteness and care of that of the rest of Tyrol. The wood-carving does not supplant, it only supplements, the usual work of the farmer. The land is good, irrigation is universal, and the little hill-side fields are very productive. There is only the one wagon road, which leads to the head of the valley, with a few side routes to the lateral gorges, where rude mountain carts—with wheels in front and runners behind—are occasionally used. Nearly the whole transportation of hay and grain from the fields to the commodious barns is over foot-paths, immense loads being laboriously carried on the shoulders of the people, sometimes in large coarse sheets, sometimes in baskets, and sometimes on a sort of rack resting on the head and the back.

St. Ulrich is the best point from which to visit the Seisser Alp, and the Seisser Alp is deemed the best worth visiting of all the high pastures of Tyrol. Its fir-grown brink forms the southern horizon of the Grödner Valley for many a mile, and its great eastern barrier, the Lang Kofel, is nowhere more imposing than here, flanked as it is by the grand Dolomite bank of the Meisules which incloses the head of the valley.

I have been able thus far to withhold my personality and my personal belongings from the attention of my readers. I can do so no longer. The day's adventure which I am about to describe owes some of its important features to my relations with the gentler sex. I am a married man, and my wife, who is large, and whose name is Jane, is the constant companion, the guide—and the check—of my travels. Jane is a person of rare virtues, of quick intelligence, of great force of character, and a conscientious disciplinarian. In my case, if ever, the sound motto is true, that "Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut." I cherish no hope, no ambition openly, which has not had the stamp of her approval. The well-regulated, middle-aged current of my life owes to her sage judgment its even course. The deviations into which, unguarded, I am sometimes led are bent quickly and gently back to the straight path by her soft firm touch. It needs not to be stated that my walk and conversation are unimpeachable.

Jane is in all things intellectual and spiritual my superior. In the art of equitation she is my inferior. Here is my one triumph over her, and henceforth, when I see evidence of undue assumption, I hope that reference to the Seisser Alp will bring her meekly back to her own level.

As we first entered the hall of the White Pony we noticed a side-saddle whose generous measurements seemed to set at rest certain doubts with which we had contemplated the ascent to the flowery meadows.



THE LANG KOFEL, FROM THE SEISSER ALP.

The morning after our arrival a stalwart black horse—Moro—built after the model of the knights' horses in the days of iron armor, stood at the door, his broad loins caparisoned with that noble hog-skin. I never hesitate to put up a nimble girl who floats to the saddle with a touch, but I allowed Moro to be brought alongside a carpenter's bench, whence my sturdy Jane sat down upon him with ease and dignity. The stout back settled to an unaccustomed sway, but nothing broke, and we marched bravely out on our venturesome way. Being mounted, inconvenient doubts began to arise as to dismounting. One who rides for the first time in twenty years can not ride all day without intermission. Having dismounted, how to mount again? We were bound for a region where carpenters' benches do not prevail. The question annoyed us—I say "us" from sympathy—until we had gone quite up to the neighboring village of Santa Kristina, and had left the high-road to cross the brook and take the bridle-path which leads obliquely up the mountain-side. Was it a steep path? Ask Jane if it was steep. I see her now clutching that horn with her bruised knee, that mane with her weary fingers, that apparent summit of the climb with her anxious eyes. I am guiltless of all wish for revenge; our small by-gones may be by-gones; old scores soon heal in my wonted heart; but if there *had* been reckonings to settle, how that long and weary hill would have fed my heart with satisfaction! At last the zigzag course—each zig harder than the last zag—brought us out upon a plain, an inclined plain, beyond whose distant rim projecting tree-tops told of level ground. Our guide—voluble in Ladin but halting in German—was a mute spectator of our woe. The only comfort he could suggest was a cooling spring in the edge of the Alp where we might rest and be consoled. In



TYROLESE COSTUME, SARN THAL.

time we had finished our first two hours' travel, and were fairly on the first pastures of the Seisser Alp, 2000 feet above St. Ulrich, and only 4000 below the summit of the Lang Kofel, which rose like a huge fortress tower almost across our path.

The spring reached, my own thirsty lips lay easily over its brimming flow; but the memories of even twice twenty years gave Jane no precedent for this method of imbibition, and she sat like Tantalus at the brink of the flood without the power to drink. My life has been marked by many acts of conjugal devotion, but the humility with which I carefully ate out a hard-boiled egg from its shell with the point of my penknife, and filled the tiny cup again and again, until the cravings of my bride had been sated, must stand recorded against the day when I shall need special indulgence. We drank and we ate, and we held council. We stood at the entrance of a land whose praises had long been sung in our ears—a land of many cattle, of flowers uncounted, and flowing with a very tide of the richest milk. The air was filled with the melody of tinkling bells, the sun rode warm in the September sky, and the smoke of Sennerin's huts floated over the trees. To go on or to turn back—that was the question which racked us. The other descent was not harder than the way by which we had come, but it lay miles on beyond the hills and valleys we had come to see. Too wise for that, I ventured no advice, but I rejoiced in her stout heart when my tried wife decided to mount her steed and follow her venturesome day to its end. Even a woman's decision is not always achievement, and to place that form again in its seat needed more than mental exertion. The fences, the bar-ways, the stumps, and the stones which we tried and found inadequate, it would be tedious to recount. At last we succeeded, the guide and I, by dint of our combined pushing, in forcing Moro close alongside a sufficient rock, and in holding him there until his charge was seated.

On level ground all went well, and downhill work was easy enough, but the frequent steep climbs, as we came out of gullies and up the banks of deeply furrowed brooks, tested the endurance of that fond frame, and lined the kind face with anxious thought as to the coming hours.

Yet even personal inconvenience and dread could not dull us to the glories by which we were surrounded. For miles away to the south and west, accentuated by dark tree-filled valleys, rolled the green billows of this glorious summer pasture, dotted with cattle, radiant with wild flowers, and traversed by the slow-moving shadows of clouds. Hundreds of huts and barracks shelter its people and its hay, and thousands of cattle feed over its unfenced expanse.

The Lang Kofel, the Plat Kofel, and the jagged little peaks of the Horse Teeth guard its eastern side, and the Rosengarten and the ponderous horned reef of the Schlern wall out the world at the south. One is more in the heart of the Dolomites at Cortina, but nowhere so impressed with their characteristic and solitary grandeur as here.

We had counted largely upon milk for our food in this excursion, and we made our next halt at the hut of a Sennerin who combines the entertainment of chance travellers with her dairying industry. We took seats on a porch at the shady side of the house, and at a table where two cowherds sat facing each other, eating "Schmarn" and milk from the same earthen basin. A similar basin of milk was set between us, and two iron spoons were furnished us. Preceding writers on Tyrolean travel had emphasized the badness of the food, and a thoughtful friend in New England had kindly urged on our acceptance a dyspeptic preparation of parched and sweetened wheat meal with which to supplement our insufficient provender. This had lain unused and unneeded in our sachel all the way from home. Its time had now come, and we

soaked it, according to prescription, in our milk.

The cowherds, finishing their meal, rose from the table, crossed themselves, stood facing the east, and devoutly repeated a long prayer, with due genuflection and bowing of the head, and then trudged away to their work. The woman of the house showed us her simple summer dairy and her loom, inspected our novel outfit, and sent us on our way rejoicing. She could spare no hay for our horses, and we marched on to the hut of a bald and barefooted little old man, who made us welcome, and stood in blue-eyed wonder as we told him we had come from beyond the great sea. His loft not only fed our beasts, it furnished Jane a fragrant couch, where for two hours she slept away the weariness of her saddle, and awoke refreshed for her further ride.

This was my first Alpine dairy, and a very good example it was of the summer home of the mountain cow-tender, with an open hearth in the smoky front-room, and a comfortable-looking bed in the milk-room. The old man makes both butter and cheese from a herd of a dozen cows, and his employer sends regularly from Kastelruth to fetch the product to market. For five months the cows are kept here in the mountains, and during the hay-making season the whole vast alp is gay with throngs of young men and women, with work and music and dancing. When we saw it the harvest was over, and only the cattle-tenders were left. In another month it would be quite deserted, its great elevation — from 5000 to 7000 feet — subjecting it to early killing frosts. It is a compact rolling plateau of the richest grass land, varied by occasional woods, thirty-six miles in circuit, and belongs mainly to the neighboring communes of Seiss and Kastelruth.

We took up our homeward march about the middle of the afternoon, and struck across over the hills toward the rough cart track which leads through the wild Saltaria Gorge into the Gröden Valley some distance below St. Ulrich. Jane's comfort did not increase — indeed, her sufferings did not cease — but she is a woman, and when she had given to her sensations the varied articulate expression with which she is so richly gifted, she relapsed into her most eloquent condition of silent and enduring fortitude, which, more than any spoken words, tears my heart with the consciousness that I have, all by my own blundering, masculine obtuseness, led her a sad and sorry dance, whose last echoes I am far from having heard.



TYROLESE MAID SPINNING.

However, the magnificent view we gained of the far-away snow-fields of the Oertler Mountains, bordered at one side by the great gray precipice of the Schlern, and at the other by the green slope and pine-clad crest of the Putlatsch, could be trusted to remain and delight her memory long after the bruising and straining of the ride had been forgotten; so I was sure of my final recompense. Then, too, with all her greater qualities, she has feminine traits which are always available, under skillful manipulation, to divert her attention from her own discomfort. Babies, dogs, cats, and donkeys hold the key to her most hidden heart, and even horses are extremely useful in emergency. I have never found that horses are



THE GLACIER OF MARMOLATTA.

especially fond of clover heads. Offered a handful of grass containing them, it is not these which they first select. Yet so firm is her conviction that a tuft of red clover blossoms is the last desire of the horse's palate that I can calm her wildest moods by indulging her in this pet fiction. How she would ever have made the long and really trying descent to the valley, had I not kept her Moro supplied with these talismanic tidbits, I do not know. Thus diverted, she came blandly down, and I laid her bruised form, sore with seven hours' riding, on the best feather-bed at the Pony, happy in the thought that I had mitigated to a marked degree her unexpressed chidings for my ill-judged exploit.

The next expedition I made by myself with a guide. Two hours of slow driving took us up the steep road through Santa Kristina and Santa Maria to Plan, at the very head of the valley, where at a height of over five thousand feet a curly-headed Rip Van Winkle keeps a pleasant-looking inn and a small farm. While my horse was being fed we sat on the balcony together, and chatted about his possessions and his easy-going life. It was with real glee that he lay back in his chair and pointed to a little army of women and girls, gay with all the colors of Grödner clothing, reaping merrily in his small grain field. He was evidently in the early stages of inherited prosperity, and life was all "happy-go-lucky" for him. Hidden away in this obscure corner of the world, he is likely to be his own most frequent customer, and his sturdy Gretchen already shrugs her shoulders over his unthrifty ways.

My destination, the Coll di Rondella, was an hour and a half away—up in the sky. It is a "compromise" ascent, an ascent to be made in the saddle, where a guide is taken only as a matter of courtesy, an easily reached eminence which suffices to save the reputation of one who visits a mountain region without tempting the Fates by crag scrambling. It suited my own ambition precisely, and I rode up the steep, rough bridle-path with the feeling that I was performing an easy and pleasant duty. Much of the route lies over the broken Alps, between the Lang Kofel and the Meisules—here close neighbors and infinitely grand—and touches nearly the summit of the Sella Pass. Close beside the pass rises a steep mamelon of a hill, grass-grown to its summit, and so much lower than the great peaks about it that it seems only recently to have attracted the notice of travellers. Its last declivity is too steep for riding, and is trying to unhardened legs. I was beginning to toil and blow when the guide taught me quite a new use of that noble animal the horse. Hitherto I had regarded his tail as a merely ornamental, or at best as a fly-whipping, member. I now, for the first time, learned its value as a tow-line. Grasping it with



LIENZ, PUSTER THAL.

both hands, I found it an efficient mitigator of my labor, and I came fresh and happy to the top.

The sky was clear, and I stood literally amid the glories of the upper world. The tiny houses of Campidello nestled in the sunshine far down in the Fassa Thal. A little stretch of dull Alpine grass and moss lay all about; and beyond this, to the far-away horizon on every side, was spread out a turmoil and wilderness of mountain more magnificent and impressive than any sight that had ever greeted my eyes before. The vast grim glacier of the Marmolata was close before us, the conical peak of Tofana shut out the Ampezzo Valley, and the giants of Tyrol, from Vorarlberg to the Carinthian border, from the Ober Pinzgau range to the Venetian Alps, stood in thick array on every side. With a later and more difficult experience in my mind, I commend the Coll di Rondella to those who would see this company of mountains all unshorn of their grandeur, their majesty measured by the stern scale of the overtopping Lang Kofel and the Titanic peaks of the Sella, which stand out a full half mile above their fringe of stunted pines. Its easy climb was the best-rewarded excursion that I made in Tyrol.

The constant down-hill drive to Waidbruck in broad daylight revealed the superb details of this most charming of mountain roads, which our evening ascent had hardly more than suggested. It is as picturesque as the Wissahickon and as grand as the White Mountain Flume, and every where noisy with the rush of the mad Grödner Bach, which pours its foaming flood through a channel piled with huge rocks. Its scenery is unique among mountain valleys, as are its people among the secluded communities of the far-away corners of the world.

We had regarded the Puster Thal too lightly. One is disposed to consider a valley where a railway has been built as necessarily tame and unromantic. Even our knowledge of the wild route of the Brenner road had not chastened us of this heresy.

The Puster Thal is in its way unsurpassed. Beginning at Franzensfeste, 2500 feet above the sea, it climbs on to a height of over 4000 feet at the Toblach plain, and thence descends to 2450 feet at Lienz. It is the main stem of the chief system of valleys in Southeastern Tyrol; the entrance to the Pfunder Thal, Gader Thal, Taufers Thal, Antholzer Thal, Pragser Thal, Höllensteiner Thal, Sexen Thal, Villgratten Thal, Isel Thal, Möll Thal, Kalser Thal, Virgen Thal, and Tauren Thal.

> "And these vales have smaller vales,
> And these have vales to feed 'em."

These are the main arteries of a vast network of mountain valleys reaching up to the region of the scantiest summer grass, peopled with eager farmers, who cling to the last patch of ground, no matter how high or how steep, which promises even the most meagre means of subsistence.

Whence these peoples came it would be hard to trace, even through their dialects, and the dialect sometimes changes in the same valley. Like the Grödnerthalers, they are probably the descendants of the mixed crowds of refugees who were stranded here when the Northern armies were driven back by the Romans. Whatever they are in origin, they have become genuine Tyrolese, with all the acquired characteristics of a hardy mountain race. They have yielded to the conditions which have every where moulded the natures of their fellow-countrymen. Yet the inherent germ has not been changed, blood and tradition still assert their force, and the distinctions which are indicated by speech and by costume have their root in fundamental distinctions of character. It adds very much to the interest of all Tyrolean travel, which looks beneath the mere surface show of scenery and dress, to inquire into the composite influences by which mankind has been made what it is in these valleys, what original traits still assert their vitality, and what force "environment" has exerted to mould different races toward a common type.

Physically the Puster Thal yields nothing in grandeur or in interest to its most noted rivals. It is quite different—different from them all—and it would be senseless to attempt a detailed comparison between it and them. It is idyllic, grand, pastoral, gorge-like, broad, simple, and romantic by turns, but even in its simplest phases it is never without the charm of the finest mountain surroundings. Its northern side valleys run quite up into the heart of the Grosser Venediger and Gross Glöckner range, and tap its glaciers for their brooks. At the south it skirts along the outlying spurs of the Dolomites, which lift their mysterious fronts far over its bordering hills, and shed into its bosom the uncanny light with which they reflect each setting sun.

Beautiful though the Puster Thal is in itself, it borrows even greater beauty from the branches which it sends back into the mountains. Every point is full of interest. It has no considerable industry save its agriculture, and a few quiet small towns scattered here and there suffice for its commerce. Yet Amthor's *Tyrol Guide* devotes ninety-four closely printed pages to little else than an abbreviated cataloguing of what it has to offer to the tourist. A whole busy summer would not nearly suffice for the exploration of most enticing attractions, to which it is the principal entrance.

It served in our case as the road to the Ampezzo Valley, and it attracted us by another object of pilgrimage, interesting in every corner of the world where the English language is read.

William and Mary Howitt—the most married names of our literature—have long set up their summer tent at Dietenheim, at the mouth of the Taufers Thal. Thither we went to claim one ray of their genial sunshine before their declining day shall have set forever. In a fine old château, from which the high-well-born owners have fled, and which now serves the modest uses of a farm-house, they have taken the handsomer apartments for their cool and quiet retreat.

Their salon might be, for its size, the Rittersaal of a castle, but it is filled now with flowers and fresh air and smiling light, and with the simple furniture of the temporary home, where these genial, active, and happy octogenarians speed away the mellow days of summer with their books and their friends. One gets from an hour passed with them an insight into the happy possibilities of ripe old age, and looks forward with a fresh interest to the time when one's own long downhill of life shall bring good and sweet reward for the work of the busier years. We certainly turned away from their door forever happier for the light they had shed across our path.

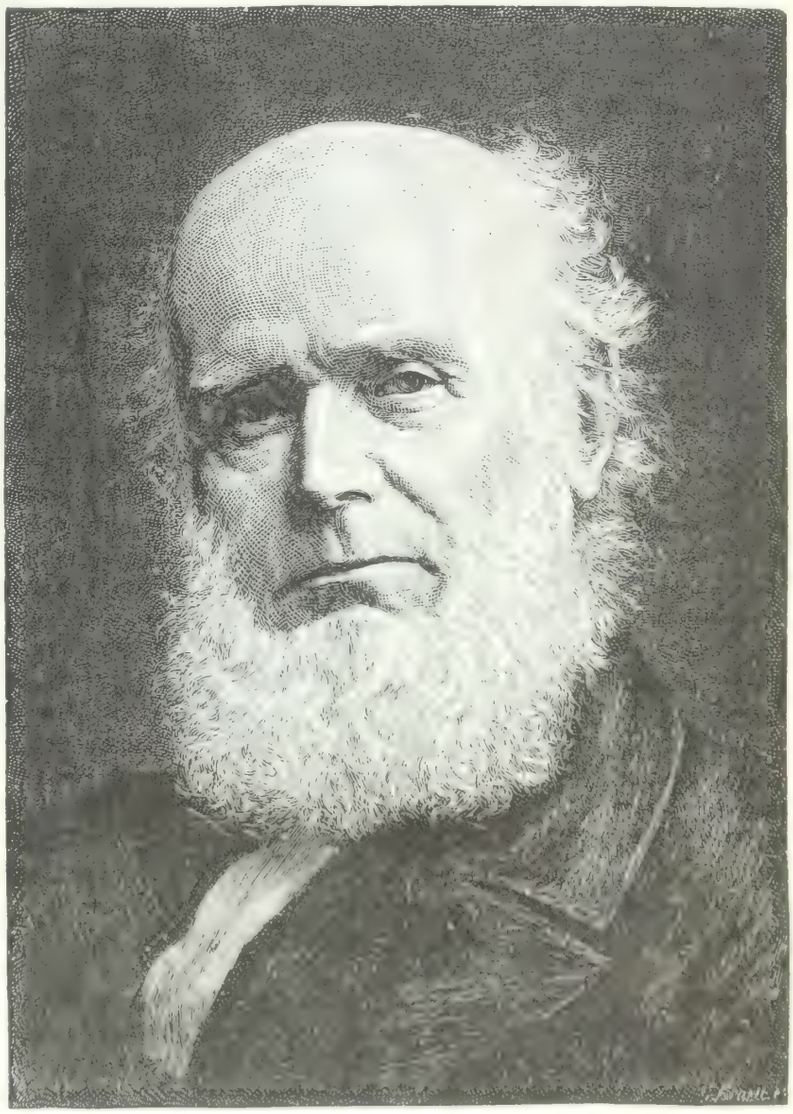
The Taufers Thal—a broad flat plain reaching back to the foot of the snow mountains—had just now been the scene of a geologic event which spread wide disaster through its community. The same deluge of rain which did such havoc in the Ziller Thal, on the opposite slope of the mountain, so saturated the hanging bank of one of the narrower gorges of this valley that its added weight tore it away from the rock, and it fell in an enormous land-slide, forming a high dam across the chasm. The waters rose behind the barrier and accumulated in a vast lake, burying deeply the farms and houses of the people. Rising to the brink of the dam, it poured over the soft and unstable deposit. It was like "the beginning of anger." The soft earth melted away, and the whole accumulated flood came pouring down into the plain, dealing destruction on

every hand, washing away field and forest, sweeping long-established houses from the face of the earth, covering miles of cultivated land with the barren wash of the hills, and filling the valley with desolation. Unlike the people of the Ziller Thal, these peasants had little accumulated wealth, and their misfortune is absolute. It will take generations of toil and frugality to repair the damage of this swift calamity.

European communities have one great advantage of which we are deprived, in the fact that they had been long established before the advent of the railway, and had provided themselves with good and permanent carriage roads. There runs through the Puster Thal, all the way from Franzensfeste to Lienz, a smooth, hard, macadamized road, over which the post service used to be performed, and which, now that through travel and transportation have taken to the rail, remains as a last connecting link between the thrifty villages with which it is lined. It is a most charming tourist's driveway, and its many old posting inns are still ready with their comfortable cheer. Mühlbach, Bruneck, Neumdorf, Toblach, Innichen, and Lienz, and the many minor villages, offer each its own attractions, and each is surrounded by its peculiar points of interest.

With two good horses and a travelling carriage for the main journey, and saddles for side excursions, a congenial couple might find in this vale of beauty the means for passing the pleasant months of the year in most serene and satisfying enjoyment. The notable wonders of the country are available to the more rapid tourist; but time, the chiefest element of a real appreciation of such characteristic scenery and of such a characteristic population, can be secured only by the compulsory slowness of driving or walking. Travellers by rail are never absorbed by the country through which they pass. Speed carries one unheeding over the surface of all local life, and scenes change too swiftly for us to get the local flavor. The best of all is to walk, to halt and chat at the doors of peasants' houses, to dawdle away the hours at way-side Gasthäuser, and to burrow slowly into the tranquil spirit of the people. But Jane is averse to walking, and I am glad to compromise with the Einspänner. I get the compensation that we need not halt for every baby of this prolific land, nor pull clover heads for every sage donkey that we meet.

It is not every valley that ends as charmingly as does the Puster Thal, which spreads out into a broad and fertile plain at Lienz — a mountain-embowered Arcadia, quite at the far end of the active world—through which a railway passes, it is true, but where even the current of tourists is unknown.



WILLIAM HOWITT.

Few valleys, too, end at the gates of such magnificence, for at Lienz is the entrance to the wild pass of Heiligenblut, where a veritable vial of the blood of the Crucifixion works its miracles at the high altar, and whence starts the rugged climb to the Franz Joseph Höhe, and that greatest of all Tyrol peaks, the Gross Glöckner, which dominates the whole land.

Where else than at Tolbach can one step out from the door of a good modern hotel and stroll into such a deep slit in the mountain-side as that which opens the way to the very heart of the Ampezzo Dolomites?

THE PIANO AND ITS ANTECEDENTS.



THE PIANO ON THE FRONTIER—OFFICERS' QUARTERS ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

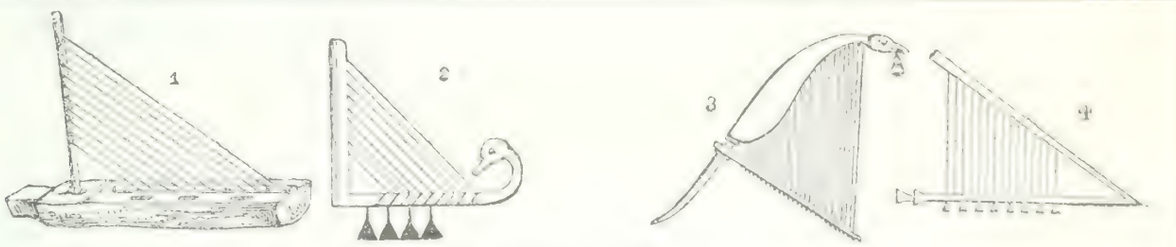
"THE social importance of the piano," said Thalberg, in his remarks to the musical jury of the London Exhibition of 1851, "is, beyond all question, far greater than that of any other instrument of music. One of the most marked changes in the habits of society, as civilization advances, is with respect to the character of its amusements. Formerly nearly all such amusements were away from home and in public; now, with the more educated portion of society, the greatest part is at home and within the family circle, music on the piano constituting the greatest portion of it. In the most fashionable circles of cities private concerts increase year by year, and in them the piano is the principal feature. Many a man engaged in commercial and other active pursuits finds the chief charm of his drawing-room in the intellectual enjoyment afforded by the piano. In many parts of Europe this instrument is the greatest solace of the studious and the solitary. Even steam and sailing vessels for passengers on long voyages are now obliged, by the fixed habits of society, to be furnished with pianofortes, thus transferring to the ocean itself something of the character of home enjoyments. By the use of the piano many who never visit the opera or the concerts become thoroughly acquainted with the choicest dramatic and orchestral compositions. This influence of the piano is not confined to them, but extends to all classes; and while considerable towns have often no orchestra, families possess the best possible substitute, making them familiar with the finest compositions. The study of such compositions, and the application necessary for their proper execution, may be and ought to be made the means of greatly improving the general education, habits, and tastes of piano students, and thus exerting an elevating influence in addition to that refined and elegant pleasure which it directly dispenses."

This just tribute to the piano may be set against the torture inflicted by soulless thrumming upon it by girls whose parents have selected it as what they shall "take," in obedience to that dictum of fashion that no female child must reach the age of matrimony without possessing an "accomplishment" wherewith to exhibit to the casual visitor. Accomplished executants are few; those who play "a little," but have expression and touch, are fewer; while the thrummers are a host. The usual course is unwilling practice at boarding-school or at home until marriage: then housekeeping closes the piano lid. Judged by any artistic standard, or by the hard rule of worldly sense, the waste in all this is enormous; yet

pleasure and culture are relative, and out of "Bonnie Doon," "Money Musk," the "Virginia Reel," and others of "mother's tunes," people who can not distinguish a tuned from an untuned instrument may perhaps derive a satisfaction, unlike that of the ambitious mamma who is the business support of the piano-maker, which makes the investment profitable.

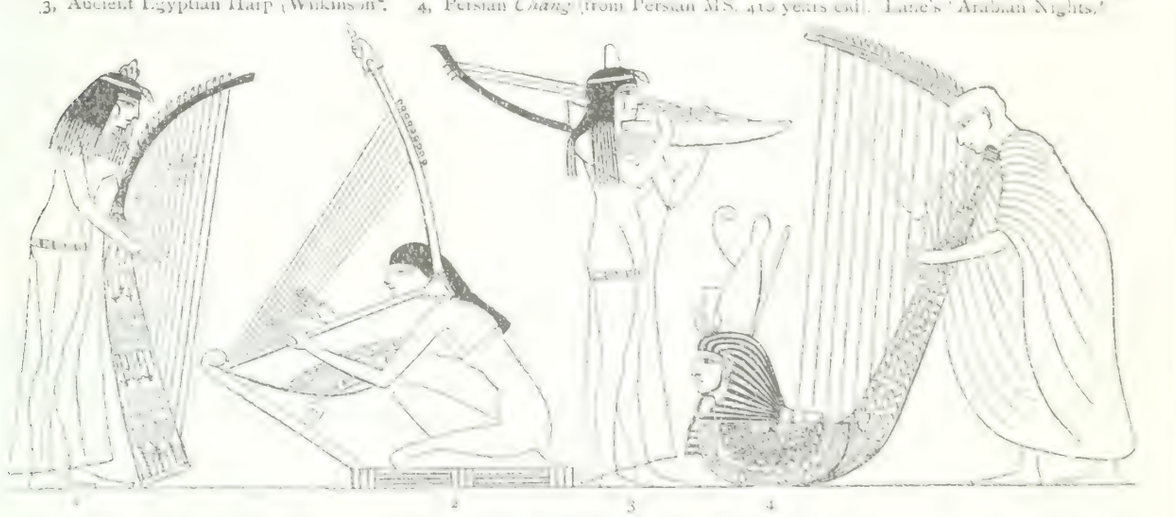
The four largest cities of the United States have about 125 piano-makers, and the aggregate number of pianos annually produced is about 30,000; their price to the public ranges from $150 to $1500 each, aggregating, perhaps, ten or twelve millions of dollars. In 1852 the 180 English makers were producing 1500 grands, 1500 squares, and 20,000 uprights; but the English prices are lower than the American, the best grands costing $750, the squares $175 to $250, the ordinary uprights $225 to $350. These prices are less than one-half of those of first-class American instruments; but the American piano is heavier and more thorough in construction, better able to resist climatic changes, and is the best in the world.

What becomes of all the pianos? Strangely enough, the makers all appear to thrive: failures among them are rare, and it is not uncommon for them in the dullest of times to report themselves unable to keep up with their orders. Every concert hall and steam-ship must have a piano; every hotel at least one; every public school must have several; the young ladies' "institute" of the day jingles with them, sometimes using as many as thirty; and the piano has come to be so established an article of furniture in private parlors that the lack of it attracts notice, and often elicits apology as well. The melodious life of the instrument is, perhaps, five to twenty years, according to quality and usage. Its sounding life may be twice that time, the piano of to-day greatly surpassing in tenacity its predecessor of twenty years age. From the first downward step, when it becomes "second-hand," it begins the secondary existence of going out on hire, the number constantly thus "out" in New York city alone being three or four thousand. Thus used, played tenderly by those whom hard poverty restricts to this imperfect gratification of their musical desires, or cruelly thumped by others whose earthy souls have no music in them, no vivid imagination is needed to see the unhappy wandering instrument—a victim to players, owners, and cartmen—bemoaning the memory of its earlier and more artistic days. Old pianos can not disappear in crevices, as pins and needles do; their natural destination is the lumber-room and garret, where dust and cobwebs and memories gather upon them, and dreamy children steal to them and softly play imaginary melodies. Possibly the time may come when the rage for the antique, now expending itself upon pottery, will bring out the old pianos and give them market value, their unlikeness to the instruments then in use being sufficient to give them novelty—



TRIANGULAR HARPS.

1, Ancient Egyptian Harp, from instrument in Egyptian Museum, Florence. 2, Ancient Egyptian Harp (Wilkinson). 3, Ancient Egyptian Harp (Wilkinson). 4, Persian *Chang* (from Persian MS. 413 years old. Lane's 'Arabian Nights.'

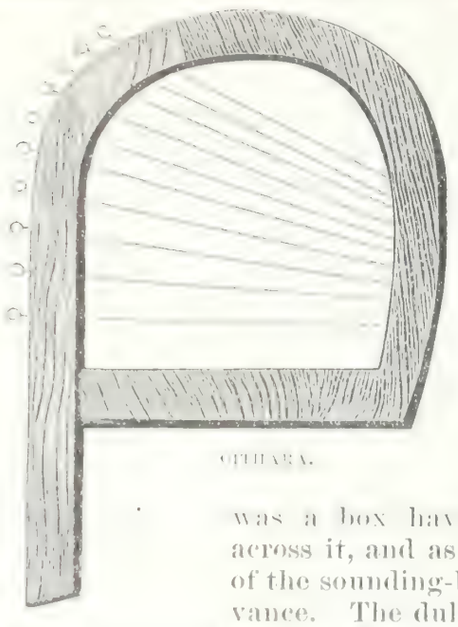


VARIOUS FORMS OF EGYPTIAN HARPS (ROSELLINI).

1 and 3, Portable Harps for single use. 2, Orchestral Harp. 4, From painting at Thebes, on tomb of Rameses III., discovered by James Bruce.



EGYPTIAN LYRE.



CITHARA.

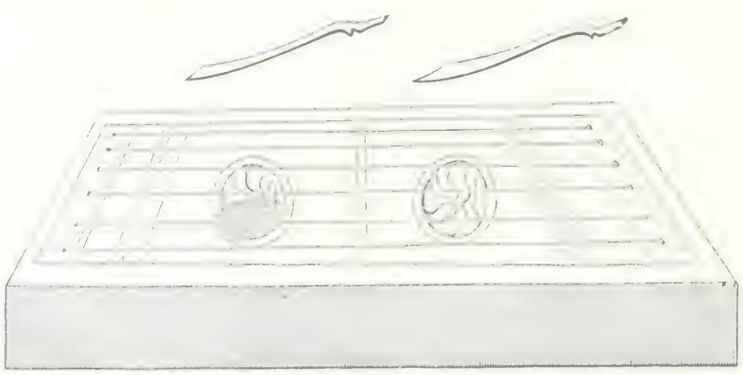
for novelty is not newness but unfamiliarity.

The germ of the piano, as of all other stringed instruments, was the first use of a stretched string to produce a sonorous vibration, and all that essentially distinguishes one from another the members of the family of stringed instruments is the method of setting the string in vibration. One legend relates that the god Mercury, walking along the Nile after its subsidence, discovered the musical string by hitting his foot against the shell of a dead tortoise across which several filaments of cartilage had dried and stretched in the sun. Another legend refers the invention to the bow of Apollo, and this seems more probable, for whoever first drew the bow could not have failed to notice the twang of the string. The ancients had a variety of simple stringed instruments. Mural paintings in a Theban sepulchre, supposed to be that of Rameses III., show elaborate harps, which differ in shape from those of to-day chiefly in lacking the front pillar; and harps have been found whose catgut strings were still capable of producing sound after three thousand years of darkness and silence.

The early lyre is supposed to have differed from the harp in having its strings carried over a bridge—a mode of construction still followed. These instruments were played either with the fingers "a-pickin' on de string," or with the plectrum; this was sometimes a small piece of bone, held in the fingers, and used to *snap* the string, and sometimes a short stick like a diminutive drumstick, with which the strings were struck. The cithara was a small instrument shaped like a large P, with ten strings across the oval part, tuned by pegs at the left. The psalterium differed little from this except in its shape, which was either square or triangular. In manuscripts dating from the ninth to the eleventh centuries David is always figured as playing on the square psalterium, but later than the twelfth century as playing on the harp. The psaltery, very popular during the Middle Ages, was a box having the strings stretched across it, and as it contained the principle of the sounding-board, it was a decided advance. The dulcimer was similar, but larger, both instruments being played with the plectra. These ancient instruments are still perpetuated in the little toy for children, sometimes made with a key-board in imitation of the piano, in which strips of glass or sonorous metal are struck with little hammers, producing a very melodious note. In "The Squire of Lowe Degre"—a romaunt of the fifteenth century—we are told that

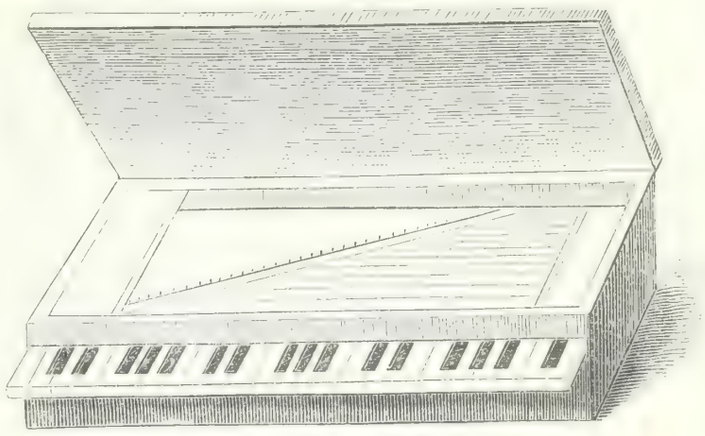
> "There was myrth and melody,
> With harp, getron, and sautry,
> With rote, ribible, and clokarde,
> With pypes, organs, and bumbarde,
> With other minstrels them amonge,
> With sytolphe and with sautry songe,
> With fydle, recorde, and dowcemere,
> With trompette, and with claryon clere,
> With dulcet pypes of many cordes."

Next came the class of key-board instruments which preceded the piano. The clavicitherium, or keyed cithara, appearing about the year 1300, was a box with a cover. It had catgut strings, and keys which simply lifted the plectra for striking the strings. The clavichord, also called monochord and clarichord, had brass strings, which were struck by a brass wedge called a tangent; this wedge partly lifted the string, thus forming practically a second bridge so long as the key was held down. Staccato passages were well rendered by it; and by further depressing the key after the blow had been struck the tangent could be



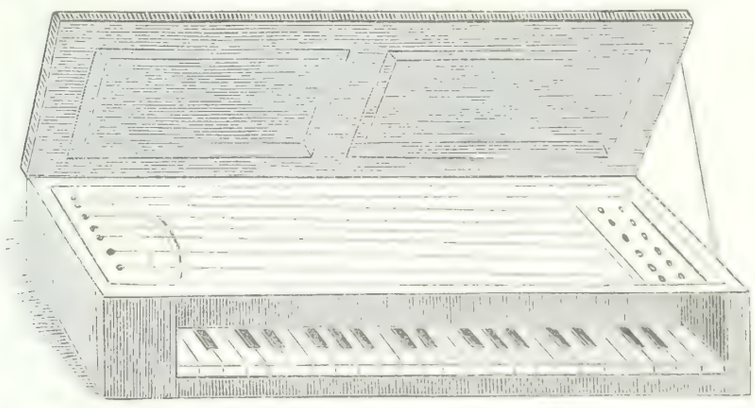
DULCIMER.

made to further lift the string, thus tightening it and raising its pitch, so as to give greater prominence to the melody. Mozart carried a clavichord as part of his baggage, and Bach—whose "well-tempered clavichord" is a familiar title—preferred it to the piano, which he did not live to see developed. One biographer says that "he found it the most convenient for the expression of his most refined thoughts."



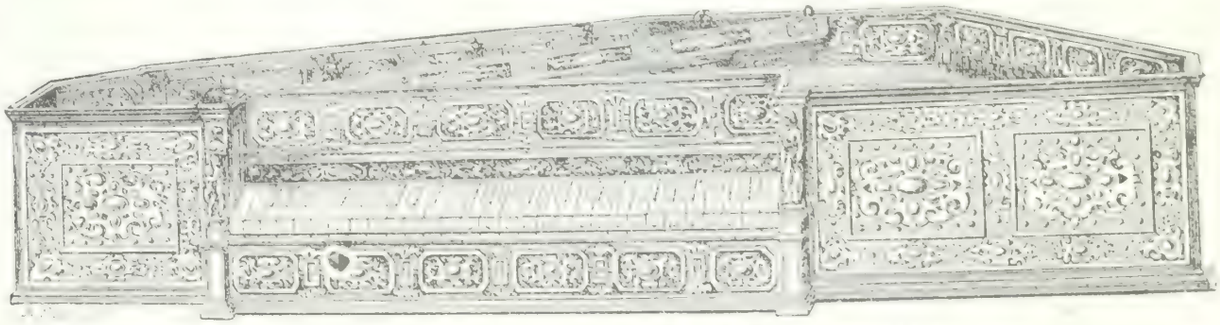
CLAVICITHERIUM.

Next came — immediately preceding the piano —the virginal, the spinet, and the harpsichord. They had brass strings, but the plectra were quills fastened in pieces of wood called jacks, this latter name being still retained in the piano "action." The movement of the quill was a *nibbing* of the string; it rose up past the string, freeing it, and there remained until taking the finger from the key allowed it to drop. The spinet differed little from the virginal. The harpsichord was of larger size, and sometimes had two key-boards. The name virginal is associated by some with hymns to the Virgin; by others it is supposed to have been given in compliment to Queen Elizabeth. At least the instrument was very popular in England. Henry VIII. delighted in playing it. His daughters Mary and Elizabeth, as well as Mary of Scotland, were players of it, and items for repairing virginals and giving instruction on them appeared frequently in the memoranda of royal expenses. A book alleged to have been Elizabeth's virginal book, and an instrument alleged to have been her virginal, are still preserved. A poem descriptive of the public entry of Queen Anne, wife of James VI., into Edinburgh, May 19, 1590, mentions that "viols and virginalls were their." Spenser speaks of his beloved as "playing alone careless on her heavenlie virginalls;" and Shakspeare, in a sonnet, mentions "those jacks that nimble leap to kiss the tender inward of thy hand," and of "those dancing chips o'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait."



CLAVICHORD.

In appearance the virginal resembled a very small piano; sometimes it was made without legs, and a few small specimens resemble a large music-box. Both the virginal and the spinet were often richly adorned with gold, paintings, and jewels. A story is told that Salvator Rosa, for a wager, made his old harpsichord, not worth a scudo, worth a thousand by painting a landscape with figures on its lid. The virginal said to have belonged to Mary of Scotland, still preserved, is of oak, inlaid with cedar, and ornamented with gold and paintings. The virginal continued in use until the eighteenth century, and one of the latest notices of it is found in the London *Post* of July 20, 1701, that "this week a most curious pair of virginals, reckoned the finest in England, were shipped off for the Grand Seigneur's seraglio." So common did the instrument become that old Pepys,

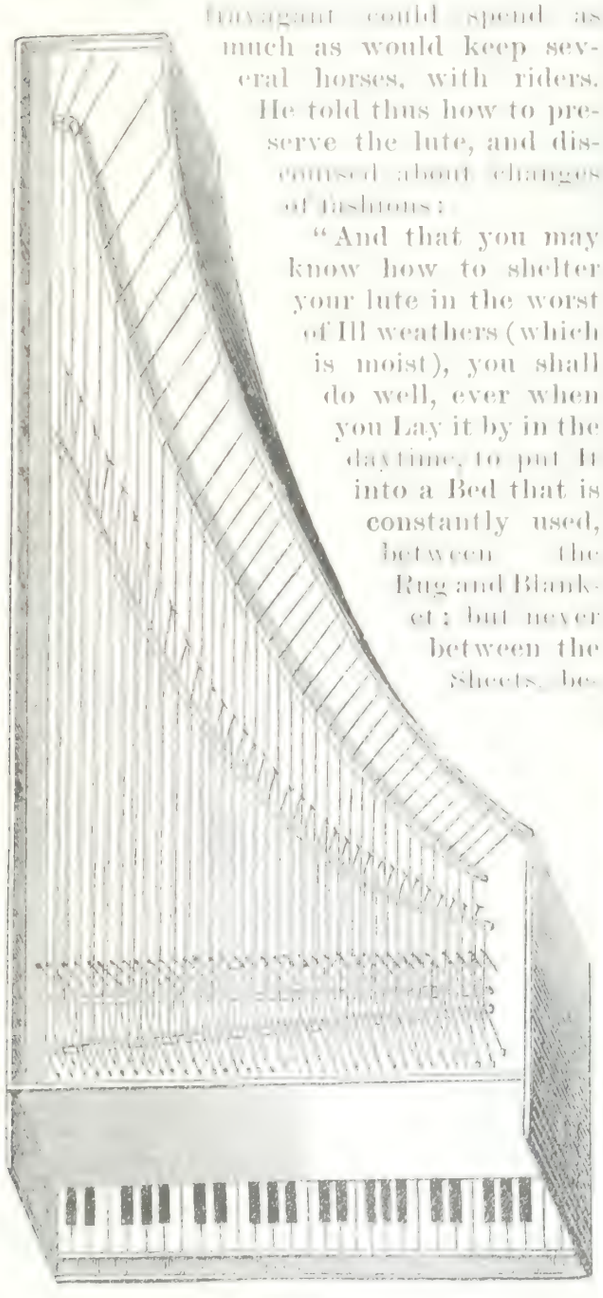


ITALIAN SPINET, ORNAMENTED WITH PRECIOUS STONES, MADE BY ANNIBALE DEI ROSSI, 1577.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC

gossiping about the great fire in London in 1666, says: "River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in it but that there were a pair of virginals in it," the word "pair" having here no more meaning than "a pair of scissors."

The progress of keyed instruments was resisted by some whose love for handling the string survived. Among them was Thomas Mace, "one of the clerks of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge," who, in a thin folio called *Musick's Monument*, London, 1676, warmly defended the lute and the viol. He explained that the reason why the lute was once hard to play was that it had too few strings—ten to fourteen—whereas it had then sixteen to twenty-six; he never spent more than five shillings a quarter to provide strings, although he could imagine that those who would be extravagant could spend as much as would keep several horses, with riders. He told thus how to preserve the lute, and discoursed about changes of fashions:



HARPSICHORD.

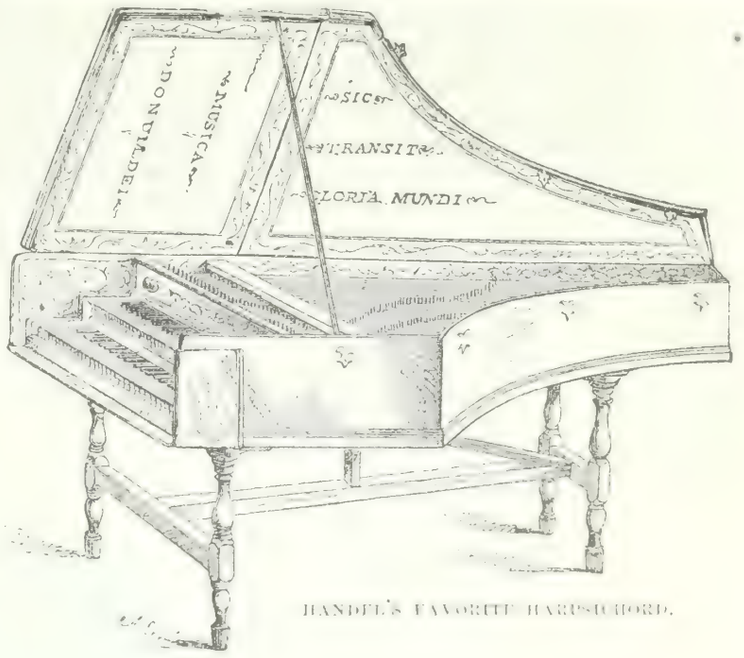
"And that you may know how to shelter your lute in the worst of Ill weathers (which is moist), you shall do well, ever when you Lay it by in the daytime, to put it into a Bed that is constantly used, between the Rug and Blanket; but never between the Sheets, because they may be moist with Sweat, etc. This is the most absolute and best place to keep it in always, by which doing you will find many Great Conveniences.....Therefore, a Bed will secure from all These Inconveniences, and keep your Glew as Hard as Glass and all safe and sure; only to be excepted, that no Person be so inconsiderate as to Tumble down upon the Bed whilst the Lute is there, for I have known several Good Lutes spoiled with such a Trick.

"I can not understand how Arts and Sciences should be subject unto any such Phantastical, Giddy, or Inconsiderate Toyish Conceits as ever to be said to be in Fashion or out of Fashion. I remember there was a Fashion not many years since for Women in their Apparel to be so Pent up by the Straitness and Stiffness of their Gown-Shoulder-Sleeves that they could not so much as Scratch their Heads for the Necessary Remove of a Biting Louse, nor Elevate their Arms scarcely to feed Handsomely, nor Carve a Dish of Meat at a Table, but their whole Body must needs Bend toward the Dish. This must needs be concluded by Reason a most Unreasonable and Inconvenient Fashion."



VIRGINAL.

The leading instrument in the last century was the harpsichord. Its compass was extended to five octaves. Its shape was almost exactly that of the grand piano. Many ingenious makers devoted themselves to it, adding sets of wires, sets of quills, duplicate key-boards, complicated devices for imitating orchestral instruments. It reached the utmost development possible, while missing the discovery of a better implement than the crow quill and jack. Frederick the Great had one made for him in London at a cost of two hundred guineas; its bridges, pedals, and frame were silver, its front was tortoise-shell, and its case was inlaid. A



HANDEL'S FAVORITE HARPSICHORD.

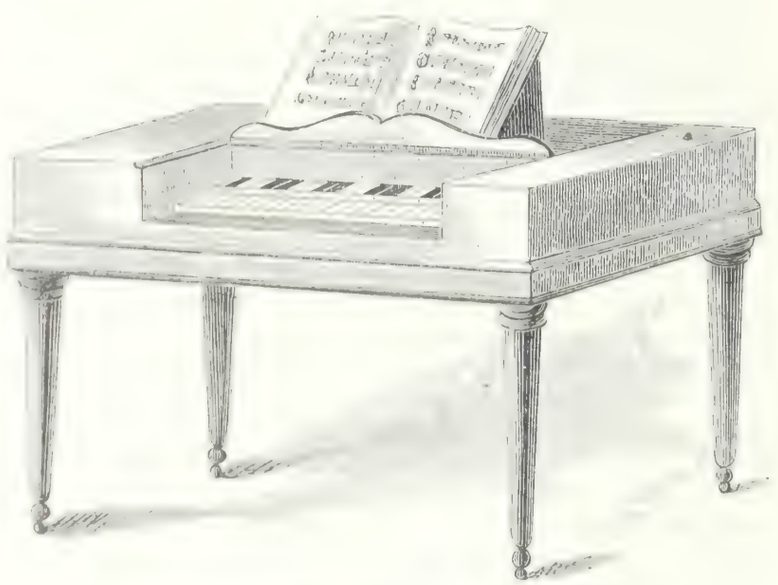
harpsichord by Hans Ruckers—claimed to have been Handel's, although the claim is contested—is preserved in London. It is six feet eight inches long, three feet high, and three wide, with two manuals of about five octaves each; the case in deal, black and japanned; the sounding-board is ornamented, and the lid bears inscriptions in Latin on the under side. An old virginal, remarkable not only for its unparalleled gorgeousness, but for its shape, was mentioned in 1805 in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as having just been disposed of at public sale. Its shape indicates that it was placed on a table when used, or that it could have been held in the lap. The description of it says: "The case is of cedar, covered with crimson Genoa velvet, upon which are three locks, finely engraved; the inside of the case is lined with strong yellow Tabby silk; the front is covered entirely with gold, having a border around the inside two and a half inches broad. It is five feet long, sixteen inches wide, and seven inches deep, and is so lightly and delicately formed that the weight does not exceed twenty-four pounds. There are fifty keys, thirty of ebony tipped with gold, and the remaining twenty are inlaid with silver, ivory, and many kinds of rare woods, each key consisting of about 250 pieces. On one end are the royal arms, richly emblazoned, and on the other is a symbolic and highly finished painting of a crowned dove with a sceptre in its claw, the painting being done upon a gold ground with carmine, lake, and ultramarine."

The essential features of the piano are only three: the percussion action, the iron frame, and the overstrung bass. Many minor improvements, such as double and treble stringing, have been added, by which the power and quality of tone, as well as durability, have been wonderfully increased; but all these were dependent upon the first, and when the hammer action was once devised, the piano became an accomplished fact. Simple as that discovery seems, mankind waited nearly two thousand years for it, and the last centuries of this delay illustrate how strangely invention often works near and all around a very simple improvement without reaching it. The original piano was the dulcimer, which was played with the plectra; but as the whole hand could wield only one plectrum, the key-board was devised to utilize the fingers and move the plectra faster. Thus came the clavichord, with brass "tangents" striking the strings as already described; then the virginal or spinet, expanding into the harpsichord, which went away from the correct idea, and used the crow quill to half strike, half rub the string; then the harpsichord-makers, with what seems inexplicable blindness, went on improving the mechanism during more than a century without catching the idea of the hammer. It is not the steel string which made the piano, for steel, brass, and catgut, separately and together, had already been used in the harpsichord.

There have been three prominent claimants of the honor of inventing the hammer—a Frenchman, a German, and an Italian. Cristofoli, the latter, is now generally admitted to have been the inventor, at Padua, in 1710. But if Italy invented the piano, she did nothing to develop it. Dr. Burney, in 1770, sixty years afterward, testified that the key-board instruments of Italy were much inferior to those of Northern Europe. Said he: "They have generally little octave spinets to accompany singing in private houses, sometimes in a triangular form, but more frequently in the shape of an old virginal, of which the keys are so noisy and the tone so feeble that more wood is heard than wire. I found three English harpsichords in the three principal cities of Italy, which are regarded by the Italians as so many phenomena."

The name first given the new instrument was the hammer-harpsichord; next, its power of giving both a loud and a soft note procured it the name of forte-piano—*i. e.*, loud-soft; this next changed to piano-forte. In 1762 Mozart played upon the piano, at the age of six, and his letters in 1777 record his great delight in the pianos of Stein, a maker of that day. In 1767 the piano seems to have been introduced to the public in England, for a play-bill of *The Beggars' Opera* at the Covent Garden Theatre, May 16, announced that "at the end of Act I. Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from *the*

dith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called the piano-forte." "The use of this kind of instrument," said Thalberg, "led to its peculiar capabilities being thoroughly studied and appreciated, and the composers repaid their obligation to the instrument by writing for it many of the finest productions of music, and by practicing the execution of these productions to such an extent as to be able to bring them before the public with the greatest possible *éclat*." Mozart, Haydn, Handel, and Beethoven wrote especially for it; and yet, although the note of the virginal-spinet-harpsichord was called by Dr. Burney "a scratch with a sound at the end of it," the early piano was not much better. The one on which Gluck composed his *Armida*, which was probably as good as any of the great composers of the last century ever saw, was made in 1772. It was exhibited as a suggestive curiosity in the London Exposition of 1862, and was thus described: "It was four feet and a half in length and two feet in width, with a small square sounding-board at the end: the wires were little more than threads, and the hammers consisted of a few piles of leather over the head of a horizontal jack working on a bridge."



PIANO OF ABOUT 1777.

In his early life an important part of John Jacob Astor's business was the importation of London pianos to New York. In 1800, Thomas Jefferson, in writing to his daughter Martha, mentioned that a Philadelphian had invented "one of the prettiest improvements in the forte-pianos I have ever seen;" and he bought one for his Monticello house. It was an upright, and Mr. Jefferson said that "he contrives to give his strings the same length as in the grand forte-piano, and fixes his three unisons to the same screw, which screw is in the direction of the strings, and therefore never yields; it scarcely gets out of tune at all, and then for the most part the three unisons are tuned at once."

The special defects of the first pianos were the imperfect "action" and the feebleness and tinny quality of the tone. The former has been remedied by gradually increasing the size and weight, as well as the finish, of the moving parts. The slender little wires were made thicker, and finally doubled and trebled, and the lowest ones wrapped with a layer of wire to get increased volume of sound. Thickening the wires required drawing them more tightly in order to get the necessary pitch; then the wooden frame-work, with the utmost trussing which could be given to it, became too weak to bear the strain of increased tension. To remedy this trouble the "full iron frame" was devised, which, combined with wood, now sustains the aggregate pull of from twelve to twenty tons, and the "overstrung bass" permitted making the whole instrument larger and heavier. If the iron frame did not originate here—for priority in respect to it is disputed—America has nevertheless done her full share in developing the instrument.

It is not possible, within the limits of this article, to give a full description of the many processes in piano-making; whoever is curious to study the mechanism must visit a factory, or else examine the action when withdrawn from the case. Essentially the instrument consists of a steel wire stretched between two pegs above a sounding-board; a long wooden lever called a key; another called a hammer, which is thrown up against the wire by a third lever actuated directly by the key, and called a jack; and a fourth lever, called a damper, whose felt-covered head rests on the wire, except when the key is pressed. But although simple in the number of its working parts, the piano is complex in the number of pieces which compose those parts. Tap the string with a knife blade or a bit of wood, and it will be evident that neither of those will do, and that some peculiar implement is needed. The hammer represents more than a century's experimenting. Its head is of wood, covered with felt varying from about one-sixteenth to one inch in thickness, the thickest part being on the end. To make hammer heads, a long strip of wood is taken, as thick as the head is to be, and as wide as the head is to be long; the edge of this is laid in the middle of a long strip of felt, which is shaved to the proper thickness;

then a powerful press forces the edges of the felt strip against the wood, and glues them fast; then the finished strip is sawn across into hammer heads. As the hammers diminish in size and in the thickness of covering from the left to the right of the keyboard, of course one strip makes only duplicates of one hammer head. Dampers are made in a similar way; and, all through, the American rule of manufacturing is followed, to wit, to make large quantities of each particular part as exactly alike as possible, and then complete the work of putting the parts together.

Originally the joint of the hammer was a mere strip of leather; but this would not answer, for the key must work not only noiselessly, but always the same, as rapidly as the finger can move without missing a stroke, and must respond with delicacy to both the force and the manner of the finger stroke. So each hammer has its own joint of wire, with a set screw to pinch the joint to the proper tightness; every joint in hammer and damper, every pin on which the keys work, and nearly every place where one thing rubs another, is "bushed," or covered with felting or leather; then the working parts are all "oiled" with that wonderful substance, plumbago, which is extraordinarily smooth, but dry, and never clogs.

The sounding-board is thin, clear spruce, seasoned to the extreme of dryness. The piano must endure the American climate, which unceasingly fluctuates in moisture and temperature, the latter sometimes changing five to thirty degrees within twenty-four hours; it must also endure the furnace and the stove; not only must it neither warp nor crack, but it must not "give," or it is worthless. The steel wire has to stretch a little in order to sound. Tie a long piece of string fast, pull on the other end, and snap it with the finger-nail; thus you will see *how* a string vibrates, and that every time it passes to one side of a straight line it elongates a trifle, but is immediately pulled back by its own elasticity. If the piano wire were rigid, only a dull thud could be produced by striking it, but as it stretches a little when it vibrates, it also gradually "runs down" in pitch by this stretching, whether used or not. The lower strings, being strained loosest, stand longest; the middle ones, being most used—that is, stretched the most by being made to vibrate—yield their pitch the soonest. To stand in tune, therefore, means that the slipping of the tuning pegs, the stretching of the wires, and the yielding of the framework, all combined—whether the air, which alternately slackens and tightens the strings a little as it grows warm or cold, be one way or another—shall not let any one of the hundred and sixty wires make even five fewer vibrations per second than it ought. Of course this result, during even a few months' time, can be attained only approximately, but the statement shows what an exacting task of nicety and strength piano-making is. Hence all wood must be thoroughly seasoned, first for several years in the open air, and finally by artificial heat. Under the sounding-board is the "bottom," a solid mass of timber, and around the whole is the case. All this wood may be said to be not only solid, but solidified, for gluing, well done, surpasses the natural adhesion of the grain in solidity and tenacity. Every piece of wood is sawed with a view to strength in the place where it is to go, and the case is "built up" of successive layers or veneers, the word "veneer," in the piano-makers' vocabulary, including any wood not thicker than about three-sixteenths of an inch. The subject of warping has been thoroughly studied: why wood warps, how and for how long each kind warps, and how one warp may be made to neutralize another warp; consequently the several layers—with the direction of the grain so disposed that although each layer may warp, the result of all the warping shall be no warp at all—are hot-glued together under heavy pressure. No piece of wood is put in its place at random, but the kinds are selected and disposed, and their grain laid in the precise direction which experience has proved to be the best.

The product of a large factory employing, say, five hundred men, and every advantage of steam power and machinery, may be about fifty or sixty instruments a week. A single one could be made alone in about four months, which is about the time of the regular course. The polishing alone occupies nearly that time, and in a large factory five hundred or more cases are constantly under that process. The first coats of varnish, laid on the sand-papered wood, are taken off again with scrapers and sand-paper, leaving only what has sunk into the wood; then come many successive coats of varnish, at considerable intervals; and lastly, polishing by the hand.

For materials used the whole earth is ransacked, as will be understood from the following English list, although some of the materials differ from those employed in this country:

Woods.	Where used.
Oak, from Riga	Framing, various parts.
Deal, from Norway	Wood-bracing, etc.
Fir, from Switzerland	Sounding-board.
Pine, from America	Parts of framing.
Mahogany, from Honduras	Cases and action.
Beech, from England	Wrest-plank, etc.
Birch, from Canada	Belly-rail in framing.
Beef-wood, from Brazil	Tongues in beam.
Cedar, from America	Hammer shanks.
Lime, from England	Keys.
Pear	Damper heads.
Sycamore	Hoppers and veneers.

Woods.	Where used.
Spanish mahogany, from Cuba	Decorative.
Rose-wood, from Rio	
Satin-wood, from East Indies	
Whitewood, from England	
Zebra-wood, from Brazil	
Other fancy woods	
Woolen Fabrics.	
Baize	Cushions, dampers, etc.
Cloths	Action, etc.
Felt	Hammer covering.
Leather.	
Buffalo and saddle	Hammers.
Basil, calf, doeskin, seal, sheep, morocco	Action.
Sole	Rings for pedal wires.
Metals.	
Iron, steel, brass, gun-metal.	Bracing, screws, springs, etc.
Steel wire	Strings.
Steel spun wire	Wrapped strings.
Covered copper wire	Lowest strings.
Various.	
Ivory	White keys.
Plumbago	Lubrication.
Glue	Wood-work throughout.
Beeswax, emery, sand-paper, French polish, oil, spirits, etc.	Cleaning and polishing.

In the sale of pianos there are fierce competition, large expenses, and a great deal of humbug. Awards are no test, although they may attract customers; and it would be a daring act to attempt deciding which one of half a dozen makers did receive "96 out of a possible 100" at the Centennial. On the faith of testimony, all had it, all have received the first prizes, and all have the indorsement of the most eminent musicians. The truth is that although there are preferences and room for preferences, the pianos of the half dozen best makers are of such uniform and substantial excellence that whoever buys one, with or without seeing it, is certain to make no mistake. Beyond this circle of established names and quality are much misunderstanding, disappointment, and positive deception. Several firms are obliged to be constantly putting down unprincipled persons who appropriate their names, generally with slightly changed spelling. The cheap dealer avers that no piano costs over $200 to make, and that it is folly to pay a large price for a name; but the "name" is only another word for proved quality. One enterprising man advertises from a small village remote from centres of population that he will send a superb "extra grand square," which he describes in the most lavish manner, the "regular catalogue price $900," for only $260. It is perfectly safe to say that he has no factory, and that his piano would really be dear at the price, and cost originally about one-half what he asks for it. How do the cheap pianos originate? There are about fifty different trades in the piano. It is one business to make action, another to make cases, another to make keys, and so on. The cheap piano—its parts gathered up from the small shops of persons who have small capital, no reputation to sustain, and are under constant pressure to lower the price of their work a notch more—is put together by somebody who calls himself a manufacturer, and stencils on the front board whatever name the dealer orders. Sometimes, as above stated, the name used is that of some well-known maker, whose reputation has been bought and is scrupulously maintained by honest workmanship. The quality must correspond to the method. It is easy to make a piano that costs $500; and it is easy to make another, at a casual glance just like the first, for a quarter of that. Nor are the differences always perceptible at first by the average buyer; for while there is nobody who can not instantly see and appreciate differences in price, many can not judge quality. The cheap piano—roundly declared to be as good an instrument as can be made any where—unquestionably has legs, cover, keys, strings, hammers, etc., and it will "go." What more can any have? Quality. Still, to the average buyer, any thing which has legs and a case is a piano.

If the cheap piano would only remain as good as at first, it might answer quite well the needs of its purchaser, who can judge nothing but the price. Unhappily, however, it soon breaks through the disguise of varnish and veneer, and shows itself a miserable rattle-box, to the grief of the owner. A good piano is carefully built of the best materials, and formed into a solid and harmonious whole, the problem of durability being the exact and complex one already shown. Of course an instrument made up of parts constructed without regard to any thing but cheapness, and disposed of by persons who have no interest in it after it is once sold, will soon yield to strain and climate, becoming loose and weak in action, bad and weak in tone, and utterly incapable of remaining in tune. The difference is wonderful between the six-octave, octagon-leg piano of 1848 and its successor of 1878; and yet some of those little old pianos, feeble and tinkling as they were, have shown an honorable durability, for they were faithfully made, according to the state of the art at the time. They are really worth more to-day than the imitation piano is in its best estate, although it boasts all round corners and extra mouldings. Probably good pianos cost more than they should, but bad ones are dear at any price, and the music-lover who has little money would do better to watch his opportunity for a good instrument at second-hand than to buy disappointment together with some shameless gaud.

One of the most important parts of the piano is the pedal. In the grand and upright pianos the "soft" pedal takes off one wire of the trichord; in squares it practically though badly thickens the hammer covering; in the latter form it is nearly worthless. The forte pedal is always the effective

thing. The piano is really a harp with dampers which stop the string as soon as the key is released; the pedal simply raises all the dampers from the strings, allowing the struck ones to continue sounding, their tone being increased by the sympathetic vibrations of the rest. If, with the dampers raised, the frame be struck, even with the hand, the murmurs of the wires show how sensitive and sonorous the whole mechanism is. Now the pedal is not a "loud" pedal at all. If not used, the instrument is smothered and feeble, ineffective under the most skillful handling; if used wrongly, it produces a mere jumble of sound; if used properly, it converts the short sound of the touch into a prolonged one, furnishing background and accompaniment to melody, and making the piano another instrument. By judicious use of it comes the "singing" characteristic so much lauded by manufacturers.

All sound, musical or not, is a mathematical matter of so many pulsations or waves of air per second. Beyond a certain point these waves become inaudible by their rapidity or their slowness, and perhaps it is not too fanciful to consider "the music of the spheres" a deep bass too slow for our ears to catch. Sonorous vibrations are estimated to be from 16 to 38,000 per second; the modern seven-octave piano extends from about 27 to 4200 per second. Upon the mathematic rule of vibrations is constructed the theoretical scale, the following being the "vibration fractions" of a single octave:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
$\frac{1}{1}$	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{5}{4}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{5}{3}$	$\frac{15}{8}$	$\frac{2}{1}$

The meaning of this is that D makes nine vibrations while C makes eight; E makes five to four of C; and so on, the octave always having twice the speed of the eighth note below. Taking C at 240, the vibrations per second will be thus:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
240	270	300	320	360	400	450	480

The fraction of the minor third is $\frac{6}{5}$, and its vibration number 288; the peculiar characteristic of the minor key—a characteristic so peculiar that even the most unmusical of people instantly recognize it, although barely able to distinguish one tune from another—thus mainly depends upon a difference of only twelve vibrations per second.

The scale, both key-board and vocal, is theoretically imperfect. In order to play perfectly in tune in both major and minor modes of the seven "signatures," twenty-nine instead of twelve keys in the octave are required, and some authorities put the number as high as seventy-two. G sharp is not quite the same as A flat; but all key-board instruments, except a few with "split" black keys, make them so. The violin, however, and the human voice can sound them differently. Starting with any key, if the successive ones were tuned exactly to the theoretical scale, the end of the octave would be widely astray; hence each octave is tuned perfect, and the discordance so distributed over the twelve notes that it is not especially observable any where. Unhappily, also, the so-called "concert" pitch has been gradually rising; the tuning-fork A—the fifth A from the bottom in a seven-octave piano—has risen from 405 vibrations per second in Paris, in 1700, to about 450. The effect of this change upon the human throat is deplorably injurious.

In popularizing music the piano has had the chief share, notwithstanding its large cost and some defects. It has no power of sustained full tone, its note being always a diminuendo; its intervals are less exact than those of the violin, and it has no place in orchestras. Yet, next to the pipe organ, no single instrument equals it in rendering orchestral music or in its range of adaptability. Probably more than two hundred thousand compositions for the piano have been published in this country, and it may be practicable hereafter to make the instrument more widely attainable by decreasing its cost, although improvement of its scope and quality seems to have little left to do. But no thoroughly new musical instrument has been invented in the last five thousand years; probably none exists to be invented. Come what may, the piano will permanently keep its leading place as the instrument of the household.

SERENADE IN THE TROPICS.

When the nights are heavy with musk,
  And the stars are ripe in the gloaming,
The low moon breaks like an apple of dusk
Through the shadowy leaves like a pomegranate husk,
  And I know that my lady is coming:

By the primrose's javelin plume,
  And the cereus open, as though
An April frost, in its delicate loom,
Had woven the snow-flakes into a bloom
  Of capricious and odorous snow;

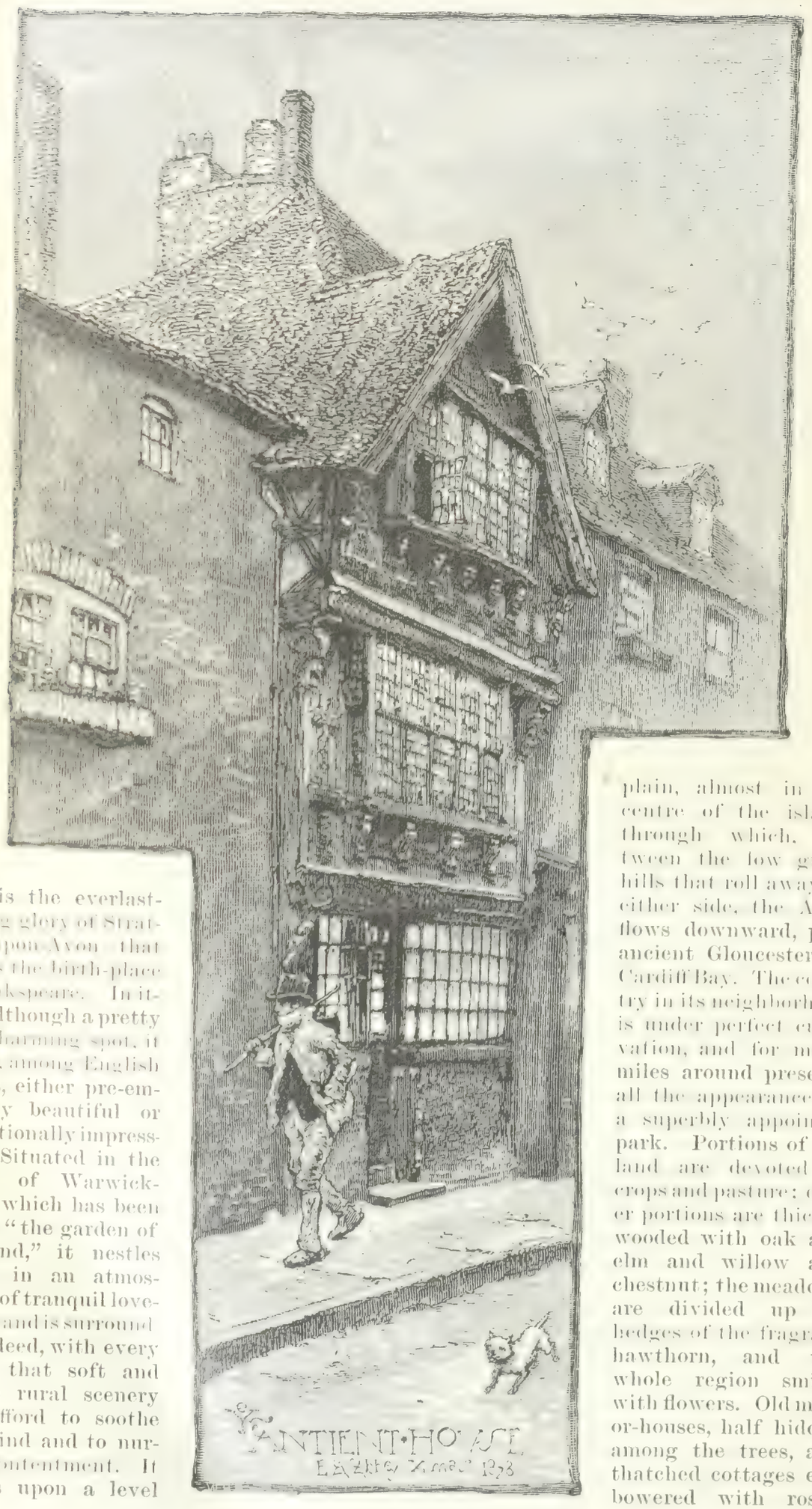
By the shadow that, like a glove,
  The passion-flower's leaf has thrown
In the lists where the laurels breathe and move,
By the sweet syringa's piping of love,
  And the jessamine's bugles blown;

But the lisp and the laugh of the leaves
  In the hushes are low and sweet,
At bo-peep, hid in the tamarind sheaves,
For the hour of blossom on midsummer eves,
  And the sounds of her coming feet.

Like the sudden bloom through the husk
  Of the primrose at even-tide,
She comes by eddies and pools of musk,
That flower to shape in the fragrant dusk,
  And follow her open-eyed.

And the blush and the bloom afford
  Such a harmony hour by hour,
My soul confesses a fond accord
To the sweet responsive word for word
  Of the night in its perfect flower.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.



IT is the everlasting glory of Stratford-upon-Avon that it was the birth-place of Shakspeare. In itself, although a pretty and charming spot, it is not, among English towns, either pre-eminently beautiful or exceptionally impressive. Situated in the heart of Warwickshire, which has been called "the garden of England," it nestles cozily in an atmosphere of tranquil loveliness, and is surrounded, indeed, with everything that soft and gentle rural scenery can afford to soothe the mind and to nurture contentment. It stands upon a level plain, almost in the centre of the island, through which, between the low green hills that roll away on either side, the Avon flows downward, past ancient Gloucester, to Cardiff Bay. The country in its neighborhood is under perfect cultivation, and for many miles around presents all the appearance of a superbly appointed park. Portions of the land are devoted to crops and pasture; other portions are thickly wooded with oak and elm and willow and chestnut; the meadows are divided up by hedges of the fragrant hawthorn, and the whole region smiles with flowers. Old manor-houses, half hidden among the trees, and thatched cottages embowered with roses,

are sprinkled through the surrounding landscape; and all the roads which converge upon this point — from Warwick, Banbury, Bidford, Alcester, Evesham, Worcester, and many other contiguous towns — wind in sun and shadow through a sod of green velvet, swept by the cool sweet winds of the English summer. Such felicities of situation



HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN. BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.

and such accessories of beauty, however, are not unusual in England; and Stratford, were it not hallowed by association, though it might always hold a place among the pleasant memories of the traveller, would never have become a shrine for the homage of the world. To Shakspeare it owes its renown; from Shakspeare it derives the bulk of its prosperity. To visit Stratford is to tread with affectionate veneration in the footsteps of the poet. To write about Stratford is to write about Shakspeare.

More than three hundred years have passed since the birth of that colossal genius, and many changes must have occurred in his native town within that period. The Stratford of Shakspeare's time was built principally of timber—as, indeed, it is now—and contained about fourteen hundred inhabitants. To-day its population numbers upward of ten thousand. New dwellings have arisen where once were fields of wheat, glorious with the shimmering lustre of the scarlet poppy. The older buildings, for the most part, have been demolished or altered. Manufactories, chiefly of beer and of Shakspearean relics, have been stimulated into prosperous activity. The Avon has been spanned by a new bridge of iron. The village streets have been levelled, swept, rolled, and garnished till they look like a Flemish drawing of the Middle Ages. Even the Shakspeare cottage, the ancient Tudor house in High Street, and the two old churches — authentic and splendid memorials of a distant and storied past — have been "restored." If the poet could walk again through his accustomed haunts, though he would see the same smiling country round about, and hear, as of old, the ripple of the Avon murmuring in its summer sleep, his eyes would rest on scarce a single object that once he knew. Yet, there are the paths that Shakspeare often trod; there stands the house in which he was born; there is the school in which he was taught; there is the cottage in which he wooed his sweetheart, and in which he dwelt with her as his wife; there are the ruins and relics of the mansion in which he died; and there is the church that keeps his dust, so consecrated by the reverence of mankind

"That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

In shape the town of Stratford somewhat resembles a large cross, which is formed by High Street, running nearly north and south, and Bridge Street, running nearly east and

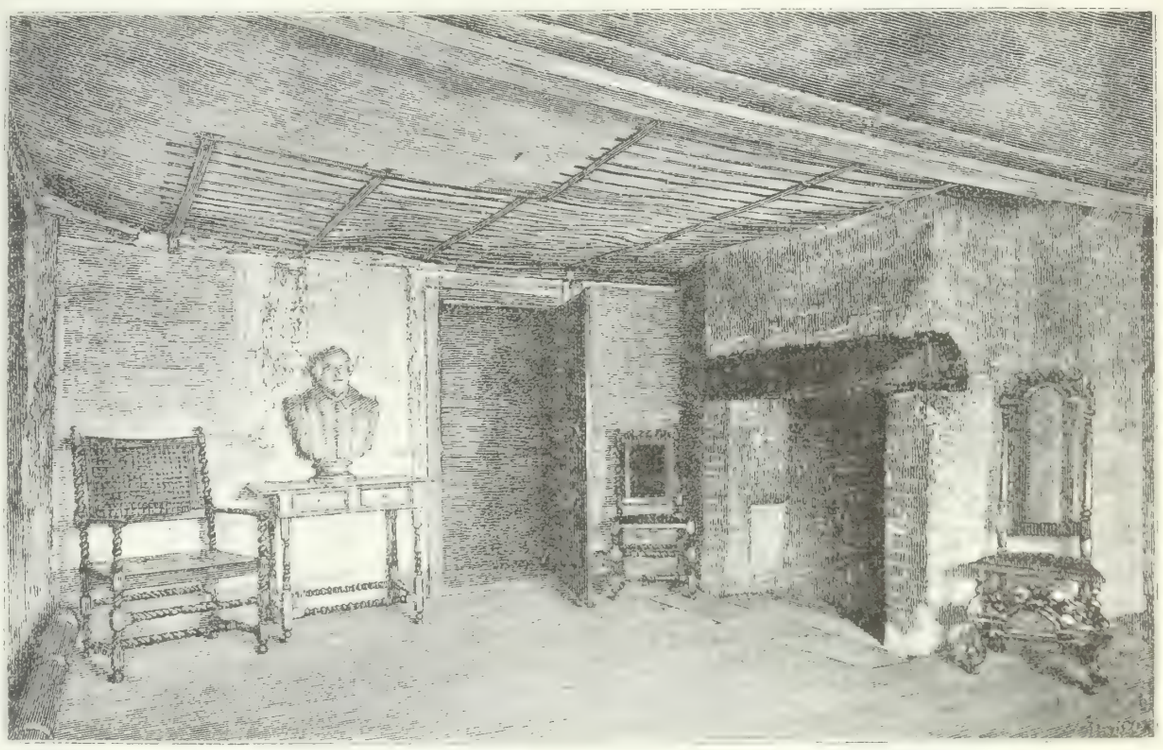


THE SHAKSPEARE HOUSE, RESTORED.

west. From these, which are main avenues, branch forth many and devious radiations. A few of the streets are broad and straight, but many of them, particularly on the water side, are narrow and circuitous. High and Bridge streets intersect each other at the centre of the town, and here stands the Market-house, an ancient building, with belfry-tower and illuminated clock, facing eastward toward the old stone bridge, with fourteen arches—the bridge that Sir Hugh Clopton built across the Avon in the reign of Henry VII. From that central point a few steps will bring the traveller to the birth-place of Shakspeare. It is a little two-story cottage of timber and plaster, on the north side of Henley Street, in the western part of the town. It must have been, in its pristine days, at least twice as fine as most of the dwellings in its neighborhood. The one-story house, with attic windows, was the almost invariable fashion of building in all English country towns till the seventeenth century. This cottage, besides its two stories, had dormer-windows above its roof, a pent-house over its door, and altogether was built and appointed in a manner both luxurious and substantial. Its age is unknown; but the history of Stratford reaches back to a period three hundred years antecedent to William the Conqueror, and fancy, therefore, is allowed the amplest room to magnify its antiquity. It was bought, or at all events occupied, by Shakspeare's father in 1555, and in it he resided till his death in 1601, when it descended by inheritance to the poet. Such is the substance of the somewhat confused documentary evidence and of the emphatic tradition which consecrate this cottage as the house in which Shakspeare was born. The point, as is well known, has never been absolutely settled. John Shakspeare, the father, in 1564, was the owner not only of the house in Henley Street, but of another in Greenhill Street, and of still another at Ingon, about a mile and a half from Stratford, on the road to Warwick. William Shakspeare might have been born at either of these dwellings, and it is not impossible that several generations of the poet's worshippers have been dilating with emotion in the wrong place. Tradition, however, has sanctified the Henley Street cottage; and this, accordingly, as Shakspeare's cradle, will doubtless be piously guarded to a late posterity.

It has already survived serious perils and vicissitudes. By Shakspeare's will it was bequeathed to his sister Joan—Mrs. William Hart—to be held by her, under the yearly rent of twelvepence, during her life, and at her death to revert to his daughter Susanna and her descendants. His sister Joan appears to have been living there at the time of his decease, in 1616. She is known to have been living there in 1639—twenty-three years later—and doubtless she resided there till her death in 1646. The estate then passed to Susanna—Mrs. John Hall—from whom in 1649 it descended to her grand-

child, Lady Barnard, who left it to her kinsmen, Thomas and George Hart, grandsons of Joan. In this line of descent it continued —subject to many of those infringements which are incidental to poverty—till 1806, when William Shakspeare Hart, the seventh in collateral kinship from the poet, sold it to Thomas Court, from whose family it was at last purchased for the British nation. Meantime the property, which originally consist-



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.

ed of two tenements and a considerable tract of adjacent land, had, little by little, been curtailed of its fair proportions by the sale of its gardens and orchards. The two tenements – two in one, that is—had been subdivided. A part of the building became an inn—at first called "The Maidenhead," afterward "The Swan," and finally "The Swan and Maidenhead." Another part became a butcher's shop. The old dormer-windows and the pent-house disappeared. A new brick casing was foisted upon the tavern end of the structure. In front of the butcher's shop appeared a sign announcing "William Shakspeare was born in this house. N.B.—A Horse and Taxed Cart To Let." Still later appeared another legend, vouching that "the immortal Shakspeare was born in this house." From 1793 till 1820 Thomas and Mary Hornby, connections by marriage with the Harts, lived in the Shakspeare cottage—now at length become the resort of literary pilgrims—and Mary Hornby, who set up to be a poet, and wrote tragedy, comedy, and philosophy, took great delight in exhibiting its rooms to visitors. During the reign of this eccentric custodian the low ceilings and whitewashed walls of its several chambers became covered with autographs, scrawled thereon by many enthusiasts, including some of the most famous persons in Europe. In 1820 Mary Hornby was requested to leave the premises. She did not wish to go. She could not endure the thought of a successor. "After me, the deluge." She was obliged to abdicate; but she conveyed away all the furniture and relics alleged to be connected with Shakspeare's family, and she hastily whitewashed the cottage walls. Only a small part of the wall of the upper room, the chamber in which "nature's darling" first saw the light, escaped this act of spiteful sacrilege. On the space behind its door may still be read many names, with dates affixed, ranging back from 1820 to 1792. Among them is that of Dora Jordan, the beautiful and fascinating actress, who wrote it there on June 2, 1809. Much of Mary Hornby's whitewash, which chanced to be unsized, was afterward removed, so that her work of obliteration proved only in part successful. Other names have been added to this singular, chaotic scroll of worship. Byron, Scott, Thackeray, Kean, Tennyson, and Dickens are illustrious among the votaries here and thus recorded. The successors of Mary Hornby guarded their charge with pious care. The precious value of the old Shakspeare cottage grew more and more sensible to the English people. Washington Irving made his famous pilgrimage to Stratford, and recounted it in his beautiful *Sketch-Book*. Yet it was not till Mr. Barnum, from the United States, arrived with a proposition to buy the Shakspeare house and

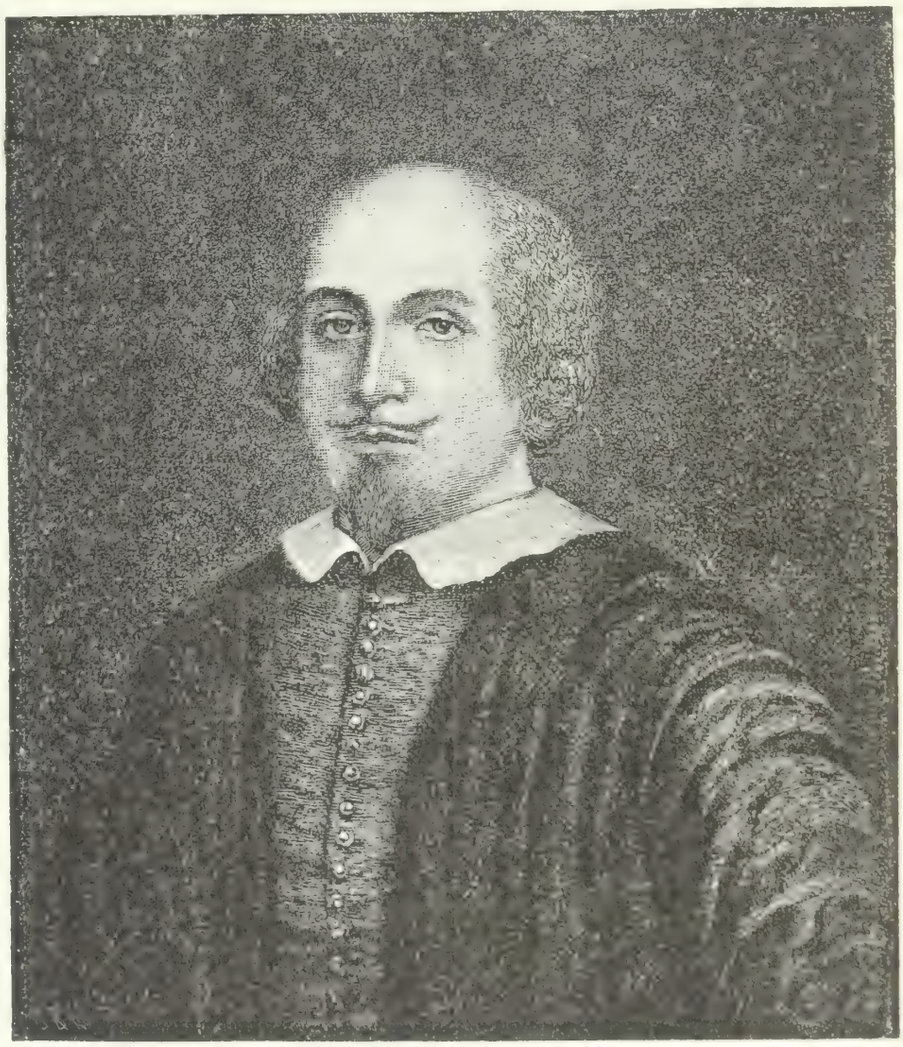


OLD BRIDGE AT STRATFORD.

convey it to America that the literary enthusiasm of Great Britain was made to take a practical shape; and this venerated and inestimable relic became, in 1847, a national possession. In 1856, John Shakspeare, of Worthington Field, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, gave £2500 to preserve and restore it; and within the next two years, under the superintendence of Edward Gibbs, an architect of Stratford, it was isolated by the demolition of the cottages at its sides and in the rear, repaired wherever decay was visible, set in perfect order, and restored to its ancient self.

The builders of this house must have done their work thoroughly well, for, even after all these years of rough usage and of slow but incessant decline, the great timbers remain solid, the plastered walls are firm, the huge chimney-stack is as permanent as a rock, and the ancient flooring only betrays by the scooped-out aspect of its boards, and the high polish on the heads of the nails which fasten them down, that it belongs to a period of remote antiquity. The cottage stands close upon the margin of the street, according to ancient custom of building throughout Stratford; and entering through a little porch, the pilgrim stands at once in that low-ceiled, flag-stoned room, with its wide fire-place, so familiar in prints of the chimney-corner of Shakspeare's youthful days. Within the fire-place, on either side, are seats fashioned in the brick-work; and here, as it is pleasant to imagine, the boy-poet often sat, on winter nights, gazing dreamily into the flames, and building castles in that fairy-land of fancy which was his celestial inheritance. Nothing else in this room detains attention, and you presently pass from it by a narrow, well-worn staircase to the chamber above, which is shown as the place of the poet's birth. An antiquated chair of the sixteenth century stands in the right-hand corner. To the left is a small fire-place, made in the rectangular form which is still usual. All around the walls are visible the great beams which are the frame-work of the building—beams of seasoned oak that will last forever. Opposite to the door of entrance is a three-fold casement (the original window) full of narrow panes of white glass scrawled all over with names that their worshipful owners have written with diamonds. The ceiling is so low that you can easily touch it with uplifted hand. A portion of it about a yard square is held in place by an intricate net-work of little laths. This room, and, indeed, the whole structure, is as polished and lustrous as any waxen royal hall in the Louvre, and it impresses observation very much like old lace that has been treasured up in lavender or jasmine. These walls, which no one is now permitted to mar, were naturally the favorite scroll of the Shakspeare votaries of long ago. Every inch of the plaster bears marks of the pencil of reverence. Hundreds of names are written here—some of them famous, but most of them obscure, and all destined at no very distant day to perish where they stand. On the chimney-piece to the right of the fire-place, which is named the "Actors' Pillar," many actors have inscribed their signatures. Edmund Kean wrote his name here—prob-

ably the greatest Shakspearean actor that ever lived—and with what soulful veneration and spiritual sympathy it is awful even to try to imagine. Sir Walter Scott's name is scratched with a diamond on the window —"W. Scott." That of Thackeray appears on the ceiling, and close by it is that of Helen Faucit. Vestris is written near the fireplace. Mark Lemon and Charles Dickens are together on the opposite wall. The catalogue would be endless; and it is not of these offerings of fealty that you think when you sit and muse alone in that mysterious chamber. As once again I conjure up that strange and solemn scene, the sunshine rests in checkered squares upon the ancient floor, the motes swim in the sunbeams, the air is very cold, the place is hushed as death, and over it all there broods an atmosphere of grieved suspense and hopeless desolation — a sense of some tremendous energy stricken dumb and frozen into silence, and past and gone forever.

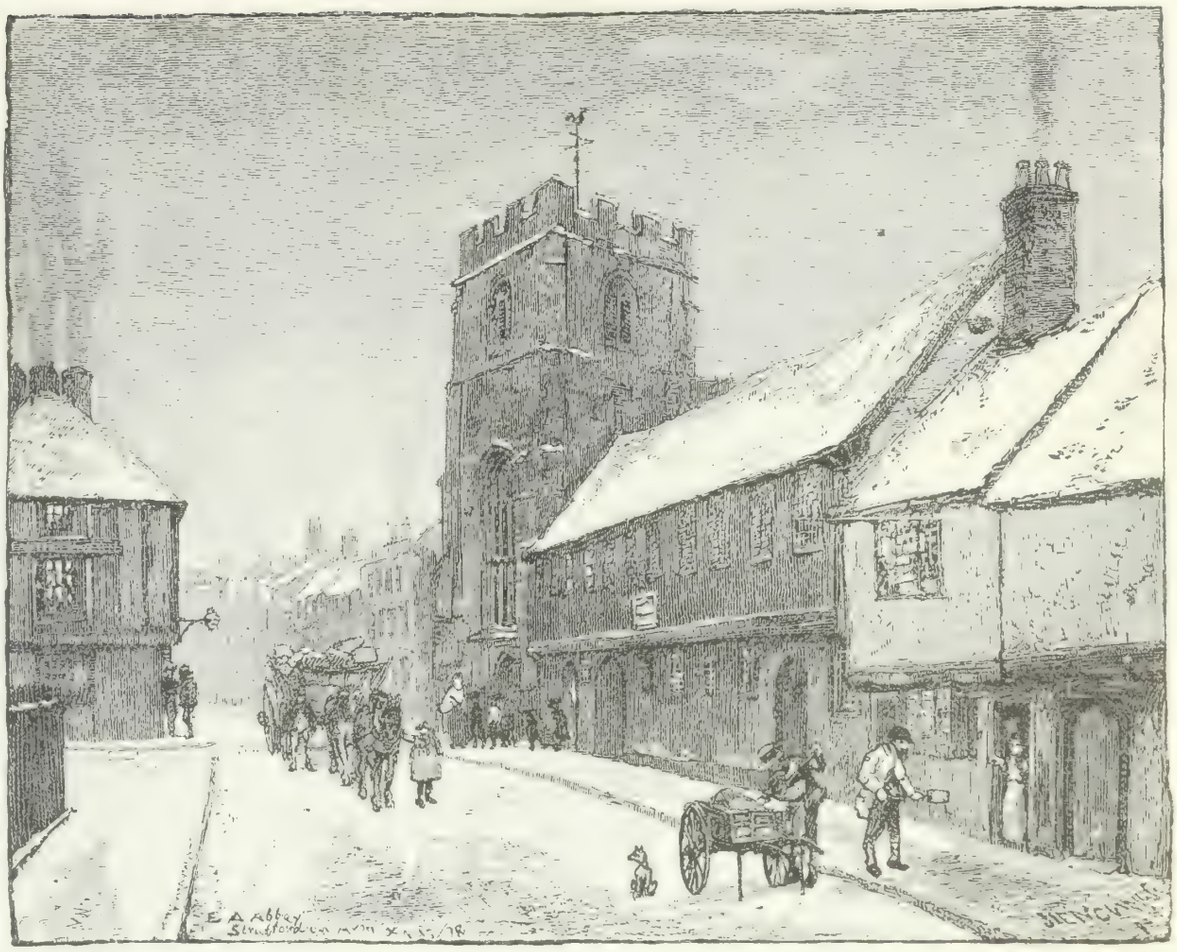


STRATFORD PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

The other rooms which are shown in the Shakspeare cottage possess but few points of special interest. Opposite to the birth-chamber, at the rear, there is a small apartment, in which is displayed "the Stratford Portrait" of the poet. This painting is supposed to have been owned by the Clopton family, and to have fallen into the hands of William Hunt, an old resident of Stratford, who bought their mansion of the Cloptons, in 1758. The adventures through which it passed can only be conjectured. It does not appear to have been valued, and although it remained in the house, it was cast away amongst the lumber and rubbish. In process of time it was painted over and changed into a different subject. Then it fell a prey to dirt and damp. There is a story that the little boys of the tribe of Hunt were accustomed to use it as a target for their arrows. At last, after the lapse of a century, the grandson of William Hunt showed it by chance to an expert artist, who luckily surmised that a valuable portrait might perhaps exist beneath its muddy surface. It was carefully cleaned. A thick beard and a pair of mustaches were removed, and the face of Shakspeare emerged upon the canvas. It is not pretended that this portrait was painted in Shakspeare's time. The very close resemblance which it bears, in attitude, dress, colors, and other peculiarities, to the painted bust of the poet in Stratford church seems clearly to indicate that it was a modern copy of that work. Upon a brass

plate affixed to it is the following inscription: "This portrait of Shakspeare, after being in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town-clerk of Stratford, and his family, for upward of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins, of London, and, being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, to be preserved in Shakspeare's house, 23d April, 1862." There, accordingly, it remains, and in memory's association with the several other dubious presentments of the poet, cheerfully adds to the mental confusion of the pilgrim who would fain form an accurate ideal of Shakspeare's appearance. Standing in its presence, it was worth while to reflect that there are only two authentic representations of Shakspeare in existence —the Droeshout portrait and the Gerard Johnson bust. They may not be perfect works of art; they may not do perfect justice to the original; but they were seen and accepted by persons to whom Shakspeare had been a living companion. The bust was sanctioned by his children; the portrait —fourteen times copied and engraved within fifty years after his death—was sanctioned by his friend Ben Jonson, and by his brother actors Heminge and Condell, who prefixed it in 1623 to the first folio of his works. Standing amongst the relics which have been gathered into a museum in an apartment on the ground-floor of the cottage, it was essential also to remember how often "the wish is father to the thought" that sanctifies the uncertain memorials of the distant past. Several of the most suggestive documents, though, which bear upon the vague and shadowy record of Shakspeare's life are preserved in this place. Here is a deed, made in 1596, which proves that this house was his father's residence. Here is the only letter addressed to him which is known to exist—the letter of Richard Quiney (1598), asking for the loan of thirty pounds. Here is his declaration in a suit, in 1604, to recover the price of some malt that he had sold to Philip Rogers. Here is a deed, dated 1609, on which is the autograph of his brother Gilbert, who represented him at Stratford in his business affairs while he was absent in London, and who, surviving, it is dubiously said, almost till the period of the Restoration, talked, as a very old man, of the poet's impersonation of Adam in *As You Like It*. Here likewise is shown a gold seal ring, found not many years ago in a field near Stratford church, on which, delicately engraved, appear the letters W. S., entwined with a true-lover's knot. It may have belonged to Shakspeare. The conjecture is that it did, and that, since on the last of the three sheets which contain his will the word "seal" is stricken out and the word "hand" substituted, he did not seal this document because he had only just then lost this ring. The supposition is, at least, ingenious. It will not harm the visitor to accept it. Nor, as he stands poring over the ancient and decrepit school desk which has been lodged in this museum, from the grammar school in High Street, will it greatly tax his credulity to believe that the "shining morning face" of the boy Shakspeare once looked down upon it in the irksome quest of his "small Latin and less Greek." They call it "Shakspeare's desk." It is very old, and it is certainly known to have been in the school of the Chapel of the Holy Guild three hundred years ago. There are other relics, more or less indirectly connected with the great name that is here commemorated. The inspection of them all would consume many days; the description of them would occupy many pages. You write your name in the visitors' book at parting, and perhaps stroll forth into the garden of the cottage, which incloses it at the sides and in the rear, and there, beneath the leafy boughs of the English elm, while your footsteps press "the grassy carpet of this plain," behold growing all around you the rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbines, rue, daisies, and violets which make the imperishable garland on Ophelia's grave, and which are the fragrance of her solemn and lovely memory.

Thousands of times the wonder must have been expressed that while the world knows so much about Shakspeare's mind, it should know so little about his history. The date of his birth even is established by an inference. The register of Stratford church shows that he was baptized there in 1564, on the 26th of April. It is said to have been customary to baptize infants on the third day after their birth. It is presumed that the custom was followed in this instance, and hence it is deduced that Shakspeare was born on April 23—a date which, making allowance for the difference between the old and new styles of reckoning time, corresponds to our 3d of May. Equally by an inference it is established that the boy was educated in the free grammar school. The school was there; and any boy of the town who was seven years old and able to read could get admission to it. Shakspeare's father, chief alderman of Stratford, and then a man of worldly substance, though afterward he became poor, would surely have wished that his children should grow up in knowledge. To the ancient school-house, accordingly, and the adjacent chapel of the guild—which are still extant, on the southeast corner of Chapel and High streets—the pilgrim confidently traces the footsteps of the poet. These buildings are of singular beauty and quaintness. The chapel dates back to about the middle of the thirteenth century. It was a Roman



Falcon Tavern. Guild Chapel. Grammar School. Almshouses.

THE GUILD CHAPEL AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, STRATFORD.

Catholic institution, founded in 1269 under the patronage of the Bishop of Worcester, and committed to the pious custody of the guild of Stratford. A hospital was connected with it in those days, and Robert de Stratford was its first master. New privileges and confirmation were granted to the guild by Henry IV. in 1403 and 1429. The grammar school, established on an endowment of lands and tenements by Thomas Jolyffe, was set up in association with it in 1482. Toward the end of the reign of Henry VII. the whole of the chapel, excepting the chancel, was torn down and rebuilt under the munificent direction of Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, and Stratford's chief citizen and benefactor. Under Henry VIII., when came the stormy times of the Reformation, the priests were driven out, the guild was dissolved, and the chapel was despoiled. Edward VI., however, granted a new charter to this ancient institution, and with especial precautions re-instated the school. The chapel itself was used as a school-room when Shakspeare was a boy, and till as late as the year 1595; and in case the lad did really go thither (in 1571) as a pupil, he must have been from childhood familiar with what is still visible upon its walls—the very remarkable series of grotesque paintings which there present, as in a pictorial panorama, the history of the Holy Cross, from its origin as a tree at the beginning of the world, to its exaltation at Jerusalem. These paintings were brought to light in 1804 in the course of a general repairing of the chapel, which then occurred, when the walls were relieved of thick coatings of whitewash, laid on them long before, in Puritan times, either to spoil or to hide from the spoiler. This chapel and its contents, in any case, constitute one of the few remaining spectacles at Stratford that bring us face to face with Shakspeare. During the last three years of his life he dwelt almost continually in his house of New Place, on the corner immediately opposite to this church. The configuration of the excavated foundations of that house indicates what would now be called a deep bay-window on its southern front. There, undoubtedly, was Shakspeare's study; and through that casement many and many a time, in storm and in sunshine, by night and by day, he must have looked out upon the grim, square tower, the embattled stone wall, and the four tall Gothic windows of that dark, mysterious temple. The moment your gaze falls upon it, the low-breathed, horror-stricken words of Lady Macbeth spring involuntarily to your lips:

> "The raven himself is hoarse
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements."

New Place, Shakspeare's home at the time of his death, and presumably the house in which he died, stood on the northeast corner of High Street and Chapel Street. Nothing now remains of it but a portion of its foundations—long buried in the earth, but found and exhumed in comparatively recent days. Its gardens have been redeemed through the zealous and devoted exertions of Mr. Halliwell, and have been restored to what is thought to have been almost their exact condition when Shakspeare owned them. The crumbling fragments of the foundation are covered with frames of wood and glass. A mulberry-tree —the grandson of the famous original mulberry which Shakspeare himself is known to have planted—is growing on the spot once occupied by its renowned ancestor. There is no drawing or print in existence which shows New Place as it was when Shakspeare left it, but there is a sketch of it as it appeared in 1740. The house was made of brick and timber, and was built by Sir Hugh Clopton nearly a century before it became by purchase the property of the poet. Shakspeare bought it in 1597, and in it passed, intermittently, a considerable part of the last nineteen years of his life. It had borne the name of New Place before it came into his possession. The Clopton family parted with it in 1563, and it was subsequently owned by the families of Bott and of Underhill. At Shakspeare's death it was inherited by his eldest daughter, Susanna, wife to Dr. John Hall. In 1643, Mrs. Hall, then seven years a widow, being still its owner and occupant, Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., who had come to Stratford with a part of the royal army, resided for three weeks at New Place, which, therefore, must even then have been the most considerable private residence in the town. Mrs. Hall dying in 1649, aged sixty-six, left it to her only child, Elizabeth, then Mrs. Thomas Nashe, who afterward became Lady Barnard, wife to Sir Thomas Barnard, and in whom the direct line of Shakspeare ended. After her death the estate was purchased by Sir Edward Walker, in 1675, who ultimately left it to his daughter's husband, Sir John Clopton, and so it once more passed into the hands of the family of its founder. A second Sir Hugh Clopton owned it in the middle of the last century, and under his direction it was repaired, freshly decorated, and furnished with a new front. That proved the beginning of the end of this old structure as a relic of Shakspeare; for this owner, dying in 1751, bequeathed it to his son-in-law, Henry Talbot, who in 1753 sold it to the most universally execrated iconoclast of modern times, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire, by whom it was destroyed. Mr. Gastrell, it appears, was a man of large fortune and of equal insensibility. He knew little of Shakspeare, but he knew that the frequent incursion into his garden of strangers who came to sit beneath "Shakspeare's mulberry" was a troublesome annoyance. He struck, therefore, at the root of the vexation, and cut down the tree. This was in 1756. The wood was purchased by Thomas Sharp, a watch-maker of Stratford, who subsequently made the solemn declaration that he carried it to his home and converted it into toys and kindred memorial relics. The villagers of Stratford, meantime, incensed at the barbarity of Mr. Gastrell, took their revenge by breaking his windows. In this and in other ways the clergyman was probably made to realize his local unpopularity. It had been his custom to reside during a part of each year in Lichfield, leaving some of his servants in charge of New Place. The overseers of Stratford, having lawful authority to levy a tax for the maintenance of the poor, on every house in the town valued at more than forty shillings a year, did not, it may be presumed, neglect to make a vigorous use of their privilege in the case of Mr. Gastrell. The result of their exactions in the sacred cause of charity was at least significant. In 1757 Mr. Gastrell declared that that house should never be taxed again, pulled down the building, sold the materials of which it had consisted, and left Stratford forever. A modern house now stands on a part of the site of what was once Shakspeare's home, and here has been established another museum of Shakspearean relics. None of these relics is of imposing authenticity or of remarkable interest. Among them is a stone mullion, dug up on the site, which must have belonged to a window of the original mansion. This entire estate, bought from different owners, and restored to its Shakspearean condition, became in 1875 the property of the corporation of Stratford. The tract of land is not large. The visitor may traverse the whole of it in a few minutes, although if he obey his inclination he will linger there for hours. The inclosure is about three hundred feet square, possibly larger. The lawn is in beautiful condition. The line of the walls which once separated this from the two gardens of vegetables and of flowers is traced in the turf. The mulberry is large and flourishing, and wears its honors in contented vigor. Other trees give grateful shade to the grounds, and the voluptuous red roses growing all around in profuse richness load the air with bewildering fragrance. Eastward, at a little distance, flows the Avon. Not far away rises the graceful spire of the Holy Trinity. A few rooks hovering in the air, and wisely bent on some facetious mischief, send down through the silvery haze of the summer morning their sagacious yet melancholy caw. The

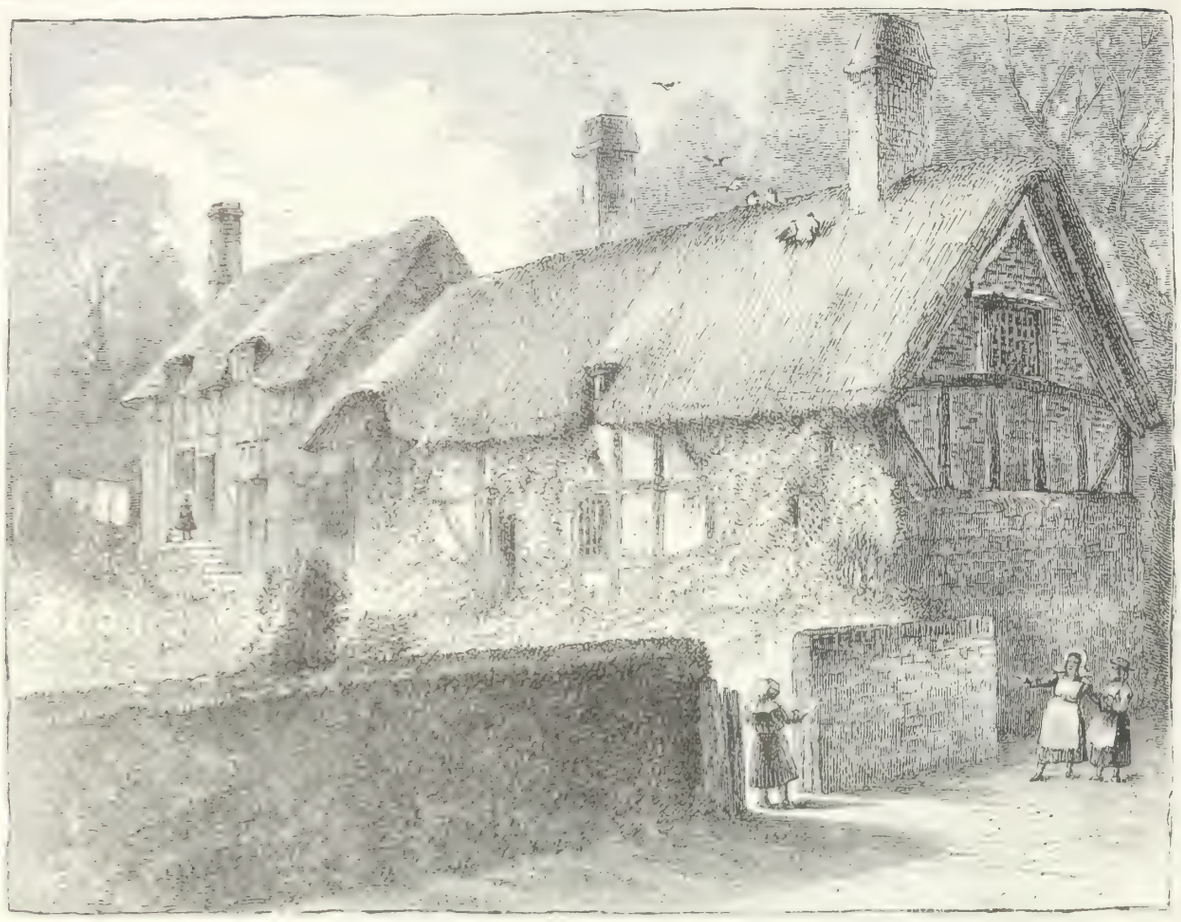


HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD.

windows of the gray chapel across the street twinkle, and keep their solemn secret. On this spot was first waved the mystic wand of Prospero. Here Ariel sang of dead men's bones turned into pearls and corals in the deep caverns of the sea. Here arose into everlasting life Hermione, "as tender as infancy and grace." Here were created Miranda and Perdita, twins of heaven's own radiant goodness—

> "Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath."

To endeavor to touch upon the larger and more august aspect of Shakspeare's life—when, as his wonderful sonnets betray, his great heart had felt the devastating blast of cruel passions, and the deepest knowledge of the good and evil of the universe had been borne in upon his soul—would be impious presumption. Happily to the stroller in Stratford every association connected with him is gentle and tender. His image, as it rises there, is of smiling boyhood, or sedate and benignant maturity; always either joyous or serene, never passionate, or turbulent, or dark. The pilgrim thinks of him as a happy child at his father's fireside; as a wondering school-boy in the quiet, venerable close of the old Guild Chapel, where still the only sound that breaks the silence is the chirp of birds or the creaking of the church vane; as a



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

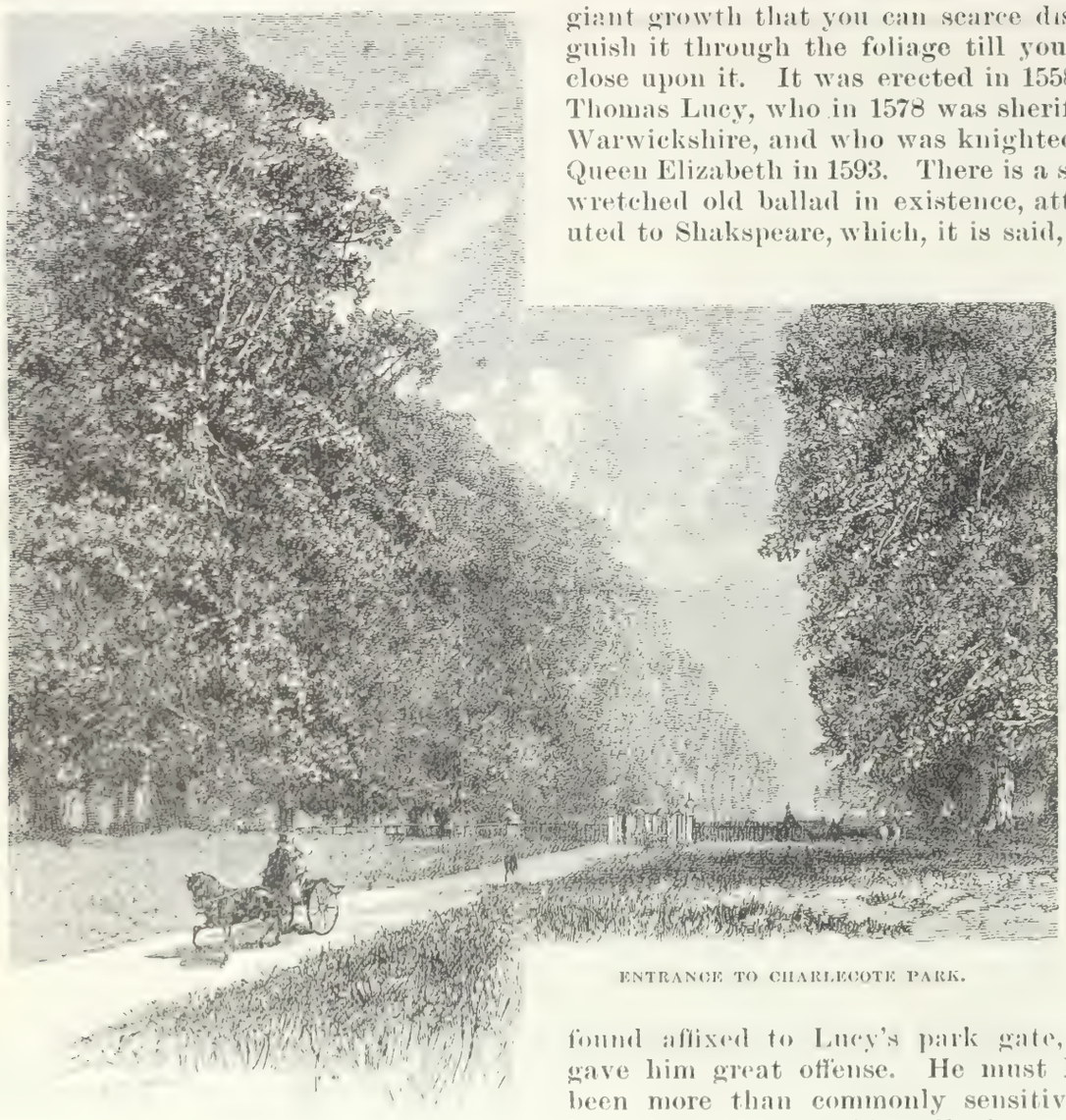
handsome, dauntless youth, sporting by his beloved river or roaming through field and forest many miles about; as the bold, adventurous spirit, bent on frolic and mischief, and not averse to danger, leading, perhaps, the wild lads of his village in their poaching depredations on the park of Charlecote; as the lover, strolling through the green lanes of Shottery, hand in hand with the darling of his first love, while round them the honeysuckle breathed out its fragrant heart upon the winds of night, and overhead the moonlight, streaming through rifts of elm and poplar, fell on their pathway in showers of shimmering silver; and, last of all, as the illustrious poet, rooted and secure in his massive and shining fame, loved by many, and venerated and mourned by all, borne slowly through Stratford church-yard, while the golden bells were tolled in sorrow, and the mourning lime-trees dropped their blossoms on his bier, to the place of his eternal rest. Through all the scenes incidental to this experience the worshipper of Shakspeare's genius may follow him every step of the way. The old foot-path across the fields to Shottery remains unchanged. The wild flowers are blooming along its margin. The white blossoms of the chestnut hang over it. The green meadows through which it winds are thickly sprinkled with the gorgeous scarlet of the poppy. The hamlet of Shottery is less than a mile from Stratford, stepping westward toward the sunset; and there, nestled beneath the elms and almost embowered in vines and roses, stands the cottage in which Anne Hathaway was wooed and won. It is even more antiquated in appearance than the cottage of Shakspeare, and more obviously a relic of the distant past. It is built of wood and plaster, ribbed with massive timbers, crossed and visible all along its front, and covered with a roof of thatch. It fronts eastward, presenting its southern end to the road. Under its eaves, peeping through embrasures cut in the thatch, are four tiny casements, round which the ivy twines, and the roses wave softly in the wind of June. The northern end of the structure is higher than the southern, and the old building, originally divided into two tenements, is now divided into three. In front of it is a straggling terrace and a large garden. There is a comfortable air of wildness, yet not of neglect, in all its appointments and surroundings. The place is still the abode of labor and lowliness. Entering its parlor you see a stone floor, a wide fire-place, a broad, hospitable hearth, with cozy chimney-corners, and near this an old wooden settle, much decayed but still serviceable, on which Shakspeare may often have sat, with Anne at his side. The plastered walls of this room here and there reveal traces of an oaken wainscot. The ceiling is low. This evidently was the farm-house of a substantial yeoman in the

days of Henry VIII. The Hathaways had lived in Shottery for forty years prior to Shakspeare's marriage. The poet, then wholly undistinguished, had just turned eighteen, while his bride was nearly twenty-six, and it is often said now that she did very wrong to wed this boy-lover. They were married in November, 1582, and their first child, Susanna, came in the following May. Anne Hathaway must have been a wonderfully fascinating woman, or Shakspeare would not so have loved her; and she must have loved him dearly—as what woman, indeed, could help it?—or she would not thus have yielded to his passion. There is direct testimony to the beauty of his person; and in the light afforded by his writings it requires no extraordinary penetration to conjecture that his brilliant mind, sparkling humor, tender fancy, and impetuous spirit must have made him in his youth the very paragon of enchanters. It is not known where they lived during the first years after their marriage. Perhaps in this cottage at Shottery. Perhaps with Hamnet and Judith Sadler, for whom their twins, born in 1585, were named Hamnet and Judith. Her father's house assuredly would have been chosen for Anne's refuge, when presently, in 1586, Shakspeare was obliged to leave his wife and children, and go away to London to seek his fortune. He did not buy New Place till 1597, but it is known that in the mean time he came to his native country once every year. It was in Stratford that his son Hamnet died, in 1596. Anne and her children probably had never left the town. They show her bedstead and other bits of her furniture, together with certain homespun sheets of everlasting linen, that are kept as heirlooms to this day, in the garret of the Shottery cottage. Here is the room that must often have welcomed the poet when he came home from his labors in the great city. It is a very homely and humble place, but the sight of it makes the heart thrill with a strange and incommunicable awe. You can not wish to speak when you are standing there. You are scarcely conscious of the low rustling of the leaves outside, the far-off sleepy murmuring of the brook, or the faint fragrance of woodbine and maiden's-blush that is wafted in at the open casement, and that swathes in nature's incense a memory sweeter than itself.



INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

Associations may be established by fable as well as by fact. There is but little reason to believe the old legendary tale, first recorded by Rowe, that Shakspeare, having robbed the deer park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, was so severely prosecuted by that magistrate that he was compelled to quit Stratford and shelter himself in London. Yet the story has twisted itself into all the lives of Shakspeare, and whether received or rejected, has clung till this day to the house of Charlecote. That noble mansion—a genuine specimen, despite a few modern alterations, of the architecture of

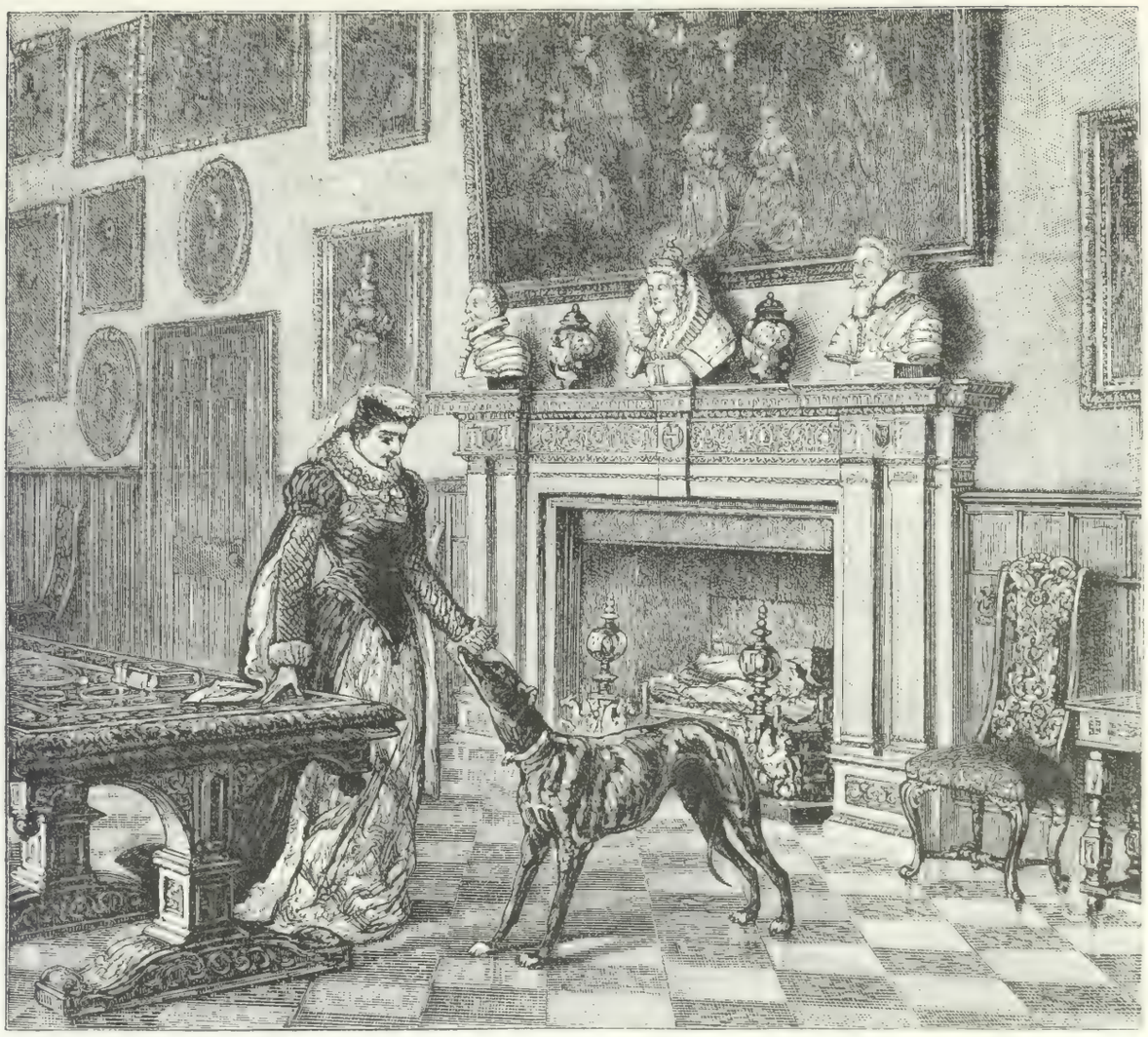


ENTRANCE TO CHARLECOTE PARK.

Queen Elizabeth's time—is found on the western bank of the Avon, about three miles southwest from Stratford. It is a long, rambling, three-storied palace—quite as finely quaint as old St. James's in London, and not altogether unlike that edifice in general character—with octagon turrets, gables, balustrades, Tudor casements, and great stacks of chimneys, so densely closed in by elms of giant growth that you can scarce distinguish it through the foliage till you are close upon it. It was erected in 1558 by Thomas Lucy, who in 1578 was sheriff of Warwickshire, and who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1593. There is a silly, wretched old ballad in existence, attributed to Shakspeare, which, it is said, was found affixed to Lucy's park gate, and gave him great offense. He must have been more than commonly sensitive to low abuse if he could really have been annoyed by such a manifestly scurrilous ebullition of the blackguard and the blockhead—supposing, indeed, that he ever saw it. In it he is called a "knight," which, in fact, he did not become until at least five years after the time when this precious document is alleged to have been written. The writing, proffered as the work of Shakspeare, is undoubtedly a forgery. There is



CHARLECOTE HALL, SEAT OF SIR THOMAS LUCY.



INTERIOR OF CHARLECOTE HALL.

but one existing reason to think that the poet ever cherished a grudge against the Lucy family, and that is the coarse allusion to the name which is found in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. There was apparently a second Sir Thomas Lucy, later than the sheriff, who was still more of the Puritanic breed, while Shakspeare, very evidently, was a Cavalier. It is possible that in a youthful frolic the poet may have poached on Sheriff Lucy's preserves. Even so, the affair was extremely trivial. It is possible, too, that in after-years he may have had reason to dislike the extra-Puritanical neighbor. Some memory of the tradition will, of course, haunt the traveller's thoughts as he strolls by Hatton Rock and through the antiquated villages of Hampton and Charlecote, and up the broad leafy avenue to Charlecote House. But this discordant recollection is soon smoothed away by the peaceful loveliness of the ramble—past aged hawthorns that Shakspeare himself must have seen, and under the boughs of beeches, limes, and drooping willows, where every footstep falls on wild flowers, or on a cool green turf that is softer than Indian silk and as firm and springy as the sands of the sea-beaten shore. Thought of Sir Thomas Lucy will not be otherwise than kind, neither, when the stranger in Charlecote church reads the epitaph with which the old knight himself commemorated his wife: "All the time of her life a true and faithful servant of her good God; never detected of any crime or vice; in religion, most sound; in love to her husband, most faithful and true; in friendship, most constant; to what in trust was committed to her, most secret; in wisdom, excelling; in governing her house and bringing up of youth in the fear of God that did converse with her, most rare and singular. A great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none, unless of the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a woman so furnished and garnished with virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled of any. As she lived most virtuously, so she died most godly. Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true, Thomas Lucy." A narrow formalist he may have been, and a severe magistrate in his dealings with scapegrace youths, and perhaps a haughty and disagreeable neighbor; but there is a touch of genuine manhood, fine feeling, and virtuous and self-respecting character in these lines which instantly

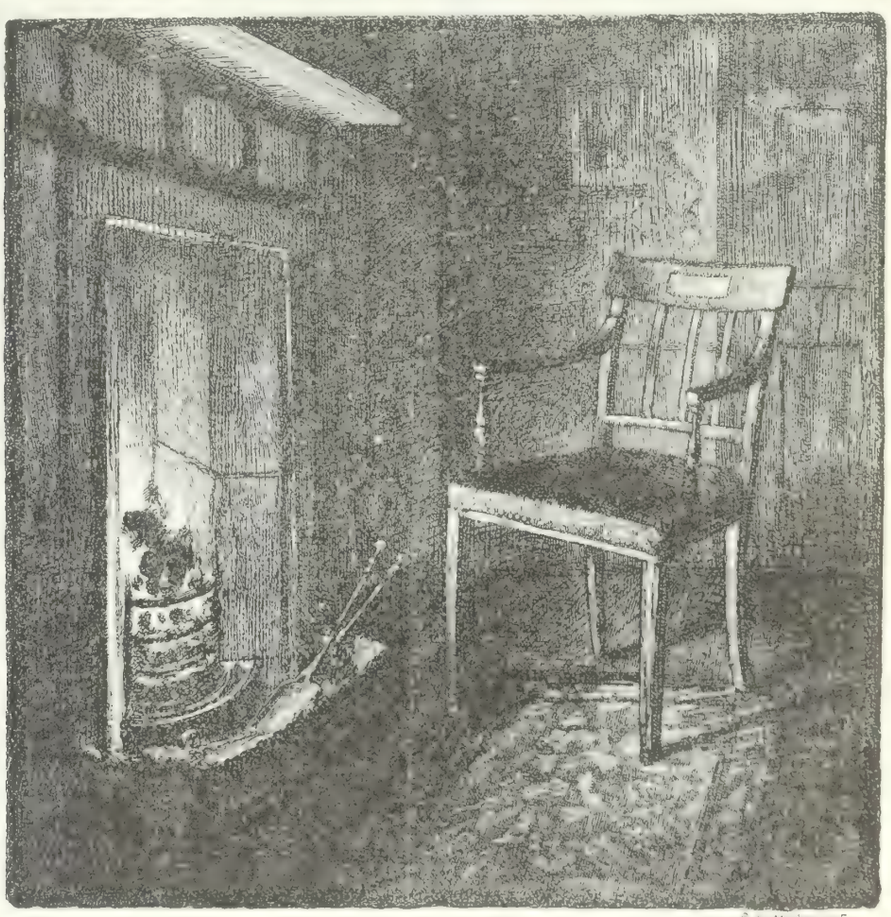


OLD MILL AT STRATFORD.

wins the response of sympathy. If Shakspeare really shot the deer of Thomas Lucy, the injured gentleman had a right to feel annoyed. Shakspeare, boy or man, was not a saint, and those who so account him can have read his works to but little purpose. He can bear the full brunt of all his faults. He does not need to be canonized.

This ramble to Charlecote—one of the prettiest walks about Stratford—was, it may surely be supposed, often taken by Shakspeare. He would pass the old Mill Bridge (new in 1599), which still spans the Avon a little way to the south of the church. The quaint, sleepy mill—clad now with moss and ivy—which adds such a charm to the prospect, was doubtless fresh and bright in those distant days. More lovely to the vision, though, it never could have been than it is at present. The gaze of Shakspeare assuredly dwelt on it with pleasure. His footsteps may be traced also in fancy to the region of the old college building (demolished in 1799), which stood in the southern part of Stratford, and was the home of his friend John Combe, factor of Fulke Greville, the Earl of Warwick. Still another of his walks must have tended northward through Welcombe, where he was the owner of lands, to the portly manor of Clopton. On what is called the "Antient House," which stands on the west side of High Street, not far from New Place, he may often have looked, as he strolled past to the inns of the Boar and the Red Horse. This building, dated 1596, survives, notwithstanding some modern touches of rehabilitation, as a beautiful specimen of Tudor architecture in one at least of its most charming features, the carved and timber-crossed gable. It is a house of three stories, containing parlor, sitting-room, kitchen, and several bedrooms, besides cellars and brew-shed; and when sold at auction, August 23, 1876, it brought £400. There are other dwellings fully as old in Stratford, but they have been newly painted and otherwise changed. This is a genuine piece of antiquity, and vies with the grammar school

of the guild, under whose pent-house the poet could not have failed to pass whenever he went abroad from New Place. Julius Shaw, one of the five witnesses to his will, lived in a house close by the grammar school; and here, it is reasonable to think, Shakspeare would often pause for a chat with his friend and neighbor. In all the little streets by the river-side, which are ancient and redolent of the past, his image seems steadily familiar. In Dead Lane (now called Chapel Lane) he owned a little low cottage, bought of Walter Getley in 1602, and only destroyed within the present century. These and kindred shreds of fact, suggesting the poet as a living man, and connecting him, however vaguely, with our human, every-day experience, are seized on with peculiar zest by the pilgrim in Stratford. Such a votary, for example, never doubts that Shakspeare was a frequenter, in leisure and convivial hours, of the ancient Red Horse Inn. It stood there in his day as it stands now, on the right-hand side of Bridge Street, westward from the Avon. There are many other taverns in the town—the Shakspeare, the Falcon, the White Hart, the Rose and Crown, the old Red Lion, and the Cross Keys being a few of them—but the Red Horse takes precedence of all its kindred in the fascinating, because suggestive, attribute of antiquity. Moreover, it was the Red Horse that harbored Washington Irving, the pioneer of American worshippers at the shrine of Shakspeare; and the American explorer of Stratford would cruelly sacrifice his peace of mind if he were to repose under any other roof. The Red Horse is a rambling three-story building, entered through a large archway, which leads into a long, straggling yard, adjacent to many offices and stables. On one side of the hall of entrance is found the smoking-room and bar; on the other are the coffee-room and several sitting-rooms. Above are the chambers. It is a thoroughly old-fashioned inn—such a one as we may suppose the Boar's Head to have been in the time of Prince Henry; such a one as untravelled Americans only know in the pages of Dickens. The rooms are furnished in plain and homely style, but their associations readily deck them with the fragrant garlands of memory. When Drayton and Jonson came down to visit "gentle Will" at Stratford, they could scarcely have omitted to quaff the glorious ale of Warwickshire in this cozy parlor. When Queen Henrietta Maria was ensconced at New Place, the honored guest of Shakspeare's elder and favorite daughter, the general of the royal forces quartered himself at the Red Horse, and then doubtless there was enough and to spare of merry revelry within its walls. A little later the old house was soundly peppered by the Roundhead bullets, and the whole town was overrun with the close-



WASHINGTON IRVING'S CHAIR AT THE RED HORSE.

cropped, psalm-singing soldiers of the Commonwealth. In 1742 Garrick and Macklin lodged in the Red Horse; and hither again came Garrick in 1769, to direct the great Shakspeare Jubilee, which then was rather dismally accomplished, but which is always remembered to the great actor's credit and

"And shed a something of celestial light
Round the familiar face of every day."

To pass rapidly in review the little that is known of Shakspeare's life is, nevertheless, to be impressed not only by its incessant and amazing literary productiveness, but by the quick succession of its salient incidents. The vitality must have been enormous that created in so short a time such a number and variety of works of the first class. The same "quick spirit" would naturally have kept in agitation all the elements of his daily experience. Descended from an ancestor who had fought for the Red Rose on Bosworth Field, he was born to repute as well as competence, and during his early childhood he received instruction and training in a comfortable home. He escaped the plague, which was raging in Stratford when he was an infant, and which took many victims. He went to school when seven years old, and left it when about fourteen. He then had to work for his living—his once opulent father having fallen into misfortune—and he became an apprentice to a butcher, or else a lawyer's clerk (there were seven lawyers in Stratford at that time), or else a school-teacher. Perhaps he was all three—and more. It is conjectured that he saw the players who from time to time acted in the Guildhall, under the auspices of the corporation of Stratford, that he attended the religious entertainments which were customarily given in the neighboring city of Coventry, and that in particular he witnessed the elaborate and sumptuous pageants with which in 1575 the Earl of Leicester welcomed Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth Castle. He married at eighteen; and, leaving a wife and three children in Stratford, he went up to London at twenty-two. His entrance into theatrical life immediately followed—in what capacity it is impossible to judge. One dubious account says that he held horses for the public at



THE WEIR WALK, STRATFORD.

honor. Betterton, no doubt, lodged here when he came to Stratford in quest of reminiscences of Shakspeare. The visit of Irving, supplemented with his delicious chronicle, has led to what might be called almost the consecration of the parlor in which he sat and the chamber in which he slept. They still keep the poker—now marked "Geoffrey Crayon's sceptre"—with which, as he sat there in long, silent, and ecstatic meditation, he so ruthlessly prodded the fire in the narrow, tiny grate. They keep also the chair in which he sat—a plain, straight-backed arm-chair, with a hair-cloth seat, much worn in these latter days by the incumbent devotions of the faithful, but duly marked, on a brass label, with his renowned and treasured name. Thus genius can sanctify even the humblest objects,

the theatre door; another that he got employment as a prompter to the actors. It is certain that he had not been in the theatrical business long before he began to make himself felt. At twenty-eight he was known as a prosperous author. At twenty-nine he had acted with Barbage before Queen Elizabeth; and while Spenser had extolled him in the "Tears of the Muses," the envious Green had disparaged him in the "Groat's-worth of Wit." At thirty-three he had acquired wealth enough to purchase New Place, the principal residence in his native town, where now he placed his family and established his home, himself remaining in London, but visiting Stratford at frequent intervals. At thirty-four he was heard of as the actor of Knowell in Ben Jonson's comedy, then new, of *Every Man in his Humor*, and he received the glowing encomium of Meres in *Wit's Treasury*. At thirty-eight he had written *Hamlet* and *As You Like It*, and, moreover, he was now become the owner of more estate in Stratford, costing him £320. At forty-one he made his largest purchase, buying for £440 the titles of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. In the mean time he had smoothed the declining years of his father, and had followed him with love and duty to the grave. Other domestic bereavements likewise befell him, and other worldly cares and duties were laid upon his hands, but neither grief nor business could check the fertility of his brain. Within the next ten years he wrote, among other great plays, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Coriolanus*. At about forty-eight he seems to have disposed of his shares in the two London theatres with which he had been connected, the Blackfriars and the Globe, and shortly afterward, his work as we possess it being well-nigh completed, he retired finally to his Stratford home. That he was the comrade of all the bright spirits who glittered in "the spacious times" of Elizabeth, many of them have left their personal testimony. That he was the king of them all, is evidenced in his works. The Sonnets seem to disclose that there was a mysterious, almost a tragical, passage in his life, and that he was called to bear the secret burden of a great and perhaps a calamitous personal grief—one of those griefs, too, which, being germinated by sin, are endless in the punishment they entail. Happily, however, no antiquarian student of Shakspeare's time has yet succeeded in coming very near to the man. While he was in London he used to frequent the Falcon Tavern and the Mermaid, and he lived at one time in Bishopsgate Street, and at another time in Clink Street, in Southwark. As an actor his name has been associated with his own characters of Adam, Friar Lawrence, and the ghost of King Hamlet, and a contemporary reference declares him "excellent in the quality he professes." Many of his manuscripts, it is probable, perished in the fire which consumed the Globe Theatre, in 1613. He passed his last days in his home at Stratford, and died there, somewhat suddenly, on his fifty-second birthday. This event, it may be worth while to observe, occurred within thirty-three years of the execution of King Charles I., under the Puritan Commonwealth of Oliver Cromwell. The Puritan spirit, intolerant of the play-house and of all its works, must even then have been gaining formidable strength. His daughter Judith, aged thirty-two at the time of his death, survived him forty-six years, and the whisper of tradition says that she was a Puritan. If so, the strange and seemingly unaccountable disappearance of whatever play-house papers he may have left behind him at Stratford should not be far to seek. The suggestion is likely to have been made before; and also it is likely to have been supplemented with a reference to the great fire in London in 1666, which in consuming St. Paul's Cathedral burned up an immense quantity of books and manuscripts that had been brought from all the threatened parts of the city and heaped beneath its arches for safety—as probably the



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH—THE AVENUE.



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH—THE PORCH.

final and effectual holocaust of almost every piece of print or writing that might have served to illuminate the history of Shakspeare. In his personality, no less than in the fathomless resources of his genius, he baffles all scrutiny, and stands forever alone.

> "Others abide our question; thou art free:
> We ask, and ask; thou smilest and art still—
> Out-topping knowledge."

It is impossible to convey in words even an adequate suggestion of the prodigious and overwhelming sense of peace that falls upon the soul of the pilgrim in Stratford church. All the cares and struggles and trials of mortal life, all its failures, and equally all its achievements, seem there to pass utterly out of remembrance. It is not now an idle reflection that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." No power of human thought ever rose higher or went further than the thought of Shakspeare. No human being, using the best weapons of intellectual accomplishment, ever accomplished so much. Yet here he lies—who was once so great! And here also, gathered around him in death, lie his parents, his children, his descendants, and his friends. For him and for them the struggle has long since ended. Let no man fear to tread the dark pathway that Shakspeare has trodden before him. Let no man, standing at this grave, and seeing and feeling that all the vast labors of that celestial genius end here at last in a handful of dust, fret and grieve any more over the puny and evanescent toils of to-day, so soon to be buried in oblivion! In the simple performance of duty, and in the life of the affections, there may be permanence and solace. The rest is an "unsubstantial pageant." It breaks, it changes, it dies, it passes away, it is forgotten; and though a great name be now and then for a little while remembered, what can the remembrance of mankind signify to him who once wore it? Shakspeare, there is good reason to believe, set precisely the right value alike upon renown in his own time and the homage of posterity. Though he went forth, as the stormy impulses of his nature drove him, into the great world of London, and there laid the firm hand of conquest upon the spoils of wealth and power, he came back at last to the peaceful home of his childhood; he strove to garner up the comforts and everlasting treasures of love at his own hearth-stone; he sought an enduring monument in the hearts of friends and companions; and so he won for his stately sepulchre the garland not alone of glory, but of affection. Through the tall eastern window of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church the morning sunshine, broken into many-colored light, streams in upon the grave of Shakspeare, and gilds his bust upon the wall above it. He lies close by the altar, and every circumstance of his place of burial is eloquent of his hold upon the affectionate esteem of his contemporaries, equally as a man, a Chris-

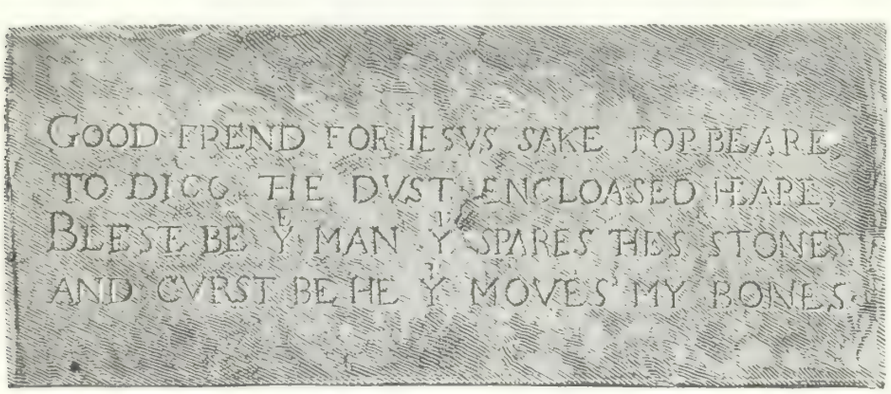
tian, and a famous poet. The line of graves beginning at the north wall of the chancel, and extending across to the south, seems devoted entirely to Shakspeare and his family, with but one exception. The pavement that covers them is of that bluish-gray slate or freestone which in England is sometimes called black marble. Beneath it there are vaults which may have been constructed by the monks when this church was built, far back in the eleventh or twelfth century. In the first of these, under the north wall, rests Shakspeare's wife. The next is that of the poet himself, bearing the world-famed words of blessing and imprecation. Then comes the grave of Thomas Nashe, husband to Elizabeth Hall, the poet's granddaughter. Next is that of Dr. John Hall, husband to his daughter Susanna, and close beside him rests Susanna herself. The grave-stones are laid east and west, and all but one present inscriptions. That one is under the south wall, and possibly covers the dust of Judith—Mrs. Thomas Quiney—the youngest daughter of Shakspeare, who, surviving her three children, and thus leaving no descendants, died in 1662. Upon the grave-stone of Susanna an inscription has been intruded commemorative of Richard Watts, who is not, however, known to have had any relationship with either Shakspeare or his descendants. The remains of many other persons may perhaps be entombed in these vaults. Shakspeare's father, who died in 1601, and his mother, Mary Arden, who died in 1608, were buried somewhere in this church. His infant sisters Joan, Margaret, and Anne, and his brother Richard, who died, aged thirty-nine, in 1613, may also have been laid to rest in this place. Of the death and burial of his brother Gilbert there is no record. His sister Joan, the second—Mrs. Hart—would naturally have been placed with her relatives. His brother Edmund, dying in 1607, aged twenty-seven, is under the pavement of St. Saviour's Church in Southwark. The boy Hamnet, dying before his father had risen into much local eminence, rests probably in an undistinguished grave in the church-yard. The family of Shakspeare seems to have been short-lived, and it was soon extinguished. He himself died at fifty-two. Judith's children all perished young. Susanna bore but one child—Elizabeth—who, as already mentioned, became successively Mrs. Nashe and Lady Barnard, and she, dying in 1670, was buried at Abington. She left no children by either husband, and in her the race of Shakspeare became extinct. That of Anne Hathaway also has nearly disappeared, the last living descendant of the Hathaways being Mrs. Taylor, the present occupant of Anne's cottage at Shottery. Thus, one by one, from the pleasant gardened town of Stratford, they went to take up their long abode in that old church, which was ancient even in their infancy, and which, watching through the centuries in its monastic solitude on the shore of Avon, has seen their lands and houses devastated by flood and fire, the places that knew them changed by the tooth of time, and almost all the associations of their lives obliterated by the improving hand of destruction.



BUST OF SHAKSPEARE, OVER HIS GRAVE.

One of the oldest and most interesting Shakspearean documents in existence is the narrative by a traveller named Dowdall of his observations in Warwickshire, and of his visit on April 10, 1693, to Stratford church. He describes therein the bust and the tomb-stone of Shakspeare, and he adds these remarkable words: "The clerk that showed me this church is above eighty years old. He says that not one, for fear of the curse above said, dare touch his grave-stone, though his wife and daughter did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him." Writers in modern days have been pleased to disparage that inscription, and to conjecture that it was the work of a sexton,

and not of the poet: but no one denies that it has accomplished its purpose in preserving the sanctity of Shakspeare's rest. Its rugged strength, its simple pathos, its fitness, and its sincerity make it felt as unquestionably the utterance of Shakspeare himself, when it is read upon the slab that covers him. There the musing traveller full well conceives how dearly the poet must have loved the beautiful scenes of his birthplace, and with what intense longing he must have desired to sleep undisturbed in the most sacred spot in their bosom. He doubtless had some premonition of his approaching death. Three months before it came he drafted his will. A little later he attended to the marriage of his younger daughter. Within less than a month of his death he executed the will, and thus set his affairs in perfect order. His handwriting in the three signatures to that paper conspicuously exhibits the uncertainty and lassitude of shattered nerves. He was probably quite worn out. Within the space, at the utmost, of twenty-five years, he had written his thirty-seven plays, his 154 sonnets, and his two or more long poems; had passed through much and painful toil and through many sorrows; had made his fortune as author, actor, and manager; and had superintended, to excellent advantage, his property in London and his large estates in Stratford and its neighborhood. The proclamation of health with which the will begins was doubtless a formality of legal custom. The story that he died of drinking too hard at a merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson is the merest hearsay and gossip. If in those last days of fatigue and presentiment he wrote the epitaph that has ever since marked his grave, it would very naturally have taken the plainest fashion of speech. Such, at all events, is its character: and no pilgrim to the poet's shrine could wish to see it changed:

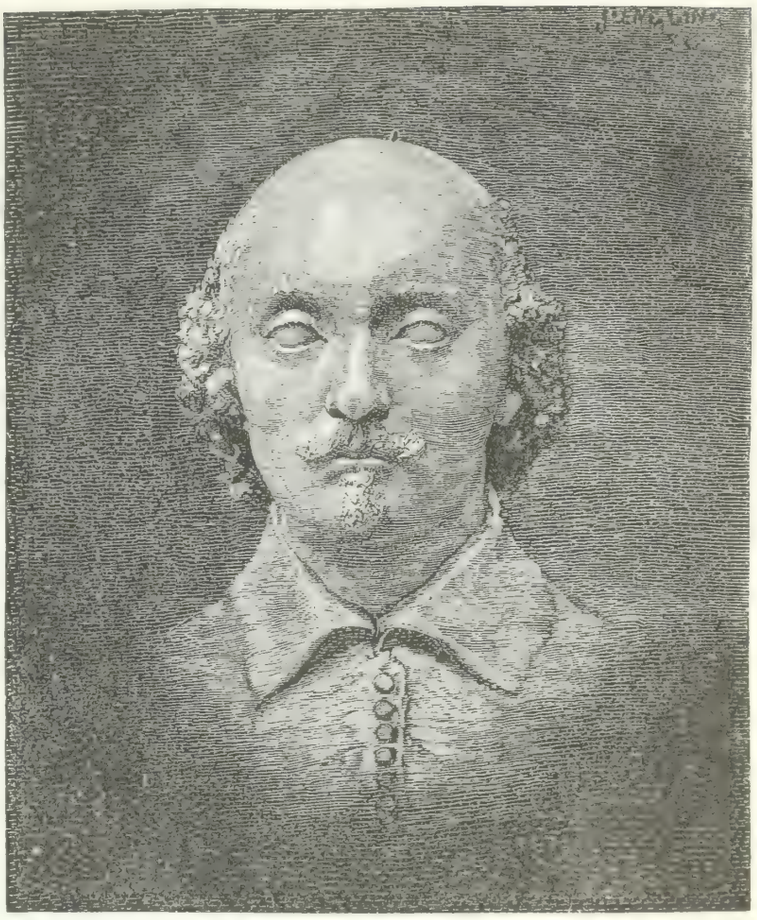


It was once surmised that the poet's solicitude lest his bones might be disturbed in death grew out of his intention to take with him into the grave a confession that the works which now "follow him" were written by another hand. Persons have been found who actually believe that a man who was great enough to write *Hamlet* could be little enough to feel ashamed of it, and, accordingly, that Shakspeare was only hired to play at authorship as a screen for the actual author. It might not, perhaps, be strange that a desire for singularity, which is one of the worst literary fashions of this capricious age, should prompt to the rejection of the conclusive and overwhelming testimony to Shakspeare's genius which has been left by Shakspeare's contemporaries, and which shines out in all that is known of his life. It is strange that a doctrine should get itself asserted which is subversive of common reason, and contradictory to every known law of the human mind. This conjectural confession of poetic imposture, of course, has never been exhumed. There came a time in the present century when, as they were making repairs in the chancel pavement of the Holy Trinity (the entire chancel was renovated in 1834), a rift was accidentally made in the Shakspeare vault. Through this, though not without misgiving, the sexton peeped in upon the poet's remains. He saw all that was there, and he saw nothing but a pile of dust.

The antique font from which the infant Shakspeare must have received the sacred water of Christian baptism is still preserved in this church. It was thrown aside and replaced by a new one about the middle of the seventeenth century. Many years afterward it was found in the charnel-house. When that was destroyed, it was cast into the church-yard. In later times the parish clerk used it as a trough to his pump. It passed then through the hands of several successive owners, till at last, in days that had learned to value the past and the associations connected with its illustrious names, it found its way back again to the sanctuary from which it had suffered such a rude expulsion. It is still a beautiful stone, though somewhat soiled and crumbled.

On the north wall of the chancel, above his grave, and near to "the American window," is placed Shakspeare's monument. It is known to have been erected there within seven years after his death. It consists of a half-length effigy, placed beneath a fretted arch, with entablature and pedestal, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, gilded at base and top. Above the entablature appear the armorial bearings of Shakspeare—a pointed spear on a bend sable, and a silver falcon on a tasselled helmet, supporting a spear. Over this heraldic emblem is a death's-head, and

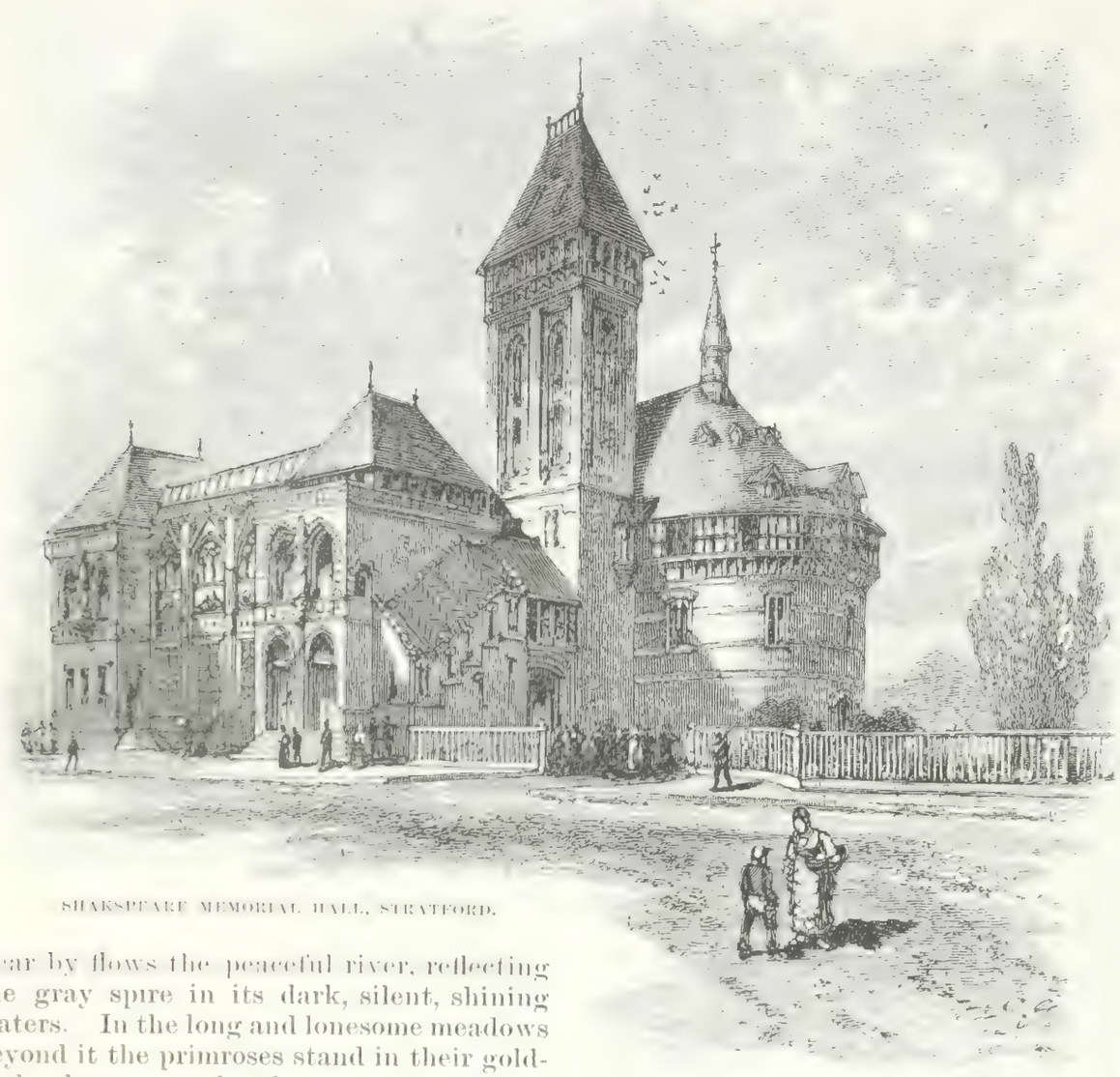
on each side of it sits a carven cherub, one holding a spade, the other an inverted torch. In front of the effigy is a cushion, upon which both hands rest, holding a scroll and a pen. Beneath is an inscription in Latin and English, supposed to have been furnished by the poet's son-in-law, Dr. Hall. The bust was cut by Gerard Johnson, a native of Amsterdam, and by occupation a "tomb-maker." The material is a soft stone, and the work, when first set up, was painted in the colors of life. Its peculiarities indicate that it was copied from a mask of the features taken after death. Many persons believe that this mask has since been found, and busts of Shakspeare have been based upon it, both by O'Donovan and William Page. In September, 1746, John Ward, grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, having come to Stratford with a theatrical company, gave a performance of *Othello* in the Guildhall, and devoted its proceeds to reparation of the Gerard Johnson effigy, then somewhat damaged by time. The original colors were then carefully restored and freshened. In 1793, under the direction of Malone, this bust, together with the image of John Combe—a recumbent statue near the eastern wall of the chancel—was coated with white paint. From that plight it was extricated a few years ago by the assiduous skill of Simon Collins, who immersed it in a bath which took off the white paint and restored the colors. The eyes are painted of a light hazel, the hair and pointed beard of auburn, the face and hands of flesh-tint. The dress consists of a scarlet doublet with a rolling collar, and closely buttoned down the front, worn under a loose black gown without sleeves. The upper part of the cushion is green, the lower part crimson, and this object is ornamented with gilt tassels. The stone pen that used to be in the right hand of the bust was taken from it toward the end of the last century by a young Oxford student, and being dropped by him upon the pavement, was broken. A quill pen has been put in its place. This is the inscription beneath the bust:



BUST OF SHAKSPEARE, BY W. R. O'DONOVAN.

> Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
> Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.
>
> Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
> Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs Death hath plast
> Within this monvment: SHAKSPEARE: with whome
> Qvick Natvre dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
> Far more than cost; sieth all yt he hath writt
> Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.
>
> Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616. Ætatis 53. Die 23. Ap.

The erection of the old castles, cathedrals, monasteries, and churches of England must, of course, have been accomplished, little by little, in laborious exertion protracted through many years. Stratford church, probably more than seven centuries old, presents a mixture of architectural styles, in which Saxon simplicity and Norman grace are beautifully mingled. Different parts of the structure were doubtless built at different times. It is fashioned in the customary crucial form, with a square tower, a six-sided spire, and a fretted battlement all around its roof. Its windows are Gothic. The approach to it is across an old churchyard thickly sown with graves, through a lovely green avenue of blossoming lime-trees, leading to a carven porch on its north side. This avenue of foliage is said to be the copy of one that existed there in Shakspeare's day, through which he must often have walked, and through which at last he was carried to his grave. Time itself has fallen asleep in this ancient place. The low sob of the organ only deepens the awful sense of its silence and its dreamless repose. Beeches, yews, and elms grew in the churchyard, and many a low tomb and many a leaning stone are there in the shadow, gray with moss and mouldering with age. Birds have built their nests in many crevices in the time-worn tower, round which at sunset you may see them circle, with chirp of greeting or with call of anxious discontent.



SHAKSPEARE MEMORIAL HALL, STRATFORD.

Near by flows the peaceful river, reflecting the gray spire in its dark, silent, shining waters. In the long and lonesome meadows beyond it the primroses stand in their golden banks among the clover, and the frilled and fluted bell of the cowslip, hiding its single drop of blood in its bosom, closes its petals as the night comes down.

Northward, at a little distance from the Church of the Holy Trinity, stands, on the west bank of the Avon, the building which will henceforth be famous through the world as the Shakspeare Memorial. Its dedication, assigned for the 23d of April, this year, has prompted this glance at the hallowed associations of Stratford. The idea of the memorial was first suggested in 1864, incidentally to the ceremonies which then commemorated the 300th anniversary of the poet's birth. Ten years later the site for this noble structure was presented to the town by Charles E. Flower, one of its wealthy inhabitants. Contributions of money were then asked, and were liberally given. Americans as well as Englishmen gave large sums. Two years ago, on the 23d of April, the first stone of the Memorial was laid. The structure comprises a theatre, a library, and a picture-gallery. The theatre is completed. The rest remains unfinished. In the theatre the plays of Shakspeare are from time to time to be represented, in a manner as nearly perfect as may be possible. In the library and picture-gallery are to be assembled all the books upon Shakspeare that ever have been published, and all the choice paintings that can be obtained to illustrate his life and his works. As the years pass this will naturally become the principal depository of Shakspearean relics. A dramatic college will grow up in association with the Shakspeare theatre. The spacious gardens which surround the Memorial will augment their loveliness in added expanse of foliage and in greater wealth of floral luxuriance. The mellow tinge of age will soften the bright tints of the red brick which mainly composes the building. On its cone-shaped turrets ivy will clamber and moss will nestle. When a few generations have passed, the old town of Stratford will have adopted this now youthful stranger into the race of her venerated antiquities. The same air of poetic mystery which rests now upon his cottage and his grave will diffuse itself around his Memorial; and a remote posterity, looking back to the men and the ideas of to-day, will remember with grateful pride that English-speaking people of the nineteenth century, though they could confer no honor upon the great name of Shakspeare, yet honored themselves in consecrating this beautiful temple to his memory.

'LORD ALLEN'S DAUGHTER.

IN the year 1836 I was assistant, though a mere boy, to the resident engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad who was stationed at Harper's Ferry. The railroad bridge was then under construction—the same which now unites the Baltimore and Ohio with the Winchester and Potomac road. The piers and abutments of the new bridge had already been raised high enough to support the superstructure, but they wanted strengthening, for the spring freshets yearly brought down large masses of ice and heavy logs of floating timber. Huge fragments of blasted rock were therefore loaded on rude scows and daily sunk round the foundation of each pier, making what engineers technically call "riprapping."

My chief, Tom Floyd, the resident engineer of that section, spent much of the winter of 1836 in Baltimore, leaving me—a youngster of fifteen—to watch the work and get the contractors to push it forward. It was lonely enough for me, still very young, to be stationed in a place so destitute of all social advantages as Harper's Ferry. I perilled my future by flirtations with the farmers' daughters in the neighborhood, and on Sundays I sometimes hired a horse and rode over to a barn-like chapel in the woods, where many of the best families in the Shenandoah Valley assembled two Sundays in the month for what it was their primitive fashion to call "preaching." My chief had taken me with him to this place more than once during the warm bright weeks of autumn, and nothing can be imagined more beautiful than our ride through forest paths unobstructed by undergrowth, under trees of hues as varied as the "jewelled gates" the preacher told about in the future city of God. No exhibition of coloring ever has impressed me since so much as the gorgeous glory of those Virginia woods.

My chief was somewhat sweet upon the prettiest and richest girl in all those parts, Miss Parthie—or Parthenia—Allen, daughter of Gaylord Allen, Esq., of Fair Park, a fine old house in an oak wood standing between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry.

Gaylord Allen was a stately gentleman of the old ante-Revolutionary school, entitled to the mystic letters F.F.V. He lived a widower at Fair Park, surrounded by hereditary negroes, hereditary horses, hereditary trees, and hereditary traditions. He farmed two fine estates about one thousand acres of the very finest wheat land in Jefferson County. But in one of these he had only an interest as trustee for Miss Parthenia, now seventeen, and already beset with suitors, whom she managed with a light and able hand. Miss Parthie (who has been an exemplary matron more than forty years) was a coquette by nature, inheritance, and education, as almost all Maryland and Virginia girls were then and now are. It strikes a stranger with astonishment to see how much these country-bred young girls—wholly inexperienced in the ways of the great world—know about male human nature; how cleverly they can manage their various admirers, and steer true love through rocks and quicksands to successful matrimony.

Miss Parthie had an aunt who took all care from her, but who habitually disapproved of her. Aunt Martha's path in life led from her smoke-house to her jam-pots; within these narrow limits her existence was what the poets call "full-orbed." Miss Parthie had, besides, a gay young brother, who played tricks on the young gentlemen who courted her, and a father, who had regarded her as the apple of his eye and the bright star of his life while she was little, but who now felt that the restless, beautiful young creature who upset his stately notions of comfort, disturbed his perceptions of propriety, and might end by putting herself in antagonism to all his habits, was a trifle too much for him. He began to want to see her married. There was a neighboring gentleman of good estate, good family, safe principles, and the right politics who ardently admired her. 'Lord Allen, as we called him, favored his suit, but Miss Parthie never heard his name mentioned without a fling at his pretensions. His name itself was the strongest point she made against him. "What girl could be expected," she would ask, "to pledge herself to love, honor, and obey a man whose Christian name was Jonas Jefferson, and to write herself for life, after her marriage, Mrs. J. J. Jones?"

"Parthie, my dear," her brother used to say, "the Bible says, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' All your other fellows have good names. There's Angus M'Farland, and Lomax Gordon, and Randolph Carter, and Philip Grymes—a good old name if not handsome, you know. I wouldn't fly in the face of good advice out of the good book, by making myself a Jones for life, if I was you."

My chief, Tom Floyd, had a good name, and, as I said, had been smitten by Miss Parthie; *ses beaux yeux* and *les beaux yeux* of her broad acres were together irresistible. She was as full of frolic as a kitten, and at that period of her life almost as irresponsible. In all my days I have never seen another girl who could drive a team of lovers so skillfully and yet so carelessly, and keep them to their work in such good humor with each other.

The first time Mr. Floyd took me over to the chapel, old Mr. 'Lord Allen hospitably asked us to dinner, and at Fair Park, in company with Jones, M'Farland, Gordon, Car-

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ter, and Grymes, we ate of his home-raised dainties, drank of his family wines, and spent the afternoon visiting his thoroughbreds in a field, entertained by Miss Parthie and two or three fair satellites who fully understood their duty as foils. "A little witch," always seemed to me the epithet that suited her. She drew out every body's best; she put every man in good humor with himself; she won the hearts of all around her. She appeared to distinguish no one suitor more than she did the rest, yet every man deemed himself encouraged by her. M'Farland, Gordon, Carter, and Jones showed no jealousy of each other. They, however, made common cause against Grymes, a handsome, lazy, semi-dissipated fellow, of old family, who drove well, danced well, sang well, loved a joke, was always out of cash, and never out of humor. Miss Parthie eagerly disclaimed any liking for such a suitor, and joined in any laugh the others raised against him; but Grymes never appeared the least abashed or disheartened; he laughed as gayly as she laughed at all jokes against himself. He shook his head and gave them all to understand that, whatever they might be ready to predict, he was confident of winning her.

This was the state of things about the middle of November, when Tom Floyd was recalled to Baltimore, and I was left without any social resources in the crooked little town of Harper's Ferry. At night I read old copies of *Don Quixote*, *David Crockett*, and an odd volume of Shakspeare in my hotel chamber; by day I went out on the large flat-boats which deposited rock round the piers of the new bridge in the bed of the river.

The boats employed were singularly awkward craft, from forty to fifty feet long, and twelve and a half feet wide, carrying about fifty tons to a load. The Potomac in the middle is too rapid and too deep for poles, so that we had to keep in shallow water up stream for some distance after leaving the shore of Maryland, when the boat's head was turned to the current, which swept her down to the pier, the crew managing to guide her by the steering oars till she was made fast in the right spot, when they proceeded to get rid of their load of stones.

Each boat had but one man with any experience in navigation on board of her. The Irish laborers formed an awkward crew, but the boatman managed the stern oar, directed the rude efforts of the rest, and in fact was acting captain.

The morning I am now going to tell about was in December. The Potomac was full and rising, and a strong breeze blew down stream. The cold was very great, in spite of the deceitful brightness of the winter sun. It wanted but three days to Christmas, and I was very anxious, before the holidays arrived, to get all the work accomplished that was to strengthen the middle pier. It was very imprudent to attempt the trip that day. The force of the current was increased by the high wind, but no older person remonstrated. I was left to my own judgment, and at fifteen one is hardly responsible for rashness. The risk did not occur to me.

As we were putting off, about eight o'clock, after some trouble in getting the men together, I heard a hail which seemed to come across the river, and our boatman (an intelligent negro called Blackman, a native of Harper's Ferry) called my attention to a group of people on the Virginia shore who were making signs to attract our attention. I looked. There were three persons standing on the bank, and a servant in the rear holding four horses.

One was a lady in a riding dress. I had a small telescopic glass in my pocket, and recognized Miss Parthie Allen. Her companion was Phil Grymes. The third man I could not make out. He was a diminutive individual, quite unknown to me.

"Bring your boat over to this side!" was the hail, as I made it out, their gestures interpreting their words.

It was no easy thing to do; but what will not a boy beginning to feel female influence attempt when the motive of obliging a young lady is brought to bear on him?

So, giving orders to Blackman and the Irish laborers, I jumped hastily on board our clumsy craft. Her moorings were cast off, and a shove or two parted us from the shore of Maryland. Then we began to creep up slowly in shallow water, hugging the left bank of the river. Meantime the party on the Virginia side continued to urge us to make haste by violent gesticulations.

"What can they want of us?" I repeated to myself several times, and once I caught a broad grin on some of the men's faces. I looked at one inquiringly, but he became suddenly shamefaced, and turned away.

"Out with it, Dennis," I said, determined to go further into the mystery.

"Why, isn't that there third one a parson chap from over on this side the river?" he answered, sheepishly. "That very Methody as Jack was telling us about come here to settle in North Mountain, and do preaching, and keep school for the mountain children. A hard lot he must have to fight with, and little enough to live on—glad, I reckon, to strike a chance to do a spell of parson's work elsewhere."

This was more and more mysterious, but I had no time to inquire further. The boat was in the set of the current, which, though not nearly so strong as it would have been half a mile further down the river, was enough to make poling across it very difficult, and to take every man's two arms. There were fourteen of us in all—twelve at



"BRING YOUR BOAT OVER TO THIS SIDE!"

the poles, and Blackman and myself each at a steering oar, and we had enough to do to manage them. The drift was tremendous. In spite of all our efforts we were carried down stream a long way before we succeeded in getting across the current and in finding ourselves in shallow water on the Virginia shore. Some trees grew on the bank. We hooked on to their branches, and came to land nearly a quarter of a mile below the place where we had first seen the party who were waiting our arrival. They had hurried along shore parallel to our course, however, and we had hardly touched land before Phil Grymes sprang lightly into our bow, boisterously blaming us for not "hurrying up" that morning. Then he, I, the clergyman, and Blackman helped Miss Parthie into the boat, leaving the negro servant on the bank in charge of the riding-horses.

"Push off! push off! Be quick, boys! bend your backs! You took a darned long time to get across. We thought you'd be too late, and you just barely came in time!" cried Phil, excitedly.

In another moment the boat was again at the mercy of the current, drifting headlong with the full force of the rising stream, urged by a strong northwester.

"Where do you want us to take you?" I shouted to Grymes. The wind and the boat's creaking and the roaring of the water over the rocks made it hard to speak or get an answer.

"Where are you going yourself?" said he.

"We are bound for that fourth pier, where we are to throw overboard this load of stones," was my answer.

"That one right ahead? That's the very middle of the river, is it not?"

"True for you; it is so," said a man at the pole beside us, glancing at him with a look of intelligence. "That's the very line there that divides the Old Dominion and Maryland."

"Then that's the place for what we have to do," shouted Phil Grymes. "We'll settle it all while you are heaving the rocks into the river."

So saying he turned with what I thought an insolent triumph in his look to the young lady, who drew herself away. I noticed she looked pale and alarmed, and I now saw that Phil had probably been drinking overnight and was in a state of unnatural excitement that morning.

At this moment another party on horseback rode at full speed down to the bank on the Virginia side of the river. Miss Parthie screamed as she beheld them.

"Oh! there's my father! Take me back, Mr. Keilson, take me back. I was wrong. I have done a wicked, wicked thing to leave my old father. Let me go back again. It is time still. Mr. Grymes, I will not marry you. You have taken advantage of me."

"By Heaven you can not go back! No power could get the boat back now to the

Virginia shore," cried Grymes, with a sort of chuckle.

"Hullo, young Keilson!" came across the stream. "Bring the boat back. I hold you responsible for my daughter."

"I couldn't, if you gave me a hundred thousand dollars!" I shouted in reply; for the boat was in full career, driven by the current, and Heaven knows if my words reached him. There is nothing so remorseless, so bewildering, as driving spray and a roaring wind together. The clumsy scow tore onward, riding now over great waves which pitched and tossed her like a ship at sea, and forced us all to hold on tight to any thing within our reach, for the river was terribly agitated. Every moment the wind was rising, and the whole surface of the water was in a foam.

The boat was entirely beyond the men's control. Every now and then she would swirl broadside to the stream, as if trying to find a way to get across it, then a heavy wave would strike her on her side and spin her round, and then she would be off again down stream like a frightened creature.

Miss Parthie stood up in the stern, declining the support of Grymes's arm; one little hand grasped Blackman's unwieldy oar, and one was stretched out toward the group on land, imploring aid from her excited father.

Whirling and plunging in a deafening roar, the boat swept onward. The men gave up their useless labor with the poles, and all stood by to grapple to the pier to which we were in the habit of making fast our unwieldy vessel.

We neared our destination. Phil Grymes in his excitement stretched out farther than the rest, missed his footing, and fell forward, giving the boat a sudden sheer. In an instant we were swept past the pier. The men had failed to grapple it. We were out in deep water, where at all times poles were useless. For a few minutes we continued in the middle of the river, but then came the rush of the Shenandoah, poured from the Virginia side into the Potomac, and we were whirled over to the Maryland shore.

On that bank was the homestead of an old farmer named Bayne. We could see his family gathered on the porch or standing on the bank, encouraging or warning us with vain gesticulations. We were powerless to avail ourselves of suggestions or advice, and no words could have been heard above the wind and waves in the now deafening uproar of the rapids.

Miss Parthie was down upon her knees, partly in supplication, partly that she might cling to a large ring-bolt on the deck used to keep the boat steady at her moorings while discharging cargo.

The clergyman crouched near her. Phil Grymes was on his feet, swaying with each plunge of the boat and making vain apologies.

For a moment I breathed freer, for I fancied we were safe; but the poles would not touch bottom, and soon a sudden eddy seized our clumsy ark so deeply laden. Again she was in the full sweep of the current drifting down furiously in the middle of the river.

"Now, now, Miss Parthie, we are still upon the Maryland side. Stand up and be married," I heard Phil Grymes say.

"Not now—not ever!" she cried, clinging closer to her iron ring, and looking up at him with a face of anguish. "This is the Lord's just judgment on me for my sin, and I would not disobey my father further even if—even if I loved you, and I don't. I know it now. I never loved you."

"See here, Miss Parthie, when a young lady runs away with a young man (and it is common enough, because without the written consent of parents a young lady under twenty-one can not get married in Virginia) it would be rather against her—don't you think so?—all her life, to have it talked about by every body, if she was not married to him after all."

She sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing.

"I would not marry you now," she cried, "Phil Grymes, to save myself from drowning. You dare—you dare to be so mean, so cowardly, as to hold such a threat over me! But I'll take any risk. I call upon this clergyman to witness I refuse you, cast you off, reject you, despise you. If I am drowned, as I suppose I shall be in a few moments, and if any man on board this boat escapes, I implore him to take my last words to my poor father. Tell him I ask his pardon, and that I obeyed him at the last."

Her voice sank to a moan.

"Dear Parthie—Miss Parthenia," Phil Grymes cried in her ear—"you have loved me; you loved me this morning, you know. You are here of your own free-will. You will love me again by-and-by, and think better of me. Say a kind word to me. If, as you say, we are all going to be lost, let us be drowned as man and wife. Let us die together."

Again she looked at him. All passion had gone out of her face, and great tears filled her eyes.

"I am sorry for you," she said, "and I forgive you. You had entangled me against my will, and used your power over me till I consented to run off with you. Let me take all the blame. But here I pause. I know my duty now, and go no further. Say, if you will, that I was false, and jilted you. Take what you please from a poor girl's good name, but henceforth I am rid of you. I shall not die as your wife or as your promised wife, but as my father's daughter."

She sank down, sobbing, on the deck. Our situation was fast growing hopeless. Nothing could now restrain our boat from going headlong into the rapids, and all on

board were only too familiar with accounts of the disasters that had taken place there. We had all seen boats stove on those black sharp rocks, we had all heard stories of brave men lost in those roaring rapids, and to expect our clumsy scow and awkward crew could venture safely through the dangerous path was to expect a miracle.

The rapids stretch out about half a mile, beginning rather more than a mile below Harper's Ferry. When the water is low the surface of the Potomac during that half mile is black with rounded rocks thick as a shoal of porpoises, but now, the river being very full, they were almost all submerged, and the water was for half a mile churned into creamy foam. It became evident that the fury of the current was so great that the boat would be dashed in pieces by the first collision, and there was no probability she could drift through without striking upon some of them.

Among the crew was an old soldier who loved to boast that he had been at Waterloo. I dare say he had fought bravely in the ranks in the excitement of the battle, but now, upon an unfamiliar element, and in a situation in which he could not lift a hand to save himself, he was as frightened as any of them. There was nothing for it but to sit still and be drowned.

The crew fell on their knees; they prayed, they vowed, they wept. They had a vague, unreasoning instinct that it was the duty of their superiors to save them. They implored us in the names of their poor wives and children to check the onward progress of the boat and to put them ashore.

The little parson had stood utterly bewildered and quite helpless at first. I had fancied the great weight of his profession had crushed the manhood out of him; but now he rose to the occasion as a man. Professionally he was quite out of his element, with papists calling on their saints; so he gave up his clerical character, not knowing how to support it in that emergency, and fell back on the human nature that was in him. He joined myself and Blackman at the oar, by which we were endeavoring to keep her straight in the thread of the current.

Blackman began to advise him to avail himself of any chance of safety.

"But I can not save myself," he cried, "and leave the lady."

Phil Grymes was now utterly useless. From time to time he "made his moan" to me or to the parson. "She has thrown me over. She has given me the sack. You might knock me down with a feather."

I saw our only hope was to run boldly into the rapids, and take our chance of going through without striking. I took off my heavy coat and boots, though the thermometer was almost zero, and stood by the poor girl, who, shivering with cold, terror, and excitement, still clung to her ring-bolt on the deck, and looked up to me for protection.

"Miss Parthie," I said, "when we strike, cling fast to that ring. I am going to loosen a trap-door behind it. The door will float if the boat goes to pieces. Hold to the ring firmly. Then let the water do with you what it will. I will be near you, and will swim beside you. Don't waste your strength by efforts of your own. Go down with the stream, and keep afloat until you slip below into the eddy. Then, if they have any sense at Farmer Bayne's, they'll find some way to save us."

"Yes," said the parson, "and I, too, can swim; and while I live will also swim beside you."

"Oh, Mr. Keilson," said the poor girl, lifting her tearful face from her wet hands, "God would have had me in His care had I been lost while in the path of duty. But now you all had better give me up. I feel like Jonah. I wish I had to die in a good cause," she added, in a low voice, turning her eyes toward Phil Grymes with a shudder.

"You have been very hard on him, Miss Parthie," said I, feeling that she looked to me for his excuse. "You have taken the spirit out of him."

"Do you think I have been hard on him? Not more than he deserves. How can I be expected to respect a man who has no help for me or any one in time of trouble?"

"He is braver than he seems," I said. "The truth is, he's been drinking overnight. A man loses command over his own nerves when he suffers from reaction."

She gave a gesture of disgust, and turned away, clasping her ring-bolt fiercely. I loosened the rude hatch, and we stood by for what was coming. Our clumsy craft was rushing to her death. Swiftly, and more swiftly, she swept downward to the rapids. The water boiled and hissed and bubbled under her bow. There were sunken rocks before her and on either side, but the only sign that betrayed their whereabouts was a swirl made in the white foam as the current dashed against them in its passage. To attempt to guide ourselves among such perils was impossible. The boat flew on so fast and was so little under our control that all we three who stood by the great oar could do was to prevent her swinging broadside to the stream, and so presenting a greater surface to the dangers of the river.

On—on she drove, lifting and straining. Not an intelligible word was spoken, but there were moans and cries from the poor Irishmen. We bolder spirits held our breath in anxious expectation. Each moment in imagination we experienced the shock we knew must come; each instant we felt the planks parting beneath our feet, and seemed to feel the ice-cold shock as we were ingulfed by the dark river.

At last the moment came. The scow struck. Blackman held on to his great oar. The parson was pitched upon his face. Miss Parthie did as I had bidden her, and firmly grasped her ring-bolt, though the hatch sprung upon. I was thrown violently upon the deck. Phil Grymes went overboard.

There was a thrilling moment of suspense. The boat did not part, as we all thought she would. I called upon the crew to examine our situation, and we found we were fast, stem and stern, between two rocks whose jagged points barely showed above the water.

The parson and Miss Parthie uttered pious exclamations. I felt a thrill of gratitude too keen for words.

We were not saved, but it was better to be fast upon the rocks in the middle of the Potomac than plunging madly down the stream, not knowing how soon we might be dashed in pieces.

"Oh, Mr. Keilson, see! My father has come down the bank abreast of us—and Mr. Jones! *they* will soon find some way to save us!" cried Miss Parthie, leaping to her feet, and wildly waving both her little hands. "Oh, father! father! bring us help! I know you will not fail us. I trust *you*!"

We had had no time to turn our eyes toward the Virginia shore during our descent of the rapids, but we now perceived two horsemen, who had in some way crossed the Shenandoah, skirted the wooded mountain which has two mighty rivers at its base, and were drawing rein about four hundred yards from us on the Virginia side of the river.

Meantime Phil Grymes, who had held on to a rusty chain when he went overboard, was hauled in dripping.

The Irish crew, roused by the hope of life, plucked up their courage, and wanted to heave the stone overboard, thinking that by lightening the boat they might get her off the rocks, and again trust to running safely through the rapids.

I looked at Blackman, and saw he thought we had better stay as we were. So I talked cheerily of help that would be sent us from the shore, and told them that so great a risk as trying to drift further ought not to be incurred till every other chance had passed away. I showed them that our boat was only half way through the rapids when she struck, and that it would be a forlorn hope to attempt to carry her through the other half without striking again.

But the spirit of self-will had got possession of them. Phil Grymes saw it, and, excited by the presence of 'Lord Allen and his rival on the bank, grew boisterous, and showed signs of heading a mutiny against me.

In vain, after ripping up a plank and examining the timbers at the boat's bottom, I pronounced her sound, and likely, for a considerable time at least, to hold together. The river was at that place six hundred yards in width, and the boat about one-third of that distance from the Maryland shore. All knew it would be very difficult to establish communication. In vain I reminded them of the keen and active sympathy felt by country neighbors for friends in peril, and assured them every possible effort would be made to save us.

"Men," said Phil Grymes, with a kind of dignity, "I am the only white man in this boat with any experience upon this river; I am also the protector of this lady. Will you be led by me, or give up to a boy, a parson, and a nigger?"

"Remember, men," I shouted, "I am responsible to the superintendent, the officers of the road, and the contractor. You are under my orders. Dennis, I look to you, and to you too, John Watson—*you* know what discipline should be, since you fought at Waterloo."

"It is," said one of the men, doggedly, "only this. We do not know the situation. We'll be ruled by the young lady. She come aboard us, as we all thought—parson and all convenient—to be married. Now something sudden seems to have turned up wrong, and you appear to go against her wedding. Let her say what she will do, out plainly. We'll follow the man she chooses. If you are hindering her in what she likes, Mr. Keilson, we'll soon settle with you. Let her fix upon the man she chooses of you two, and put herself under his protection. We'll trust the man she wishes us to trust, and heave the other overboard if she tells us to."

"No, no," exclaimed Miss Parthie, terrified at her own power, like many another woman. "Don't hurt him, men; only keep him away from me. I don't want him—I don't like him. If we are saved, and you stand by Mr. Keilson, I will speak to my father and Mr. Jones. You shall be handsomely rewarded. These three men—Mr. Keilson, the clergyman, and Blackman—will take care of me. Do as Mr. Keilson orders you, but do not hurt the other man. Let him alone."

Thus in a moment, by a young girl's choice, I was promoted into manhood. I had no one on whose knowledge and experience I could rely but Blackman, and my crew might at any moment rebel against my authority.

I had a glass with me, with which I watched the crowd at old man Bayne's, with keen anxiety. I saw our superintendent bustling about among the men assembled there, but I knew he was a man of few resources, who would probably embarrass all attempts to bring us succor.

"See! see! turn your glass yonder!" cried Miss Parthie, who, wet and shivering, was watching the Virginia side of the river.

I looked. "I see a horseman on a black horse galloping at full speed up stream. It must be Mr. Jones. The other is your father—is it not?—still sitting on his horse watching the rapids."

We continued to watch Jones as he galloped along the right bank, skirting the foot of the mountain. At the junction of the Shenandoah he disappeared, but still we gazed, and in no long time we saw a black spot appear in the Potomac, a little above the point where we had crossed the current early in the day. Man and horse were swimming the river.

"He'll never do it. I shall have killed him too," cried Miss Parthie, hiding her face in her hands. "But watch him, Mr. Keilson, for I dare not. Tell me when it is all over."

"It is over now," I cried, after a pause; "and he is safe—safe on the Maryland side of the river. He is galloping fast this way. Here he comes."

Rider and horse, both dripping wet, were soon at Farmer Bayne's. I fixed the glass, and Miss Parthie, panting with anxiety, saw the exhausted steed, its black flank heaving and its nostrils spread, led away into the stable.

Meantime the cold on board our boat was becoming so intense that all emotions, even of love, jealousy, repentance, filial piety, and mortal terror, had to yield to an overpowering sense of physical suffering. Active exercise had become needful to keep up circulation, and I encouraged every man to walk or run along the deck, the parson and I setting the example by running Miss Parthie between us.

Meantime the men, standing or walking, were watching the operations on shore with intense interest, and discussing eagerly what plans might be adopted to relieve us. I was sorry to hear them all agree that there was no light skiff for many miles on the Maryland side of the river, for I knew it would be a long and tedious operation to bring one over from the Virginia shore.

I keenly felt that relief ought to be speedy to be of any use. Not only might our craft at any moment prove unable to bear the strain, and break in pieces, but a rise in the river might float her off, and hurry her once more into the rapids.

Soon, however, there was a great stir at Bayne's. We paused in our short tramp, and I again took out my glass. I saw them bring out ropes. Jones, without shoes, in trousers and shirt, came out of the house. Bayne and the superintendent were shaking him by the hand. They were tying a long rope round his waist. I saw his face firmset.

"Look at him, Miss Parthie—he's a hero!" I felt impelled to say. It seemed but simple justice she should see him. Now he was wading out—wading and swimming by turns. In the rope that encumbered him lay all our safety. We all understood that along it, if communication with the shore were once established, a stouter line might easily be worked, as is done with ferry-boats over Virginia rivers.

Our crew gave three uproarious cheers for Jones as they saw him take to deeper water just above the rapids. Then they watched him in grim silence, making his way fearlessly from rock to rock, pausing where he could find safe foot-hold, gathering the rope around him, and collecting all his energies for another effort. Slowly and cautiously he made his way, getting as far out into the water as he could before allowing himself to drop down to us with the rush of the river.

But the rope impeded him greatly. It trailed out wet and heavy behind. He was so far from the shore that no assistance could be given him. When he was thirty yards from our boat, with the fierce current rushing swiftly between us, the rope, on which our hopes all hung, suddenly broke loose. He tried to catch its wet and slippery end, but it escaped him.

Miss Parthie uttered a wild shriek, which I think reached his ears. He looked up, and must have seen her with white face, and arms outstretched to him. He made her a slight sign; then, seeing that he could not possibly cross the current to our boat, he made for the nearest flat-topped rock, which he succeeded in reaching.

This disappointment wholly overcame Miss Parthie. With a gesture of despair toward her father on the other shore, she sank down upon the deck, and hid her face in an agony of sobbing.

It was now past mid-day. Our boat had struck about nine o'clock. Several hours had been consumed in vain suggestions and in Jones's brave attempt to re-establish communication. Not many hours now remained of the short winter daylight. Before the poor girl raised her face again I saw 'Lord Allen turn his horse and ride away down the right bank with great rapidity.

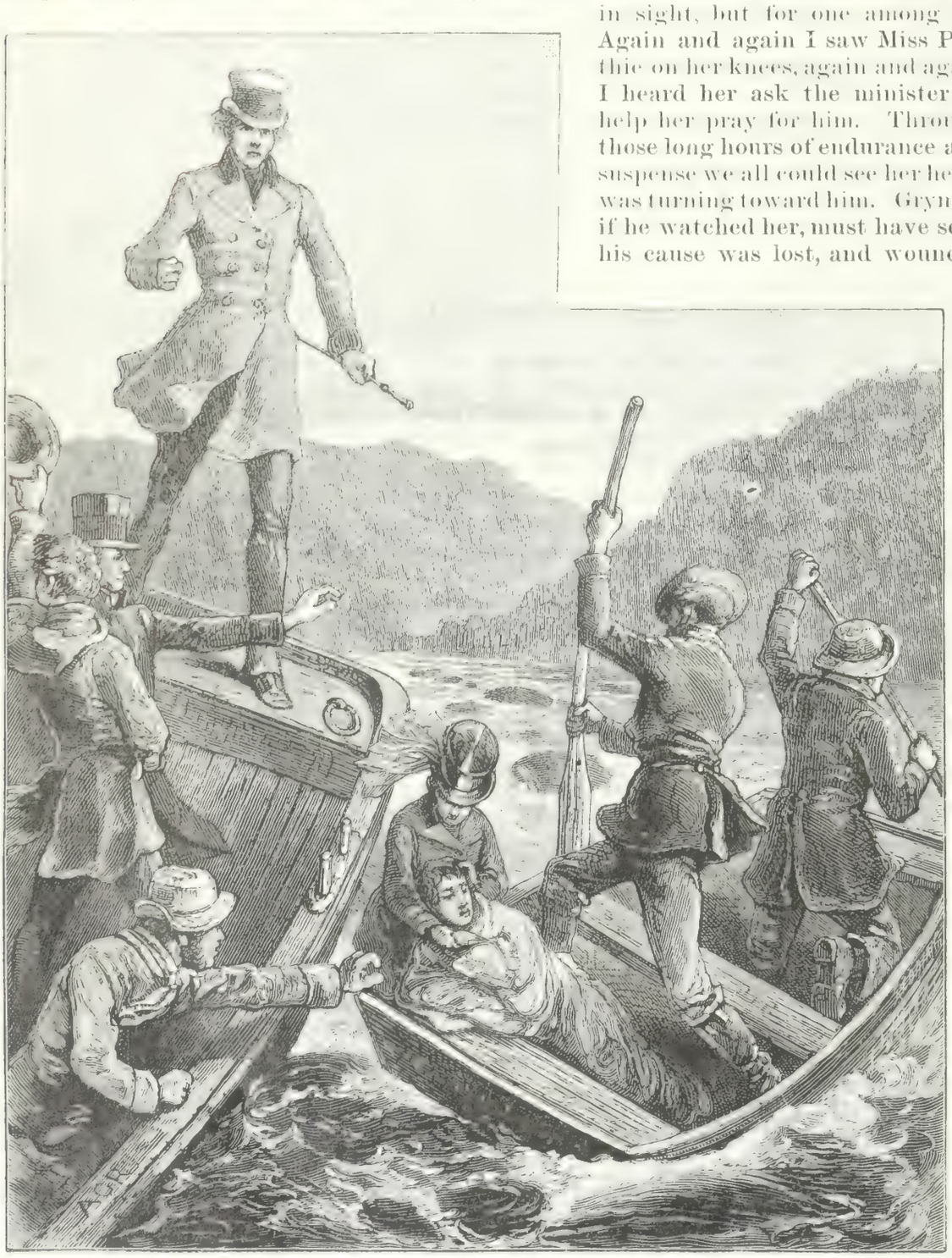
The cold was becoming inexpressibly severe. I made the men take up some of the deck planks and form a sort of barricade across the boat forward, beneath which we could crouch, a little sheltered from the driving wind and spray. There the men clustered in groups, and there the clergyman and I made a nest for Miss Parthie, wrapping her in every thing available that she would let us pile around her. She was too restless, however, to stay long at a time in comfort, and her agitation must have prevented her succumbing to the cold, for she seemed to bear it better than any of us.

Grymes was in the Waterloo man's care, under a sort of arrest. They had discovered a piece of tobacco, which they shared;

but in spite of this solace he was fast becoming drowsy. Jones's situation meantime was far worse than ours. His clothing had been light, and now, saturated with water, it became a mass of ice. The rock on which he stood was barely large enough to keep him out of water, and its slippery surface made it dangerous to change his position. Most fortunately he had brought a flask of brandy, intending to administer it to those he came to save. Though he was not a hundred feet from our wrecked scow, communication with him was impossible. Between us ran a torrent, with its bewildering roar. But every few minutes nothing could restrain Miss Parthie from standing up, fluttering her handkerchief, spreading out her arms, and uttering words of encouragement, blown off to the Virginia shore, and unheard even by ourselves, who stood beside her.

Again our crew lost heart. Again the spirit of mutiny broke out in murmurs. Cold and exhaustion were having their effect. They were becoming querulous. Some, too, like Grymes, were getting torpid, and it required constant rousing to keep them from sinking into that dread sleep told of by arctic voyagers. The parson and I tried jokes to keep their spirits up, but we hardly provoked a smile.

I think the men were so absorbed in their own sufferings, and we were so occupied in rousing and encouraging them, that we might have forgotten the bold brave man who was perishing for our sakes within sight, but for one among us. Again and again I saw Miss Parthie on her knees, again and again I heard her ask the minister to help her pray for him. Through those long hours of endurance and suspense we all could see her heart was turning toward him. Grymes, if he watched her, must have seen his cause was lost, and wounded



THE RESCUE.

vanity and disappointed hope must have been added to his sufferings.

At last another cry—a cry of hope this time—broke from Miss Parthie's swollen lips, as we raised her to her post of observation. There was a stir at Bayne's, and soon came into view, far down below the rapids on the Maryland shore, a stout party of Virginians from the other side, carrying a small skiff, and led on by 'Lord Allen.

This revived hope. Poor Jones had some time before dropped down upon his rock, and I fancied he must have sunk into the fatal stupor. Miss Parthie, with her long hair blowing around her face, and lifted on the bulwark of the wreck, screamed hope to him. The men roared, yelled, and cheered. We even pelted him. At last, to our unspeakable relief, he stirred. He saw Miss Parthie as she stood up high above the rest, pointing toward the coming deliverance. He roused himself, sat up, and watched, with the rest of us, the new efforts that were being made to reach us.

The skiff was carried up by eager hands to the spot whence Jones had started to our rescue. We learned afterward that she had been found by Mr. Allen eight miles down the river. The rope that had detached itself from Jones was made fast to her stern, and they launched her, with three men in her, on her voyage of peril. There was especial danger of her being swamped from the weight of the rope she towed behind; but she was managed by expert boatmen, and reached the flat rock occupied by Jones in safety. Here she paused. There was some difficulty in embarking him: his limbs seemed paralyzed. At last they got him in, and wrapping him in a blanket they had brought, laid him at the bottom of their little vessel. Our men cheered him vociferously. Then the light boat was guided to our wreck, the rope was made fast, and we were again united with the shore.

"Now the lady and her husband—no one else. We'll come back for the rest of you."

Miss Parthie in anxiety and haste sprang lightly into the skiff, assisted by our parson. A man caught her, wrapped her in a blanket, and seated her beside Jones, whose head she raised upon her lap immediately.

"That's all for the present!" cried our parson, with a magnanimity and delicacy that did him honor, while I called out to the men, as the skiff shoved off, "Give three cheers for Miss Allen, men! Three cheers for Mr. Jones and Miss Parthenia Allen!"

The men took the idea, and roared her maiden name. I saw Jones rouse himself and clasp the hands that were chafing his cold temples.

The men were now passing their skiff with little trouble back to shore by means of a line with a slip-noose worked along the rope of communication.

When they touched land, Miss Parthie sprang into her father's arms. Eager hands lifted up Jones, and carried him away to be under charge of the doctor.

"How is it with you, daughter? What has happened? Are you married? I'll forgive him, for your sake," cried 'Lord Allen to his daughter.

"Nothing has happened. I am very sorry—very thankful to God for saving all our lives, and for sending you to help us, dearest father. I will be a better girl to you henceforth than you have ever found me."

"Are you married, child? Where's Grymes? I am ready to shake hands with him."

"No, father, that is at an end. I will never marry any man, unless he be a man whom you admire and approve. And if such a man should never ask me, I will live and die as I still am—only 'Lord Allen's daughter."

"Bless me!" exclaimed her father, consigning her to the women of the farm, who clustered round, importunate about hot tea and a warmed bed and a dry change of clothing, "I must go and tell all this to Jones. He thought you were already married, when he set out to save you."

Three or four trips of the Virginia skiff took off the rest of us. It was dusk when the boat for the last time left the wreck, the parson, Blackman, myself, and Grymes being on board of her. Grymes was quite silent. He wrapped himself in a blanket offered him in the boat, and stalked ashore in it when we touched bottom.

"I must go home with him," said the parson, pressing my hand; "he will need care and watching now to keep him away from whiskey."

The blanket he carried off proved to me a heavy responsibility. He never sent it back again, but in the end it was paid for by the company.

A month later I was invited to Fair Park by a card tied up with white satin ribbon. Our twelve Irishmen were also bidden, and each had been provided with a wedding suit of "store clothes"—Miss Parthie Allen's gift—to which they added wedding favors "as big as tay-kettles."

They appeared in the character of gallant men and jolly watermen, and were gloriously honored and admired by numerous retainers of their own class who shared the hospitalities of Fair Park on great family occasions.

Blackman, among the negroes, had all the glory to himself, and deserved his share.

On entering the great hall the first man whom I met was our brave minister, who had brushed a good deal of the professional parson out of his garb and hair.

"I am not to perform the marriage," he observed. "In the first place, I am not eli-

gible, this being Virginia, and in the next place, they have a preference for being married by a book, according to the Protestant Episcopal formulary. But Mr. Jones insists that I must take a wedding fee. See here" —and he produced a fresh crisp note of the Bank of the Valley of Virginia from his vest. "It is for the same amount as that to be given to the reverend doctor who will read the Episcopalian ceremony. See! they are ready. Let us go in."

We did so, and heard Miss Parthenia vow to love, honor, and obey Jonas Jefferson Jones. 'Lord Allen, as he gave the bride away, seemed the happiest father I have ever seen at any wedding, and all the ladies said they never saw a bride so openly in love with her husband as Mrs. Jones. It was that rarest of all weddings, one that takes place without any self-denials, or regrets, or suppressed misgivings; and as I have ever since visited them every year, you may take my word for it that their married life has been a happy one.

I got promotion on the railroad and the approval of my employers, due, I suppose, to the fuss 'Lord Allen made over my share in the adventure.

Grymes lived to consider his discomfiture a joke, and it became the most brilliant chapter in an amusing narrative he used to tell of his ventures and adventures in the paths that should have led him to the temple of matrimony. A great many years later I heard he had been married to a well-to-do widow, somewhere in the mountains, who smoked a clay pipe, and who kept him in good order.

BEN AZIM'S CREED.

In an old city under Eastern skies
There lived Ben Azim, whom men called the Wise.

And all sweet youths on noble deeds intent
For golden counsel to Ben Azim went.

Thus in the silver silence of the night
The sage beheld a Brahmin, strong and bright,

And young as Neptune when his lover-hand
Caught back the waves from the enamored land,

Standing within the tent. "Master," he said,
"The way is long to seek the wiser dead;

"Therefore I come to thee. Tell me, I pray,
What best sufficeth for life's fitful day?

"What dreams are whitest when the day is spent,
And memory and moonlight fill the tent?"

Then rare Ben Azim, loving wider brow
And broader gaze than puny spirits know,

Made answer: "Come, O Prince; the moon is high;
Beneath its shining thou shalt find reply."

He led him onward where a glistening pile
Of marble makes the solemn moonshine smile,

And willing winds may draw the curtain's fold,
And fair and ravishing the scene they hold.

Beneath a hundred prisoned moons swung low
In alabaster vases, glow on glow,

One lay in silken ease, and smiled to see
The happy dancers in their graceful glee,

And sighed a little with the sighing lyre,
Whose lulling seems diviner than desire;

And smiled again because his Nourmahal
Answered with lifted, lighted eyes his call.

"No tumult save the viol's enters here,
Where cyclamen and musk are atmosphere.

"No schemes make discord in that charmèd air,
Where to be careless is the only care.

"And age shall wither and the dead leaves fall,
And still some amorous, fawn-eyed Nourmahal

"Will feed his heart. Roses and maidens die,
But love and bloom and fragrance are for aye."

The Brahmin faced the teacher, with surprise
And swift reproaches in his eager eyes.

"If this be life, I comprehend," he said,
"The smile upon the faces of the dead."

Ben Azim's glance grew fond. "I do not say
Brahma hath left us no more royal way;

"But they who choose it walk with unshod feet,
As one I know walks yonder stricken street,

"Where dying children, feeling his caress,
Take it for their dead mother's tenderness;

"And men the plague had crushed are men again,
His courage being stronger than their pain.

"Poorer than lean pariahs, none may leave
A gift 'twould make him richer to receive,

"Because the treasures of the gods are theirs
Whose empty hands fall free of selfish cares;

"And he who only prays for other men
Is nearest Him who gives nor asks again;

"A ruler in a world which has no sway
Of lives so rich they give themselves away.

"The choice is thine, O Prince; this purple state,
Or that high loneliness: the night grows late."

"Yet stay, my master," said the proud young voice;
"Life is too lavish for this narrow choice.

"She gives her poets bay, her conquerors palm,
And power to princes, and to sages calm.

"Is there no boon of all she holds more fair?"
It was a sage who heard and answered there.

"Pleasure will feed the body, love, the soul,
Nor flesh nor spirit crave a meaner dole.

"Crœsus has all of earth, the pure have heaven:
Is there a midland unto mortals given?"

MOTLEY, THE HISTORIAN.

IN the satires of Dryden and Pope, the god or goddess of Dullness descends on some tenant of Grub Street, and after congratulating him on his success in making stupidity popular, commonly ends with the injunction, "Be thou dull!" The meaning is that he who has raised himself to notoriety by feeble thoughts embodied in bad verses should continue true to that power whose aid has lifted him to a transient eminence. In this way Dryden and Pope wrought their revenges on what they called the dunces—on Flecknoe and Shadwell, on Cibber and Theobald—in short, on all authors who were the enemies of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope. If we could conceive of some more benignant deity descending on the cradle of Oliver Wendell Holmes, his injunction to the infant would undoubtedly have been this: "Be thou bright!" It is certainly true that Holmes has never been able to escape from the fate which doomed him to be brilliant. He has made desperate attempts to be dull, for he has written a score of medical addresses, in which the latest results of medical discovery have been stated with all due regard to those terrible Latin names of diseases which frighten half to death the tenants of most sick-beds; but into these addresses he has insinuated strokes of wit and humor which force smiles or laughter from those healthy men who are yet to know the awful significance of the aches and pains which modern medicine is exerting all its skill to alleviate. On the philosophy of the mind, as connected with physiology, he has shown himself one of the boldest and most original thinkers on facts which the latest science has established. The books in which these facts and the logical inferences from them are stated at length are to the unprofessional reader the dullest of all books, yet as Autocrat, Poet, and Professor of the Breakfast Table he has made them fascinating to thousands of readers whom the elaborate treatises of Maudsley and Carpenter would disgust. His little octodecimo on the *Mechanism of Morals* is a masterpiece of its kind, condensing the result of his laborious professional life in one of the most charming contributions ever made to practical ethics. As a serious poet the stream of his sentiment flows over golden sands, sparkling with pathos—if such a phrase can be allowed; and in those verses in which he gives full play to the ludicrous eccentricities of his fancy and imagination he is never a mere versifier of jokes, but always a witty and humorous *poet*. In his last work, the biography of his friend Motley, abounding as it does in felicitous strokes of characterization, as well as in calm, judicial estimates of evidence, he never loses his old attractiveness. Indeed, whatever may be said of Dr. Holmes's views on some of the deepest subjects which can command the attention of thoughtful minds, nobody ever accused him of being dull. The self-imposed reticences in this charming sketch of Motley's career do not prevent him from piquant disclosures which present the historian of liberty in his true character as a singularly brave, honest, and noble gentleman. The man had the usual infirmities of men; but that he was a grand specimen of cultured American manhood, as well as a notable example of American intelligence, can not be doubted by any body who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, or by any body who has studied his works. Manhood, free, resolute, intrepid, and somewhat disdainful manhood, is the impression of Motley derived from the reading of his histories, and it was eminently the same impression which familiar knowledge of him stamped on the minds of his friends. Dr. Holmes's biography reflects the feelings and judgments of all these friends, whether in the United States or in Europe.

John Lothrop Motley was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on April 15, 1814. His biographer tell us that the historian's life was saved a hundred years before he was born. One of his maternal ancestors, a child living in Haverhill, Massachusetts, was hidden by a house-maid under a wash-tub in the cellar of her father's house when it was assailed by Indians in 1708. The savages missed their prey by this comical contrivance, and Motley thus became a possible human being a hundred and six years before he entered life. His father was a prosperous Boston merchant who had Irish blood in his veins, and his mother was a daughter of that race of Lothrop which has given so many excellent Protestant clergymen to New England churches. Thomas Motley, the father, is still remembered in Boston as one of the finest of that old school of commercial men who were prominent in society as well as in commerce, and in whom the sagacity of the merchant was combined with the manners and the sentiments of the accomplished and genial gentleman. The mother, by the testimony of all who knew her, was remarkable for her somewhat regal beauty, for "the charm of her serene and noble presence," and for the admirable way in which she performed all the duties of a matron. The son was one of those pre-eminently handsome boys who, as the world goes, seem doomed to be ruined because fortune has saved them from laboring for a living, and nature has been prodigal in lavishing upon them physical beauty. When Motley had grown to man's estate, Lady Byron declared that he more resembled her husband than any person she had ever met; but Wendell Phillips, his playmate and classmate, objects to this opinion on the ground that Motley was handsomer than Byron.

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And here it may be well to state that Mr. Phillips, though the greatest iconoclast of institutions and reputations that modern New England has ever seen, has always been exceedingly tender to Motley, though Motley must have often offended him by the course he took in political affairs. It may also be said that Motley never said a harsh word of Phillips. The affection between them was so close that though they took widely divergent roads, which led eventually, however, to the same goal, each instinctively recognized the integrity of the other, while they seemed diametrically opposed in methods as well as aims. There can be no stronger evidence than this of Motley's strong hold on the hearts of all his classmates during the "ups and downs" of his subsequent career.

The beautiful boy was saved from being spoiled by a combination in his nature of an immense intellectual ambition with a corresponding self-distrust. To the end of his life he was consumed with a desire to perform great things, and to the end of his life he was painfully sensible that he had not come up to his lofty ideal. Like many other young men of genius, he was desultory in his studies, and in school and college never reached the standard of "the good boy" or the diligent student. His intellect developed by a process of intellectual irritation. A certain swiftness of mind, catching quickly at the spirit of what he studied, but neglecting the orderly technicalities which denote the progress of a student in his class, distinguished his course through school and college. All his schoolmates and classmates had immense confidence in the brilliancy of his talents, but his "grade" did not correspond to his reputation. His fellow-students were also sometimes offended by the almost cynical haughtiness of his behavior. Still his reserve would so often give way to a hilarious sympathy with their pursuits, that he never lost popularity amid all the eccentricities of seclusion in which he indulged. His great distinction, in which he excelled all his playmates and classmates, was his knowledge of foreign languages. His early familiarity with German impressed even George Bancroft while Motley was a boy in his school at Round Hill; and afterward, when Motley was a student in Harvard College, an address by him on Goethe in one of the college exhibitions was so good as to induce such a trained scholar as Joseph Cogswell to send it to Madame Goethe. Her reply was significant. "I wish," she said, "to see the first book that young man will write."

After leaving Harvard College he spent two years in Europe, studying in the universities both of Berlin and Göttingen. In the latter university he made the acquaintance of a young man who afterward became the greatest of modern statesmen—Bismarck—and the acquaintance ripened into a personal friendship which continued until Motley's death. Dr. Holmes prints a letter from Bismarck's secretary, in which this friendship is recorded in cordial terms. "The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance," says Bismarck, "was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies." The biographer does not add that as university students they were once arrested and lodged in the same guard-house by a few superserviceable policemen of Berlin, on the charge of disturbing the peace of that city. The amount of the offense consisted in singing a little too loudly as they were returning from a students' festival. In the after meetings of Bismarck and Motley, when the former had become a disturber of the peace indeed, this occurrence probably was an enjoyable topic of conversation. Being at the time "fellow-lodgers in the house No. 161 Friedrich Strasse," living in the closest intimacy, "sharing meals and out-door exercise," they doubtless contrived to endure that night's confinement with philosophical composure.

On his return to the United States in 1834, Motley gave no extraordinary evidence of the wisdom acquired by his German studies, except his marriage, in 1837, to the beautiful and intelligent Mary Benjamin—a lady beloved by every body who knew her, and whom he may be said to have won as his wife against a score of brilliant competitors. Dr. Holmes remarks of this admirable woman that those who remember her find it difficult to speak of her amiability, her sincerity, her frankness, her sister-like feeling for the many young men who could never aspire to be her lovers, with "the common terms of praise they award to the good and the lovely." Certainly no wife of a man of letters was ever more warmly loved or more deeply mourned by her husband. While she lived she was his companion in every respect—the companion of his intellect as well as of his heart. Indeed, her whole life was blended with his, and it may be mentioned as one of the felicities of his career, as far as his happiness and not his fame was concerned, that her death anticipated his own only by a short period. The intellectual irritability of the husband, never satisfied with what he had done, yet feeling that there was no adequate appreciation in some of the social circles in which he moved of what his genius and toil had accomplished, was charmingly contrasted with the soft sweet manners of the wife, proud of the just glory of her husband, yet tolerant of the ignorant "fashionables" who knew him to be a celebrity, but were as blind to the patient labor as to the vivid genius on which the celebrity was founded. The good wife

walked by his side through life, cheering and animating him in all his noble ambitions, rejoicing in the successes of his literary and diplomatic career, while she softened their occasional mortifications, and never losing her love and trust and pride in him until they were parted by death. Literary history has no more beautiful record of wifely devotion. It is probable that even he never fully appreciated what a beneficent angel she had been to him, until, broken in body and mind, he mourned unavailingly over her grave.

On his return from Germany Motley had some vague connection with the profession of the law, as it was *not* practiced in the city of Boston. He could not even boast, as Macaulay boasted, of having had one client. He was in easy circumstances, a brilliant member of the best Boston society, fortunate in his domestic relations, and seemingly doomed to be an elegant do-nothing, sauntering away his existence in the learned idleness of such students as read books merely to gratify their intellectual curiosity, or to gather materials for animated conversation with amateurs in literature as indolent as themselves. But he was really impelled all this time by an almost morbid literary ambition, which found its first expression in a kind of psychological autobiography which he called a novel, and which he published in 1839, under the title of *Morton's Hope*. The failure of this book was complete and almost ignominious, in spite of many admirable passages both of reflection and description, the merit of which was apparent amid all the anarchy of the narrative. It exhibited in an exaggerated form a mental defect which is more or less visible in his histories, namely, a tendency to treat subordinate details with such fullness and richness as somewhat to interfere with a clear perception of the main design. In *Morton's Hope* this defect was so prominent as to enable scores of people, who were incompetent to write any half dozen of its brilliant paragraphs, to sneer at the work as a whole. "Have you heard," said a wit of the family of Morton, to his acquaintance, "that our friend Motley's failure is *Morton's Hope?*" Motley himself came to hate his own book so much that it was dangerous to refer to it in his presence. What he probably most disliked in it was the compound of Byronism, Bulwerism, and *Vivian Greyism* which marked its general spirit and tone. As soon as a true scholar strenuously devotes himself to the task of exploring the obscure records of history, and of reproducing the great men and events of the past, he feels ashamed of giving emphasis to his own individual caprices of thought and emotion. He becomes absorbed in the contemplation of the actual wrongs and sufferings of mankind, so that the petty grievances of his own lot shrink and shrivel into comparative insignificance as viewed through the blaze of fires that have consumed heroes and martyrs. It was a merciful Providence which led Motley to select for the hero of his first history William the *Silent*. His sensitiveness so apt to degenerate into petulance, his self-assertion so strangely mingled with self-distrust, ceased to vex him as he came into daily contact, morally and mentally, with the character of such a miracle of fortitude and self-abnegation as the first William of Orange. It may here be added that in this forlorn novel of *Morton's Hope*, Motley indicated that early passion to explore the *sources* of history which afterward impelled him to wander over Europe in search of original materials for the histories which now bear his name. The dust of two or three centuries remained undisturbed on hundreds of important manuscripts in European collections until it was rudely scattered by this indefatigable American student. That he was not intellectually suffocated by the dust he had raised was due to the fact that in him the fine instincts and intelligence of the artist disposed and harmonized the accumulations and discoveries of the drudge.

In 1841, Motley received the appointment of secretary of legation to the Russian mission, but after a few months' residence in St. Petersburg he resigned the post and returned to Boston. For five years he was engaged in a variety of occupations, among which his historical novel of *Merry Mount* may be specially mentioned as an attempt to make his historical studies available for the purpose of romantic creation. *Merry Mount* (not published until 1849), though it obtained some slight recognition, was not on the whole a literary success. He came to the conclusion that he could not rival Walter Scott and Cooper; that what imagination he possessed was the imagination of the historian who reproduces rather than that of the romancer who both reproduces and creates; and he was confirmed in this impression by the success of an article on Peter the Great which appeared in the *North American Review* for October, 1845. Dr. Holmes lingers lovingly over this paper, indicating, as it does, some of the talent for the picturesque of the historian who was yet to be. Had it been published in the *Edinburgh Review*, it would certainly have attracted general attention on both sides of the Atlantic; but the *North American* at that time was so feebly supported financially that some of us who wrote for it at a dollar a page were wont to call it the Mount Auburn of literature, affording a most beautiful mausoleum wherein an article could be buried. Motley's historical sketch of Peter the Great, though all alive in itself, could not escape being decently

wrapped in the cerements of that eminently well-printed, that eminently good, that eminently respectable, and that eminently uncirculated quarterly. Those who have caught the tone of Motley's style in his histories must be constantly reminded of it in re-reading this article in the *North American*. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden is characterized as the "crowned gladiator." "I know," said Peter, "the Swedes will have the advantage of us for a considerable time, but they will teach us at length to beat them;" and afterward comes that fine touch, in reference to Peter's apprenticeship in the art of ship-building, of the "colossal puerility of the Russian marine." Again, Peter, the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe, is represented as opening his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and as having "voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it." But perhaps the most striking characteristic of Motley's insidiously insulting and cavalier way of disregarding the dignity of history, when dignity stands in the way of reality and fact, is to be found in this sentence: "The Normans had, to be sure, in the eleventh century, taken possession of the Russian government with the same *gentleman-like effrontery* with which, at about the same time, they had seated themselves upon every throne in Europe." That phrase, "gentleman-like effrontery," never re-appears in Motley's histories; but the wit of the statement is peculiar to the wit of Motley throughout the nine octavos in which he appears as the champion of liberty against oppression. His keen scorn is even more deadly than his impassioned invectives, whenever he has a tyrant or bigot to demolish. He makes him detestable—that is easy; but he also makes him ridiculous, and that can only be done by such unexpected strokes of wit as that we have quoted. The emperors, kings, archdukes, dukes, counts, and other select specimens of human kind who appear in Motley's pages are engaged in a war with the people. *They* are gentlemen; those they oppress are merely producers of wealth, on whom gentlemen, however, must depend for subsistence; but all the rights of the plebeians, whether in the property created by their labor or in the thoughts created by their minds, must be discarded as of no account when noble or pope decides with "gentleman-like effrontery" that they have neither the right to profit by their own industry nor to think by the exercise of their own brains. Motley was struck by the folly as well as the guilt of these pretenders to make merchandise of men. He was convinced that what is called the people of any age outvalued all its rulers. By patient study of history he was inspired with an ambition to vindicate the popular view of human rights and duties against the autocratic, the monarchical, the aristocratic view. Individually, he was the most fastidious of human beings. He had a genuine horror of vulgarity in all its forms. He came, however, to the conclusion that the so-called "vulgar" constituted the most important portion of the human race; and casting aside all the prejudices of education, of caste, taste, and all the conventional sentiments current in the circles in which he moved, he ached to become the historian of human liberty in some era where aristocracy and democracy were most violently opposed, and where the event of the struggle was of world-wide importance. He fixed on the revolt of the Netherlands against the tyranny of Philip the Second of Spain as his subject, and to this contest he devoted his mature intellectual life.

He felt convinced that modern civilization, as we know it, depended on the success of those Dutch burghers, traders, sailors, and fishermen in their war against the impudent attempt of Spain to dominate Europe; and with a "gentleman-like effrontery" of the true, intrepid kind, he entered upon a crusade against the conventional gentlemen whom he considered to be the enemies of the human race. What he scorned in that "refined" society in which he moved was its tendency to become fossilized in certain notions of gentility, and its incapacity to appreciate those great movements of the human heart and mind which prove that humanity is alive, and which it is the pleasure, the business, and the glory of the historian to investigate. One of his acquaintances was a curious specimen of a class of men who have no consciousness of this incessant movement. He really thought that the course of affairs since the deluge had come to a "finality" in the best society of Boston. There it not only should stop, but *had* stopped. On once being asked what he thought of the new temperance reform, he sublimely replied: "As to what the lower-class, moral people think of the subject I know nothing; but among the gentlemen of my acquaintance there is but one opinion, and that opinion is decidedly unfavorable." Motley despised all forms and shades of this social conceit, and the more of it which was thrust upon his attention, the more fiercely democratic he became in sentiment and belief. He was a gentleman to the innermost core of his being—a gentleman by nature, by culture, by refinement of thought, by refinement of sensibility, by instinctive repugnance to bad manners and coarse-grained men; but to him the worst possible vulgarity was the vulgarity of the conventionally polite, who think they are gentlemen because they despise nine-tenths or ninety-nine-hundredths of the human race on the ground that they do not belong

to their peculiar social class. Motley sometimes raged against this vulgarity, sometimes laughed at it; but whether he inveighed or satirized, he ever considered a man who held such ignoble sentiments as no gentleman. Indeed, it is one of the great offices of history to teach "the curled darlings" of the state how small and inconsiderable they are as they appear in the grand drama of a nation's life.

As early as 1846 Motley's attention was strongly drawn to the subject of the Dutch Republic, and he began collecting materials for a history of it. The more he investigated, the more he became convinced of the interest, the importance, the grandeur, of the theme. He saw before him a comparatively unoccupied ground of modern history which had never been treated with that exhaustive research into original materials by which each of the great contemporary historians of our time had won his fame in the special subject he had treated. He devoured every thing that was in print relating to the history of the Netherlands, but he knew that no historical reputation could be reached by compilation, though the compiler should be as great a master of fluent narrative as Irving or Prescott, or as fertile in novel ideas as Guizot or Grote. He felt that he must be a discoverer as well as a narrator and thinker, an antiquary as well as an artist. Filled with his subject, his soul glowed at the thought of making an important addition to history, and he braced up his will to undertake the lowest offices of that obscure drudgery which had ended in making Thierry a blind paralytic, with no organ alive in him but his brain, and which had tested the enthusiasm and fortitude of every modern historian worthy of the name. There was no question as to the fact that the bright, jovial, quick-witted Motley, whose conversation was the charm of every select dinner party, and whose last epigram was the talk of the town,* had deliberately made up his mind to be as indefatigable in industry as he was acknowledged to be keen in wit and swift in intelligence. He had a definite plan, to which he proposed to dedicate his life. What could arrest him in carrying it out? What could prevent him from realizing the proud anticipations conveyed in the lines of his friend:

"Let us hear the proud story that time has bequeathed
From lips that are warm with the freedom they breathed;
Let him summon its tyrants and tell us their doom,
Though he sweep the black past like Van Tromp with his broom!"

Now the lives of literary and scientific men are sometimes but too full of the rivalries engendered by vanity, and by contests for precedence in discovery. The most humorous exemplification of these infirmities of noble minds is found in the case of the Philadelphia scientist who had the misfortune to discover a new species of rat. On that Rat he based his claim to scientific renown. Any body who doubted his claim of squatter sovereignty or right of eminent domain over that Rat was his personal enemy. Meanwhile his brother scientists, emulous of his reputation as a discoverer, began to question his right to claim that Rat as exclusively his own. From obscure doubts as to his priority in observation they proceeded by degrees to question whether the Rat was really a new species. They then asserted that whether it was new or not, no less than five scientists of equal eminence had anticipated him in its discovery. Each of these five, of course, set up his separate howl that the Rat was exclusively his. The original discoverer went about every where shrieking that a combination of scientific liars and blackguards had combined to rob him of the glory of his Rat. The first effect was to split the "Wistar parties" into vehement and virulent factions. Thence the contagion spread into the fashionable circles of Philadelphia, and young maidens even signalized their first appearance in society by chattering with beautiful volubility on the superior claims of this or that dear love of a *savant* to put this Rat into the possessive case. Suddenly the Rat—who appears, to do him justice, to have been what Mr. Artemus Ward would have styled "an amoosin' little cuss"—disappeared. Then society was shaken to its foundations. "You have stolen *my* Rat!" was shouted from six persons at once, the first discoverer being of course the strongest in respect to sharpness and pertinacity of screech and scream. The contest only ended by the placing of the whole six in a hospital of incurables, where, it is to be hoped, the escaped Rat demurely surveyed them all from his philosophic hole, wondering, perhaps, in that rat's head of his, whether his race was likely to increase in intelligence by that course of evolution through which rat brains in the distant future were to become similar to the brains deposited in the heads he now gazed upon from his snug loop-hole of retreat. You can almost hear him squeak to Darwin:

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!"

But meanwhile the sceptre of zoological science departed from Philadelphia forever, and was usurped by New York or Boston, whose naturalists had during all this time been tranquilly engaged in making additions to natural history, and had never been disturbed with this controversy as to

* For instance, here is one specimen: "Give me," he said, "the luxuries of life, and I will do without the necessities."

who first discovered that worthless kind of Rat. Their motto in science then was:

"Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way."

This extravaganza merely illustrates the constant danger to progress in literature and science springing from quarrels among their individual professors. Time is lost in these ignoble brawls. Boston itself once came near losing its position as a scientific centre owing to the infuriated controversy among scientific men as to the first discoverer of the properties of sulphuric ether. There was the thing itself, mitigating or annihilating pain; but the pain it at first created among the various claimants and their friends was perhaps greater than the pain it destroyed among the patients to whom it was early applied. Not only were the various claimants ruined, but it was to be feared that scientific discovery in Boston would come to an end. This catastrophe was averted by a pun. A benevolent gentleman announced his intention of erecting a monument in the Public Garden in honor of the beneficent discovery, and a wit suggested, in one of the Boston newspapers, that all the claimants should be represented on the sides of the monument, while over them all, in letters of gold, should be written the word "Either." From that moment the Boston scientists composed their animosities, and proceeded to their true work of advancing science, without regard as to who was first or second in inventing or applying an idea.

All this may seem to be digression, but it really is not so. Had William H. Prescott been possessed by the spirit which animated the Philadelphia professor who gloried in his Rat, the nine octavos of Motley would never have been written, and the cause of history would have suffered an immense loss. After Motley had thoroughly matured the plan of his work, he learned, to his surprise, that Prescott had made large preparations for writing the *History of Philip the Second of Spain*, though his *History of the Conquest of Peru* had not yet been published. Prescott was then the most popular of American historians; Motley was known only as the author of two unsuccessful novels, and of some articles in a review: and with a pang which only noble spirits can feel when they give up a cherished design which has entwined itself with their moral and intellectual life, he prepared to abandon the great object of his ambition. "I had not," he said, "first made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other." At last he called upon Prescott, unfolded to him his plan, indicated the points where the historian of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* would cross the path of the historian of *Philip the Second*, and frankly expressed his willingness to abandon his project rather than interfere with Prescott's intended work. Those who knew and remember Prescott may well conceive how that serene and beautiful intelligence, incapable of envy, and delighting in recognizing merit even though it should eclipse his own, received such a proposition. He first, with great good sense, assured Motley that the two books could not injure each other, as the same topics gained increased interest as viewed by two different minds. Then he warmly encouraged him to carry out his undertaking, and placed at his disposal all the books in his own library bearing upon it. He gave him to understand that history would be enriched by his labors; and that any additions to historical knowledge he might make would be welcomed most cordially by his brother historians. "Had the result of that interview," said Motley, "been different—had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement, I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one particular history." And as the top and crown of literary magnanimity it must be recorded that Prescott's first two volumes of the *History of Philip the Second* were published in 1855, while Motley's history of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* did not appear until 1856. But Prescott, in his preface to the work he was never to complete, calls attention to the forth-coming work of Motley with generous praise, declaring that the revolt of the Netherlands was only an episode of his history, and asking the reader's attention to the more minute account of his brother historian, not a page of whose work had yet seen the light, but which he thus heralded with all the impressiveness that attached to his own honored name. Most intelligent readers in Europe and the United States were eager to receive the volumes of Prescott; very few indeed were the readers who expected any thing from the pen of Motley. It seems to me therefore that there is something inexpressibly beautiful in this cordial testimony to Motley's possible merits by a man who was in the full assurance of acknowledged celebrity, and who thus nobly anticipated the fame of one who was engaged, like himself, in the hard task of lift-

ing the veil which shrouds the historic past. Among authors it would be difficult to name one who was more pure from all the besetting sins of men of letters than William H. Prescott. Eulogy which might be considered as offensive when addressed to the living may safely be ventured in noting the rare virtues of the dead. At the time he was cheering Motley on to historical labors which in some respects traversed his own, he had a profound sense, derived from reading passages in *Merry Mount*, that he was encouraging a formidable competitor, who might displace him from the position he then occupied as the most prominent and popular of American historians. I have a great respect for Prescott's histories, but Prescott's literary character outvalues a hundredfold all his literary triumphs. There was no possibility that such an exquisitely amiable heart and intelligence should be ever vexed by any controversy as to whether he or Motley had discovered a historic "Rat." Motley so deeply felt the stainless purity of Prescott's character and intellect that he could never speak of his disinterestedness without deep emotion.

The more Motley reflected on the portion of his work already written, the more he was convinced that he could not hope to complete it satisfactorily on this side of the water. In 1851 he accordingly took his family to Europe, and lived for five years the life of a recluse, prowling among the state archives at Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels, and finding every year reasons for modifying the most confident opinions he had formed the year before. The history of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* was thus the result of ten years' labor, continually changing its form as new materials were placed within the author's reach, and ending at last in the great historical epic, with the first William of Orange for its hero, which we now read with so much instruction and delight. This work, though widely circulated both in Europe and America, has probably never yet been estimated at its full worth. I have recently gone over it, pencil in hand, noting its singular felicities in respect to style, to thought, to picturesque description, to imaginative realization of persons and events, and to positive discoveries of new facts, and I might fill a whole number of the Magazine by merely pointing out these excellences in detail. Dr. Holmes has printed one letter (November, 1853) addressed to him while Motley was in Brussels, showing how completely the latter was living, mentally and morally, day after day, in the sixteenth rather than in the nineteenth century. "I am," says Motley, "in a town which, for aught I know, may be very gay. I don't know a living soul in it. We have not a single acquaintance in the place, and we glory in the fact. .....*En revanche*, the dead men of the place are my intimate friends. I am at home in any cemetery. With the fellows of the sixteenth century I am on the most familiar terms. Any ghost that ever flits by night across the moonlight square is at once hailed by me as a man and a brother. I call him by his Christian name at once.....Whatever may be the result of my labor, nobody can say that I have not worked like a brute beast, but I don't care for the result. The labor is in itself its own reward, and all I want. I go day after day to the archives here (as I went all summer at the Hague), studying the old letters and documents of the fifteenth [sixteenth] century. Here I remain among my fellow-worms, feeding on these musty mulberry leaves, out of which we are hereafter to spin our silk. How can you expect any thing interesting from such a human cocoon?"

In 1856 he went to London in search of a publisher. Murray declined the huge manuscript, and it was published at the author's expense by John Chapman. Its success was brilliant and immediate. Fifteen thousand copies were sold in England in 1857. Guizot superintended a French translation of it. It was also translated into Dutch, German, and Russian. The pirated editions in English were numerous. The American edition was published by the Harpers, and it is needless to say that it found hosts of readers here. Among others, so eminent a scholar as Dr. Lieber was in a rapture of enthusiasm about the book. "Congress and Parliament," he wrote, "decree thanks for military exploits; rarely for diplomatic achievements. If they ever voted their thanks for books—and what deeds have influenced the course of human events more than some books?—Motley ought to have the thanks of our Congress; but I doubt not he has already the thanks of every American who has read the work. It will leave its distinct mark upon the American mind."

Hardly pausing in his historical labors for rest or recreation, he proceeded at once to gather materials for the continuation of his work. The first two volumes of the *History of the United Netherlands*, the fruit of enormous original research, were published in 1860. On the breaking out of our civil war his patriotism was roused to the highest pitch, and for a period he forgot the history of every country but his own. He was extremely popular as a man in the most influential circles of London society, and he used his popularity to make his patriotism efficient. You could not get him to converse on any other topic than the wrong of the rebellion. He fought our battles in every drawing-room he entered, encountering prejudice with resolution, and shaming ignorance by the torrent of facts and argu-

ments with which he overwhelmed it. His two long letters in the London *Times* going over the whole grounds of the controversy produced a marked effect on the public opinion of England. He was like a man possessed—a fervid missionary of a political creed on which, as he thought, the salvation of a nation depended. When he returned to the United States in 1861, his old American companions, sufficiently excited themselves, were astonished at the superior zeal and vehemence of his patriotism. Mr. Lincoln appointed him minister to Austria, and on his way to his post he stopped a short time in England to have another tussle with his English opponents. When he arrived at Vienna he wrote, under date of November 16, 1861, to Holmes: "I do what good I can. I think I made some impression on Lord John Russell, with whom I spent two days after my arrival in England, and I talked very frankly and as strongly as I could to Palmerston, and I have had long conversations and correspondences with other leading men in England. I have also had an hour's conversation with Thouvenal in Paris. I hammered the Northern view into him as soundly as I could.....Our fate is in our own hands, and Europe is looking on to see which side is strongest. When it has made the discovery, it will back it as also the best and most moral.....Yesterday I had my audience with the Emperor. He received me with much cordiality, and seemed interested in the long account which I gave him of our affairs. You may suppose I inculcated the Northern views. We spoke in his vernacular, and he asked me afterward if I was a German. I mention this not from vanity, but because he asked it with earnestness, as if it had a political significance." This must have been the first time that an American ambassador at the Austrian court was suspected of being a German, owing to the ease and rapidity with which he conversed in the language, and the absolute purity of his pronunciation.

His mind and feelings were so wrought up by the calamities of his country that in the early years of the war he almost abandoned literary work altogether, and it was only when the side he so passionately espoused was plainly nearing success that he resumed it. "I wish," he wrote to Holmes, in 1862, "I could bore you about something else but American politics. But there is nothing else *worth* thinking of in the world. All else is leather and prunella. We are living over again the days of the Dutchmen, or the seventeenth-century Englishmen." He early took strong ground for the emancipation of the slaves. When he heard of the news of the battle of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg, his family, with the exception of his youngest child, were absent from the house. How to express his joy he knew not, but express it he must. So he rushed up stairs to the room where the infant was sleeping, and screeched through the key-hole of the door, "Vicksburg is ours!"

There are characteristic touches in these letters from Vienna which are exquisite in the humor with which he flouts all despotic theories. Thus he speaks of the Archduke Maximilian: "He adores bull-fights, and rather regrets the Inquisition, and considers the Duke of Alva every thing noble and chivalrous, and the most abused of men. It would do your heart good to hear his invocations to that deeply injured shade, and his denunciations of the ignorant and vulgar Protestants who have defamed him." And again: "We have nothing green here but the Archduke Max, who firmly believes that he is going forth to Mexico to establish an American empire, and that it is his divine mission to destroy the dragon of democracy, and establish the true Church, the Right Divine, and all sorts of games. Poor young man!"

Mr. Sumner was in the habit of telling, with much humor, one amusing incident in Motley's diplomatic career in Vienna. After the close of the joint war of Prussia and Austria against Denmark on the question of the duchies, Bismarck came to Vienna to settle the terms of peace with the Emperor. He arrived too late to go to the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and remembering that his old university chum, Motley, was the American minister, he drove directly to his house, and found Motley just retiring from a modest family dinner, with nothing but the remains of the dessert on the table. The old friends cordially joined hands and hearts; fresh viands were furnished from Motley's kitchen and fresh Burgundy from his cellar, and for hour after hour the old collegians went over their student experiences and frolics at the University of Berlin, without speaking a word about politics. After cracking his last walnut and swallowing his last glass of wine, Bismarck, long after midnight, left Motley's house, and sauntered away whistling to his hotel with an immense internal satisfaction at the entertainment he had derived from his first night's experience at Vienna. But the eyes of Europe were all this time on the terrible man of "blood and iron." The foreign embassies were in an uproar. Was it possible that there was to be an alliance between Prussia and the United States? It was known that New York was, in respect to its German population, the third or fourth German city in the world. What meant this mysterious visit to the American minister—the first visit the dreaded Prussian statesman had made on entering Vienna? Telegrams flew to London, Paris, Turin, and St. Petersburg.

The ingenuity of diplomatists was taxed to account for what was unaccountable. Sumner himself, as chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, received private letters from eminent persons abroad earnestly inquiring whether the United States had resolved to depart from non-interference with the affairs of Europe, as recommended by the immortal Washington, etc.—absurd letters, at which Sumner, who knew Motley's early associations with Bismarck, exhibited his teeth in the most genial and humorous of smiles. He laughed with Motley over the occurrence some years afterward, when the affair was explained to him just as he had divined it. It is a pity that this one humorous incident in the whole dreary correspondence of the American Department of State with its ministers abroad is not recorded in any state paper. But it is certain that for a day or two it seriously disturbed the consultations of every cabinet in Europe.

Motley was six years in Vienna, and then resigned, in a fit of indignation growing out of the miserable M'Cracken affair. Mr. John Bigelow has lately published a defense of Mr. Seward's conduct in this business, the amount of which is that Mr. Seward could not have shielded Motley from President Johnson's jealous irrational anger without running the risk of being himself dismissed from the State Department—a catastrophe which he contemplated with horror, as it might, in the President's then irritable and suspicious state of mind, lead to some new appointment disastrous to the country. Dr. Holmes considers the defense as little better than an impeachment, and Mr. Bigelow himself does not make the most of his case.

The historian, after his resignation, returned with new zeal to his historical labors, and in 1868 published the last two volumes of his *History of the United Netherlands*. Their reception showed how different was the estimate formed of Motley's mind and character, by the great public of Europe and the United States, from the estimate of him formed by Mr. Andrew Johnson and Mr. Andrew Johnson's special ambassador (truly) extraordinary abroad, Mr. George W. M'Cracken. In the summer of 1868 he returned with his family to Boston, and was warmly greeted by all his old friends. He appeared to be in the full vigor of bodily and mental health, and his powers of conversation were such as surprised the most redoubtable talkers of that city. Dr. Holmes mentions his connection with the Saturday Club of Boston—an association composed of some fifteen or twenty persons, who were elected to membership on the ground that they were generally opposed to each other in mind, character, and pursuits, and that therefore conversation at the monthly dinner of the club would naturally assume quite an animated if not controversial tone. Motley delighted in this association, as it gave full play for the friendly collision of his own intellect with the intellects of others—intellects of which some were as keen, bright, and rapid as his own. "Always remember me," he wrote from Vienna, "to the club, one and all. It touches me nearly when you assure me that I am not forgotten by them. To-morrow is Saturday, the last of the month [the time of the meeting of the club]. We are going to dine with our Spanish colleague. But the first bumper of the Don's Champagne I shall drain to the health of my Parker House friends." On his return to Boston in 1868 he was, of course, warmly welcomed by the fraternity, whose monthly dinners he constantly attended. Perhaps, as Dr. Holmes has described the club generally in a note to his biography, it may not be an indecorum to lift the veil from one of its dinners in which he bore a main part in the conversational achievements. Motley laid down some proposition, which Holmes, of course, instantly doubted, and then Lowell plunged in, differing both from Motley and Holmes. A triangular duel ensued, with an occasional ringing sentence thrown in by Judge Hoar for the benevolent purpose of increasing a complication already sufficient to task the wit and resource of the combatants. In ordinary discussion one person is allowed to talk at least for a half or a quarter of a minute before his brother athletes rush in upon him with their replies; but in this debate all three talked at once, with a velocity of tongue which fully matched their velocity of thought. Still, in the incessant din of voices, every point made by one was replied to by another or ridiculed by a third, and was instantly followed by new statements and counter-statements, arguments and counter-arguments, hits and retorts, all germane to the matter, and all directed to a definite end. The curiosity of the thing was that neither of the combatants repeated any thing which had been once thrown out of the controversy as irrelevant, and that while speaking all together the course of the discussion was as clear to the mind as though there had been a minute's pause between statement and reply. The discussion was finished in fifteen minutes; if conducted under the ordinary rules of conversation, it would have lasted a couple of hours, without adding a new thought, or fact, or stroke of wit applicable to the question in debate. The other members of the club looked on in mute wonder while witnessing these feats of intellectual and vocal gymnastics. If any other man but Judge Hoar had ventured in, his voice and thought would both have been half a minute behind the point which the discussion had reached, and would therefore have been of no account in the arguments which

contributed to bring it to a close. On this occasion I had no astronomical clock to consult, but, judging by the ear, I came to the conclusion that in swiftness of utterance Motley was two-sixteenths of a second ahead of Holmes, and nine-sixteenths of a second ahead of Lowell.

In the autumn of 1868 Motley warmly supported Grant for the Presidency. For the victorious general he had then a genuine admiration. Shortly after Grant was sworn in he was appointed minister to England, and unanimously confirmed by the Senate. He accepted the post with some misgivings; but still, when he sailed from the country he had no reason to suppose that he left a single enemy behind him.

The wretched story of his recall is told by Dr. Holmes with admirable temper, but yet with an incisive vigor of style and thought which demolishes every pretense by which the real reason for his dismissal has been attempted to be disguised.

It would be a curious subject of inquiry, whether or not Grant ever read *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. There are so many points of similarity between his best and noblest qualities and those of William the Silent, that, if he had read the book, one would think that Motley's vivid presentation of the Dutch hero would have endeared the author to him. Indeed, Motley was so confident of the support of Grant that when vague rumors of his intended removal reached him he spoke of them slightingly. "Of one thing I am sure," he said, "and that is the friendship of the President."

There can be little doubt that Motley's sensitive nature was stung to the quick by the act of his government. President Johnson treated him with sheer brutality, and though he was justly irritated, he did not feel himself dishonored; but what cut him to the heart in the conduct of President Grant was the attempt to show that his dismissal from office was due to his disobedience of the instructions of his government, thus placing him, as he supposed, before the eyes of Europe and America as a disgraced minister. The wrong wrung his very soul, and he could never forgive, nor, what was worse, he never could forget it. Still, he resumed his historical studies; and in 1874 published the *Life and Death of John of Barneveld*, a continuation of the *History of the United Netherlands*, and bringing his Dutch annals down to the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. Valuable and interesting as the work is, it may be said that if he had shortened Barneveld's life by a half, he might have lengthened his own; for the materials were more intractable than any he had before encountered, the handwriting especially of the great Advocate of Holland being so bad as almost to be undecipherable even by the aid of the microscope.

On the last day of the year in which this noble work appeared, Mrs. Motley died. This blow, coming as it did in the midst of bodily illness and mental distress, broke his heart. He visited the United States for the last time in the summer of 1875; returned to England in the autumn; and after struggling manfully for more than two years with the illness which prevented him from engaging in any strenuous mental exertion, he died peacefully on the 29th of May, 1877, the last words on his lips being, "It has come! it has come!" He was buried by the side of his wife in Kensal Green Cemetery. On his grave-stone the simple dates of his birth and death are given, followed by a text chosen by himself: "In God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."

In judging Mr. Motley as a historian we must first refer to the importance of the great European epoch to which his histories are devoted. He seized, with the divining glance of genius, on that exact point in European history where Man, if we may so express it, first came into resolute hostility to Privileged Men. The reader who fails to perceive this fundamental fact will follow the course of his thoughtful, picturesque, and glowing narratives without catching his main purpose. The government of the United States, the inheritor of the ideas of Human Rights, the struggles of whose champions with monarchs and nobles, through tumults, battles, sieges, proscriptions, and massacres, he spent his life in depicting, twice appointed him to represent itself in Europe, and twice subjected him to insults which no honorable gentleman could bear without remonstrance and indignation. His enemies and defamers will gain no additional reputation by having their names associated with his; but the historian whom they attempted to dishonor will be held in grateful remembrance by the American people as the man who first explored the obscure sources and vitalized the representation of the ideas, the events, and the martyrdoms whose final result was the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

His work, as he originally conceived it, was to have the general title of "The Eighty Years' War for Liberty," comprehending the three volumes of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, the four volumes of *The History of the United Netherlands*, the two volumes of *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld*, and *The History of the Thirty Years' War*, ending with *The Peace of Westphalia*, in 1648. The last-mentioned history, which would have been the crowning event of his literary career, he did not live long enough even to begin, though he must have accumulated large materials for it. The portions of his grand plan which he did complete are among the most valuable contributions to history which the present century, singularly rich in historic-

al literature, has produced; for his nine octavos are based on sources of information still remaining in manuscript, and which, in many cases, he was the first to discover and investigate. In this task of original research he worked, in his own emphatic language, like "a brute beast." The novelty and importance of many of the facts he thus rescued from oblivion gained for him the respect and esteem of every historical scholar in Europe, for there was hardly a European nation on whose history his researches did not shed light. "For the history of the United Provinces," as he himself said, "is not at all a provincial history. It is the history of European liberty. Without the struggle of Holland and England against Spain, all Europe might have been Catholic and Spanish. It was Holland that saved England in the sixteenth century, and, by so doing, secured the triumph of the Reformation, and placed the independence of the various states of Europe upon a sure foundation." Indeed, his books illustrate the contemporary annals of England, France, and Germany almost as much as they do those of Holland and Belgium. Especially is this the case with the England of Elizabeth and the Great Britain of James the First. He delved in the English State-paper Office and among the MSS. of the British Museum until he unearthed new facts which gave a shock of pleased surprise to many of the most diligent English antiquaries and historical students. Speaking of the liberality of modern European governments in opening their archives to the inspection of the historian, he describes the advantages the latter now enjoys in words which literally embody his own experience. "He leans over the shoulder of Philip the Second at his writing-table, as the King spells patiently out, with cipher key in hand, the most concealed hieroglyphics of Parma or Guise or Mendoza.....He enters the cabinet of the deeply pondering Burghley, and takes from the most private drawer the memoranda which record that minister's unutterable doubtings; he pulls from the dressing-gown folds of the stealthy, soft-gliding Walsingham the last secret which he has picked from the Emperor's pigeon-holes or the Pope's pocket, and which not Hatton, nor Buckhurst, nor Leicester, nor the Lord Treasurer is to see—nobody but Elizabeth herself; he sits invisible at the most secret councils of the Nassaus and Barnevelds and Buys, or pores with Farnese over coming victories and vast schemes of universal conquest; he reads the latest bit of scandal, the minutest characteristic of king or minister, chronicled by the gossiping Venetians for the edification of the Forty; and after all this prying and eavesdropping, having seen the cross-purposes, the bribings, the windings in the dark, he is not surprised if those who were systematically deceived did not always arrive at correct conclusions." Motley thus "interviews," as it were, all the sovereigns, statesmen, generals, and churchmen of the sixteenth century, so that through him we know them as we know, or rather, perhaps, as we do *not* know, the leading personages of our own time.

After having thus amassed and digested his materials, the task of composition seems to have been to Motley a positive pleasure. He could write from an early hour in the morning to late in the afternoon of an English day with unabated vigor and delight, receiving no other inspiration than what he derived from his subject-matter. His daughter mentions that for years before his death he did not indulge even in the student's luxury of smoking. He once laughingly said to me that what cured him of the habit was the circumstance that when he went to Europe he could get no good cigars. The charm of his narrative style comes from his unwithholding self-abandonment to the scenes, events, and persons that filled his mind to overflowing.

When a New England farmer was asked to buy a machine which hatched eggs into chickens without the interposition of the hen, he naturally objected that the thing could not be done better by the machine than by the hen; "and then, you know," he added, "hens' time is worth nothing." In every estimate of a historian's penetrative and persistent research into the obscure recesses of history, his time, like the time of the hen brooding over her eggs, is popularly reckoned as worth nothing. Certainly no great history has ever been written, with the exception, perhaps, of Macaulay's, which at all remunerated the historian for the *time* he expended on his work. But Motley, like the other great historians of his period, despised lucre as compared with fame, and was willing to consider his time as worth nothing, provided he could *add* any thing to historical knowledge. After his "brute work" was done—a work, however, which required great intellectual discrimination in the separation of the wheat of history from its chaff—he sat down to write his narrative in a perfect glow of moral and mental enthusiasm. Hence his style is not only spirited and impetuous, but joyous. Even its defects testify to the elation of heart and brain out of which it spontaneously sprang. Its fascination to the reader is due to its freshness, vivacity, vigor, brilliancy, and the spirit of enjoyment manifest in every page. Its faults may be said to come from the excess of its virtues. What is called the "dignity of history" is frequently violated, but this violation is found to be the result of a more than common effort to reach the reality of history. Motley had come so intimately near to the interior life

of the externally august personages who imposed upon Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that he found it impossible to pay any proper regard to the grandeur of their station and the splendor of their habiliments. He unfrocks and unclothes priest and king alike, and exhibits both in the nudity of their essential feebleness or wickedness. He leaves not "a rag of righteousness" on the form of any tyrant or bigot whom he selects for exposure, relentlessly stripping him of every pretension of self-delusion and self-justification by which his crimes have been heretofore palliated. He is among the first of those modern historians who have had the courage to declare that the old tolerant plea of "sincerity" in religious belief is no excuse for crimes which are committed by the bigots of that belief. Inhuman depravity is not vindicated by tracing it to mistaken views of religious obligation. The inhumanity must condemn either the man or his belief.

Motley's power of characterization is specially exhibited in his portraiture of Philip the Second of Spain. He has followed, with the pitilessness of justice, the whole course of the life of that champion of "the true religion." Every low amour in which he indulged is as well known to him as to the transitory harlot who for the moment attracted the Most Catholic King's appetites. There is something almost vindictive in the patience by which he proves the Most Catholic King's violation of all those precepts of Christianity which are intended to restrain sensual lusts. That Philip ever felt toward any woman that passion which poets and decent men call love, is demonstrated by Motley to have been an impossibility. Ascending from vices of the senses to vices of the soul, the relentless historian shows him to have been devoid of friendship even for such agents of his will as Alva and Farnese, that there was no good in him, and that of all the base and cruel men of his time, he was the basest and most cruel—worse even than the instruments he employed to destroy political and spiritual freedom by means of conquest and massacre. Motley sustains this opinion by citations from Philip's private letters, and there is hardly a dark line in the portrait which is not confirmed by Philip's own hand. The crowned monster hated the whole human race, and from his birth to his horrible death in torments unutterable, the historian paints him with a minuteness of touch which it is almost frightful to contemplate. Suetonius has black passages enough in his sketches of the Cæsars, but the cumulative effect of Motley's repeated proofs of the inhumanity of the second Philip exceeds in horror many of the most horrible pictures of depravity in the pages of the Roman historian.

It is curious that it did not occur to Motley while delineating such a character, who was, after all, next to the Pope, the head of Christendom, that Christianity itself was a religion unsuited to the fierce populations of Europe. There is a terrible phrase of the Christian Church, meant to embody all its holy wrath against a possible foe of its precepts and tenets. That phrase is "Antichrist." Now in the sixteenth century, according to the principles of Christianity as embodied in its authentic documents, "Antichrist" was perfectly embodied in the person of the Most Catholic King. Christianity is essentially humane; Philip was essentially inhuman. There is not a precept of Christ which Philip did not violate on system. How much more sincere would it have been for him to have revived the graceful heathenism of Greece and Rome, and connected it as a point of faith with the sanguinary practices of the early Druids, than to have disgraced Christianity by making it responsible for acts which every good-natured worshipper of Jupiter and Venus would have recoiled from with horror, and which no Druid priest familiar with bloody sacrifices could have been tempted by all Philip's mines of gold and silver in the new America to indorse! In reading the history of modern Europe one is constantly wondering why a paganism more brutal than that which obtained in Greece and Rome—a paganism which Socrates and Cicero would have protested against with all the eloquence of instinctive reason, morality, and humanity—should have dared to call itself the religion of Christ. Perhaps if the course of Christianity had been directed to the East rather than to the West, it would have found in the Buddhists of Asia more consistent disciples than it has ever found in the "civilized" communities of Europe, where, history tells us, it has been so often barbarously and grotesquely caricatured. Philip's god was a combination of Belial and Moloch—a god representing a magnified image of his own character. Atheism as to such a deity is the first condition of Christian faith. And yet he shot, hanged, racked, burned, or buried alive all men, women, and children who refused to worship *his* god, that is, the apotheosis of Philip!

Philip the Second is Motley's favorite horror in historic characterization, as much as James the Second is Macaulay's. Both portraits are elaborated in a similar relentless fashion, epigram coming constantly in to add new zest to invective. Indeed, it may be said that Motley hated Philip even more than he hated Mr. Ex-Secretary Fish, and Mr. Ex-Under-Secretary Bancroft Davis. But his masterpiece in characterization is, on the whole, the "Béarnese"—Henry of Navarre, Henry the Fourth of France. Nei-

ther in English nor French literature is to be found such a complete representation of this man in all the variety of his talents and accomplishments, of his virtues and his vices, as Motley has given; and Motley does this not merely by analyzing his character, but by showing him to us as he was in council and in action. Whenever in the *History of the United Netherlands*, or the *Life and Death of John of Barneveld*, Henry comes upon the scene, the reader welcomes him as an auditor in a theatre welcomes a great actor, comic or tragic, for he knows that there is in store for him a short period of intense and unmitigated enjoyment. The strange levity of Henry the Fourth in all matters of religion, his tricks, his lies, his libertinism, his unscrupulousness, his determination to be an absolute king, are all vividly brought out in connection with his splendid talents, his position as the Catholic head and defender of the Protestant interest in Europe, his cordial detestation of Spanish and Austrian schemes to dominate the mind as well as the territory of the Continent, and the magnificent—almost the mad—courage with which he plunged into the thick of a battle, with the proud declaration to his nobles and men-at-arms, "Follow my plume!" Motley seizes the distinctive characteristics of this gay, buoyant, versatile, and *un*moral spirit, and preserves the unity of the character amid all the wide varieties of its manifestation. The constrast between Henry, whose life seemed passed in the open air, and his rival, the gloomy, mediocre, cowardly, and dyspeptic letter-writer secluded in the Escurial, who sent his bloody mandates over Europe, but had never shown any gallantry in the field, is exhibited by Motley in its most piquant aspects. It may be added that it is curious that a scholar like Motley, in his incessant attempts to load Philip with ever new burdens of ridicule and dishonor, should not have recalled to his memory that deliciously witty scene, in "The Birds" of Aristophanes, where Prometheus is represented as coming down from the skies to blab the secrets of the gods with an umbrella over his head to prevent Jove from seeing him. As if the astute Henry of Navarre, the cleverest rogue in Christendom—in fact with a touch of the "Jupiter-Scapin" in him—could not detect the person and movements of Philip under his seemingly impenetrable umbrella!

But these two men, prominent as they are, convey but a limited notion of the richness and variety of Motley's gallery of historical characters. In the *Rise of the Dutch Republic* we have as the central figure the first William of Orange. Then come the counts Egmont and Horn; Cardinal Granvelle and the Duchess Margaret of Parma; Ruy Gomez da Silva, Alva, Requesens, and Don John of Austria; Louis of Nassau and Saint Aldegonde; the Duke of Anjou, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third of France. These are but a few among many marked characters. Then in the *History of the United Netherlands* we have Elizabeth and James the First; Leicester, Burghley, Walsingham, Buckhurst, Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Vere, Sir John Norris, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Salisbury; the three great generals of the age—Prince Maurice of Nassau, Alexander of Parma, and Spinola; Guise, Mayenne, Coligny, Sully, Duplessis-Mornay, Henry the Fourth; the Cardinal-Archduke Albert, the Duke of Lerma, Mendoza, Medina-Sidonia, Fuentes, and Philip the Third of Spain; the Popes Paul the Fourth, Paul the Fifth, and Sixtus the Fifth; Hohenlo, Heemskerk, Barneveld, and scores of others. In the *Life and Death of John of Barneveld* some of these are still active during the twelve years' truce of Holland with Spain, and we have in addition masterly portraits of Jacob Arminius and Hugo Grotius as theologians; of Prince Maurice as a statesman; of Francis Aerssens, the most accomplished of diplomatists; and above and beyond all, of Barneveld himself. The most piquant revelations of the pedantry of James the First of Great Britain, and of the libertinism and the grand speculative views on European politics of Henry the Fourth of France, are contained in these last volumes from Motley's pen.

In description our American historian is generally considered to hold a prominent place among the most picturesque historians of the century. Take Prescott at his best, as in the account of the great naval battle of Lepanto, and it is difficult to find his match in simple force and clearness of representation, for the facts are placed before us through the medium of words, and yet the picture formed in the imagination of the reader seems to be independent of the words by which it is conveyed. Motley's account of the same battle is notoriously inferior, and, indeed, exhibits him at his worst. He should be judged by his vivid picturing of those events in which he not only makes his reader the witness of a ceremony, siege, conflict, or martyrdom, but so enlists his sympathies that he is as it were mentally forced to become a participator in it. This immediate consciousness, this realizing sense of an incident which, though it occurred three centuries ago, affects the reader as if it had passed yesterday before his very eyes, is the impression which Motley's best descriptions and narrations make on our feelings and imaginations. Among these may be instanced the account of the executions of Egmont and Horn; the doings of the Holy Inquisition in the Low Countries; the conduct of the heretics when they were doomed to be beheaded, racked, burned, or buried alive; the

"Reign of Terror and Council of Blood" inaugurated by Alva; the sack of Zutphen; the siege of Haarlem; the siege of Leyden; the sack of Antwerp by the Spanish mutineers; the siege of Maestricht; the "French fury" at Antwerp; the assassination of William of Orange; the siege of Antwerp; the defeat of the Spanish Armada; the siege and battle of Nieuport; the siege of Ostend; the passion of Henry the Fourth for Margaret de Montmorency; the assassination of Henry; the escape of Grotius; and the trial and execution of Barneveld. To say that in respect to mere interest these excel any fictitious scenes in ordinary novels is to do but scant justice to the power displayed in their description. They absolutely absorb and inthrall the attention of the reader.

It is necessary to pause here, not for want of matter, but for want of space. Yet it would be unjust to Motley not to emphasize that element of attractiveness in his histories which is derived from his personal character. Those who knew him intimately read his works with the same delight that they listened to his conversation, when some great question of justice or freedom which had touched his heart, stimulated all the faculties and evoked all the acquirements of his fertile and richly stored intellect, and when he poured forth his eloquence in a torrent of speech every word of which was alive with a generous ardor for truth and right, and a noble disdain for every thing false, mean, base, and cruel. As the historian of liberty in its early struggles with political and ecclesiastical despotism, every quality of his large and opulent nature found frank expression in his books. The reader of his works is therefore not only enriched by the new facts and striking thoughts he communicates, but by the direct communication of the author's soul to his own. That soul was the soul of a singularly noble, sincere, honorable, and intrepid gentleman, who felt the mere imputation of a stain as a wound; and to the young men of the country intimacy with such a spirit through his writings can not but exert a healthy stimulus on all that is best both in their exertions and their aspirations.

MISS MAY.

IT was an afternoon in late February, and Tom Kingsley was lounging in the bay-window of the little sitting-room, his Latin and Greek books all around him, and, what was worse, a broad snow-covered hill in front of him, down which sled after sled was gliding with the most tantalizing rapidity. Tom was twenty, and devoted to learning, but he was not above a good coast when the chance presented itself. Occasionally he favored his sister, who was the only other occupant of the room, with very audible growlings against the restrictions of study hours.

The two were students in the academy whose mathematically square buildings rose almost opposite to the Kingsley house. They were nearly of an age; but the one was preparing to enter college; the education of the other was considered nearly completed. The two young people, with their father and mother, made up the whole family; but Mr. Kingsley, in the simple, unpretending way of the village, received into his house as a boarder one of the academic professors, and also occasional students when they happened to be friends of the children. It was this first-named individual who was exciting Tom's attention, in lack of any thing better to look at.

"May," he said, jerking his head over his shoulder with a quick, characteristic movement, "just come here and see Professor Rensel go by."

His sister dropped her work and came to the window. On the other side of the street stood a tall, ungainly man, with a scholarly stoop in his shoulders, a head of bushy hair much threaded with gray, a pair of mild, wise spectacles, and a general air of perplexed acquiescence in all mundane affairs whatever. In his hands he held a very tiny sled, looking at it at arm's-length, as if it was something of an explosive nature. One six-year-old little fellow was surveying his broken plaything with despairing eyes, while two other excited urchins danced up and down in front of the professor, endeavoring duly to set forth the nature of the accident that had happened to the runner. Two dogs wagged their tails hopefully in the background, and, to complete the procession, a disabled crow, the pet of one of the villagers, brought up the rear. It hopped gravely along, now on one foot, now on the other, setting its head on one side in oracular fashion, and looking ten times blacker and wickeder than ever against the whiteness of the snow.

After considering the situation a few minutes the professor started off again, dragging the sled by the rope, and his procession, crow and all, trotted along behind him.

"Now," said Tom, "he will go straight to the carpenter's shop to get that thing mended; and the carpenter, after impressing upon him the arduous nature of the job, will charge just ten times what it is worth, and he will pay it without a word."

"No doubt he will."

"And those little beggars will run off without even thanking him."

"But they are fond of him, Tom."

"I don't care. May, you can make that man believe any thing."

"I know it."

"Just fancy his going out with a telescope and watching the moon all night because

we boys told him there were changes on its surface indicating some great interior convulsion! And when he couldn't find them, and came to us to point them out, we pretended to see them plainly enough, told him his eyes were getting weak, and he believed every word of it, and has taken to wearing spectacles from that day."

"Well, they are becoming, at any rate, and he *is* short-sighted," said his sister, laughing.

"But, May, the best joke of all you never heard of. Promise me you won't tell any body about it."

"Of course not, except Jem."

"Oh, Jem knows all about it already: he was in it. Seems to me you're very dutiful, though, all at once. Getting engaged has improved you."

"We'll pray that it may last," said his sister, demurely.

"Which?—the improvement, or the engagement? How many people have you been engaged to before this, May?"

"About half a dozen, I think."

"I think so too. Don't treat Jem in that way. He's a friend of mine; and, after all, it's rather mortifying, you know, to a fellow."

"It can't very well be mortifying in this case, because nobody is to know of the engagement."

"I should like to know if they don't! Why, May, it is known all over town. Jem told of it himself. You see, you are rather pretty for a girl; and then there's that bit of money grandmother left you. On the whole, Jem's rather proud of it, and no wonder."

"Let's have the joke now, Tom; never mind the compliments."

"Never complimented any body in my life. What are you talking about? But about that little affair: you remember when we were experimenting with that nitrogen iodide in the laboratory, May?"

"Yes."

"You remember how explosive it was—safe as long as you kept it wet, but going off like nitro-glycerine and dynamite put together when it got dry?"

"It didn't go off unless some one touched it, Tom."

"I rather guess it did. If a fellow merely breathed a yard away from it, off it went. But that's of no consequence, for in this case somebody was expected to touch it."

"And that somebody was the professor, of course?"

"Of course. We made a lot of it, and put some on the handle of his door, some in his slippers, and some among his books; the rest we scattered round promiscuously. And, as good luck would have it, there came up a heavy thunder-shower that very afternoon. The professor came hurrying in; accidentally Jem and I met him on the stairs. We asked him to explain a difficult Latin passage. 'Oh, come right in—come right in, boys,' he says, in that benevolent way of his, and laid his hand on the door-knob. Bang! He jumped back as if he had been shot. 'Bless me, what's the matter?' he exclaimed, rubbing his nose. We didn't say any thing, but acted as if 'twas the most every-day occurrence. Well, we went in, and he pulled off his boots and started to get his slippers on. Bang! bang! Oh, May, you never saw the like of that jump! I believe he actually struck the ceiling. When he went to draw down the window-curtain, bang! again. When he took down the Latin book—it was a big and heavy one—bang! bang! bang! And so on with every thing he touched in the room, till I began to think the poor man would lose his wits. But the best of it was he never even suspected the cause. You know his wisdom lies in Latin and Greek; he doesn't know any thing about the sciences, though I believe he regards them with more awe than all the rest of the curriculum put together. Well, Jem just told him the thunder-shower had done it, that it had charged the room with electricity, and that he himself was a first-rate prime conductor. Jem expatiated learnedly for half an hour or more on the freaks of electricity; talked, you know, as if it was a usual thing to see rooms behaving in that fashion. And, if you'll believe me, the professor actually took it all in; is writing a paper now—if Jem's any authority on the subject—on these extraordinary natural phenomena."

Tom was in ecstasies of laughter by this time, and his sister was not slow in joining him.

"I was only afraid father would hear the noise, and stop the fun," gasped he at last, when he was able to speak. "Luckily he didn't come in till it was all over. I suggested to the professor that it might frighten mother if he was to mention it at the table, and he has been as mum about it as possible ever since. May, we can make him believe any thing—any thing whatever. If I told him there were ghosts in the house, he'd put out his light and sit watching for one the very next night."

"Why don't you show him a ghost, then?" queried May. "You know we read how they did it at the spiritualistic *séances*. I'll help you, and—"

"May!" cried Tom, jumping to his feet and dancing the Fisher's Hornpipe, "you're a trump! Just wait till Jem comes, and we'll have it all fixed. The professor never locks his door."

The two pairs of brown eyes looked at each other, and the respective owners of them burst out laughing, with the delightful unanimity of sentiment that occurs

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whenever any specially delectable piece of mischief is on foot.

Jem in no way dissented from the programme when he presented himself at night, but, on the contrary, added some timely suggestions. Tom considered his friend the quickest-witted mortal in the world, and a handsome fellow besides, which last was true enough. The young people soon found out that to copy the spirits successfully required more time and practice than they had counted upon, their ghostly advisers having failed to provide any short road to perfection. They were very patient, however, as people will be when engaged in something with which they have no manner of business, and in about a week had all their arrangements completed. Jem was to personate the ghost, Tom and his sister the audience, Tom having reluctantly yielded the post of distinction to Jem in consideration of his abilities.

But when it came to the point, the would-be ghost had a new proposal to make. "Let's tell him to do something or other," he said—"something that he would never think of himself—so that we shall know by that afterward whether he believes in it all or not."

This being hailed with acclamation, Tom suggested that the professor should be commanded to wear a cocked hat for a month; May, that he should make a daily pilgrimage to the top of Meeting-house Hill for that length of time. But Jem rejected both of these proposals; they would be liable to bring about discovery, and were not solemn enough to be accredited to a ghost.

"No; it must be something that will affect his whole life," he said—"something of so much consequence that he would think it likely the spirits would be charged to deliver it. We'll tell him he must go as a missionary; or, no, better still, let's tell him to marry somebody—May, here, for instance: he was always fond of her, and she is right in the same house."

"But, unluckily, May is not fond of him, but of you," observed Tom, wickedly.

"Well, he doesn't know that. He will think it's his duty to ask her. And when she says no, he will wait for some new spiritual light. You don't mind, do you, May?"

May did mind very much at first, but the two boys, aided by her own sense of fun, at last persuaded her into it. Perhaps the thought that it was sure to be discovered, and that the professor could not possibly carry his credulity to that point, helped to quiet her conscience. At any rate, she not only yielded, but, after the fashion of womenkind, was the one to originate the boldest part of the scheme.

"If I let you do that, boys, you must let me do what I want to."

Of course they both asked, "What is it?"

May refused to tell them. "You'll know soon enough," she said, with the mischievous sparkles coming and going in her brown eyes. "Only, if I don't say any thing to spoil your fun, you must promise not to spoil mine."

They both gave this promise very readily, finding a new interest in their project now that something not laid down in the plan might possibly happen.

In about a week every thing was ready, and the night set for the ghostly visitation. The professor, after putting out his light, was just getting into bed, still absorbed in the true interpretation of a difficult aorist construction, when the door creaked gently, seemed to swing open of itself, and presently, to his astonished eyes, a tall white figure presented itself, with a faint blue light encircling it, and a general misty uncertainty of outline that might be attributed to the shifting of some thick vapor, but to an uninitiated person was highly suggestive of uncorporeal spirits.

"Bless me! bless me!" said Professor Rensel, staring at this vision. "Who are you, my friend?"

"I am a disembodied spirit," replied a sepulchral voice.

"Dear, dear! what a pity! Can't—can't any thing be done for you?"

"Nothing. I am sent to you."

"Well, my friend, I am here"—after a pause, in which he seemed to imagine that the embarrassed spirit required some encouragement. His face shone with a mild benevolence. "I am here," he repeated. "What can I do for you?"

The blue light was shaken for a moment, as if the spectral visitor was disturbed by this tantalizing calmness, and even disposed to back out of the situation. Then the sepulchral voice replied, "You are commanded to marry May Kingsley."

"How? What? My good friend, you are talking like a—ghost!" exclaimed the astonished professor. A slight flush rose to his benevolent face.

"You are commanded to do it," repeated the spirit, monotonously.

"Bless me! bless me! It isn't possible."

"With us, all things are possible."

"Indeed?" said the professor, inquiringly. "Indeed?" he repeated, with as much deliberation as if he were addressing his classes. "Well, well. Let us consider that settled, and—and pass on to something else," with a certain mild dignity, as if he objected to discussing the lady they had named even with a ghost. He was evidently disposed to be hospitable, but somewhat at a loss how to entertain his visitor.

"You are not," said the professor, glancing hesitatingly at the suggestive blue light, "from the celestial regions, I am afraid?"

"No."

"Dear me! dear me! what a pity! It must be very unpleasant. Yet if you could —if you could be persuaded to give me a little information about the other place— The truth is, I have a young friend who is going that way, I very much fear, and—"

Here something not laid down in the programme happened: the ghost incontinently bolted, blue light and all. Outside there was a suspicious scuffling and hurrying of feet that may have been produced spiritually, but was very like scampering humanity.

The professor deliberately got up and closed the door, murmuring to himself: "Very singular—very singular indeed!"

The same embarrassed flush still lingered on his face, but he got into bed and went calmly to sleep, as if nothing unusual had happened.

Meanwhile the ghost and the audience were holding a hurried consultation down stairs. All three were considerably taken aback.

"He knew us," said Jem, disconsolately. "He must have known us the very first thing. His young friend! That was cool, at any rate. Which of us does he mean, Tom—you or me?"

"Perhaps he didn't know himself which it was," said Tom.

As neither of them could settle this point, they at last adjourned to bed, each, perhaps, with a little sense of discomfiture under all his merriment.

The next morning, after watching Tom out of the house, May sat down to some feminine work of her own, to ponder over their ill-fated schemes, when in walked Professor Rensel, who was supposed to be safe in his class-room. May was aghast at the sight of him.

"Now for it!" she thought. "It is too bad I should have to take the scolding alone."

For it could not but be that even so mild a man would be angry at such an escapade. True, he could not know of her share in it, but then it was nearly as bad to have Tom made the scape-goat.

Miss May was an audacious young lady, but conscience made a coward of her, and she dared not look up or ask him why he was not at school.

"Why don't he begin?" she mused, still keeping her eyes on her work, as the tall figure shuffled uneasily round the room.

Presently the professor stopped in front of her and cleared his throat. "My dear Miss May, do you think you could ever bring yourself to marry me?"

The work fell out of her hands, and May sat fairly dumb with astonishment. The professor picked it up again for her.

"I am much older than yourself, Miss May," he went on, "and a very awkward man in action and speech, as you see. Not such a one as a young lady would ever be likely to fancy. Only—only I felt it my duty to ask you."

Then at last May found her tongue. "One would not like to marry any body who asked her merely from a sense of duty," she said, gravely, bending still lower over her work.

The same flush tinged the professor's face that had been there the night before.

"When I said duty, Miss May," he answered her, half reproachfully, "I only expressed the motive that had led me to speak to you this morning. I said nothing of my own feelings. Surely you must know what they are and have long been. You must know that a man like myself, who has neither youth nor attractions of any kind, would, under ordinary circumstances, feel debarred from the right to ask what a younger and happier man might ask. Such a one as myself can only stand aside, glad to be your humble friend, and to wish you all happiness to the end of your life."

There was something so pathetic in the sight of the gentle, learned professor addressing such words to the thoughtless girl whom others treated only as a companion in mischief, but whom his love elevated to a pedestal above common womanhood, that May might well have been restrained by it. His gray hairs and simple kindliness of life might have turned aside the jokes his credulity brought upon him. She wavered visibly for a moment; then the old mischievous sparkle came back to the eyes that were so demurely dropped.

"Yet you have altered your resolution this morning?" she said, inquiringly.

"As I told you, Miss May, because I believed that it was right for me to do so."

"Well," said May, after a long pause, in which she was scarcely able to keep down the roguish quivering of her lips, "if it is your duty to marry me, it must be mine to marry you."

"Then you consent?"

"Yes."

The tall ungainly man stooped, with no grace except that which love gave him, and lifted her hand to his lips. He seemed no more astonished at her answer than he had been at the spiritual visitation of the night before.

When the boys came home that night they found the professor radiant, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley beaming approval upon their daughter, and May herself submitting to it all with the most curious expression ever seen upon any dimpled face—a compound of laughter and doubt, of fun and fear.

Whether she was pricked by her conscience, or only frightened by the boldness of the game she was carrying on, they could

not tell. As soon as was possible they got her alone by herself and fell upon her, metaphorically speaking, with an avalanche of questions.

"May, did he really ask you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"But he acts as if you had said yes."

"Well, so I did."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Tom, perfectly confounded.

"You know I told you, boys, that if I helped you in your fun, you must let me have mine."

"But, May! May! do you know he has already asked father's consent? How will you get out of it? What a storm there will be!"

"She means," interrupted Jem, who had been studying her face attentively, "to let it go on till it comes to the finale, and then say no instead of yes when the minister puts the question."

Tom's face was a picture of mingled consternation and admiration. He had held a very low opinion of the courage of girls up to this point, but here was one who was willing to go beyond him.

"Did you think of this last night when you wouldn't tell us what you were going to do?" he asked, humbly.

"Of course I did."

"Only think, Tom, he believed every word of it, after all!" put in Jem.

They congratulated each other upon having perpetrated a successful joke; but still their countenances wore a very uneasy expression.

"After all, May, it's a little too bad," said Tom, hesitatingly. "The professor is a good sort of man, though he is such a muff. We won't spoil your fun, of course, but just look at it before you go ahead. Have you thought what an awful row there'll be when it comes out?"

"It's too late to stop now," said his sister, faintly, as if she were a little alarmed herself at the prospect.

"Well, anyway, May can marry me, and so get out of the scrape," said Jem, taking her hand consolingly.

"She'd better marry you right after the other ceremony, then," answered Tom, ominously. "You'd better take her out of father's reach as fast as possible. He thinks every thing of the old professor."

"Well, why shouldn't we?" asked Jem, with confidence.

"It's just as well now as any time. May won't mind."

And indeed May did look so relieved at this proposal, after the fashion of a child who has unexpectedly grasped a torpedo, that Tom began to think it would be the best way out of the scrape, after all.

To be sure, the pair would have nothing to live on after they were married, except his sister's little legacy, which would not go far, and, besides, which could not be claimed for a year, till the young lady was of age. But Tom had a cheerful confidence in Jem's abilities, and as great a confidence in his sister.

They finally settled it among themselves that this was to be the *dénouement*, and afterward tried to look as if every thing was all right.

One of them at least failed ignominiously. Tom was attacked with fits of self-reproach every time he chanced to meet the professor's eye, and whenever the good unconscious man showed him any trifling kindness, would rush out of the house as if he were a convicted criminal. This went on for a few months, Tom growing more and more conscience-stricken, May more and more silent and timid, till at last the powers that be were moved to set the wedding day.

They all felt a kind of relief at this. The joke which had seemed so ludicrous at first had grown into a species of nightmare, which bestrode them all mercilessly. May submitted to the wedding preparations with a quietness very unlike her. She avoided solitary interviews with the professor; but as he had far too great a reverence for her to seek them, this conduct did not attract attention. There was much wondering and many comments among the gossips of the village over this singular and apparently unsuitable engagement; but Miss May had always had a reputation for doing unexpected things, so at last the wondering settled down into acquiescence.

By the morning of the wedding day both Jem and Tom were beginning to recognize the serious aspect of the drama to be enacted, and were not a little nervous on entering the church. In their trepidation they nearly forgot to provide themselves with white gloves, if there had not come a timely reminder from May. The service commenced—went on without interruption to the place where the decisive question was put. Jem and Tom listened in the utmost excitement to the professor's response; and then the question came to May, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

Jem was just rising from his seat in anticipation of the impending scene, when her answer came, in a low, clear voice that could be heard distinctly in all parts of the church: "Yes."

The two boys were horror-struck. Was it possible she knew what she was doing? Was she overpowered by fright?

Whether she was or not, they certainly were; for, in spite of a frantic impulse to cry out and proclaim the mistake, the decorum of the place kept them still till the ceremony was over. Then they rushed to her side, heedless of order or conventionalities.

"May! May!" whispered Tom, catching her hand in his excitement, "are you crazy? Do you know that you are married to him?"

The color in her face deepened as in a late sunset sky.

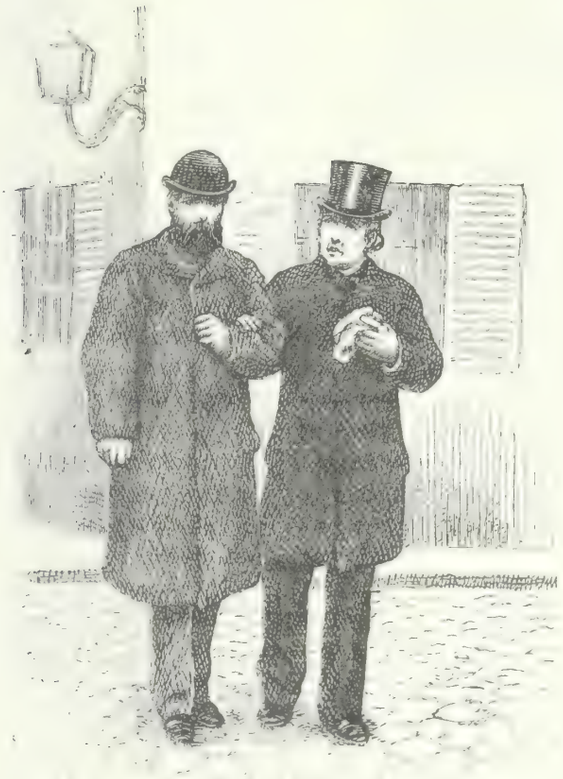
"Yes, I know it," she answered, quietly, laying her other hand upon her husband's arm; and then lifting her beautiful flushed face to her brother, "and I love him."

Perhaps two more discomfited young men never stole out of church than were Jem and Tom as they slipped away unnoticed among the crowd of people. The former, indeed, was savage, and declared that he would never forgive her.

But Tom, when he saw his sister's face leaning out of the carriage for the last time before they drove away, was moved to kiss her in a grim, uncompromising sort of way; and seeing the penitent tears gathering in her brown eyes, to mutter to himself: "It was our fault, after all. We acted as if we were sure she hadn't got any heart, and no wonder she was ashamed to show it."

As for Jem, he finally retracted his heroic resolves, and consented to a most amicable truce between himself and Mrs. Professor Rensel after her return; but the two young men were never quite sure whether the professor believed in that ghost or not.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.



CHAPTER IV.

"MARRY in haste, and repent at leisure," was a saying Roderick had often quoted to his mother when she urged him to that rash proceeding, and had instanced sagely the extreme imprudence of certain young fellows of his acquaintance, who, seeing a pretty face in a ball-room, had run after it, hunted it down—only too easily!—caught it, married it, and woke up to find it a mere pretty face, no more.

"An Elle-maid, mother," he had said, laughing, one day. "I don't want to marry an Elle-maid."

"What's that?"

"A young lady something like a tin jelly mould—only to be viewed on the outside. Now I would like a whole woman for my wife, including brains and a heart; and if I could get her, I would serve for her, like Jacob, for even seven years."

"Seven years? Nonsense! It was only seven weeks from the day I first met your dear father till the day he married me."

"Was it, mother?" Roderick had answered, briefly, and dropped the conversation.

Festina lente is a most true aphorism; and yet, like most aphorisms, it has its reverse side. Fate now and then throws into a few days—a few hours—the history and experience of years.

From that auspicious morning when he had discovered himself to his Swiss "cousins," as he persisted in calling them, there was scarcely a day in which Roderick did not see them—at their own home or elsewhere. For the dear little town opened its arms at once to the handsome and courteous young Englishman, the friend of M. Reynier, the new-found kinsman of Madame Jardine. He was invited every where—to pleasant family dinners, homely as elegant, and never later than one o'clock; to social evenings, beginning at six, and ending at half past nine, after which—felicity!—he often used the right of cousinship to walk with Madame Jardine and her daughter through the silent streets and by the placid lake-side, home.

It was a kind of society the very opposite pole of that at Richerden. Nobody was rich, and almost every body was more or less well educated. Consequently refinement and cultivation were every thing—wealth was nothing. Roderick sometimes thought with no small amusement how ignorant every body was of his own "well-off" condition, and how little it would have advantaged him here, at least with the families he liked best, such as M. Reynier's, who had been *savants* for generations, and Madame Jardine's, who said, calmly, "We are poor; we have always been poor; but we do not mind it. Our poverty has never lost us one real friend, nor made us a single enemy worth fearing."

She often said this sort of thing, simple and wise, to the young man, in the many hours he spent beside her sofa, devoting himself to her in her patient invalidism in a way that his own mother and sisters would have thought impossible. Chiefly to her, for he soon recognized and accepted the exceedingly distant terms upon which young ladies and young gentlemen always meet in foreign society, even such a simple society as this. He scarcely disliked it, for if it was a barrier between himself and his love, it effectually kept off all other lovers. Not one of the various young men of Neuchâtel was, he soon saw, more than the merest acquaintance to Mademoiselle Jardine.

He, too, at a month's end, had never once been alone for five minutes with his cousin Silence, had scarcely ever touched her hand —that dear, lovely hand, on which he sometimes saw in fancy the plain gold ring which he, and he alone, was to put upon it when he asked that it might lead and guide him through life. It could, he was sure. Little as he had talked with her, he had watched her very closely, and seen in her, by a thousand small indications of character,

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill:
> A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

Ay, gentle as she was, he had already found out, by the flash of her blue eye when encountering any thing mean or base, that she was able both to "warn" and to "command." But he was too strong himself to be afraid of a woman's strength; and, oh! when he looked into those pure eyes, seeing not alone them, but heaven beyond them, how he prayed that they might guide him through this world, and meet him safely on the eternal shore!

For now all the things which his father had sometimes said—only half understood then—came back upon him, and that passionate craving for perfect union here and hereafter, which constitutes the only perfect love, seized upon every fibre of his being. They were both so young—so very young! and yet he already dared to look to the time when they should be old, when all the delights of youth should have faded away. But he would love her still, and want her still. He could imagine no condition of being when he did not want her, when he ceased to feel that earth—nay, heaven itself—would be empty without her. But all this while he had not spoken a word.

And she?

Close as their companionship had become, it was still an absolutely mute companionship. She went on her way, as calm and moon-like as ever, doing her daily duties, which seemed endless, without reference to him at all. With her teaching, her housekeeping, her ceaseless charge of her mother, she was always active, always busy, in a way that to Roderick, accustomed to live among women who wasted half their day in weary, luxurious idleness, appeared something marvellous.

"How is it that mademoiselle finds time to do so much?" he said once to the mother, who lay watching her child—not the only watcher on that and many another day.

"She does not find time, monsieur, she makes it. We poor people are obliged to learn this; and I hope she will not unlearn it, even when she is a rich woman."

Roderick smiled and said no more. He had not explained very much of business affairs, being, indeed, waiting anxiously till he could get an answer from his lawyer as to the possibility of transferring Miss Jardine's property to her Swiss relations without the latter's suspecting that they had not inherited it direct. Until then, he persuaded himself, and wrote to persuade his mother, though in the wariest and briefest terms, that it was his "duty" to remain at Neuchâtel.

He likewise argued that it was far too late in the year for travelling or sight-seeing, and it was only when Mademoiselle Jardine one day represented to him, with a spice of humor—real Scotch humor, which sometimes flashed out in her—how ignominious it would be to go back home without ever having seen Mont Blanc, that he planned a day at Lausanne—a whole day—if his kind cousins would accompany him and take care of him.

"And I will take care of madame your mother," he said, tenderly. "She shall travel with every possible luxury that she will let me provide. Indeed," he added, smiling, "I assure you I can afford it. I am, at least, as rich as—as mademoiselle ma cousine will be presently if she chooses to take possession of Blackhall."

So it was arranged for the first fine day, which turned out to be one of those heavenly days which come even in November—transmuting the whole world into a beauty sweeter even than that of summer. As they sat in the railway carriage, they three alone together (Roderick had provided for that and every other possible luxury and comfort with a carefulness deliciously sweet and new), he and the mother talked together, and Silence looked out of the window, absorbed in the delight of her rare holiday. It was not a very pretty country, the level region, half pasture, half vineyards, round the head of the lake, but she watched it with eyes that seemed to enjoy every thing so intensely that she never noticed the eyes of the two who were watching her.

Suddenly these met—the mother's and the lover's. Roderick started and blushed painfully.

"I am glad it is such a fine day," said he,

hurriedly. "We might not have had another, and as soon as my sister's marriage day is fixed, I shall have to think of returning home."

Madame Jardine regarded him with sudden sharp inquiry. "Home? Yes, certainly; yes, monsieur ought to be going home. He will probably not revisit Switzerland for some time?"

All the blood left the young man's face; he could keep up the sham of conversation no longer.

Silence turned round, making some innocent, unconscious remark about their journey. But fixed in Roderick's mind, with a thankfulness that afterward became almost awe, were those few words—what he had said to the mother, and what the mother had answered.

She scarcely spoke another word, being tired, and owning it, which was rare; for she was the most patient and uncomplaining of invalids. She left the other two to talk together. And so Silence, forced out of her



"HE AND THE MOTHER TALKED TOGETHER, AND SILENCE LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW."

"Do you wish me not to return, madame? Do you dislike me? Does *she* dislike me?"

The words were said in the lowest whisper, and the hand he laid on Madame Jardine's trembled violently, till it was conscious of a feeble pressure, while a faint smile brightened the kind, worn face.

"Madame," he said, still in a whisper, "if I am alive I will return, and speedily. You must surely have understood that by this time."

She looked him full in the eyes—an eager, questioning, almost pathetic, look. "Yes; you are good and true—I feel sure of it. I am satisfied."

This was all, for immediately afterward

shyness, if indeed it was shyness, and not a reticent maidenly repose, began to unfold, leaf by leaf, like a rose in sunshine. To Roderick, dreaming so long of the ideal womanhood which was to complete his manhood, and make that perfect oneness of married union which all hope for and so few find, it was truly like walking in a garden of roses.

"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse." The sister of his soul, as well as the spouse of his heart—there is a deep meaning in those words. He could believe it all when he looked into those dear eyes.

There are many so-called loves quite simple and comprehensible; passions, selfish and sensuous; fancies, roused often by van-

ity; rational, systematic, deliberate affections; but when the real love happens—the one great love which nothing ever alters, and which death alone destroys (no, not death even, God grant!)—it is always a mystery from beginning to end. Even they who feel it can not understand it. There it is, rooted in the very core of them—life's supremest delight or sharpest agony. No effort can conquer it, no argument reason it down. Reciprocal or not, happy or not, it is there—a part of their being. Why it came, or what it is—this passionate necessity of one for another, only one other, none else—as deep in its way as the necessity of the human heart for God; whether it was meant for this life only, and whether, missing this life, it will find its satisfaction in the life to come, as many poor souls have died joyfully believing, who can tell?

Roderick could not. He only knew he was happy—perfectly and contentedly happy; that the mere sense of her sitting beside him, the mere sound of her voice in his ear, filled him with entire, satisfied rest, even as he believed he should feel (and with a strange jump his fancy even then took in the pathetically foolish thought) thirty or forty years hence, when he was old and gray-headed, and her sweet girlish face was as faded as her mother's; yet he would be himself and she herself—every thing in the world that to him was lovely, precious, and dear.

Poor young things! happy in a bliss still tremulous and serene, like the dawn before daylight, and which perhaps might only come again in the twilight before the dark. Any older person would have regarded them with a tenderness almost akin to tears.

"Is it Lausanne already?" said Silence, and then blushed, a vivid scarlet blush, the first Roderick had ever seen on her calm, colorless face. It made him start, nay, even tremble, as a young king might on suddenly hearing at the door the feet of the messengers who bring him a longed-for crown, which, when it comes, he is almost afraid to wear.

But it was Lausanne railway station—he must rouse himself. The dream world was come to an end; the practical world began.

An hour afterward he had safely located his charges at the house of a friend of Madame Jardine's, where she was thankful to rest, had shared the hospitable meal, and was lingering uneasily about, shy and strange, when some one remarked that the English monsieur ought certainly to climb La Signale, and see what, all travellers knew, is one of the finest views in Switzerland. But there was no one to show him the way except two little boys, sons of the house, and Silence.

A sudden impulse, as of a man who is determined to have his way, conquered Roderick's diffidence.

"Madame, will you trust her with me? It is not Swiss fashion, I know, but in England I should be thought good knight enough to deserve the charge of any fair damsel, if she would so far condescend. Mademoiselle, ma cousine?"

Silence looked up, looked down, and smiled. The mother cast a penetrating glance at the two, so innocently happy in one another's company.

"The good God makes it, not I," muttered she to herself. "My daughter, you, Adolphe, and Henri, will show the view to our dear English cousin. He will acknowledge there is scarcely a more beautiful sight to be seen in this world."

He did acknowledge it, when, having climbed the steep hill alone—for Silence mounted merrily with a big school-boy at either hand—he saw the whole lake from Geneva to Montreux, with its girdle of mountains, from Mont Blanc to the Bernese Alps, spread before him like a picture, as still and as clear.

All stood and gazed, till, the boys slipping away to some frolic or other, the little group was reduced to two. Neither spoke for ever so long—merely stood together. He could barely see her profile; she was as absorbed as she had been that day at Berne. If she felt she was not alone, felt who was there, at any rate she did not show it. There was no restlessness, no wish to attract notice. Nothing but supreme content was in the sweet firm mouth and earnest, out-looking eyes. If she were capable of love, it was a love so self-controlled, so entirely free alike from the delirium and the selfishness of passion, that the man who won it might well esteem himself as happy as the mythical Endymion, or Acis, or Numa Pompilius—Roderick thought of them all. Every man's first love is or ought to be a sort of goddess, something half divine; but it seemed to him he could better understand heaven when he looked into this girl's eyes. As he did at last.

Then she spoke.

"Is this as beautiful as you expected, mon cousin?"

"Yes; almost as beautiful as that view from Berne. Do you remember it—the day I first saw you? which seems years ago."

She bent her head in acquiescence, but said nothing. For him, he could not speak; a great awe was over him, even amidst the rapturous delight.

"Look," she said at last, pointing westward.

Suddenly, through the gray, cloudy sky, the sun broke out, poured down a torrent of light, like a cataract of molten gold, into the lake, then spanned it with a bridge of rays from shore to shore.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Roderick, and both of them, shading their eyes from the

dazzling glory, stood watching it, till the descending sun, suddenly touching the verge of the mist, plunged into it and disappeared.

"Is all ended?"

"Not quite," said Silence: "wait a minute more." And through the death-like grayness which had fallen instantaneously upon mountains, lake, and sky, he perceived a gradual, wonderful change. "See!" She spoke in English, and touching him—the lightest possible touch, yet it thrilled through every fibre of his being—pointed to the mountains nearest the sunset.

What a sight! Slowly a faint color, like a blush, crept over the "everlasting snows," deepening more and more as it spread from summit to summit along the whole range of Alps.

"It looks as if an angel were stepping from peak to peak with a basket of roses."

"Yes," Roderick answered, also beneath his breath; "only their color is not like earthly roses. We shall never see the like again till we see it in paradise. Please God, we may!"

As he said the *we*, deliberately, markedly, intentionally, he saw a faint trembling in the sweet mouth, firmly closed though it was; and coming a little closer he took hold—not of her hand, but of her dress. Like a revelation, which some will no more believe in than a blind man could believe in that wondrous sight before these two, there came into him—perhaps into both—the love, the one passionate yet pure and perfect love, of one man for one woman, which, if both have strength to accept and be true to its blessedness, makes all life a joy, and death itself no longer a fear. For even then, standing close beside her, with the mere touch of her garments and the stirring of her hair giving him a rapture indescribable, Roderick could think of death, of his own dead. Strangely enough, the first words he said were:

"Oh, if my father could but have seen this sight!"

"Perhaps he does see it, and mine too. They were friends when they were young."

"Yes. And we? We must be friends all our lives."

"I hope so."

"Friend" was the only word he dared to say—a wiser word than he was aware of; for friends may be lovers some day; but lovers who are not friends will soon cease to be both.

The "colorization" slowly faded, and that cold, gray, deathly shade which comes so suddenly after sunset here began to creep over sky and lake and mountains, even over Silence's face, till there came into those far-away eyes of hers an expression—Roderick could have imagined it that of an angel standing by a sealed grave, but looking upward still, waiting for the resurrection day.

Love, like death, has its euthanasia—moments which seem to bridge the gulf between mortal and immortal, or in which, from some great height of joy or woe, we see our whole life spread out, before us and behind. But soon we drop from this high mountain into the commonplace valley of daily existence, and trudge along quiet as heretofore.

A few minutes after, Roderick followed Silence down the hill, which she descended as she had mounted, with a boy on either hand, and all went back to tea—that simple Swiss tea which he had long since begun to prefer to the grandest of Richerden dinners. Very pleasant it was, but quite commonplace, with Silence cutting bread and butter for the boys, who evidently adored her with all their school-boy hearts, or waiting sedulously on her mother, who lay on the sofa, saying only she was "very tired," and smiling still, but plainly more ailing than usual.

Dull too, to a certain extent, was the journey home, for Silence had neither eyes, ears, nor thoughts for any creature except her mother; and Roderick, in the reaction after strong suppressed feeling, half fancied himself *de trop*. Shrinking into a corner, he scarcely spoke to either, but soothed himself by taking the tenderest silent care of both mother and daughter till he deposited them at their own door.

That kindly "Bon soir!"—"Au revoir!"—just the ordinary adieu which had taken place at that door so many times; this time it was almost briefer than usual, for he saw Silence was glad to get her mother home; and he too was not sorry to rush away, afraid lest the strong self-repression of the last few hours might give way and betray him by some unguarded look or tone. So he hurried down the stairs, having seen them safe, but scarcely looked at either, scarcely even answered Madame Jardine's gentle "Au revoir!"

"Au revoir!" How strange it all felt afterward!

He scarcely slept all night—a new experience to his young healthy nature; or, sleeping, woke fancying he was falling down precipices, or Silence was falling, and he was leaping in after her—all those vague troubles in which dreams carry out the prominent idea of the day. He rose gladly, but only rose to vexation: no letter from his mother, but one from the family lawyer, saying Mrs. Jardine had been consulting with him, and that she altogether objected to her son's denuding himself of his patrimony, the only absolute property he possessed, and giving it to unknown foreign cousins, who might "make ducks and drakes of it" in no time.

Spite of his annoyance, Roderick could not help laughing. The idea of Silence and



"SHE DESCENDED AS SHE HAD MOUNTED, WITH A BOY ON EITHER HAND."

her mother as extravagant spendthrifts, bringing to ruin the Jardine inheritance, was too comical. He had not been lucid enough, and must write again and explain —what? If he told his mother the whole truth, that he had deliberately made up his mind, and meant, if by God's blessing he was fortunate in his love, to bring her home as a daughter-in-law this portionless Swiss girl—probably the very last daughter-in-law she would have expected or desired—how would she take it? What would happen?

In this serious business light he had never before regarded the question; and though it perplexed him, it gave him also a delicious sense of reality. His nebulous passion was resolving itself into the clear, steady glow

of a fixed love—a love meant to end in those solemn duties of married life which all good men are born for, and good women too, and which neither sex can shirk or set aside, or by any sad fate lose, without involving a certain incompleteness in character and destiny.

"Yes, I must write again to my mother," he said to himself, and even took up pen and paper. But how to write? That tender confidence, from babyhood to manhood, which sometimes exists between mother and son, had never existed here. "She would not understand." And the pen fell, and the mind drifted off into airy dreams. At last he concluded that to tell his mother all about his future wife, whom he had never yet, by word or sign, asked to be his wife, and who might never love him after all, would be an unwise, even an indelicate, thing. A girl's sensitive pride might well revolt at his having taken it for granted he had but to ask and to have. "I, who, if she only knew it, am not worthy to tie her shoestring. I, so lazy, so thoughtless, so full of myself; while she—she never thinks of herself from morning till night. Oh, my darling! my darling!"

And midst all his insane adoration of his goddess there came into the young man's heart a rift of true manly tenderness—the taking care of a woman, the making of her not only his angel, but his "darling."

"I must go and see her, just to find out if she is not overtired or overanxious about her mother." And glad of this or any other excuse that brought him to the sweet presence, which was becoming as necessary to him as daily food, he sallied out, threading delightedly the muddy streets, and leaping two steps at once up the familiar stairs.

Half way he met the three Demoiselles Reynier, who told him that Madame Jardine was "au lit," and Silence "très occupée." And a slight smile which he fancied he saw on their faces at his evident disappointment made the young man decide on turning back with them at once, and making himself as agreeable as possible to these pleasant young ladies all the way home.

He was not conceited, young Roderick Jardine. Whatever his faults were, the petty vanity of liking to have his name coupled with that of some "nice girl" had never been one of them. Now, more than ever, was he to the last degree sensitive on this head. That her friends should smile or joke, or guess in the smallest way that Silence was dear to him, till he had told her himself how dear she was—the thing was horrible and unendurable!

With a self-control that did him credit—for his young cheek changed and his heart beat like a woman's all the while—he carried on gay badinage with these gay Swiss girls, telling them, quite unconcernedly, the whole story of yesterday, and answering as frankly as possible their questions about his sister's marriage, and his much-to-be-regretted but quite inevitable departure home, till they went in-doors, satisfied that he had no matrimonial intentions of his own whatever: these English were so very peculiar!

He was peculiar, even among Englishmen. When he quitted these fair maidens, having thrown as much dust in their eyes as conscience and truth permitted, he wandered about the little town, restless as a man who has picked up a diamond which he can neither wear nor show, which he dreads any one's seeing, and yet feels as if every body must know of the treasure he proudly hides.

With all its remaining uncertainty he was wildly happy in his secret. His fate was in his own hands—a man's fate in love always is, as no woman's ever can be. He could speak, he could woo, he could plead, with the passionate resolve that continually works out its own ends. "Love me or love me not, I love you, and I shall love you forever." And he felt in himself all the strength of a man who loves, not himself, but the woman who has become to him a nobler and dearer self, for whom even the desire of possession fades before the ideal worship of the ideal woman. That mean but too common thought,

> "If she be not fair for me,
> What care I how fair she be?"

never entered this young fellow's mind. She was herself; he was himself; and whatever happened to either, he could not choose but love her, and love her to the end.

I do not say this kind of love is to be found every day or in every man; but it is possible to some men, and it was the only form of the passion that was possible to Roderick Jardine.

And it was a passion, not a mere sentimental fancy. He had written poetry in his time, but he wrote none now. In his walks up and down—from sheer restlessness he walked nearly all day long—he avoided the street where she lived, lest any body might notice him; and his mind kept running continually, not upon dreams, but practicalities—things he had never taken any heed of before. What was the exact amount of his own independent income; where should he live; and also, supposing he could not reconcile his mother to this plan of divesting himself of Miss Jardine's money before marriage, in what way could he best do it afterward? For the natural instinct of a generous man—to give his wife every thing, to shelter her from all possible injury or wrong—had come, in all its passionate intensity, into Roderick's heart, sweeping away selfish greed, pleasure-loving folly—all the little demons that are so prone to enter into empty chambers. He had none. There was not a corner of his being which

she had not possessed herself of, in undoubted sovereignty, "his queen—his queen!" He hummed it continually, this little silly song, and yet felt himself the wisest of mortals. Many a worldly-wise old man, looking back on a similar passage of existence, may incline to say, with a sigh, "Who knows? perhaps he may have been."

Now and then a qualm came over him. Was all this castle-building real? Suppose a girl's light "No" should make all the fabric crumble into dust? But she was not one who did any thing lightly. You had but to look into her eyes and see that no coquetry was possible to her, nor indecision either. She would either love or not love; and if she did love, it would be forever. Though he had no tangible grounds whatever to go upon—not a look, not a word—except that brief sentence, uttered with downcast eyes and a tremble in the voice, when he wished they might be friends for life—"I hope we may"—still, somehow, a young man feels when a girl loves him. In later life, when the worldly crust grows over both, it may be different; but these two—mere boy and girl, as it were—they had neither deceits nor disguises. Beyond the natural solemnity of asking the question, on the answer to which depends the whole future of one—nay, two lives—Roderick was not afraid.

Nevertheless, in writing to his mother, as he at last did write, determining to pay her the just filial respect of telling her his intentions before he made the offer of marriage, he distinctly explained that he had no idea what Mademoiselle Jardine's answer would be; and he begged her to keep his secret entirely to herself until he could send her word of the result.

A plain, brief, and very business-like letter it was, taking entirely for granted that his mother loved him well enough to rejoice in his happiness; and yet a lurking fear would come.

"If only she"—the one she in the world now—"had more style; if she dressed better, as the girls would say," thought he to himself, with a return of that fraternal cynicism to which he had been liable, but which he had almost forgotten since he came to Neuchâtel—since he saw those heavenly, innocent eyes. They rose up before him now. "Oh, my darling—made of every creature's best—forgive!"

And the ties of blood, which do not necessarily include sympathy, seemed slender and poor compared to those of what philosophers call "elective affinity," which the lover finds, or thinks he has found, in his mistress; and which, if he does not afterward find in his wife, God help him! for it makes life very hard.

"So the deed is done—thus far," said Roderick to himself as he posted the letter, and then braced his courage for the next step. For he judged rightly: no English wooing, trusting to sweet chance and the impulse of the moment, would do here. He must speak to the mother first. Until he won her approval he could never be to Silence more, ostensibly, than a common acquaintance.

Trying, but inevitable. So that very evening—giving the gentle invalid a whole day to recover from her fatigue—he determined to present himself, and ask formally of Madame Jardine permission to woo her daughter. Perhaps he might then be allowed to tell Silence himself all she was to him. And when she understood it all—the first look, eye to eye; the first kiss, mouth to mouth; the open, mutual recognition of a love that was to last them through life, and go with them, please God, into the life eternal—at the bare thought of such bliss the young man felt almost dizzy.

He half staggered as he walked, and at last stood quite still at the solitary street corner—the street he knew so well—to command himself before he attempted to mount the stair. Though it was still early, all was dark—the quiet darkness of a mild November night, with the stars shining overhead. Roderick looked up at them, trying to gain a little quietness too.

So standing, he scarcely noticed a gentleman, almost as self-absorbed as himself, till they ran right against one another.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the kindly voice of M. le Professeur Reynier. "What, Monsieur Jardine—can it be you? How fortunate! I was just coming to pay you a little visit."

Roderick muttered some civil answer, but did not offer to turn back. Indeed, he had come to that point when he felt he could not turn back—could not defer his bliss, or fate, another hour for any mortal creature.

"I—another time I shall be most happy. Now—I have an engagement."

"Pardon again," said the gentle old man, touching the arm of the younger one; "but—were you going there?" He pointed up the stair which he had just descended. "Indeed, you must not go."

"Why not?" said Roderick, angrily; then recollecting himself, added, with a careful indifference: "Your daughters told me Madame Jardine was not well; I was going to inquire for her."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Monsieur Reynier, clasping his hands with a gesture which we unemotional islanders would smile at as "so un-English." "Mon Dieu!—then monsieur does not know?"

"Know what?"

"She is dead—she died this morning."

"She—who?"

"Madame Jardine, alas! It was quite sudden—there was nobody beside her but

her daughter. Quite peaceful, too—without any suffering; and the doctor had dreaded much one day, for it was disease of the heart. Her child's only thought now is thankfulness for that. Poor Mademoiselle Silence! Madame Reynier is with her now—she, or my girls, will not leave her until the interment."

Here the old man fairly gave way, took out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his honest eyes. Roderick wrung his hand in the silent English way—no more. He was utterly stunned.

"I know monsieur will think I am very foolish, but I can not help it. My old friend's widow—and she so good a woman—and only four days since she was at our house. Indeed, I saw her for a few moments yesterday. She had some idea—yes, I think she always had a faint idea—that at any moment she might be taken. More than once has she confided to me, in such a case, her dear child, whom she leaves alone in the world. But Silence does not feel that yet—she does not think of herself at all. 'Never mind me; the good God will take care of me,' was all she said, looking up with that piteous pale face and those big eyes, when I left her, not five minutes ago."

Roderick stood absolutely silent. The stream of gentle, querulous French seemed to run into his brain and out again, leaving no distinct impression there. It had been such a bright dream-life since he came to the little town, and the Reynier family were mixed up in it all. It seemed impossible that upon this pleasantness outside, this inner passion just coming to its climax, its struggle of hope and fear, could fall the paralyzing hand of Death.

"It can't be true—it can't be true," he said, in English, putting his hand to his head.

"Monsieur is very much shocked, I see, and no wonder. I, too, can scarcely comprehend or believe it. But we must leave all in the hands of the good God. He will take care of her, as she said, poor child, even though she is left an orphan, without any *dot*, without a penny in the world. But I will not detain monsieur any longer. Bon soir. Au revoir."

The very words she had said to him in her brief adieux, the night before on the stair-head—the sweet soul who was now "beyond the sun." Roderick's heart gave way, with a great sob, like a child's.

And then he choked it down and turned away. To no human being would he betray himself—not now.

"Monsieur," and he drew the old man's arm through his with a tender courtesy, "you will allow me to accompany you home. Then perhaps I may be honored by hearing a little more—perhaps assisting you in the arrangements you will have to make. Remember, I am a relative—I believe, the very nearest relative now left to Mademoiselle Jardine."

"Yes, yes, yes; I am very grateful. And she, too, poor child, she can not but be grateful also, for monsieur's goodness. Let us go."

So they went together—the old man talking volubly and cordially, the younger one replying in little more than monosyllables, through the already empty streets of the little town.

THE RISKS OF ATHLETIC WORK.

DURING the last few years athletics have taken a stride forward in America which must have arrested the attention of every one who tries to keep advised of what is going on around him. There used to be an occasional boat-race, and once in a while a notable game of ball, and that was about all. For weeks together no word of any thing athletic ever crept into the daily press. There was a notion in many quarters that an athlete must be something like a prize-fighter, and not the right sort of person to associate with at all. The idea that a man could be at once noted for both scholarship and athletic prowess had never dawned upon the public mind. Gradually this ignorance began to give way. International boat-races, both amateur and professional; Weston's walks to Washington and Chicago; the introduction of field athletics at the colleges; the giving way of the old boating duel between Harvard and Yale in favor of a great meeting, where in one year as many as thirteen representative six-oared crews from as many different colleges took part; the opening of Creedmoor and other rifle ranges, and then international rifle matches; ball matches without number; lacrosse, polo, rackets, foot-ball fights under the Rugby rules; summer and winter field-meetings of large and influential athletic clubs; and, latest of all, a fondness for every kind of walking, including some utterly useless kinds, amounting to little short of a craze—these have all combined to familiarize the public with the more interesting side of athletics, and to both fill column after column of the daily papers, and to support weeklies devoted entirely to describing the progress in these various pastimes, and what is promised for the immediate or more distant future. Instead of England's longer having the sole privilege of furnishing champions in these various lines, our own land has managed to wrest from her that honor, at least for a time, in the more important ones, notably in walking, rowing, and rifle-shooting, and practically almost in cricket. Where a few years ago an athletic meeting was a tame affair, the number of competitors alone now often reaches several

hundred, the last fall meeting of the Scottish-American Athletic Club in New York city, for instance, having the enormous number of 529 entries for the different events, while nearly all who entered took part.

In the gymnasium, too, there has been a marked advance, not only in familiarity with the more moderate and sensible work, but in performing feats of strength as well. To put up a hundred-pound dumb-bell or lift a thousand pounds, used, in Dr. Winship's day, to be rated marvellous, but there are many people now who can do either. Pennell shoves a hundred-and-eighty-pound bell—almost the equivalent of a barrel of flour—high up over his head with one hand, while Curtis, of New York, lifts upward of a ton. Cornish wrestling matches are common; Græco-Roman ones sometimes last all night; one man wrestles successfully with a stalwart bear; rival sparrers from New York, Boston, and other cities meet in friendly fray, sometimes knocking each other senseless, not with the cruel cestus, but merely with thick stuffed gloves; and burly policemen and crack regimental teams face men of all nationalities in the arduous tug of war. In short, in all directions there has been great progress, and very widely increased interest.

And how do this intense activity and severe and protracted effort affect the various competitors later on? Do they work benefit, or harm? And if both, then does the former so outweigh the latter that these contests pay? These and questions like them are constantly coming up, perhaps not so much among the athletes themselves as their parents and friends, and the older and more thoughtful generally. It can not be questioned that in many quarters there is a distrust of these contests, a fear that, spurred on by the keen excitement of the struggle and the applause of the assembled thousands, the youth will overdo, will give some of his vital organs more than they can bear, and that the splendid development of to-day, instead of staying by him all his life, and insuring him a ripe old age, will, if not at once, at least a few years later, prove to have been acquired at a positive loss of vital strength, and will leave him, instead of hale and sound and tough, either with health plainly impaired or perhaps entirely broken down, and that at a time when he should be in his prime.

Nor is this distrust based wholly on conjectures. To-day we read of some great athlete rejoicing in his might and sweeping all before him in the prize-ring or on the water. Later on we hear that this same giant is dead. A few years ago, for example, the country rang with the praises of the far-famed Benicia Boy. A handsome and grand specimen of physical manhood, glorying in his strength, and full of pluck and daring, he faced the best men his country could produce, and proved himself as good as he looked. He crossed the Atlantic, met the foremost fighter in Europe, and after a bloody and terrible combat, in which he broke his adversary's right arm, and fourteen times knocked him clean off his feet, he was deprived of the coveted guerdon which he had so plainly won. And yet, but a few years later, both he and his sturdy antagonist died, before either of them had lived out half his days. Tom Hyer, the greatest of Heenan's predecessors, "Yankee" Sullivan, "Country" M'Cleister, "Bill" Poole, John Morrissey—about every great fighter this country ever saw, save one, has failed to reach sixty years of age, and most of them even fifty.

And among the oarsmen, Hamill, a man of tremendous depth and power, for years the champion sculler of the country, and the first to cross the ocean and try conclusions with the British on their own waters; Walter Brown, one of the most muscular and vigorous scullers who ever donned a jersey, who won the championship away from Hamill, and also defeated a famous former holder of it, "Josh" Ward; Renforth, the greatest oarsman England ever produced: these men were all at the zenith of their fame scarce a dozen years ago, though none of them were thirty, yet to-day they have been for several years dead. Occasionally, too, some college oarsman famous for his strength drops off with consumption.

Science also sounds her note of warning. Dr. Richardson, in his recent book on the *Diseases of Modern Life*, in speaking of boat-racing says: "I can scarcely overrate the dangers of these fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. The state of perfection arrived at is at best artificial, and sustainable for but a brief period. The mode of life necessary for perfection is itself incompatible, beyond a limited time, with the ordinary necessities and requirements of life, and when the artificial system ceases,.....the involuntary muscles, the heart especially, remain in strength out of all due proportion greater than the rest of the active moving parts of the organism.....By skillful training it is quite true that men may be and are brought to a fine external standard, but the external development is so commonly the covering of an internal and fatal evil, that I venture to affirm there is not in England a trained professional athlete of the age of thirty-five who has been ten years at his calling who is not disabled."

Masters of fiction also take up the strain, and the way some burly but stale Geoffrey Delamaine went all to pieces in a four-mile foot-race is depicted in glowing colors.

These things certainly make it look as if

there was good ground to distrust these severe athletics, and seem to make it highly probable that instead of these exercises lengthening one's days, they tend to shorten them. But was it their athletic performances and highly trained physique which thus sent these men to a premature grave? Let us look at the facts a little. The obituary notices of Heenan state that he died of consumption, and that this disorder was doubtless greatly accelerated by injuries he had received on an English railway, and for which he had recovered heavy damages Hyer, dying at forty-eight, had led a very irregular life; the bar-room he kept two doors from the Bowery Theatre, in New York, and the sort of companions which that business and his fame naturally brought into contact with him, being said by those who knew him to have been enough to kill any man. The bullet-hole the Vigilants found in Sullivan's right arm when the life-blood had all oozed away, and the bullet that remained in Poole's heart for two whole weeks before his death—these were certainly sufficient to point out what brought death to these two. A complication of disorders took away Morrissey, against which his great physique and tremendous power of will made a long resistance. In Walter Brown's "effort to save" his "floating boat-house from the flood, he caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. The medical attendants attributed his illness to an enlargement of the spleen, with dropsy, but a *post-mortem* examination made showed that the cause of death had been [no heart or lung trouble at all, but] a large tumor in the intestines." At the final meeting, September 7, 1871, of the jury impanelled to inquire into the cause of Renforth's sudden death (who had fallen backward in the boat, when but a mile and a quarter from the start, in the race between his crew and the "Paris" four on the Kennebecasis), the verdict was that "he came to his death by congestion of the lungs, caused by overexertion. The result of the *post-mortem* examination showed that Renforth's lungs were engorged with blood, and that his death was caused by overexertion, combined with great mental excitement. Dr. Jackson, of Boston, testified that no trace of poison could be found in the stomach of the deceased."

And if Dr. Richardson's theory is correct, and "there is not in England a trained professional athlete of the age of thirty-five who has been ten years at his calling who is not disabled," then it must be impossible to find one coming up to said requirements and who is not disabled. But is this the fact? There is a gentleman in England, the captain of her most famous rowing club, who told the writer that he had rowed in upward of two hundred races; and yet at forty-two his countrymen saw fit to put him at the head of the four men whom they thought fittest to whip all comers in the amateur four-oared contests at the Centennial, and the way he and the little fellow with him on the starboard side did their work in those hot races, actually pulling the other side around on the home-burst, made it pretty clear to the spectators that if Captain Gulston was disabled, he had a most remarkable way of showing it. Two years later he was still in the London four when the Sho-wae-cae-mettes tried to beat them at Henley, and one of the latter found the pace so hot that he went to pieces before the race was over, and London won as she liked. Bendigo, a stalwart ex-champion of the British prize-ring, and now well up in years, an earnest preacher of the Gospel, said to be still full of health and sturdy vigor, can hardly be "disabled." "Jem" Ward, who also fought his way to the top, and whipped some very tough men, commands, it is said, an excellent price for his paintings, and is reported to be hale and active, though nearly eighty. Captain Barclay, when a young man, walked his thousand miles in a thousand hours, upward of £100,000 "changing hands" on the result, and he lived to seventy-three. "Jem" Mace seems to be about as far as possible from a "disabled" man to-day; and he has two sons, the press said recently, in the ministry.

And if Dr. Richardson will include America as well as England, a few out of numerous well-known instances of athletes at it for far more than ten years may be added, who seem to be any thing but disabled. When England in 1871 sent her fastest professional crews to whip us on our own waters, "Hank" Ward, the stroke of the four brothers who modestly essayed to face them, and who, according to the Newcastle (England) *Daily Chronicle*, "won very cleverly by four lengths," was a man forty-three years old, and shortly after became a grandfather; and the way he handled his fleet ice-boat on the Hudson last winter suggests a sort of disability which most city men, for instance, would like well to have. "Josh" Ward, another of these veteran brothers, who was champion sculler of America nearly twenty years ago, and stroke of the famous Gersh Banker six at Worcester in 1860, has been almost constantly before the public, rowing also in the pair-oared race at the Centennial Regatta. Twenty-six years ago a gentleman, now a busy New York merchant, rowed in the old Volante crew of Boston, and their famous victory is even yet remembered by the older boat clubs on the Charles; yet last summer, on the Hudson, we saw him rowing stroke of an eight in a lively and well-contested public race; and as his crew shot in across the finish line, winning handsomely, the tall form of stroke was swaying back and forth with a vigor and precision

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which may have covered some latent disability, but if so, the disguise was wondrously complete.

William B. Curtis, one of the best "all-round" men America has yet produced, to-day the captain of the New York Athletic Club's tug-of-war team, has for nearly twenty years, as lifter of heavy weights, runner, hammer-thrower, sculler, and oarsman, been prominently before the public, and he seems to be about as far removed from a disabled man almost as one could be. Norvin Taylor, a Vermonter, forty-eight years old, and looking it, has been running foot-races (so one who knows him well says) for thirty years; and only last winter he astonished New-Yorkers by running, as the New York *Sun* said, "twenty miles in two hours twenty-three minutes, without a pause, stimulus, evidences of fatigue, or perspiration—not even spurred to his best," and this on the astounding diet of apple pie and tea! "Ned" Price, who whipped the famous "Australian Kelly," many years ago, in thirty-seven minutes, and fought Joe Coburn three hours and twenty-two minutes to a draw, says that he never knew an instance of a prize-fighter dying young or middle-aged whose death was not either caused or greatly hastened by violence or dissipation; that their appetites and passions are worked up at the time of the fight to the highest pitch, and it is extremely difficult when the event is over to avoid gross excesses. Yet he at forty-six —one of the most successful criminal lawyers in New York city—says that he has not drank liquor in twenty-three years, and is to-day, as he certainly looks, a sturdy, deep-chested, powerful man, in fine health and spirits, with every promise of reaching a vigorous old age.

But while Dr. Richardson has fallen into an error in supposing the older athletes all disabled, there happens to be excellent evidence, gathered with great care and labor by two medical men—one in England, the other here—which is very pertinent, and will aid in determining whether severe athletics and the high condition they demand are but the precursors of indifferent if not actually crippled health in later life. Dr. John E. Morgan, of Manchester, England, in 1869, put himself into communication with all the 294 men then living who had rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge University race, and with the friends of those who were dead, with a view to ascertaining whether their training and exertion probably worked any permanent injury. Seventeen out of the number describe themselves, or were spoken of by their friends, as having suffered. Of these, one, his friends thought, had heart-complaint before he rowed at all; another rowed in so many races for two years before the great contest that he went into the latter very stale, and shortly after rheumatism and abscesses in his left arm were followed by three months of sickness, and the loss of pieces of the bone; a third had rowed while suffering from an inflamed lung, which organ seems to have been permanently hurt. Five died of consumption and one of heart-disease. Of these five, one, when rowing, was "a pale, sallow, wiry man, who would often gasp painfully after great exertion, with a distressed and anxious look about the eye;" a second "had always a delicate look;" a third had rowed when "undeveloped, over six feet, thin and spare;" the family of a fourth "had all died of hereditary consumption at younger ages than his own;" and the fifth "was known to be consumptive at the time of the race." He who died of heart-disease had "too ruddy and hectic a look about him." Of the remaining eight, five seem to have overexerted themselves in the race, one of them fainting directly after it. The other three suffered from the marked change from severe athletics to sedentary life, which suffering, with two of them, largely disappeared on returning to active out-of-door work. Dr. Morgan further shows that while the reports of the Registrar-General indicate a rate of forty-six men out of every hundred of corresponding ages who died between the ages of twenty and sixty from disorders of the lungs and heart, of these 294 oarsmen only thirty-nine had died, so that the rate was only thirty instead of forty-six per cent.

Of the 150 men in Harvard University crews which rowed against Yale between 1852 and 1876 inclusive, Dr. E. H. Bradford, of Boston, finds that there have been but seven deaths known to have resulted from disease, one being from "intense neuralgia," one from "Bright's disease," and five from consumption, while one of the living is known to have the latter disease. In four out of these six cases of consumption the disease was known to be hereditary, while in the other two the lives were irregular.

While many of these Oxford and Harvard men, after leaving the university, went into employments which were sedentary and confining, and in which the rate of mortality is generally found to be rather high, still a most important thing to be borne in mind in looking at these cases is that in both instances the men referred to were by no means students of only average strength and vigor, but nearly always the most favored in these respects out of many hundred men. This must tend to weaken the value of the evidence so adduced when the purpose is to determine whether the training for and exertion of the race are liable to work permanent injury. That there are men of such soundness and stamina as to stand these trials with impunity, few will deny. But had these researches been extended, not to how the eight best men out

of 2000 stood the strain, but as to the effect on all who took part in boat-racing, it would greatly enhance its value in the present inquiry. There are scratch races and "scrub" races and races among the "torpids" where there are constantly men rowing who are neither strong nor even half trained, who get in as they are, no matter whether their hearts have been used to violent exertion or not, and pull away with might and main. Often, indeed almost always among these crews, there are young, half-grown, undeveloped fellows who ought not to be allowed to race until years later, and not then unless well built up meanwhile. Dr. Morgan frankly confesses that he pities the man who would undertake to search out all these men who rowed, not in the 'Varsity eights, but in these under-crews, while Dr. Bradford also has not attempted it among those who had been in the under-crews at Harvard.

In substance, then, the researches of these two gentlemen show that the best men in the respective universities named have stood the training and exertion of their chief race well, and that not quite so large a proportion of them have died prematurely as of their countrymen in all callings. To maintain that all college rowing men may hope to come out as well, neither any where attempts. Indeed, Dr. Morgan says, freely, "I should not think of denying that men who are wanting in physical power or imperfectly trained are unfit to engage in such a contest as a hard boat-race, inasmuch as they do not undertake the work on those conditions on which alone it can safely be carried through."

If, then, Dr. Morgan simply shows that out of the several hundred students at Oxford and Cambridge who annually do a great deal of rowing, and very many of whom row in many races, the picked sixteen are none the worse for it, and fails to offer any evidence as to the effect on the great majority who do not succeed in getting into the University crew, it will be necessary to look elsewhere to trace that effect and to draw inferences from it. Unfortunately little proof of that effect on this large majority has been gathered, or is at all likely to be, so that accurate conclusion as to them is practically impossible to reach.

This much, however, will scarcely be denied, namely, that in the Freshman and other under-crews in our colleges, and in the very numerous under-crews of the two English rowing universities, and also among young oarsmen in our many clubs outside of the colleges, there are frequently seen, to use Dr. Morgan's own words, "men" (and often those who will not be men for two or three years more) "who are wanting in physical power or imperfectly trained," and "are unfit to engage in such a contest as a hard boat-race, inasmuch as they do not undertake the work on those conditions on which alone it can safely be carried through." Slim arms, corresponding legs, and indifferent chests often belong to youth of just as much spirit and pluck as fellows who are cut out for hard work. And once under the influences which allure one into racing, the owners of this limited physical outfit are very likely to yield, and to attempt work which they should be peremptorily forbidden to touch. Run a colt in a horse's race, and he stands an excellent chance of never being heard of as a horse. Yet these growing and undeveloped young men are constantly racing, and over just as great distances as their seniors. Three miles, for instance, was the university race-course always at Worcester and Saratoga, and three miles was the Freshman distance at the same places.

But even conceding for a moment that no student oarsman runs any risk of injury, what about Renforth? Here, instead of a raw boy, was a stalwart man trained carefully for his races, accustomed always to heavy labor, and built for it, an "ex-coal-whipper," at his physical prime, and who after over and over proving his great strength and stay in a variety of feats, won the British championship at the sculls, and held it against all comers—a man whom many rate the greatest oarsman England has ever produced. The vital organs always held to be liable to danger from overexertion are the heart and lungs, and the *post-mortem* showed his lungs to be engorged with blood, caused, as the physician said, by overexertion. He had not gone a great distance in the race. No word came of his not being in condition beforehand. The St. John crew had collared his, and their boat was showing to the fore; Harry Kelly had called on Renforth at stroke for a spurt, but, instead of the old-fashioned sort, it only came feebly, and he soon toppled over, and did not live long afterward. Whatever the fact was, it looks as if the verdict was correct, and that overexertion in a boat-race killed James Renforth. Is it probable that he would have died when he did had he only been standing still on the shore? And if it would kill a man seemingly so uncommonly fit to stand the strain as he, can it be said to be an operation free from risk?

And is there any form of severe athletics which is free from the risks of him who rows hard races? Who that saw, at one of the great athletic meetings in New York last winter, forty or fifty youth running in some one race, could fail to conclude, both from the looks and action of not a few of them, that they had no business in such a contest? No depth of chest, no strength any where, starting off at a spurt which they plainly could never hold, weak and unsteady in

their movements before the race was half over, they struggled on, spurred by the clamor of the spectators, and finally reached the tape pale, gasping, and exhausted. Do such as these run no risk? Dr. Morgan, plainly as it here and there appears through his valuable book that he has a side to support, and that, in uncertain cases the oarsman generally gets the benefit of the doubt—even he plainly concedes that these fellows thus "wanting in physical power..... are unfit to engage in such a contest as a hard boat-race," and of course the same would apply to a foot-race.

Again, there is another effect of hard racing and the consequent preparation for and devotion to the work, which may be briefly noticed. Does or does not active participation in these contests tend to make one subordinate his business to his athletics? We would like to hear on this point the testimony of a hundred business men who had athletes in their employ. During racing season are the minds of the latter mainly on their business, or on the contest in which they are interested? Does that interest seriously interfere with the duties which lie next them, whatever those duties may be? The answers to these and similar questions would be worth reading, and aid many a fellow in determining whether he had better go into some of the athletic contests or stay out. Dr. Morgan says that "at Oxford the men in the eight, in so far as may be judged from their classical attainments, have shown themselves much on a par with the rest of the university," while at Cambridge "twenty-eight per cent. of the oars, not content with their laurels on the river, bore off honors also in more important contests." In our university crews not unfrequently we hear of some man who is also good at his books. Columbia had one crew nearly all of whom were successful scholars; the Amherst winning stroke in 1872 was said to have also led his class; John Hubbard, the stroke of the midshipman fast four, in 1870, did the same; the present gifted London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* rowed in the first Yale crew; so did New York city's able District-Attorney; President Eliot, of Harvard, was in the '58 crew; and Professor Agassiz was a famous bow oar.

But does the fact that occasionally men of strong heads and bodies did not allow their racing to interfere with their duties show that such is uniformly the case with athletes? Does a seven-mile pull each afternoon at a rattling pace, under the sharp eye and voice of a very exacting coach, and the heavy meal eaten a while after, tend to fit the student for close study in the evening, and incline him to severe mental work? Does the constant association for several months of the year with fellows whose principal thought and conversation are on some coming race or races and matters connected therewith, and the frequent seeing one's name in the papers in the same connection, tend to increase one's devotion to dry and not overattractive study? Will Dr. Morgan's remark apply only to English youth, when he says, "Indeed, the minds of many young men in the present day seem to be alive to no other questions than those which relate to the cultivation of their muscles?" Can not the athletic work of many who are fond of it justly be classed rather among Emerson's "playthings" and "distractions" when he says: "Every thing is good which takes away our plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work. Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, flatteries, hopes—all are distractions which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon, and make a good poise and a straight course impossible."

What risks, then, does the youth run who puts in two, three, or more years at severe athletics, frequently, either when practicing "on time" or in his various races, doing his very utmost, and coming in at the end thoroughly exhausted, and "with nothing left in him?" If, either by inheritance or years of vigorous exercise before his racing begins, he starts into it with a sound and strong body, is carefully and thoroughly trained for each contest, and takes an ample interval of rest between his races, not racing every afternoon for a fortnight, for instance, as in the English "bumping" races, and if the distance covered is not greater than men of his calibre have usually raced over with impunity, he probably does not run much risk of bodily injury or of shortening his life. How one lacking one or two of these requirements fared in a sudden and severe test of his strength and endurance may be seen from the case of one of Dr. Morgan's patients, not a university man: "He was compelled to carry a heavy sack of corn for a considerable distance without having the opportunity of taking rest on the way. He was struggling to reach the end of his journey, when he suddenly felt something give way within his chest; he experienced a rush of blood to the head, and fell down insensible. One of the valves of the left side of the heart was torn from its attachment.....Death approached with rapid strides." The doctor hints that this man's heart was not previously healthy, speaks of a case where an aneurism of the heart was induced by the exertions of a boat-race, but says intemperance was the cause, and asserts "unhesitatingly that whenever by reason of some violent strain an accident occurs, either to the heart itself or to one of its great vessels, that heart was not at the time in a perfectly healthy state." It may be said that men who have

been intemperate seldom turn athletes, but one of the fastest scullers America has yet produced had, not a great while before his best race, been notoriously intemperate; while the stroke oar of a winning crew, in a hard race near New York city in 1877, had some time before had delirium tremens. The carrying of the sack of corn was probably not harder work than is frequently done in a boat-race. The writer once carried a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound man on his shoulders around the Delta at Cambridge, said to be a third of a mile and forty yards, and did not find it as hard as the last mile of one or two stiff races, or that he was ever the worse for it.

But how is one to know that his heart and lungs are free from defect, and that he has strength and stay enough to risk his racing with impunity? His family physician—or, sometimes better yet, any physician who has made heart and lung disorders a specialty—can easily determine the former, just as many physicians did determine it in the war, and rejected men from the army, or as the examining physicians of the life-insurance companies determine now, and admit or reject every day. As to the latter, long and careful preparation; then racing over a short distance, then over longer, until the desired length can be done without distress, and he finds that between efforts he is none the worse for them—these will aid him to a conclusion. If before any youth could row or run a race he were compelled to be examined as to his organic fitness by some competent physician, and summarily rejected if there was any weakness; if in addition some person equally qualified to supervise made sure that before the contest was entered on adequate preparation was had, it would go far toward reducing the physical risk to a minimum, if not quite doing away with it. But so long as half-grown, half-developed youths can go into hard rowing contests with no better qualification than just because they wish to, and fellows plainly weaker even than they can run helter-skelter in sharp and trying foot-races, and against formidable antagonists, with great crowds to egg them on, so long there unquestionably will be risks for the persons so injudicious. And this, with the frequent distraction from one's duties, and with one more thing, the only partial development which any one sort of racing brings—for not yet has the single exercise been discovered which brings into play all or nearly all the muscles of the body—these are probably the chief, certainly among the chief, risks one incurs in turning athlete. Not a few men have managed to safely pass each; but if the experience of every athlete could be frankly and fully told, there is too much reason to think that the large majority, however they may have escaped the first, have generally failed to avoid the other two. And if in the place of these alluring but frequently hazardous contests, daily vigorous work could be done which would let the man stop when he was reasonably tired, and before the risk begins, instead of keeping on to exhaustion, and if that work could be so chosen as to build up parts now weak, and to daily for a brief period give the heart and lungs and all the muscles alike hearty but not straining work, there is little doubt that instead of interfering with more important duties, it would aid in fulfilling them; that instead of neglecting some muscles of the man and developing others abnormally, it would symmetrize him, and make him strong all over; and that he need never fear permanent injury, because he had done nothing to invite it.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE abstract question of the nature of literary property has become almost one of mere speculation. Dr. Johnson was hardly too positive when he said that although it was a right of creation, and should from its nature be perpetual, yet that "the consent of nations" is against it. The question of literary property and its proper safeguards is one which often recurs in this country, because of the character of our copyright laws and of our community of language with England. The subject has been often discussed exhaustively in Parliamentary and Congressional debates, in the courts of law, in reports of many kinds, and in reviews and magazines, and it has been revived recently by three events—the investigation and report of the Royal Copyright Commission in England, the disregard of what is known as the comity of the publishing trade in the United States, and the publication of *A Treatise on the Law of Property in Intellectual Productions in Great Britain and the United States*, by Eaton S. Drone. In the *American Law Review* for October, 1875, Mr. Drone published an admirable inquiry into the origin and nature of literary property, and his large work, just issued by Little, Brown, and Co., is a very thorough and comprehensive treatise upon the subject. It deals with every moral and legal aspect of the question, but, although a lawyer's book for lawyers, its historical interest is very great for the general reader who is interested in the inquiry.

Mr. Drone holds, with Lord Mansfield and with the great weight of authority, that property in intellectual productions is as absolute as in any other form, and that the abstract argument for its perpetuity is as conclusive as for that of any other property. Copyright is the right of property in every copy, however produced, and the

sale of the copy is merely the sale of a right to enjoy the property in a specified manner, and is no more a transfer of a right to reproduce copies than the sale of a theatre ticket is the transfer of a right of reproducing the play. Mr. Drone criticises acutely the opinion of Justice Yates controverting that of Lord Mansfield; but the Yates opinion was adopted by the House of Lords, and is really the basis of the theory practically underlying English and American law and practice—that copyright is not a right at common law, but is derived from the statute. This view is now so strongly intrenched in interest and tradition that if the friends of international copyright should postpone their efforts until absolute and perpetual property in copyright were acknowledged, it is impossible to foresee when any forward step could be taken.

In his testimony before the recent British Copyright Commission, Professor Huxley, after stating emphatically the opinion that as a matter of right copyright should be perpetual, said that as a matter of expediency he did not think it worth while at present to ask for it. This we presume to be the view of those who desire that in some form there shall be an international recognition between England and the United States of the property right of the author during the legal term of copyright. This was the ground taken forty years ago by the select committee of the Senate of which Webster and Clay were members, and it was always maintained by Mr. Bryant. The Senate report of 1837 held that as the English merchant did not lose the right of property in his bale of merchandise when it reached our shores, there was no good reason that the English author should lose the limited right of property in his book. Nothing was done, however, and the report of Mr. Morrill, of Maine, in 1873, closed the debate until its recent renewal. Mr. Morrill held that there was no equitable or constitutional reason for an international understanding, and that as cheap literature was essential to the American people, whatever tended to make it dearer, which, he assumed, would be the effect of an international copyright, was opposed to the general interest of the country.

Without pausing to consider this argument, it is enough to say that since Mr. Morrill's report was written the question has changed many of its practical aspects, and much of the former indifference or opposition to an international understanding has disappeared. The British Commission recommend that no change shall be made, by way of reprisals, in the English law which allows copyright to foreigners who first publish in England, and they look with favor upon the scheme of a mixed commission from both countries to consider the whole question. There is a similar feeling in this country among those who are more immediately interested in the question, and there is probably a practical agreement of opinion that a common understanding could be reached in some arrangement which would secure to each country the right of manufacture. The cardinal defect in previous propositions is that they have regarded the interest of English publishers and not of English authors—a point which is very trenchantly put by Mr. W. H. Appleton, of the house of D. Appleton and Co., in a letter to the London *Times* in 1871. As a matter of fact, American publishers have no disposition to prey upon English authors, as the very large sums voluntarily paid by them in acknowledgment of republication, which the law does not protect, clearly shows.

It is undoubtedly for the interest both of the authors and the publishers in each country that the right should be protected by an equitable law, and such a law should take the form of a treaty, because whatever subsequent legislation might be needed for its proper adjustment, the subject is one that in the beginning can be more carefully arranged in that manner than by a miscellaneous legislature. The happy result of the Treaty of Washington suggests that for an international understanding upon so important a question as that of copyright, the preferable method would be the consultation of a select body of those who are especially conversant with the various aspects of the subject, and mutual concessions would be indispensable if harmony were expected. The elements of the situation are: the settled tradition and legislation of both countries by which copyright is limited; the greater literary supply in England; the greater literary demand in the United States; the free republication in both countries for a century, limited only by the British grant of copyright to the first publication in England. These are the elements of the actual situation. There are three classes interested—the public in each country, the publishers, and the authors. The position of these various interests would probably be this: The authors of both countries would assert the rightful perpetuity of literary property as of all other property, and their consequent right to dispose of it upon such terms as they choose. The English publisher would insist that his bargain with the author ought to cover the sale in both countries. The American publisher would argue that the immense capital already invested in the publishing business in this country, the inflexible American demand for cheap reading, and his more intimate knowledge of the tastes, habits, and wishes of his countrymen, should secure to him the reproduction of English books here, as he would concede that of American books in England to the English publisher. The public in both countries would demand only cheap reading, and would therefore require that no arrangement should make books dearer. Meanwhile, it will be remembered, the law and unbroken tradition recognize the existing situation.

Under these circumstances, some reasonable agreement must be sought, which would be a compromise. The practical question for us would then be whether a fair international copyright, or the extension upon certain conditions to the English author of the limited copyright granted by the American law to the American author, would necessarily or probably make books dearer in the United States. Obviously not, because a moderate price secures a larger sale, and because, in fact, for many years and until quite recently, the comity of the great publishing houses has had practically the effect of a copyright, so that prices would not rise by making that comity law. If it should be urged that the disregard of that comity to which we have alluded proves that lower prices are practicable, the reply is that such republication is in large part a system of blackmail, and could not be long profitably sustained. Such republication is absolutely incompatible with

any recognition of the author's right in his own work even for the limited term allowed him by the law of his own country. It is a denial of that justice which is instinctively felt to be due to the author, and it is destructive not only of literary activity, but of the publishing industry and interest. It is clear, in the situation which has now arisen, that something must be done if we propose to recognize in this country the limited right of property which "the consent of nations" awards to the author, and with due regard to all other rights and interests.

The Easy Chair has sometimes spoken of that amiable illusion of good men, when their hair is thinning, that the cherries of their youth were much larger than the degenerate cherries of to-day, the snow in the winters of their childhood very much deeper, and the great men of those days very much greater. It is pleasant to hear such reminiscences, and to detect the generous pity with which those who are satisfied with the cherries of to-day are regarded by the poet of yesterday's. He is a poet, because his view is a work of imagination. It is the strain of Lamb's Captain Jackson invincibly assuming—perhaps believing—that his geese are swans, and that the cheese is always sweetest nearest the rind. When Goldsmith's veteran shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won, the old gossip unconsciously made himself a hero, no doubt, although he may have been sadly scared in the actual encounter. In his animated narrative he was probably the real hope of the army on the sanguinary day he describes. For such is the magnifying quality of distance in our own experience that although Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., had he been at Trafalgar, would have sought "the safe seclusion that the cabin grants," yet he would have made it subsequently appear to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts that Nelson was of less account than he. Shakespeare long ago laughed at "traveller's tales." The secret is that in reminiscence we often see things as we would have wished them to be, and there is no contradiction to be offered by home-keeping youth to distant travellers and old men. If the man who was a youth about town more than fifty years ago, and of whom the Easy Chair has sometimes spoken, says that there was never so fine an Amina as Malibran, what is the luckless junior who does not remember Malibran to do? He can not disprove it. Judgment goes against him by default.

In the mean time those who do not remember Malibran, but who do remember Mrs. Wood, in the *Sonnambula*, may agree that there was never a more complete and satisfactory representation of that opera in this country than that of Madame Gerster and Signors Campanini and Foli, with the chorus and orchestra at the Academy of Music during the early spring. Perhaps, indeed, to enjoy the *Sonnambula* is to betray that your hair is thinning, that the cherries of the past are beginning to enlarge, and that you have come down from a former generation which delighted in tender and graceful and rippling melodies, and relished a pastoral love story told in music. There is an exquisite compassion in the tone of forbearance with which the true Wagnerian acknowledges your expression of pleasure in a symmetrical performance of the *Sonnambula:* "Yes, very pretty." Even the gentlemen who direct our musical taste in the newspapers remark that the instrumentation is very thin, and the opera a dish of cloying sweets. That is certainly not an objection to be urged against the Wagnerian opera. But because we like the "Paradise Lost," must we belabor "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso?" The *Sonnambula* is by no means the *Messiah*, or the *Fifth Symphony*, or *Lohengrin*, or *Fidelio*. No, it is the *Sonnambula;* and its continuing charm is its justification. Even if its pensive music were merely played by the orchestra, or sung by such passive lovers as Brignoli, it would yet delight; but when it is sung by artists who are admirable actors, and who give it perfect vitality, it is a fountain of pleasure.

The kind of hold that it takes of romantic natures is seen in Thackeray's frequent allusions to its songs. It was a popular opera in his youth. He had seen great singers in it, and the finest of all Aminas he had seen in Jenny Lind during some of those spring days in London which come when the season is at its height, and the Chiswick flower feast is in its glory; those days the thought of which makes Browning's wanderer exclaim,

"Oh! to be in England, now that April's there!"

—a yearning of which Thackeray was distinctly conscious, and which gave him sometimes a pang of homesickness even in New York. The tone of Count Rodolpho's "*vi ravviso*" is that of much of Thackeray's pensive retrospection. His fond heart brooded over the "*cari luoghi*," and he always recalled with tender regret "*la prima gioventù*." No one who is familiar with his tone can help thinking of Thackeray as he listens to the *Sonnambula;* and those who, like him, saw Jenny Lind as Amina—among which happy company is the Easy Chair—can never hear the opera without hearing and seeing that matchless maid, whom other singers in this part may more or less distantly resemble, but no more. Yet when the Easy Chair was once talking of her with an old opera *habitué*, he responded, politely, "Yes, undoubtedly, but you should have seen Malibran." Fortunately they are rapidly disappearing, those Malibran people, and the Easy Chairs will soon have it all their own way as they admonish the modern enthusiasm for this and that pretty singer with a polite, "Yes, undoubtedly, but you should have seen Jenny Lind."

Yet since Jenny Lind there has hardly been so satisfactory an Amina as Gerster. Sontag, Bosio, Castellan, were charming, but they were not so truly the Swiss maiden, and none of them had a purer voice nor sang with more exquisite skill than this latest comer. It is a thankless task to describe singing, but Gerster "took the town" in New York as she did in Berlin, unheralded, but triumphantly. She is not especially pretty nor graceful, but there is that Northern simplicity and sincerity in her air and manner which were supreme in Jenny Lind. It is a quality so positive that a devotee of the Italian opera decried Nilsson as "too Northern." It was interesting to see how Gerster gradually kindled an audience which was very cool when the curtain rose. It was a Saturday matinée, and the crowd was immense, but it was, as usual, largely composed of ladies. The peepers from behind the curtain who recalled the full dress of the evening's audience at "Her Majesty's" smiled, probably, at the gentle and innocent barbarians of the West who

came in unattended, bringing under their arms little packages and bundles, undeniable signs of "shopping." Matinée audiences can not applaud very loudly, because the ladies so largely predominate, and the performance is sometimes thought to lack fire, because actors and singers thrive upon applause. But Campanini as Elvino was so thoroughly alive and sang so well, and Foli, whom somebody ingeniously whispered to be a tall young blacksmith from Hartford, was so gentlemanly and admirably warbling a Count, and Gerster so true an Amina, with a throat full of nightingales, and the orchestra was so well drilled and effective, and the chorus so smooth and harmonious, that the audience was soon full of interest and enthusiasm, and the curtain fell upon a performance almost without a flaw. There were certain Wagnerians, also, who forgot themselves so far as heartily to applaud Bellini's *Sonnambula*, and even to hum with apparent relish and approbation some of its sweet and ear-haunting, but of course frivolous, melodies. There were others, perhaps, to whom the same tender melodies recalled the "dear dead women" who danced to toccatas of Galuppi.

It is plain from the experience of the winter that if the Mapleson Opera Company, as it now is, should remain in New York, the Italian opera, or the grand opera, would become permanent and profitable.

H. M. S. Pinafore—the well-bred crew and complimentary commander of which we mentioned last month—has been making a most prosperous voyage all over the land; and with the acuteness which distinguishes the English press in commenting upon this country, it announces that the *Pinafore* "does not take" in America. For further particulars of its failure we should refer to the office of the Standard Theatre, in New York, where by day and by night, and twice on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the prosperous play has continued "not to take," amid the innocent amusement and laughter of young and old, citizens and strangers. At other theatres simultaneously it has been played, also; and he who has seen it once goes again; and upon the third or fourth hearing the harmless pleasantry, the genuinely humorous burlesque, and the really fresh and charming music delight him still more. Those who wonder that any body should care to hear the melodious nonsense more than once, forget that sweet music and capital acting are as much better upon a third or thirtieth hearing and seeing as an attractive picture or poem. When a poem pleases, we do not think it strange that we recur to it. When a picture charms the eye and heart, it is gladly seen again and again. To see Sir Joseph Porter, and to hear Ralph Rackstraw and little Buttercup, and Josephine and her father and Dick Deadeye, and the admirable chorus at the Standard, is to wish to see and hear them all again, and to study deeply in that gentle school of refined nautical manners.

Indeed, so simple and innocent is this recreation, after the opéra bouffe and the *Black Crook* and kindred performances, that it is not surprising that it has had the benefit of clergy in a clerical suggestion that it was a harmless entertainment. This would certainly be the general verdict; but it has been peremptorily challenged by other clerical authority, which lays a ban even upon the polite ship *Pinafore* as a kind of piratical craft. Of course the reason is that it is a theatrical performance, and that the theatre must be eschewed. There was a time "within the memory of men living" when there was reason in such exhortation; but is it so timely now? When the theatre was made a direct pander to various vices, it was properly condemned by the moralist who held that the abuse was greater than the use. And if now the necessary tendency of the stage were to produce *Black Crooks* and *Grande Duchesses*, and to offer an entertainment to which fathers would not take their daughters nor brothers their sisters—if this were the rule, it might be truly said that the theatre were generally better avoided.

But the sincere clerical censor should remember that while the traditions of clerical criticism of the theatre have not changed, the traditions of the theatre have changed. Surely no parent, not even a clergyman, if he approved of any public amusement whatever, could feel that he did wrong in taking his musical daughter to a Gerster or other matinée at the Academy of Music. All the devices and temptations to whose presence in the theatre objection was justly taken have now disappeared. The Academy is but a stately and beautiful hall in which upon such occasions delightful music is delightfully sung. And this, which is true of the Academy, is relatively true of the smaller theatres. There are no temptations offered to the unwary. And if any amusement, or concert, or tableau, or readings, or recitations, be permissible, it is not easy to see why a perfectly clean, fresh, good-natured burlesque, full of humorous satire, and sung to bright and "taking" music, should be condemned because it is sung in a building convenient for the purpose, called a theatre. The clergyman who is properly anxious to preserve the community from all contaminating influence may wisely ask whether, under the changed circumstances of to-day, the arguments of yesterday are wholly applicable.

He may say, indeed—and his remark is worthy of attention—that even if a particular play, like the *Pinafore*, be harmless, yet the general tendency of the stage is not harmless, and to encourage actors, therefore, is to sustain a demoralizing stage. But every well-informed observer will agree that this criticism of the present tendency of the stage is mistaken, and that the purification of tone in the modern drama is one of its most striking characteristics. Moreover, it would be hard to prove in the face of such a fact that the abuses which are properly censured are inevitable. But our good critic must answer another question. How can he justify concerts, even sacred concerts, in which the singers of the theatre take part? He may say that he encourages the singers when they do well, and not when they do ill. But singing in a concert the innocent songs of *Pinafore* is not different from singing them in the burlesque itself, and if the singers may be encouraged when they are not doing ill, it is conceded that they may be countenanced in the burlesque. Indeed, one of the pleasant facts of the great success of the *Pinafore* is the evidence furnished by it that such success does not depend upon any thing doubtful or repulsive. The public does not desire a questionable pleasure in theatrical entertainments, and it is obviously a good plan for those who wish to show this, and to pro-

vide innocent enjoyment, to favor the representation of just such plays as the *Pinafore*.

In any case there should be a wise discrimination. We sympathize heartily with the severest censure of every abuse of the natural desire of recreation, and every parent and good citizen will look upon a gross ballet or an equivocal drama precisely as upon a book which he would not admit into his house, or wish his children to see. But he would not therefore denounce the art of printing, nor regard the printer as a social pest. Let us apply the same good sense to our judgment of all public entertainments, requiring only that they shall be pleasant and clean. The most rigid moralist, as he glanced about the bright and amused audience in the little Standard Theatre, all intent upon a simple pleasure, could no more condemn it—if his scheme of life admitted any amusement whatever—than he could condemn children at play. The tuneful burlesque is a fairy book for the older folks quite as innocent and gay as that which tells the story of Ali Baba, or the Fair One with Golden Locks.

In a recent discourse upon the press, Mr. Frothingham is reported to have said that its influence, although necessarily great, is curtailed by the consciousness that a newspaper is a business enterprise, and that the natural object of the proprietors is to make it profitable. For this purpose they must trim to catch the breath of popular favor, and, like certain politicians, always look eagerly to see how the wind is going to blow. This, however, is only partly true. In making the long India voyage a shrewd captain counts upon certain permanent winds, and there may be the same calculation in the conduct of a newspaper. Many of the largest and most important journals are established as the advocates of a general policy upon certain principles which do not change. In the advocacy of those principles there are entire independence and honesty, and their advocacy is the condition of support. Advertisers who hold the principles naturally resort to the paper, and the increase of advertisements increases its circulation and promotes its prosperity. If the proprietor or the editor changes his views, indeed, he is in a difficult position, because he can not expect his supporters to change with him, and "a change of base" in a paper is generally followed by a general "Stop my paper" from ancient friends.

This, however, is a situation not peculiar to the press, which shares it with the pulpit. A clergyman settled in any church changes his views at the risk of losing his pulpit, and, in sad truth, his living. His independence is quite as much exposed as that of the editor. Indeed, it is more sorely tried. A newspaper, despite its heresies, may be so essential a vehicle for the news or for advertisements that the buyer will take it and omit its editorial articles. But a preacher's sermons are his dependence for settlement and support. If his opinions are thought to be heretical, no skill of rhetoric, no charm of eloquence, no kindly personal character, will long avail. He will be confronted with the dilemma of concealing his opinions, or of seeing his family supplies stopped. If the pulpit and the press are the two chief direct moral and intellectual agencies in modern civilization, they are at least equally exposed to loss of independence by their essential conditions. The prizes of life are generally for conformity, not for dissent; and the clergyman is quite as much at the mercy of his congregation as the editor or proprietor at the mercy of his subscribers.

There are, indeed, two kinds of modern journals. The newspaper not only furnishes the news, but comments upon it. The editorial column is a kind of lay pulpit, from which political and literary and social and scientific discourses are preached. It has consequently become a public Mentor. But all Mentors are of two kinds. Those that personally attend young gentlemen on the grand tour either seek to show them what is most interesting, and to use every opportunity to the utmost advantage, or they are mere panders to the whims and passions of their pupils. It is so with journals. There is one class which aims to control public opinion, and another which is satisfied to reflect it. Yet neither properly sacrifices independence. The latter does not pretend to independence. It studies the weather-cock and guesses how the wind is going to blow, and speaks accordingly. The former speaks its convictions, but its convictions are the bond of sympathy between its readers and itself. Its sincerity is the secret of its success. Mr. Greeley in founding and conducting a great paper to prosperity sacrificed no conviction, and retained his independence. He was, in fact, his paper, and no paper was more a teacher and a leader. The principle of the London *Times*, on the other hand, is understood to be mere reflection of the current of opinion for the moment. Whoever is king, the *Times* will be Vicar of Bray. In both these instances the conductors of the papers honestly do what they propose to do, and as an editor is in no more danger of compromising his independence than a clergyman, he is no more in that danger than any other member of a sect or a party. Doubtless, with all men, he is tempted to swim with the current. The men who are not swayed by interest, by prejudice, by tradition, by sophistry, by the love of ease and the comfort of conformity, are very few. But the conduct of a newspaper offers no especial trial to independence, unless a man begins by selling himself to teach and advocate and enforce what he does not believe. There are such soldiers of fortune, the Viscontis, the Sforzas, the Malatestas, of the press. They have no other conviction than that of the necessity of making a living, and of buying the success that is counted in money.

A month or two ago the Easy Chair was laughing at some performance of Jenkins, and it was gravely taken to task for ridiculing an honest man earning a living in an honest but small way; and the censor said that it was a peculiarly ungracious comment from a fellow-craftsman. This is a droll censure, because there are some things that no man ought to do for any wages. If "society" can not be "reported" without pandering to an impertinent curiosity, no honorable person will report "society" and its doings. That a man is poor and will be paid for it is no more an excuse for doing it than it would be for undertaking any other impertinence. If he thinks fit to reply that poor reporters can not afford to be squeamish, he must remember that when Claude Duval and Dick Turpin and Captain Macheath took to the road they would have told any moralist who complained, that poor men could not

suffer their families to starve. In their case it was a crime, in the other it is only an indecency. But honorable persons, whether they are rich or poor, recoil from both. What it is perfectly fair to do may yet be meanly done, while there are some things essentially mean which ought not to be done at all. If any body consents to do them and is ridiculed or denounced for his pains, does the censor really think that it is enough for him to plead that he is a poor man doing a mean thing for a living? It is the conscience and the will that scorn such an act and such a plea which preserve the moral health of society.

Indeed, a great paper sustained by large capital and commercial sagacity offers a career of peculiar independence. The community is so wide and of so diversified interests that such a paper is sure to touch it at a thousand points, and while its general principles sincerely maintained do not change, its occasional variations do not relax its hold upon the whole public. The most truly independent journals in this country are among the most prosperous, and nothing enhances the actual value and influence of a paper more certainly than the knowledge that it can not be bought, that it is nobody's instrument, that it wears no mask—in a word, that while it is a fresh, interesting, copious, and attractive newspaper, it is also sincere and independent.

The magician who should offer to show us vigilant and well-informed Yankees a truly great public man of this century who had a profound and far-reaching influence upon some of its most momentous events, a very much greater statesman than Talleyrand, or Metternich, or Nesselrode, yet of whom few know more than the name, would be scanned with amused incredulity. But that is precisely what Professor Seeley, of the English Cambridge, has done in writing a copious and exhaustive biography of the Baron von Stein. Students of German history know something, but not much, about him, unless they have explored original documents. His life is the history of Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic age, and Professor Seeley properly gives his work that secondary title. It is a subject so full of interest, so rich in all the accessories that a historian requires for a captivating historical picture, that it is amazing what hard reading the book is.

But there is no other single work in which can be found the indispensable information respecting the time and events treated in this copious historical biography. The usual source of such information is the thirteen volumes of the *Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat*, from the ninth volume of which, according to Professor Seeley, most of the English knowledge of Stein has been gathered. But this work is now known to be a compilation by various hands, and its account of Stein is grossly inaccurate. Professor Seeley's book is, therefore, unique. His labor has been immense, his fidelity absolute, and the result in the mass and detail of authentic fact, with admirable surveys of the Napoleonic policy and of the political situation, is one for which every reader interested in the subject will be grateful. But it is undeniable that from the vast accumulation of valuable material he has not made an interesting, although an indispensable book. Yet the reader will readily forgive an author who has done so much for him, and who has rescued from a kind of oblivion one of the great men of the century—the man of whom it was said, in speaking of Goethe, that he was "the other great German."

Baron Stein was the inspirer and organizer of the victorious and patriotic opposition of Germany to Napoleon. He was the German whom with just instinct Napoleon personally and by special decree proscribed. He was the statesman who, after the downfall of Frederick the Great's Prussia at Jena, courageously reorganized the kingdom, projecting and executing radical reforms, and, although not long officially at the head of affairs, who gave them a direction and an impulse which have resulted in the Prussia around which Bismarck has gathered the German Empire. By far the greatest of Prussian statesmen before Bismarck, Stein had all of Bismarck's unyielding devotion to a great and united Germany. His view of the sole method by which Europe could be saved from Napoleonism was that which was successfully put in practice, although not in the manner that he would have preferred; and when, after the fall of Napoleon, the violent reaction against liberalism on the Continent took place, Stein, although an aristocrat in a large and generous sense, condemned the violation of its constitutional promises by Prussia, while he had no sympathy with "French" ideas or "metapolitics" of any kind. There is no one among the chief figures of that extraordinary time which is more conspicuous for sturdy simplicity, for great capacity, for "ultra-masculine" power, than that of Stein. Professor Seeley's genuine admiration prevents him from idealizing his hero, and his faithful narration—all of which might be made more interesting, but none of which could be spared—wins his readers to the highest respect, if not affection, for this great German patriot.

For Americans the book is singularly instructive, as showing us the value in statesmanship of thorough training and experience. Stein entered early upon official life, and mastered its various and difficult details, as Mr. Gladstone has mastered them in England. He brought to each successive official function not only natural ability, but the knowledge derived from the application of that ability to technical administration. In the time in which he lived this was of incalculable benefit to his country, because his measures, radical and sweeping as the greatest were, were not the aspirations of a theorist, but the intelligent plans of knowledge and experience. It may be granted that under any other than a monarchical system it would have been exceedingly difficult to enforce those measures with the rapidity and resources that were indispensable. But, on the other hand, except for the same monarchy the urgent necessity would not have arisen.

We are happily not a monarchy, and all the charms of the Canadian court will hardly seduce us to smile upon regal rather than republican government. But we are nationally old enough to see the advantages of thorough public training. If a man reads the *Congressional Record* or the reports of the State Legislatures, or observes official careers, he discovers that intelligent debate, and the mastery of public affairs, and the knowledge to deal with subjects as they arise, are confined to a few men, and those generally men who have had large public experience. The others mangle the public busi-

ness and abuse the public patience, and, by the force of numbers, so impede and perplex public affairs that it is a very significant but unquestionable fact that there is a general sense of relief when Congress adjourns and goes home, and a vague half-apprehension while it is in session. This is due not only to the common tendency of both parties to turn the session and the transaction of public business to party advantage, but to the ignorance and inexperience of the bulk of members entangled in the inextricable meshes of complicated Parliamentary law.

We have ceased to be a simple rural republic, and the successful administration of the government now requires not only patriotic good-will and honesty and ability, but training in the conduct of affairs. The cry of "rotation in office" is specious, but it is a demagogue's cry. It is a pleasing fiction that "a good common-school education" will fit any American to discharge adequately the duties of a Secretary of the Treasury or of the Interior, or to cope in Congressional debate and the duties of practical legislation with accomplished veterans. As the countryman said of the salve for curing a broken leg, "It will do no such thing." It is a plain dictate of commonsense, therefore, to encourage young men to fit themselves, as their taste and ambition may indicate, for active politics, by retaining in office and promoting conspicuously competent and able public men. The ridiculous practices of selecting a member of Congress from one county for one term and from another county for the next term, and in general of "rotating" experienced and efficient men out of office and ignorant and untrained men into office, breed a waste and extravagance and demoralization which discredit the republican name.

One great illustration, like Stein, not only of a singular genius for public affairs, but of the benefit to a country of the training of that genius, is invaluable. He was, indeed, a nobleman, a German, the subject of a king, the minister of an autocrat, without sympathy for republican institutions. But he was a true German patriot, and a brave and wise statesman, by the story of whose life there is no republican or American so wise and fortunate that he may not profit.

Editor's Literary Record.

A NAÏVE confession is made by Dr. Weisse in the preface to his learned but exceedingly discursive and unnecessarily prolix work on the origin, progress, and destiny of the English language and literature.[1] He tells us that he started the investigation of which this work is the fruit with "the intent to show the inferiority of the English language as compared with the Greek, Latin, French, and German," but as he proceeded he found that he had started on a false scent, and discovered that it "contains the cream and essence of its predecessors and contemporaries"—that "its grammar is simpler, its records and literature more successive and complete," than those of any other tongue. Whereupon, surrendering his prejudices to his convictions, he abandoned his original purpose, and instead resolved with all the zeal of a convert "to lay before the English-speaking populations of the world the real origin and progress of their language," and to show them "the superiority of their idiom over others in the refinement and vigor of its vocabulary, the clearness of its diction, the simplicity of its grammar, and the directness of its construction." Moreover, not content with being an encomiast of the English language in these particulars, he is ambitious to be a reformer of it, and to make it the language of the world, and to this end he arraigns the "inconsistency of its orthography," and promises a method "of writing and printing it as it is pronounced," of "removing from its grammar its few remaining inconsistencies," and of "so simplifying the speaking, writing, and printing" the language as to make "its universal adoption feasible." While his enterprise of reforming the language so as to make its adoption world-wide will provoke a smile by the magnitude of its proportions and the inadequacy of its instrumentalities, and also because of its resemblance to other similarly pretentious schemes that have come to grief, the analytical and historical portion of his work bears upon its face the evidences of patient and laborious investigation, and is of a character to merit the grave and respectful consideration of scholars, although the accuracy of some of its methods and conclusions will doubtless be vigorously controverted by them. In the course of his historical analysis Dr. Weisse discards a classification based on geographical divisions, on the ground that "the roots of the English language have a linguistic and patronymic range which is not limited by any river, mountain, country, or part of the world," and he adopts one whose terms he deems to be "historic and ethnologic," and which "covers and includes the thousands of families, languages, and dialects from which the English now spoken is derived," as follows: the Ario-Japhetic type (embracing the Thraco-Pelasgic or Greco-Latin family), the Ario-Semitic (comprising the Semitic family), and the Ario-Hamitic. In prosecuting the scheme of his work he divides the English language, from its formation, into three periods: First, the Anglo-Saxon period, from A.D. 449 to A.D. 1200, a round of seven centuries, through which he traces, century by century—from the formation of the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, the production of its first manuscript, and the advent of Christianity and civilization to England—the utterance and writing of Anglo-Saxon thought in the domestic circle, in social intercourse, in public acts and records, and in the development of the nation and of literature, till at its close he finds that the language numbered 23,000 words, of which ninety-two per cent. were of Gotho-Germanic or Anglo-Saxon origin, eight per cent. Greco-Latin, and traces of Semitic. Second, the Franco-English period, from A.D. 1200 to A.D. 1600, opening with the dawn of the English language, of experimental science, and of the principles of liberty as announced in

[1] *Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature.* By JOHN A. WEISSE, M.D. 8vo, pp. 701. New York: J. W. Bouton.

Magna Charta in the thirteenth century, till, under Franco-German rule, the tongue had been enriched by a gradual blending of the Anglo-Saxon, French, and Celtic idioms so as to form Franco-English, composed of nearly equal proportions of the foreign or Greco-Latin and of the native or Anglo-Saxon elements, the latter amounting at the close of the period, by Dr. Weisse's method of computation, to fifty-one per cent., and the former (including forty-three per cent. French and one per cent. Celtic, with traces of Semitic) to forty-seven per cent. This period embraces the epoch of the Saxon chroniclers, of Langland, Gower, Chaucer, Occleve, Lydgate, Wycliffe, Tyndale, and others, whose influence, especially that of Chaucer, was potent in developing and crystallizing the language, and prepared it to usher in the early portion of the Elizabethan era. The third period illustrated, extending from A.D. 1600 till the present time, he designates as the English period. Dr. Weisse assumes that at the opening of this period the language, having passed through the Anglo-Saxon and Franco-English transitions, had become freed from its complicated Gotho-Germanic trammels, and could easily assimilate and be enriched by words, thoughts, ideas, and modes of expression from all other languages. So powerfully has this enrichment been accomplished during this period—at first by Spenser, Sidney, Shakspeare, Jonson, Milton, and the other great poets and dramatists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and afterward by later writers down to the present—that the transition of the language has been more marked in many of its aspects than at any previous time, the number of its words now exceeding 80,000, of which he computes that sixty-eight per cent. are Greco-Latin (including fifty-three per cent. French), thirty per cent. Gotho-Germanic (including only twenty-eight per cent. Anglo-Saxon), two per cent. Celtic, and traces of Semitic and Sclavonic. Thus, if Dr. Weisse's analysis be accurate (and it is open to grave question), it would seem that the Anglo-Saxon elements of our tongue have dwindled from ninety-two per cent. in the time of Alfred to twenty-eight per cent. at this hour. Among some of the curious phenomena presented by the language as it now exists, Dr. Weisse particularizes the following: that nearly all our words of progress, civilization, and refinement are derived from the Greco-Latin, while over one-half of those which are of Saxon origin are insignificant particles and words of primary necessity; that women use fewer Greco-Latin words than men; that historians, journalists, legislators, and jurists use most Greco-Latin, while preachers, poets, dramatists, and novelists use least; that scientists stand between the two last-named classes as regards Greco-Latin; and that the same author will use only twenty-two per cent. of Greco-Latin in an emotional poem, while he will employ fifty-seven per cent. in a historical essay. Dr. Weisse supports the positions he sets forth by numerous analyses of the language in its various stages from century to century, and also by tables of collations from representative writers during all the periods in which the constituent elements and their proportions are displayed. Aside from its philological investigations and theorizing, the volume supplies an unusually full and interesting, though not always strictly accurate, synoptical and historical outline of English literature and of the principal authors who have contributed to its richness and power. Although scholars will doubtless take issue with the author as to the pertinence or correctness of some of his methods and processes, may smile at his crotchets and blunders, wax impatient over his garrulous, irrelevant, and useless digressions, and may deny the exactitude of his learning, they will cordially concede that he has exhibited zeal and industry in the preparation of his ponderous book.

The most important event of the month in the department of biography is *The Life and Times of Baron Stein*,[2] in two large octavo volumes, by the author of *Ecce Homo*. As even the name of this eminent statesman and publicist of the early part of the present century is now comparatively unknown to most American readers, it will not be amiss to say that he was that great Prussian minister who set himself to the task of rebuilding the nation from its ashes when the power of Prussia was apparently completely destroyed by Napoleon after the peace of Tilsit, in 1807, when its finances were crushed, its monarchy humiliated, its army blotted out of existence, its resources demolished, the national spirit broken, the country subjected to intolerable burdens by the exactions of the French government, and the people despoiled, insulted, and outraged by the French soldiery who were quartered upon them; and who, by his great abilities, enlightened patriotism, practical knowledge of affairs and fidelity in their administration, his inflexible honesty and enduring constancy, succeeded in laying the foundations for the resurrection of the monarchy and the durable reconstruction of the nation that had been overthrown. Even when he had been dismissed from the ministry at the mandate of Napoleon, and sent in honorable exile to Russia by the king he had so faithfully served, he still continued, though absent, to animate and guide the councils of his country, and was able to carry forward his plans for its regeneration, and also, by the influence which he exerted upon the Czar as one of the most trusted and sagacious of his advisers, was enabled to prepare Russia for the part that she was to take in the retribution that was visited on Napoleon a few years later. Professor Seeley's work is not strictly a biography in the usual sense, inasmuch as it deals sparingly with the mere personality of Stein. It is rather an elaborate history of the important revolutions in which Stein took part, and of the grand reformations in the constitution of government and modes of administration which he projected and was chiefly instrumental in effecting during the crisis of the most momentous transition that has ever occurred in the history of Germany. The relation covers the period from the birth of Stein in 1757 till his death in 1831, and describes with some minuteness Stein's early years and training in local administration, but is more especially a methodical account, without any of the embellishments of rhetoric, of the bearing upon Prussia and Germany of the stupendous events that rocked Europe to its foundations from 1793 till 1815. Stein's form, erect, calm, patient, and undismayed by the tempest that beat upon or hurtled around it, is the central figure around which Professor

[2] *Life and Times of Stein; or, Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age.* By J. R. Seeley, M.A. 2 Vols., 8vo, pp. 546 and 568. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Seeley disposes the immense mass of materials that he has gathered; and thus the biography is in fact the history of Prussia, and incidentally of the other German States and of Germany generally, from 1793 till 1821. As the history of Prussia for the greater and more important part of this critical period has never before been treated at length by any English writer, and as a knowledge of it is indispensable to a due understanding of the more recent developments in its history, Professor Seeley's elaborate work is eminently deserving of careful study.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble pleasantly preludes and vindicates the publication of her *Records of a Girlhood*[3] by observing that as the public appetite for gossip appears to be insatiable, and is not unlikely some time or other to be gratified at her expense, she has therefore thought that her own gossip about herself might be as acceptable to it as gossip about her written by another. The public will unhesitatingly agree with her in this opinion, and will enjoy the repast she has spread in her own graceful and easy way with a far greater relish than would have been possible if it had been served by less skillful hands. There will be less unanimity, however, as to the appropriateness of her application of the term "gossip" to her sparkling reminiscences; for although they are conspicuously chatty, vivacious, and anecdotal, they have not the faintest trace of the frivolity, or levity, or scandal-mongering tattle and small-talk which the word implies. The peculiar charm of this delightful autobiography is that it is the genuine story of her own wayward, teasing, headlong, spirited, generous-hearted girlhood and early womanhood, told by a woman of threescore and ten who combines the archness and vivacity of a girl with the genial sweetness of "frosty but kindly" old age, and who looks back on the girl she writes of as if she were not her former self, but another in whom she took a loving interest, and whom she subjects to the most candid but gentle criticism. This attitude of Mrs. Kemble toward the charming and exasperating "Fanny" that she places before us robs of all appearance of egotism the perfect frankness with which she records her girlish pranks, her womanly hopes, aspirations, aversions, and friendships, her youthful unconventionality and independence of thought and movement, her devoted filial love and self-sacrifice, and gives the relation an air of genuineness and reality that is very engaging. Her book is an exceedingly clever and interesting one, rich with the record of domestic love and confidence; rich with personal recollections of herself and nearly all the members of the Kemble family, of which she was a true scion, and whose histrionic powers she inherited, though entertaining an unconquerable aversion to the exhibition of them; and rich also with zestful *ana* of the numerous celebrities with whom she came in familiar contact during the first bright and uncurbed twenty-three years of her bustling life.

The publication of a second edition of Mr. Frothingham's *Life of Gerrit Smith*[4] invites no further mention at this time than to remark that it differs from the former edition in one respect only: in the portion which relates to John Brown and the attack on Harper's Ferry the historical facts are stated simply and without comment. Of course no intelligent student of American history, of any shade of speculative or political opinion, can afford to exclude from his library the biography of one whose influence upon our country and its institutions, as a philanthropist and reformer, was as marked as that which was exerted by Mr. Smith.

The widow of Bishop Cummins has made an interesting contribution to religious biography in her memoir[5] of his life. Her account of his religious character from a very early period, and of his earnest parish labors at Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, and elsewhere, impresses us with the sweetness of his disposition, the purity of his motives, the fervency of his piety, and the complete devotion with which he surrendered himself to the cause in which he was enlisted. Apart from its tender exhibition of these personal characteristics, the volume is of interest as a historical relation, from the stand-point of a friend, of the reasons which led to the disruption of his ties with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to his instrumentality in founding the Reformed Episcopal Church, of which he was the first bishop.

There will be numerous dissentients from the exaggerated estimate of Goethe's literary rank which Mr. Boyesen iterates in his generally able and scholarly volume on Goethe and Schiller.[6] When he says, in his sweeping way, "There is no name in the literary history of modern times which is even remotely comparable to that of Goethe," he indulges in a strain of panegyric which will be vigorously traversed by those who are equally as devout worshippers of some other celebrity as he is of Goethe; nor will those who are not addicted to hero worship be any more ready to assent to his unconditional verdict. For whether the meaning of the phrase "modern times" be extended to the period that witnessed the advent of Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, Cervantes, Bacon, Spenser, or Shakspeare, or whether it be restricted to the later times of Bunyan, Milton, Newton, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, the preponderance of intelligent opinion will probably be that, after conceding to Goethe's really exalted genius all that it deserves, there have yet been other names which are not only "remotely comparable to," but decidedly more resplendent than his, the test being the more excellent quality of their productions singly or as a whole, and the more durable, more powerful, and more beneficent influence they have exerted upon mankind. Mr. Boyesen has also suffered the same enthusiasm which led him to overrate Goethe's literary rank to beguile his judgment as to his character as a man. Notwithstanding that his own sketch of Goethe's life reveals that the poet was inconstant and calculating in his loves and friendships, unsettled in his religious and speculative opinions, destitute or in-

[3] *Records of a Girlhood.* By Frances Anne Kemble. 12mo, pp. 605. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[4] *Gerrit Smith:* A Biography. By O. B. Frothingham. Second Edition. 12mo, pp. 371. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[5] *Memoir of George David Cummins, D.D., First Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church.* By his Wife. 12mo, pp. 544. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[6] *Goethe and Schiller: their Lives and Works.* Including a Commentary on Goethe's "Faust." By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. 12mo, pp. 424. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

capable of patriotic principle, and the possessor of a phenomenal rather than a symmetrical character, Mr. Boyesen sums up the varied phases of Goethe's existence by asserting with more zeal than discretion that "he [Goethe] was the most complete type of man in modern history." Still, much may be pardoned to generous enthusiasm, especially when, as in the volume before us, it gives a glow and color to the narrative of the life it pictures, and arouses an intensity of interest for the individual whose personal traits and happenings it describes, that could not have been produced by a colder, a more reserved, or a more dispassionate writer. The worth of the volume, however, both as it relates to Goethe and to Schiller, does not lie in its minute faithfulness as a record of their lives, since there have been other fuller, more minute, and more satisfactory biographies of both than it; though it is just to say that few have been more intelligent or more ingenious in their interpretations of the characters of these great men. The chief value of the volume, however, is its full historical outline of the works of these writers in the order of their appearance, and as connected with their daily life and the quickening of thought in new Germany; its comprehensive summaries, careful analyses, and discriminating comparative criticisms of them; its subtle exposition of their symbolic or latent meanings; its exhibition of the relation which they severally bore to definite stages of the intellectual growth of their authors; and its interesting statements of the alliances, common grounds of interest, and necessarily hostile attitudes of the two friends as exponents of opposite schools of thought and literary effort. Another feature of the volume that deserves mention is the elaborate exposition of the plan, significance, *dramatis personæ*, machinery, symbolic and typical meanings, philosophical teachings, and personal allusions of Goethe's "Faust," which is contained in the author's commentary upon that remarkable poem, and is a fine specimen of expository criticism and analysis.

Although the English Church was distinctly a national Church from a period long prior to the Norman conquest, as Canon Perry shows in one of the introductory chapters of his *History of the Church of England*,[7] and was altogether independent of the Pope, while it did not refuse to pay him respect and deference, its rupture with Rome in the sixteenth century greatly enhanced its national character; so that, although it has to some extent a history of its own before that event, since then it has a character specially its own. He has, therefore, judiciously chosen that epoch as the natural starting-point for a history of the corporate existence of the Church of England; and after a survey of the antecedent historical causes which led by inevitable steps to this rupture—among others the debased character of the monks, friars, and other clergy, and the abuses that prevailed among them and in the Roman Church at large, the rotten social state of the period, and the every-where prevalent desire for reform—he enters directly upon the history of the Church from the Reformation period, under Henry VIII., and continues it from that time until the silencing of Convocation, under Queen Anne, in 1717. This event naturally terminates the history of the Church of England, since with it her corporate action fell into abeyance; but the author has subjoined a comprehensive chapter containing a general sketch of religious matters during the remainder of the eighteenth century, in order to indicate the sources from whence the renewed life and vigor were derived which have signalized the Church in the present century. Former histories of the Church of England have all stopped short with the times of the Stuarts, and have therefore been highly unsatisfactory to those who desired a fuller acquaintance with its progress after it had been delivered from the incubus of their injurious and, in the case of the last two of that house, perfidious friendship. Canon Perry's history supplies this want, and throughout exhibits conspicuous industry, accuracy, and unflinching impartiality. The author has "opinions," but he never sacrifices the truth to them, and nowhere advocates them obtrusively or in a spirit of partisanship. It may, therefore, be predicted that while his treatment of the subject will win the approval of those who crave the truth without any coloring of favor or prejudice, it will disappoint those who are bitter partisans. He indulges very little in fine writing; his style is chaste and transparently clear; and although he generally eschews rhetorical embellishment, his volume has numerous interesting sketches of the principal persons who have figured prominently as friends or foes of the Church, from the days of Wycliffe to those of Queen Anne, and also of the more notable events that affected it for weal or woe during that period. Its interest and value, however, as we have intimated, do not depend upon highly finished pictorial or dramatic passages, but upon its full, calm, steady, and candid relation and disposition of facts, its judicious summaries and careful reproductions of fundamental acts of civil and ecclesiastical legislation and administration, its just statements and analyses of the motives and actions of the persons or parties who moulded or disturbed the Church, and the strict but charitable justice with which it metes out praise or blame. The volume is made the more acceptable to American readers by the addition of a condensed historical sketch of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, arranged under the following periods: during the colonial times and to the close of the Revolutionary war; from 1783 till 1808, during which the episcopate was obtained, the liturgy, articles, constitution, etc., adopted, and General Convention organized; and the period of its later growth and development from 1808 till 1877.

Dr. Geike's *English Reformation*[8] is a vigorous presentation of the historical facts of the Reformation in England, and of their influence on the thoughts and actions of men, especially of Englishmen, from the stand-point of a clergyman of the Church of England holding extreme evangelical views. Dr. Geike believes that "the most

[7] *A History of the Church of England*, from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century. By G. G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington. With an Appendix containing a Sketch of the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. By J. A. Spencer, S.T.D. 8vo, pp. 690. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The English Reformation.* How it Came About, and Why we should Uphold it. By Cunningham Geike, D.D. 12mo, pp. 512. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

dangerous perversion of our religion is that known as sacerdotalism, or the grafting of priestly pretensions on the simple teaching of the New Testament;" that "Romanism and its counterfeit (ritualism) in the Episcopal communion are an ecclesiastical conspiracy to raise the priest to power at once over our souls, our households, and our country," whose fundamental principle is "the intrusion of the priest between the soul and God, and the insistence on his official acts as necessary to salvation;" that the doctrine of the "apostolic succession is a gross conception which no one can hold and be logically a Protestant;" that "ordination" is "expedient and becoming," but that the "graces" bestowed upon a minister are "directly from the Holy Ghost," and do not "descend through episcopal fingers;" and that "Anglicanism" is simply "political independence of Rome, with doctrinal subjection" to it. This on the one hand; and on the other that the "great Protestant secession," as he styles the Reformation, restored primitive simplicity and purity to the Churches which it dominated, proclaimed the great principles of spiritual liberty, liberated the human heart and intellect from mental and moral slavery, asserted triumphantly once and forever the absolute freedom of the conscience, placed the Scriptures in the hands of all as the rule of faith and practice, taught man that salvation depends on no human mediation or priestly acts, and established the right of exercising private judgment on all demands made upon belief. Thus estimating the influence and consequences of the Reformation on the one hand, and of sacerdotalism on the other, Dr. Geike believes that it is more than ever important that the study of the historic facts and animating principles of the Reformation should be revived at the present juncture, when, as he is convinced, Romanism aided by ritualism is making extraordinary efforts for the spiritual and mental enslavement of the Christian world. It will be perceived from the foregoing that the book is written by an avowed partisan with a distinct partisan aim; but it is due to Dr. Geike to say that he rarely suffers his partisanship to distort, and never to falsify or pervert, historical facts, and that his recital of them is careful and amply sustained by original documents or eminent authorities. His groupings of facts are often masterly, his style is bold and incisive, and his sketches of eventful periods or eminent personages are vivid and graphic. The ability and earnestness of the volume are such that they must command the attention even of those who differ most widely from the author's opinions and conclusions, while it will be read with eager satisfaction by those who share his convictions.

Next to the enjoyment of travelling one's self is that of listening to the story of incidents of travel by a vivacious, refined, and keenly observant woman, who is not troubled with nerves, and makes light of hardship and danger. We may be sure she will omit none of those ever shifting details which give the spice of personal interest to each day's adventures—details which a mere male person would either omit or describe with unsatisfactory brevity. We may also be sure that what she has to tell will be told with a refreshing disregard for wearisome learning and scientific rubbish. Such a traveller and narrator is Byron's granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt, whose account of her travels among the Bedouin tribes of the Euphrates[9] is remarkable for the lightness of its touch and the fresh vigor of its style. There is not a labored paragraph in the volume, nor a sentence diluted with rhetorical gush or sentimentality, but every where it is a straightforward and animated reproduction of each day's happenings and doings, told in the simplest and most natural fashion, as the freshness of their first impressions cling around them. The first stages of their journey, which was made in the winter and spring of 1877–78, and was on horseback throughout, were along the Euphrates southward from Ballis, a point on the river east of Aleppo, to Seglawiyeh, about forty miles west of Bagdad, and from thence to the City of the Caliphs. Thus every rood of ground traversed was historic, and it is described briefly and with spirit. But interesting as are her accounts of sites renowned in sacred or profane story, and pleasantly as they are interspersed with sparkling sketches of nomad life and with half-real and half-legendary tales of the romantic exploits of Bedouin chiefs, they are less engaging than her jottings of the later stages of the expedition. These carry us directly into the free air of the untravelled desert—the great Mesopotamian desert lying east of the Euphrates, the home of the independent Shammar Bedouins, and the vast desert El Hamád, on the west of the river, the home of the rival warlike Anazeh Bedouins. The story of the dash of the travellers into these wilds —hitherto scarcely ever penetrated by Christians or even by Turks—is full of exhilarating novelty. Appended to Lady Anne Blunt's spirited and unaffected narrative are six or seven of what she calls "serious chapters," by her husband, which she archly fears "will probably be dull," but which really embody a mass of valuable information concerning the geography and physical features of the desert, the migrations of its tribes, its modern history, and the destruction of civilization in the valley of the Euphrates. Besides this, it supplies a list of the Bedouin tribes, an account of the physical, mental, and moral characteristics of the various tribes, and of their religion, social ties and observances, and political relationships. The volume closes with an interesting account of Arab horses and horse-breeding, and a genealogical table of the thorough-bred Arabian horse.

The revived commercial and political interest that is felt for Central and Western Asia is manifested by the character of recent books of travels through that region, which show that enterprise as well as curiosity is extending the area of observation concerning it, and is concentrating attention upon the minutiæ of their products, trade, topography, natural advantages, and facilities for improved methods of internal communications, as well as upon the character of their people, towns, habitations, and social, political, and religious institutions. Two recent publications, *Midnight Marches through Persia*,[10] by an American,

[9] *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.* By Lady Anne Blunt. Edited, with a Preface and some Account of the Arabs and their Horses, by W. S. B. Map and Sketches by the Author. 8vo, pp. 445. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Midnight Marches through Persia.* By Henry Ballantine, A.M. With an Introduction by Hon. J. H. Seelye, D.D. Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 267. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

and *Through Asiatic Turkey*,[11] by an English traveller, are favorable specimens of this class, and add to our knowledge of the present state and future possibilities of the countries traversed. Both travellers started from Bombay for the Persian Gulf, and their first observations covered much the same ground, but with a marked difference in favor of the English traveller on the score of minuteness of detail and breadth of outline. A comparison, for instance, of their accounts of Muscat, Bunder Abbas, Ormuz, the Pearl Islands and Pearl Fisheries, and Bushire, will reveal that Mr. Geary's are fuller, more deliberate, and more graphic than Mr. Ballantine's; and the same is the case with regard to their studies of the trade, resources, governmental administration, social fabric, and commercial and topographical advantages of the districts each of them visited. At the great Persian port of Bushire the route of the travellers diverged, Mr. Geary leaving Persia and pushing into Syria, Mesopotamia, and other portions of Asiatic Turkey by way of the Tigris and Euphrates, in the course of his route visiting all the memorable ruins near both rivers, and giving pleasing descriptions of them. Large space is devoted by him to Bagdad—its people, their habits, customs, dress, creeds, and social and domestic usages, and to its trade and civil administration. He dwells with similar minuteness on every important portion of the countries visited, being specially elaborate in his chapters on Mosul, Babylon, and Nineveh, and their surroundings; on the Kurds; on the results of missionary labors in Asiatic Turkey; and on the Chaldeans, Nestorians, and other native Christians. The volume is a model of comprehensiveness, combined with minuteness in those details which are essential to a clear idea of the countries and people described. As we have already said, the route of the travellers diverged from Bushire. Mr. Ballantine's narrative covers his journey northward from the Persian Gulf, over a course rarely taken by travellers, through the very heart of Persia, by way of Shiraz, Ispahan, Teheran, and Resht, to the Caspian Sea, and again, over the entire length of the Caspian (with a stop at Bakka, the great petroleum district of Persia), and up the Volga, through Russia and Sweden, to England and home. Though his book is less full and exhaustive than Mr. Geary's, it conveys a large amount of practical information as to the trade and resources of Persia, and the character of its people, rulers, and institutions.

Those who are interested in studying the designs of England and Russia upon Central Asia, and in particular upon Afghanistan, will be assisted to an intelligent understanding of the subject by a perusal of Major Constable's timely and sensible little book on Afghanistan.[12] The author has the advantage of familiarity with the scene of operations, derived from his presence there as one of the British army in 1838–39, when the alliance was patched up between the British and the Sikhs which has left its impressions on all the subsequent years. He recounts with clearness and brevity the conflicts waged since then between the rival native chiefs and rulers, which resulted in the supremacy of the late Ameer Shere Ali, and give significance to the attitude of his son and successor Yacoob; and he also outlines the intrigues and annexations of England and Russia in that portion of Central Asia in furtherance of their rival policies, and describes the more important strategic points of the region in debate. Foreshadowing the future of Afghanistan, Major Constable believes that England has this time entered it to remain there, "occupying not the whole country, but in all probability a line stretching from Ghirisk, on the west, to the passes into Cashmere, on the east, having a force at Chitral, checkmating any contemplated advance of the Russians through Kashgaria."

Although the month has been signalized by no work of fiction of the first rank, there have been several publications of fair quality. Among the best are two novels of English life, *Vixen*,[13] by Miss Braddon, and *The Last of her Line*,[14] by the author of *St. Olave's*. *Vixen* is a brilliant and sunny story, whose heroine is an improved variety of the "Lady Gay Spanker" pattern—a sweet, pure, and brave English girl, fearless alike of wind and storm, reckless of the effect of sun on her complexion, healthful in mind and body, a lover of dogs and horses, and never happier than when dashing after a fox alongside the bluff, hard-riding "squire," her hale old father, unless it be when sitting beside him in his "den," brightening his life with her young presence and being brightened in return by his tender love, or when tantalizing and intoxicating the frank-hearted and manly fellow who is her lover. Of course love's crosses and other profounder sorrows make their mark upon her youthful gayety, but throughout them all she maintains the elasticity and buoyancy of her temperament, and at last emerges from them with the wildness of her spirits softened and chastened by the quieting influences of time and happy love.—*The Last of her Line* is more quiet in its tone and more artistic in its finish. Its scene is laid in a secluded country place, and its central figures are two charming old maiden ladies, one of whom is a fine character. She has had her romance, which did not leave her unscathed; and to her comes, at first by chance for a brief hour, a child to whom she is strangely attracted, and who years afterward proves to have been the daughter of her lost lover, now dead, and is taken at once to her heart of hearts. The quiet development of the happy love experiences of this girl, contrasted with other coarser loves which flaunt around her, and the descriptions of the life and characters that revolve around these good women in their quaintly pretty village home, make up the web of the story. The characters who figure in it are etched with rare taste, and the pictures it gives of village life and manners are brightly humorous.—It is difficult to say which is the more clever and which the more sensational, *A True Marriage*,[15] by Emily Spender,

[11] *Through Asiatic Turkey.* Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Bosporus. By Grattan Geary. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 92. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Afghanistan.* By A. G. Constable. "Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 70. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Vixen.* A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 85. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *The Last of her Line.* A Novel. By the Author of *St. Olave's*. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 67. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *A True Marriage.* A Novel. By Emily Spender.

or *Kelverdale*,[16] by the Earl of Desart. On the whole, however, the meed must be awarded to the lady, though the gentleman shows clearly enough that his is no prentice hand. Both novels turn upon the hackneyed theme of marital infelicity, and both are disfigured by brutality and crime, and though each has redeeming narrative and descriptive passages, their general effect is disagreeable and unwholesome.—*Philomene's Marriages*,[17] by Henry Greville, is a story in which she undertakes to give a truthful transcript of French life as it really exists among the people. The scene opens in a country village, among plain people, and in the course of the story shifts to Paris and back again to the country. The tale is bright, changeful, and sparkling, and makes no strong demand upon the feelings. Several of the characters, especially Philomene, the widow who is looking out for a new husband while she pretends to be inconsolable for the old one, her calculating lover Lavenel, and the sweet maiden Virginie, beloved by Masson, are painted with skill and delicacy. The narrative is enlivened by many droll or humorous situations, and several of the scenes are exquisitely idyllic. The whole is sweet and pure in tone, and free from extravagances of thought and diction.—*The Lady of the Aroostook*[18] derives its title from the circumstance that the winsome and bright-witted Yankee girl who is its heroine was the sole female passenger on the good ship *Aroostook* on her voyage from Boston to Trieste. Being a sailing vessel, the voyage was necessarily a long one, and in the course of it an acquaintance springs up between the lady and the other passengers, who happen to be three typical young Americans; one of whom is no longer heart-whole; another is a confirmed inebriate who is taking the voyage to escape the demon that is destroying him; and the third, one of those clever fellows who could paint a little, play a little, and write a little, thoroughly honorable and manly withal, and with the stuff of a hero in him when the occasion demands. How these three and the lady grew to know each other, and after the ice was broken became more and more confidential, till at last before the voyage ends the last named of the trio falls in love with her and she with him, is told in a way so genial, and the narrative is spun out with so many pleasant confabulations and entertaining incidents, that the voyage seems all too short. After the close of the voyage there is a slight interval of separation, which is diversified with a sufficient amount of misunderstanding and heart-wringing to make the after-joy of the happy pair the richer for the contrast.

Mr. Rolfe's edition of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*[19] exhibits the same general excellences that were apparent in the other plays of Shakspeare that have been edited by him. The introductory historical outline of the origin, sources, and first editions of the play is brief but sufficient, the prefatory critical and æsthetic comments are well selected, and the explanatory and other notes are abundant and judicious.

The Messrs. Harper have added to their excellent series of standard "Greek and Latin Texts" three of Cicero's treatises—*De Natura Deorum*, *De Divinatione*, and *De Fato*.[20] The volume has been prepared with a scrupulous regard to fidelity, and it is printed in clear, bold type, on good paper, forming a compact and convenient textbook for the use of students in schools or colleges.

The latest volume of Mr. Collins's supplementary series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers" is appropriated to Pindar,[21] of whose life and times it affords many pleasing glimpses as bearing upon his productions, and whose odes it analyzes with taste and skill. The author classifies the odes by grouping them according to their actual contents, instead of conforming to the usual method of arranging them in their chronological order or under their traditional division. Prefixed to the criticisms and expositions of the several odes are concise essays on the form and matter of the Greek choral poetry, on Pindar's life and biographers, and on the Four Great Games which were the nominal occasion of his odes.

A concise popular statement of the argument against an unlimited issue of an irredeemable currency by the government, in favor of the existing national banking system, and in advocacy of the precious metals as the standard of value, is contained in a treatise on the currency question,[22] by Judge Hughes, of Virginia. These important questions are presented in a conversational form, and in a spirit of inquiry rather than of dogmatic assertion. The author's treatment of the several subjects is generally able, and invariably suggestive and dispassionate.

Those who are familiar with Dr. Van Oosterzee's judicious and elaborate works, *The Theology of the New Testament* and *Christian Dogmatics*, will be prepared to extend a hearty welcome to his new volume on practical theology,[23] which, with the others just named, form in reality one whole and complete work. The present volume covers the entire range: of the ministry, its office and origin, extent and aim, history and present condition; of homiletics, liturgics, catechetics, and poimenics; and it is remarkable for the lucidity and condensation of its style, its temperate earnestness, its candid and devout spirit, and its affluence of varied learning. As a manual for the student of theology it is of the highest value. Especially valuable are the elaborate chapters which are devoted to the history and literature of the art of preaching, and those others on the nature and character, the material and form, of the sermon. These last are models of engaging instructiveness.

"Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 78. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Kelverdale.* A Novel. By the Earl of Desart. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Philomene's Marriages.* By Henry Greville. With a Preface to her American Readers. Translated by Miss Helen Stanley. Square 12mo, pp. 324. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[18] *The Lady of the Aroostook.* By W. D. Howells. 12mo, pp. 326. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[19] *Shakspeare's Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.* Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, pp. 222. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *M. Tullii Ciceronis De Natura Deorum, De Divinatione, De Fato.* Recognovit Reinholdus Klotz. 18mo, pp. 271. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *Pindar.* By Rev. F. D. Morice, M.A. 16mo, pp. 215. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[22] *A Popular Treatise on the Currency Question.* Written from a Southern Point of View. By Robert W. Hughes. 12mo, pp. 213. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[23] *Practical Theology:* A Manual for Theological Students. By Professor J. J. Van Oosterzee, D.D. Translated and Adapted to the Use of English Readers, by Maurice J. Evans, B.A. 8vo, pp. 620. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Editor's Scientific Record.

Astronomy.—Dr. Oppolzer, of Vienna, has collected in *Astronomische Nachrichten*, 2239, all observations of small bodies seen on the sun's disk which might have been Vulcan, and from the well-known ones used by Leverrier, and others added by himself, finds that possible transits may have taken place in 1800 (March 29), 1802 (October 10), 1819 (October 9), 1839 (October 2), 1849 (March 12), 1857 (September 12), 1859 (March 26), 1862 (March 19). These observations, comprising all that are recorded during the period, are tolerably well satisfied by the elements given. The inclination is 7.0°; the mean distance, 0.123. The residual errors in longitude are respectively +0.6°, +0.4°, +0.2°, +0.5°, −0.8°, +0.1°, 0.0°, +0.1°; and in latitude, +14′, −14′, −13′, −7′, −7′, +7′, +10′, +2′.

The existence of such an intra-Mercurial planet therefore appears probable to Dr. Oppolzer. According to his results, it can not be the same body as either of those described by Professor Watson.

There must be a transit of Oppolzer's planet at least twice a year—in March and October. On March 18 of this year (1879) a nearly central transit of Oppolzer's planet occurs between 18 h. 8 m. and 23 h. 15 m. Berlin mean time, or 12 h. (midnight) and 17 h. Washington mean time. The question of its existence is thus easily to be decided.

Professor Hall, of Washington, has published in the *Analyst*, March, 1879, a paper on "Stellar Parallax." It begins with a *résumé* of the formulæ of Lagrange for parallax in R. A. and δ, and Bessel's transformation to the expressions for parallax in p and s. Brünnow's forms for computing the equations of condition are given. This is a useful summary of all the formulæ in their practical form, and it is to be hoped that it will be utilized in some determination of stellar parallax by American astronomers, as recommended by Professor Hall.

The new Clark refractor for the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, was mounted in January, 1879. It has an aperture of 15.5 inches, and a focal length of 20 feet. The crown and flint disks are separated about two inches. The mounting is like that of the Lisbon refractor, and the driving-clock is a Bond's spring governor. The dome is thirty feet in diameter. Professor J. C. Watson is to be in charge.

The Clarks have also mounted a new 8¼-inch refractor for Carlton College, Northfield, Minnesota, and reworked the 6½-inch objective belonging to the observatory of the Philadelphia High School.

Professor Holden, of Washington, has made a determination of the brightness and stellar magnitude of *Tethys*, the third satellite of Saturn. The method chosen was to notice in the 26-inch telescope the disappearances of the satellites (caused by thin uniform clouds passing over), and to have an assistant note the disappearances of Saturn to the naked eye. Re-appearances were also observed. The eyes of the observers were compared. The results are that *Tethys* in the particular part of its orbit is 71-millionths of the brightness of Saturn's ball (alone) at mean opposition, or 0.000030 *Capella*. The stellar magnitude of *Tethys* is 12.3, Argelander.

Professor Stone, director of the Cincinnati Observatory, has begun a *Durchmusterung* to extend from −23° to −31° in declination. He is using the equatorial of the observatory.

Mr. Elkin, an American student of astronomy at the Observatory of Strasburg, gives in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, 2237, the results of an investigation of the elements of comet 1854 V.

Professor Listing gives in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* the following constants of the earth's figure: Equatorial radius, 6,377,377 meters; polar radius, 6,355,270 meters; mean radius, 6,377,000 meters; equatorial quadrant, 10,017,560 meters; meridian quadrant, 10,000,205 meters; eccentricity of meridian section, 288,480; length of seconds pendulum at equator, 45°, and pole, 990.9948, 993.5721, and 996.1495 millimeters respectively; force of gravity at equator, 45°, and pole, 9.780728, 9.806165, and 9.831603 meters respectively; also, in general, the length of the seconds pendulum equals (in millimeters) 990.9948 plus 5.1547 times the square of the sine of the latitude; and the force of gravity equals (in meters) 9.780728 plus 0.050875 times the square of the sine of the latitude.

Mr. Lewis Swift, of Rochester, has had plans made for an observatory at that city, and expects subscriptions of $5000 to enable him to build it.

In *Physics*, we note a paper presented to the Royal Society of London, by Sir William Thomson, on a machine for the solution of simultaneous linear equations. After a description of it, which is purely technical, the author says: The actual construction of a practically useful machine for calculating as many as eight or ten or more of unknowns from the same number of linear equations does not promise to be either difficult or overelaborate. A fair approximation being found by a first application of the machine, a very moderate amount of straightforward arithmetical work (aided very advantageously by Crelle's multiplication tables) suffices to calculate the residual errors, and allow the machines (with the setting of the pulleys unchanged) to be reapplied to calculate the corrections (which may be treated decimally for convenience); thus, 100 times the amount of the correction on each of the original unknowns, to be made the new unknowns, if the magnitudes thus falling to be dealt with are convenient for the machine. There is, of course, no limit to the accuracy thus obtainable by successive approximations. The exceeding easiness of each application of the machine promises well for its real usefulness in practice.

Cailletet has communicated to the French Academy a memoir on the compressibility of gases. He used a manometer composed of a tube of soft steel wound heliacally round a vertical cylinder, by turning which the tube is sent down a deep pit, or wound up again. The lower end of this tube is connected with a laboratory tube, in which is inclosed the piezometer containing the gas, and mercury is introduced into the apparatus. This tube is suspended by a fine graduated steel wire the length of which unrolled measures the pressure. He gives a table of the numerical results obtained with nitrogen, from which it appears that this gas contracts at first more rapidly than is required by the law of Boyle and Mar-

riotte; its compressibility then decreases again, as is the case with air. The curious maximum which this gas presents is at about seventy meters of mercury.

Auerbach has described a new kind of musical tones which he calls undertones, by contrast with overtones. When a vibrating tuning-fork is placed on a board, a tone of lower pitch than the fork is noticed, produced by longitudinal vibrations of the fork, which generate transverse vibrations in the sounding-board. Using a tuning-fork giving 435 vibrations, vigorously vibrated and touched lightly to the sounding-board, the lower octave of the tone of the fork may be heard distinctly. With other materials he had produced the lower fifth of the lower octave, and the lower fourth of this tone, *i. e.*, the lower double octave of the fork's tone. Since the vibration numbers of these resonance tones are $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$ of that of the fork, these tones form a series of harmonic undertones. Of all the different materials he has tried, he finds that the wood of mountain fir in thin polished plates is the only one which always gives the note of the fork. This explains at once the great value of fir in musical instruments.

Bourseul has published a contribution to the theory of vowels, in which he points out the fact that there are really as many distinct vowels as there are pitches of sound proper to the mouth. Examining the sounds of the mouth cavity which correspond to the ten vowels which the author uses in speaking French, without reference to their absolute pitch, he notices that they classify themselves into two divisions, one of which is in perfect accord with the major chord *do*, *mi*, *sol*, *do*, *mi*, and the other with *fa*, *si*, *re*, *fa*, *si*. Since Röhrrig, in 1848, in his prize memoir on the Tartar and Finnish languages, pointed out the antagonism of certain consonants and of certain vowels, and classified them in two distinct groups, one containing the vowels *a*, *o*, *ou*, the other *é*, *eu*, *u*, it is obvious that the author has established the same classification by an entirely different method. The derived languages have undergone alterations, and have therefore retained only traces of this original principle, though under various forms it may still be detected in them.

Lodge has exhibited to the London Physical Society a differential thermometer in which saturated water vapor takes the place of air or other gas, on the principle that the pressure of a saturated vapor in contact with its liquid depends only on the temperature. Unlike air-thermometers, the sensitiveness does not depend on the size of the bulbs or tube, and there is no increase in volume of the vapor. One form of the apparatus consists of a U tube, with bulbs at the end of each arm, each bulb containing liquid, and a short column of it being in the bend of the tube, or, to obtain greater sensitiveness, a series of liquid diaphragms across the tube. The instrument is more sensitive than the air-thermometer, and there is almost no limit to its sensitiveness at low temperatures.

Jevons, some months ago, called attention to the periodicity of commercial crises, and to the still more remarkable fact that the periods had a very close coincidence with those of the sun spots. Hahn has now pointed out that locusts have also a periodicity in their visitations, being frequently an accompaniment of drought and famine. Since they visit the temperate regions in great numbers during unusually hot and dry years and abandon them again in wet and cold years, and since in Europe, as is shown by a table given in the paper, they begin coming about the epoch of minimum sun spots, paying annual visits from thence up to the epoch of maximum spots, after which they disappear altogether until the next following epoch of sun-spot minimum, the author believes that the interval from minimum to maximum sun spots is in general drier and warmer than that from maximum to minimum.

Wiesner has presented to the Vienna Academy a monograph upon heliotropism and geotropism in plants. After a historical sketch, the author treats of the influence of light on heliotropism, and shows that with decreasing intensity of light the strength of the heliotropic effect increases to a certain point, and beyond this point decreases. The lower limit of light intensity coincides with the lower limit of heliotropic effect for the stoppage of growth in length, while the upper limit does not coincide, or only occasionally coincides, with the upper limit of heliotropic effect for growth in length. In the case of very sensitive heliotropic plants, the upper limit of light intensity for stoppage of growth in length lies higher, and in less sensitive plants lower, than the upper limit for growth in length. He next considers the relation between the refrangibility of rays and their heliotropic effect, and shows that portions of very sensitive heliotropic plants, as *Vicia sativa*, curve in all lights, even in the ultra-red and ultra-violet, except the yellow. Experiments on the joint action of heliotropism and geotropism are next described, and the author concludes that the phenomenon of heliotropism is due to unequal growth upon unequally lighted sides of the plant.

Willis has demonstrated successfully a new photographic process, depending on the fact that ferric oxalate is reduced by light to ferrous oxalate, and that this latter reduces salts of platinum. A sheet of paper is coated with a solution of ferric oxalate and potassium chloro-platinite, and then exposed to light under a negative. A visible brownish ferrous image is thus produced, which, when the paper is floated for a few seconds upon a hot solution of potassium oxalate and potassium chloro-platinite, is dissolved, the combination thus formed reducing the platinum salt and forming the ultimate picture in metallic platinum.

Hodges has devised an instrument for determining magnetic dip, based upon the principle that the polarity of a bar of soft iron is greatest when the bar lies in the line of the dip. Hitherto this has been done by using one bar, and determining the position of maximum intensity by means of a small needle placed near one of its ends; but the objection to this method is that the rate of change in the strength of the magnetism is small as the bar approaches the line of dip, and, moreover, the testing needle becomes less and less sensitive with increase of deflection. These difficulties the author removes by using two bars, joined at right angles at a point near their ends. When such a compound bar is so placed that the two branches make equal angles with the line of dip, the effect of the earth's induction is to give them opposite polarities, and if they are alike, they will so completely neutralize one another that a needle placed near their junc-

tion will be completely unaffected. To eliminate any effect due to permanent magnetism in the iron, four readings may be taken: first with the two bars above the line of dip, then both below and distant 180°; the plane of the bars being then reversed and two more readings taken. The instrument consists of a graduated circle, over which move the two iron bars joined at right angles about the centre of the circle as a pivot. At this centre is a needle inclosed in a case to test the magnetic condition of the bars. The results of measurements made in Cambridge with this instrument agree remarkably well, the minimum being 73.2° and the maximum 74.1°.

Preece, in a note to *Nature*, has pointed out, as an interesting contribution to the history of electric lighting by incandescence, that Dr. J. W. Draper in 1844 used a strip of platinum heated by an electric current in order to determine the ratio of temperature to light emitted. He quotes from Draper's recently published *Scientific Memoirs* as follows, page 45: "Among writers on optics it has been a desideratum to obtain an artificial light of standard brilliancy. The preceding experiments furnish an easy means of supplying that want, and give us what may be termed a 'unit lamp.' A surface of platinum of standard dimensions, raised to a standard temperature by a voltaic current, will always emit a constant light. A strip of that metal, one inch long and one-twentieth of an inch wide, connected with a lever by which its expansion might be measured, would yield at 2000° a light suitable for most purposes. Moreover, it would be very easy to form from it a photometer by screening portions of the shining surface. An ingenious artist would have very little difficulty, by taking advantage of the movements of the lever, in making a self-acting apparatus in which the platinum should be maintained at a uniform temperature, notwithstanding any change taking place in the voltaic current." These discoveries of Dr. Draper are now, after the lapse of well-nigh forty years, only just beginning to be appreciated. Farmer, in a recent publication, states that he was led by Draper's experiments to the study of the incandescence of platinum as a means of electric illumination, even as long ago as 1858, and he lighted his parlor in Salem by incandescent platinum lamps successfully during the month of July, 1859.

Blyth has observed the curious fact that when the two wires of a magneto-telephone, of course without battery, are rubbed against each other, both being kept at a high temperature, a grating sound is heard, which diminishes in intensity as the wire cools, though it is still heard even when it is entirely cold. The experiment was modified in various ways: by attaching one wire to a file and the other to a vise, and filing brass, carbon, zinc, iron, steel; by fastening one wire to the axle of the fly-wheel of a lathe, and holding a file carrying the other wire against the wheel as it revolved; by striking a hammer connected with one wire on an anvil fastened to the other; by revolving rapidly a toothed wheel to which one of the wires was attached against a spring carrying the other; by connecting one wire to the style of a phonograph and the other to the screw. The experiment with the toothed wheel gave the loudest sound, and since there is here a combination of striking and friction, the author suggests that these currents may be due to thermo-electric action, or may even be the electricity which Sir William Thomson considers as the probable cause of friction.

In *Chemistry*, an important event was the delivery at Glasgow by W. Chandler Roberts, of the London Mint, of the Graham lecture on "Molecular Mobility." This lectureship was founded by the chemical section of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, two-thirds of the fund raised for research having been assigned to it, the other third being given for a Graham medal. The income from the fund should sustain a triennial Graham lecture, and also a triennial award of the Graham medal. This name was chosen because the distinguished chemist who bore it was formerly a citizen of Glasgow, was a member of the Philosophical Society, and a graduate of the university. The medal is to be awarded for the best original investigation in chemical physics or in pure or applied chemistry which may be communicated to the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, or the Chemical Section thereof, during the three sessions preceding the award. Mr. Roberts, Professor Graham's pupil, associate, and successor, was chosen to deliver the first lecture, and he chose as his subject that portion of chemical physics in which Graham's greatest triumphs had been achieved. After a historical review he described in detail the experiments by which the law of the diffusion of gases was established—a law which forms the basis to-day of the science of molecular mechanics. He also alluded to the view of Graham, that the various kinds of matter now recognized as different elementary substances may possess one and the same ultimate or atomic molecule, existing in different conditions of movement, the varying degrees of rapidity of this movement constituting, in fact, the difference between the elementary bodies; so that if the molecular energy of a so-called element could be changed, the element would be dissociated—a view which Lockyer's recent speculations have given much interest to.

Berthelot has communicated to the French Academy the results of a research on ozone and the electric silent discharge. He finds that, curiously enough, oxygen and hydrogen in the proportion of one volume to two do not combine under the action of this discharge, even though the tension be sufficient to give seven to eight centimeter sparks in free air; while under these same circumstances oxygen combines with the metals, with sulphurous oxide, with nitrogen, etc. Carbonous oxide and oxygen in the proportion of two to one combine under these conditions, but only imperfectly so, the reaction being incomplete even when an excess of oxygen is present. When the discharge acts on a mixture of carbon dioxide and oxygen, it decomposes the former, the oxygen containing ozone. But if the carbon dioxide be alone and inclosed in a space not containing mercury or other oxidable body, the effects point to the apparent existence of percarbonic oxide.

Wills has studied the question of the production of oxides of nitrogen during the passage of the electric arc in air. In four experiments made by him he found nitric acid produced equivalent to 0.54, 0.55, 0.60, and 0.70 gram per hour. In consequence of this fact he points out the possibility of the production of this acid in dwellings where the electric light is used—an observation

of importance with reference to the use of the light between carbon points, a strong odor of ozone being its constant accompaniment in air.

In *Zoology*, the reproduction of one of the lowest animals, the *Hydra*, has been studied by Korotneff, whose conclusions are quite different from those formed by Kleinenberg in his essay on this polyp.

It has long been known, says the *Popular Science Review*, that the centipedes (chilopod *Myriapoda*), which are carnivorous in their habits, kill their prey by a poison injected at the first bite of their formidable nippers. The seat of the glands secreting the poisonous fluid was, however, unknown, the organs formerly supposed to secrete the venom being found to pour their secretion into the mouth, and not into the nippers. Mr. M'Leod, during a residence in Java, took the opportunity of examining some of the large centipedes with which that island abounds, and especially *Scolopendra horrida*, and finding that, as above stated, the glands which might easily be taken for poison glands had nothing to do with the nippers, which, nevertheless, always exhibited a very distinct orifice at the tip, he was led to search for the glands in the interior of those organs themselves. By making sections of the nippers he detected the poison gland, which is situated partly in the actual biting portion of the jaw, and partly in the broad basal joint which supports the latter. The glandular apparatus consists of a chitinous duct leading to the orifice at the apex of the organ, and forming the axis of the gland. It is perforated in its course by a multitude of small apertures, each of which leads into a minute cylindrical tube terminating in a long secreting cell, the whole mass of these cells being arranged in a radiating fashion around the duct. Notwithstanding its comparatively small size, Mr. M'Leod has detected the same arrangement in *Lithobius forficatus*, the common European centipede.

That sponges are capable of boring in marble may seem incredible, though it is well known that certain sponges of the genus *Cliona* have the power of boring into the shells of mollusks, and thus causing their disintegration. It is stated, however, by Professor Verrill, in the *American Journal of Science*, that the Peabody Museum at Yale College has lately received some fragments of white Italian marble from a cargo wrecked off Long Island in 1871, and taken up in 1878, in which "the exposed portions of the slabs are thoroughly penetrated to the depth of one or two inches by the crooked and irregular borings or galleries of the sponge *Cliona sulphurea*, and reduced to a complete honey-comb readily crumbling in the fingers." Beyond the borings the marble was said to be perfectly sound and unaltered. Verrill remarks that the possession of such boring powers by this apparently insignificant sponge may have a practical bearing in the case of submarine construction of limestone or similar materials.

Professor Richard Owen has published, in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, some supplementary observations on the anatomy of *Spirula australis*, a small cuttle-fish in which the shell is internal. It appears from the observations of an old Dutch naturalist, Rumphius, that "the little post-horn," as he calls it, "hangs to the rocks by a thin and small door," or disk; "that it sets itself fast to the rocks." This disk is peculiar to *Spirula*, *Nautilus* not possessing it. Still Owen thinks that it occasionally floats, and probably passes more of its time as a swimmer than does the *Nautilus*, to which the little *Spirula* is allied, the shell being external in *Nautilus*, a small proportion of the shell being occasionally internal, while in *Spirula* a small proportion is always external; in both the many-chambered shell corresponds with the "phragmacone" of the belemnite.

From the researches of L. Fredericq it appears that the blood of *Octopus* contains hæmocyanin instead of hæmoglobin, an organic compound containing copper, which here assumes the function fulfilled by iron in the circulation of the vertebrates. He also claims that the changes of coloration in the skin of the *Octopus* have no correspondence with the facts of mimicry, but resemble rather the changes produced in the human face by the emotions of fear and anger.

M. De Quatrefages presented to the Academy of Sciences at its last sitting a note from M. Lacerda relative to some researches he has been making at Rio de Janeiro into the action of the venom of the rattlesnake. Hitherto the general belief has been that the poisonous matter secreted by certain species of reptiles was nothing more than a poisonous saliva, acting in the manner of soluble ferments. His investigations, however, show that the matter in question contains what is called figured ferments, the analogy of which with bacterides is very remarkable. From a young and vigorous crotalus, subjected to the action of chloroform, he obtained a drop of the venom on a chemically clean piece of glass, and at once placed it under a microscope. Almost immediately he observed the formation of a filamentous pulp in an arborescent disposition. Gradually the thickened filament, after having pushed out spores, dissolved and disappeared, and the liberated spores swelled and enlarged visibly, each of them sending out a minute tube, which lengthened rapidly. After a very short period the latter separated from the first spore and constituted another nucleus for engendering the deadly contamination. In the examination of the blood of animals killed by the bite of one of these snakes M. Lacerda noticed that the red globules of the blood commenced by presenting some small brilliant points on the surface, which spread with great rapidity, and ultimately the globules melted one into the other, forming a sort of amorphous paste, which could no longer circulate in the veins. Other animals in which that blood was injected immediately after the death of the first expired in a few hours, presenting all the symptoms of having themselves been bitten, and their blood always showed the same alteration. M. Lacerda concludes by stating that numerous experiments have shown that the true antidote for serpent poisoning is the injection under the skin of alcohol, or its administration by the mouth.

In a recent lecture before the Royal Institution at London, Professor Rolleston discoursed on "Prehistoric Faunas and Floras," alluding especially to what would result if the influence of man were withdrawn from the world. The animals that had flourished in consequence of his care would be left to be the prey of groups of animals that would predominate. Many of the domesticated animals he has gradually tended till they are practically

defenseless, and the packs of dogs that would soon predominate would make a speedy end of them. Then, with the disappearance of guns, hawks would soon clear away sparrows and partridges. Starlings, larks, and sparrows have undoubtedly multiplied through man's influence. With the disappearance of man, narrowed channels of rivers would give way to floods. The horse would become wild, and would roam in herds. Wolves have, so far as Great Britain is concerned, been exterminated, and dogs and horses would have all much their own way. Speaking of floras, he mentioned that in historic times and till 300 years ago the elm and the Scotch fir were the principal trees in Britain.

Speaking of the domestication of animals, Professor Rolleston said the guinea-pig was the only animal England had acquired in the historic period. The pig was probably the earliest animal domesticated, and Roman inscriptions showed that the sheep, ox, and pig were evidently the most valued animals, as they were used as sacrifices on important occasions. The pig had the same entozoa as ourselves, and this probably showed an early solidarity. The reason the horse was not mentioned in Homer as a war animal, except for drawing chariots, was no doubt due to the fact that stirrups were not invented, and the use of a sword or lance without these was not easy. We know, however, from Assyrian sculptures that the horse was used (as depicted at least) in war without stirrups. The names of Hengist and Horsa (mare and horse) show from the names of valued animals given to great leaders that this animal was highly prized. That the cow was early domesticated is evidenced from the bones found in the Cissbury pits. The mothers were no doubt captured in the pitfalls, and the young were captured and trained to be beasts of draught, and kept to yield milk.

M. Dareste has experimented on the suspension of life in the embryo chicken. He finds that in eggs taken from under a hen after three days incubation, and exposed to the temperature of the atmosphere, which was then 20° C., the movement of the heart was not completely arrested until after the lapse of seven days.

M. Yung has communicated to the Academy of Sciences the results of his experiments on the action of different colored light upon the development of the eggs and larvæ of animals. Their action, beginning with the most favorable, may be arranged thus: violet, blue, red, yellow, white, green. The red and green light appeared positively hurtful. Between yellow and white light there was little difference. Tadpoles kept without food died most quickly in the violet and blue rays. The incidental mortality appeared greater in the colored rays than in white light.

Botany.—The *Botanische Zeitung* contains a paper by Reinsch on some entophytic vegetable parasites, amongst which he mentions an *Anabaina* in the leaf of *Azolla caroliniana*, and an *Oscillaria* in the oogonium of an *Œdogonium*. He also mentions the occurrence of the mycelium of a fungus in the interior of a hen's egg, the shell of which he asserts was in a perfectly normal condition, so that the fungus must have grown in a place from which all air was excluded. In the same journal T. W. Engelmann has a paper on the motions of *Oscillariæ* and diatomes. He confirms the view of Max Schultze that the motion of diatomes is due to a contractile protoplasm which is found along the suture. In the case of a large *Oscillaria* he was able, on the application of electricity, to recognize the presence of a layer of protoplasm on the surface of the plant, and to its contractility he attributes the peculiar oscillating motion.

Dr. J. Müller has a paper in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* on the nature of lichens. The article is mainly in support of the views of Dr. Minks with regard to the origin of the gonidia in lichens, which he supposes to originate in what he calls microgonidia. Dr. Müller states that he has observed microgonidia in several species of lichens.

The report on the progress and condition of Kew Gardens for the year 1877, by the director, Sir J. D. Hooker, contains a large number of interesting facts with relation to economic plants, as well as details about the method of arranging and heating the houses. As of interest to Americans we may note that Mr. Thomson, of Jamaica, reports that he gave a pound of the pods of *Prosopis pubescens*, the screw bean of the Southwest, to a horse. Shortly afterward the horse was found dead in the stable, and the death is attributed by Mr. Thomson to the screw beans. In this country, however, the beans are considered to be excellent fodder for horses and mules. The report contains notices of the different diseases of coffee-trees and the sugar-cane.

The twelfth and thirteenth parts of the *Ferns of North America*, by Eaton and Emerton, contain fine plates, and are especially interesting as containing figures of a number of the little known species of the West, including three members of the genus *Notholæna*.

Engineering.—It is reported, on what is regarded as good authority, that the government of Brazil, in view of the litigation which has locked up the fund of $4,000,000 of the Mamoré and Madeira Railroad construction fund, and which has seriously crippled the American contractors who had undertaken the work, has come to the aid of the enterprise by voting a loan of $2,000,000, which it is believed will insure the successful completion of the work. In this connection it may be of interest to note that a New England firm has just closed a contract for a 33-mile narrow-gauge railroad from Honda to La Dorado, at the head of navigation on the Magdalena River, in South America.

Among the interesting engineering news of the month we may also report the passage of a bill by the Legislature of Virginia to sell to the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad Company the works of improvement widely known as the James River and Kanawha Canal, including canal, water-power, tide-water connections, and valuable dock and wharf privileges at Richmond. The original cost of these improvements is stated to have been not less than $18,000,000, and the railroad company referred to obtains possession for $2,000,000. This purchase, we are further informed on the authority of the *Engineering News*, will give the company a graded road-bed of 250 miles, and will give the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad a desirable outlet to the sea from the coal regions. The purchase is stated, however, to be contingent on the completion of the road in question by the company within twenty months from the time of commencing work, which must be within 120

days. Within this period the road must be completely equipped (steel rails are specified) and ready for business, under penalty of the forfeiture of half a million dollars, to be deposited with the Treasurer of the State in the form of United States four per cent. bonds.

The number of miles of new railway laid in the United States to date of February 28 is reported by the *Railroad Gazette* to be eighty-six since the beginning of the present year. A considerable impulse to railroad building in this country is confidently looked for during the present year, in view of the remarkable influx of population to the growing States and Territories of the Northwest. One enthusiastic correspondent of the *Railway Age* predicts that the figures of new mileage for 1879 will show an increase of 2000 miles over the figures of 1878. This would mean almost the doubling of last year's figures of construction.

Work at the Goeschenen end of the St. Gothard Tunnel was stopped during the first week in January to permit of the verification of the alignment upon that side. Our authority has it that the result showed a departure of only 12 millimeters from the assigned line in the 5 kilometers driven on that side. Should it prove that the work on the Airolo side has been driven with the same accuracy, the two headings will meet remarkably well. Reports from the scene of operations have been published giving the condition of the tunnel work up to January 26, at which date the heading on the Goeschenen side had been driven 6421.3 meters, and that on the Airolo side 5906.9 meters, leaving 2571.8 meters still to be tunnelled.

The interest which the French are manifesting at present in the question of canalling the American isthmus is shown by the fact of a recent visit to this country by Lieutenant Wyse, of the French navy, whose several exploring expeditions on the isthmus have been frequently referred to in these columns. The immediate object of Lieutenant Wyse's presence is reported to be to secure the representation of the United States at an International Congress which has been arranged to be held at Paris on the 15th of next May. M. De Lesseps, who, it is stated, is the leading spirit in the matter, has requested the several commercial nations interested in the completion of this much-discussed project to send delegates.

The business of the Suez Canal during the year 1878, a report of which has just appeared, shows a slight falling off as compared with that of the preceding year. In 1878, 1593 vessels passed through, as compared with 1663 in 1877. The gross receipts for 1878 were £1,243,530, as against £1,310,975 in 1877.

Miscellaneous.—The telectroscope is a new apparatus invented by Senlecg, and designed for the purpose of reproducing telegraphically at a distance the images obtained in the camera obscura. The sensitiveness of selenium to light of various shades is taken advantage of in its construction.

Mr. E. A. Cowper is credited by London *Nature* with the invention of what may prove to be a remarkably useful telegraphic writing apparatus, which was shown in operation at a late meeting of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers. "A writer in London, for example, takes up the pen, and simultaneously at Brighton another pen is moved, as though by a phantom hand, in precisely similar curves and motions."

Professor Dolbear, of Tufts College, has devised a galvanometer for measuring the strength of the electric current directly, in which he makes use of the force exerted by a helix to draw the core within itself, when a current is passed through it, and which is directly proportional to the strength of the current. The recording device needs no special description.

At Neuberg, in Austria, a novel combination of the Bessemer and open-hearth processes is said to be practiced in the production of special grades of steel. The pig-iron is decarbonized in the usual way in the converter, and the finishing operation with spiegel is performed in the open-hearth furnace into which the charge is brought. At another Austrian establishment an opposite procedure is followed for making rail steel.

A committee of the British Medical Association, appointed with the object, if possible, of supplying the profession with one or more new anæsthetics which shall be free from the dangers of chloroform, and more prompt in action than ether, has just published a report of great importance, of which an abstract appears in the *Monthly Journal of Science* (London). They report the results of experimental tests upon dogs, frogs, and rabbits, of a large number of organic compounds, but report unfavorably of all but two, namely, *isobutyl-chloride* and *ethidene-dichloride*, with which, and especially the last-named, they obtained very satisfactory results. With the dichloride of ethidene the committee felt so much encouraged from its action upon the animals that were experimented upon that they employed it in six serious surgical operations upon as many patients in the Western Infirmary of Glasgow, and with the most satisfactory results.

The *American Gas-light Journal* is urging the desirability of extending the use and increasing the consumption of coal gas for manufacturing and domestic purposes. It recommends to those having the arrangement of the next meeting of the American Gas-light Association, which is fixed to take place in Philadelphia in October next, the propriety of holding an exhibition of apparatus and processes illustrative of the practical uses of gas outside of the field of illumination.

Quite a number of interesting new minerals have been named and described within the past few months. Dr. Wurtz has found two new species in the silver ores of Silver Islet, and which he has named respectively *huntilite* and *animikite;* König has presented to the Philadelphia Academy a description of a new species under the name of *randite;* Frenzel describes a new hydrated sulphate from the Caucasus by the name of *urusite;* Helm has named a new fossil resin, occurring with the amber of the Baltic, *gedanite;* and Heddle, in England, described *pilolite* at the last meeting of the Mineralogical Society.

Sawdust mixed with bullocks' blood or other agglutinative substance, and forced into moulds of any desired pattern under the combined action of heat and pressure, is now extensively manufactured into furniture and hardware trimmings of great variety, and is known by the trade name of hemacite. The objects in question are made of various colors, and possess a remarkable degree of strength and hardness.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is concluded on the 24th of March. —The Forty-fifth Congress expired at noon March 4. Two of the appropriation bills—the Army, and the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial—failed to pass. The Brazilian mail subsidy proposition was rejected by the House February 28, and the Yellow Fever Bill was tabled March 1. The President vetoed the bill to restrict Chinese immigration March 1, and his objections were sustained in the House. The Census Bill, as amended by the House, was passed by the Senate March 3.

The failure to pass the appropriation bills made necessary an extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress, which, in accordance with the call of the President, was convened March 18, with a Democratic majority in both branches. The House was promptly organized by the re-election of Mr. Randall as Speaker. On the 19th, the Florida election contest was settled in the House in favor of Mr. Hull, the Democratic contestant.

The President has nominated General Francis A. Walker Superintendent of the Census, and Dr. John B. Hamilton to succeed Dr. Woodworth as Supervising Surgeon of the United States Marine Hospital Service.

Governor Prescott, of New Hampshire, has appointed Charles A. Bell United States Senator for the extra session, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of the term of Senator Wadleigh.

The Ohio Prohibitionists, at Columbus, February 20, nominated G. T. Stewart for Governor.

The Michigan Republican Convention met at Lansing March 6, and nominated a candidate for Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, and two candidates for Regents of the State University. The platform adopted was strictly in favor of hard money. The Democrats and Greenbackers met in the same city February 28, and formed a coalition against the Republicans. A ticket was agreed upon, and the Democrats adopted all but one resolution of the Greenback platform.

The Republicans and Democrats of Rhode Island held State Conventions at Providence March 20. The Republicans nominated C. C. Van Zandt for Governor; the Democrats, Thomas W. Segar.

The French Senate, February 28, passed the government Amnesty Bill, 163 to 86, after rejecting M. Victor Hugo's proposition for a complete amnesty. M. De Marcère, Minister of the Interior, resigned March 3, and was succeeded by M. Lepère, the Minister of Commerce, and he in turn was succeeded by M. Pierre Emmanuel Tirard. The motion for the impeachment of the De Broglie and Rochebouet cabinets was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies March 13. The vote stood 159 for impeachment, 317 against it. Of the opponents of the measure 183 were Republicans; in its favor were 158 Republicans. It has been proposed in the Chamber of Deputies to revise the Constitution by substituting Paris for Versailles as the seat of government.

The German Reichstag, March 7, rejected the Parliamentary Discipline Bill, and also a motion from the Conservatives for rendering the standing orders more stringent, but consented to the appointment of a committee to report to the House whether its regulations require modification.

A new Spanish cabinet is announced, as follows: General Martinez-Campos, Minister of War and President of the Council; Señor Molans, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Señor Silvela, Minister of the Interior; Señor Avala, Minister of the Colonies; Admiral Pavia, Minister of Marine; Count de Toreno, Minister of Works; the Marquis de Orovio, Minister of Finance; Señor Aurioles, Minister of Justice.

Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, died at Taskourzan February 21.

The British House of Commons, February 27, voted a supplementary credit of £1,500,000 for the Transvaal and Zulu wars. The bill providing for woman suffrage was defeated in the House, the vote standing 217 against and 103 in favor of the measure.

Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, the third son of Queen Victoria, and the Princess Louisa Margaret of Prussia, were married at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, March 13.

Passanante, who attempted to assassinate King Humbert of Italy, was convicted March 7, and condemned to death.

The situation in Upper Burmah is regarded as very serious for European residents. It is asserted that while the recent massacres at the instance of the king amounted to only forty, the killing was attended by every conceivable atrocity. The victims were beaten and kicked. The women were shamefully abused. The royal princes were reserved to the last, and made to witness the torture and death of their families. The bodies of all the victims were thrown into old wells.

DISASTERS.

March 2.—The business portion of Reno, Nevada, was destroyed by fire. Loss $1,000,000.

March 12.—The river Theiss, in Hungary, broke through the dikes, and sweeping over the city of Szegedin, destroyed hundreds of buildings, and made 60,000 people homeless. It is reported that 300 lives were lost.

February 16.—The British ship *Adriatic* stranded near Dunkirk, on the passage from Pabellon de Pica. Forty-two persons were drowned.

March 19.—The French floating battery *Arrogante* foundered off the coast of France, and forty-seven of the crew were drowned.

OBITUARY.

March 7.—At New Britain, Connecticut, Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," aged sixty-nine years.

March 9.—In Boston, the Rev. John Weiss, transcendentalist, aged sixty-one years.

March 14.—In Washington, Dr. J. M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service in that city, aged forty-two years.

March 16.—At Newport, Rhode Island, General Thomas W. Sherman, U.S.A., aged sixty-six years.

March 19.—At Racine, Wisconsin, the Rev. James De Koven, D.D., a prominent Episcopal clergyman, aged forty-eight years.

March 21.—At Breslau, in Silesia, Adolph Anderssen, the celebrated chess-player, aged sixty-one years.

Editor's Drawer.

IN the April number of this Magazine appeared a "Song of Spring," of which the refrain was the Greek words Ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδών—that is, "The swallow has come, has come." The whole song is given in a work by Athenæus (about A.D. 300) called Δειπνοσοφισταί (or the supper of the learned men), at which various characters are introduced, who entertain each other with anecdotes and wise sayings. Amongst the rest was the celebrated physician Galen. At this repast a Greek song was recited, said to have been in use by the boys of the island of Rhodes at the coming of the swallow, the harbinger of spring, on which occasion they went about the town, calling themselves "The Swallows," and soliciting gifts. It is a very curious fact that a similar practice once prevailed, if not now, in parts, at least, of New England, when children, partially disguised, visited the houses of neighbors and friends, on the evening before Thanksgiving-day, for a similar purpose, often thus promoting pleasant surprise and merriment. There have been English translations of the "Swallow-song," as it may be called, but, so far as seen by the present translator, they are merely imitations. He has attempted to render this lively strain as literally as the genius of the two languages permits. His version consists of eighteen lines; the Greek has nineteen, but sometimes of only two words.

SWALLOW SONG OF THE RHODIAN BOYS.

FROM ATHENÆUS.

He has come—the swallow—the swallow comes back!
His breast is white and his body is black;
Just as black are his waving wings;
And oh! what loveliest weather he brings!
Come, can't you hand out and send this way,
From a house so rich, a fruit-cake, let's say?
Give us a goblet of wine to sip;
In a hamper of cheese we'd be glad to dip;
For the swallow we'd like some grains of wheat,
And crumbs of bread in which eggs are beat.

Shall we go away, or have something for fun?
If you give it or not, we shall soon be done.
Shall we carry away your door, or its top;
Or off with the good dame inside shall we pop?
A small matter that; we can carry and bring,
And whatever you give is to us a great thing.
Open, open the door to the swallow, we pray;
For we're not old fellows, but children at play.

G. L.

ALTERING only the names, we copy from a Western contemporary this extract from an interview held with a gentleman who had just come across the river at Cincinnati, from Kentucky, with a view of engaging in some enterprise that should promise a modest affluence, or something of that nature:

"What is your mission over here at the present time, Colonel Watson?"

"Well," replied the colonel, "I came over here to see what was going on in the insurance line. My understanding of the insurance business is that they bet a man a thousand dollars to a dime that his house don't burn down, and when it does burn down they refuse to pay him. I thought that was a pretty good scheme, and came over here to get an agency if possible, but the general managers seem to require that I should leave with them a span of gold horses, eighteen carats fine and sixteen hands high, as security for my trust, so I concluded I would try some other branch of employment."

"Speaking of the insurance business, colonel, suggests that policy-writing might be remunerative over your way."

"So it is—so it is; but the profession is overcrowded in our county, and a new man starting in would starve to death. Besides, the people over there have got policy and every other game of chance down to the finest possible point, and win as often as they lose, so that it is impossible to make any thing out of them. Why, no longer ago than last week a couple of three-card-monte men came to our town and set up shop in the public square. A great crowd gathered immediately, of course, and play seemed to be very brisk. Old Eurotas Wigfall was capping the game, and winning every bet, apparently. The countrymen were just beginning to draw out their wallets and unwind the strings around them with a view to following up old Wigfall's good luck, when little Tommy Baker sang out to his father, who was on the very point of putting a fiver on the 'sure winner:' 'Oh! look there, pa; that man dealing and that man playing' (meaning the capper Wigfall) 'have got pants made off the same piece of goods. That ain't a good sign, is it?' 'Well, I should say it wasn't a good sign.' Sure enough, the two men *had* pantaloons made off the same pattern, and that fact just busted up their game in our town as thoroughly as if it had been exploded by a can of nitro-glycerine."

THE *Autobiography and Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie*, by his sons, is frequently lightened and brightened up with anecdote. Here are two or three which we have not seen reproduced in this country:

In the pulpit one-half of Dr. Guthrie's rich nature was necessarily restrained. He could be pathetic there, but not humorous; though we did once hear him begin a sermon by saying that God on one occasion used an ass to preach to a sinner, but that He was not in the way of using asses when He could get better instruments!

At a dinner given to the late Sir George Sinclair to celebrate his election to Parliament, a tenant rose up, and addressing the new-fledged member, said, "Noo, Maister George, since ye're a Parliament man, I have ae advice to gie ye: Be aye tak, takin' what ye can get; and aye seek, seekin' till ye get mair."

On one occasion he was visiting the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at Inverary. Among the guests were the dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone), and Dean Milman, with their wives. Dr. Guthrie preached in the grand saloon of the castle, and Mr. Gladstone led the psalmody. Of Dean Milman, then seventy-five, Dr. Guthrie says:

"He is very clever and witty. In the course of conversation to-day Mr. Gladstone said to the dowager duchess, 'We shall ask the dean; he knows every thing.' He did not catch the remark; I did. Whereupon I turned to him, saying, 'Mr. Gladstone wished you to answer him a question, whether there is not a passage in Cicero

where he speaks of the heathen temples being supported from the income of estates far remote from the temple itself.' This Mr. Gladstone prefaced, laughingly, by the remark, 'Mr. Dean, you know every thing.' He could recollect no such passage; but turned to me, saying, 'The Chancellor with his compliments reminds me of a remark which I heard Sydney Smith make of Whewell, who' (added the dean) 'really thought, what I am far from thinking of myself, that he knew every thing. "Whewell's *forte*," said Sydney Smith, "is *science;* his *foible* is *omniscience*."'"

Dr. Guthrie used to quote, in many of his speeches, the following verse, which he termed "My favorite motto:"

I live for those who love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming to;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

For a perfectly frank admission of the obligations which the stage owes to religion, we have seen nothing more "child-like and bland" than the following copy of a small handbill sent to the Drawer from Waukegan, Wisconsin:

Postponement.—Forgetting the fact that this was the week of prayer, the Forrest Club had advertised to play *The Two Orphans* on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, January 7, 8, and 9. Thoroughly appreciating the generous support of the Church throughout the town and county, the play will be postponed until next week. Due notice of dates given in this week's papers.

Waukegan, *January* 6, 1879.

A clerical friend in Washington writes:

"The inclosed specimen of Italian-English seems too good to be lost, so I send it to the repository of all good things—the Drawer. It was obtained in the Paris Exhibition, where it accompanied an autograph letter of the Pope in answer to a deputation of citizens of Nemi. I think it may be considered 'unic,' especially where the Pope 'thanked the author and the commission of their gait.'"

THE UNIC INSCRIPTION

AUTHENTIO

WROTE BY THE PAPE PIE IX

In 1867, the Pape Pie IX went to Genzano to the occasion of the flowrs show (Infiorata); from there he went to Nemi for the centenary of the holy Crucifix.

He arrived at Nemi, a composed commission the must notable of the country, came to presente him his homage. One of them read, and offered, to the holy Father, this grotesque poetry. Pie IX listened in laughing at that comical piece. When it was finished, he thanked the author and the commission of their gait, and the devotedness that they came to bring him. When the commission was retired Pie IX took a pen and wrote above the poetry a very spiritual inscription; what it means in Inglish: "They praise themselves to the good intention of author, but if Apollon took knowledge of the poetry, he will give place to some sculptor to do again the group which is found in the staircase of Montecitorio." Montecitorio at Rome then justice palace, which is now an Italian chamber, which includes a group representing Apollon floy Marsias a bad plager, and a wicked poët (from Bernini).

Thus saith our friend Neal Dow, of Portland, Maine:

The sample of shooting with the long-bow recorded in the Drawer of the December number "reminds me," as Mr. Lincoln used to say. In a French book I was reading a few days ago, I met one quite equal to that related by your Colonel Andrew M'Dowal.

It was on a long East India voyage in a French ship that in a pleasant evening some sailors were spinning yarns as a pastime. One of them had been wrecked. The ship went down under the crew, and sent them suddenly afloat. He said:

"After swimming ten hours, I felt myself about going down, when I saw a cask rolling about in the heavy sea. I mounted it astride, and waited to see what would turn up. At the end of three days I saw a sail; it was a French ship. I sang out, 'Ahoy! ship ahoy!'

"'Who are you?' the helmsman sang out.

"'Where are you bound?' I cried.

"'To Calcutta.'

"'That's a pity. I am bound to Batavia, and *I will wait!*'"

Another sailor *prit la parole* and said:

"I have a cousin who is partner in a great commercial house in the north of France. He met at a tavern one day a merchant from Provence, who asked him, 'Are you doing much business?'

"'An enormous business,' he replied.

"'But what do you call enormous?'

"'Well, to give you an idea of it, I will tell you that in our correspondence our house uses two thousand francs' worth of ink in a year.'

"'Ta! what's that?' said the other. 'Our house at Marseilles saves every year four thousand francs in ink just by omitting the dots to the i's!'"

A correspondent at Portland, Oregon—a place from which many good things have been sent to the Drawer—furnishes this of the "Heathen Chinee:"

"John" had bought a watch at our jeweller's, but as it ran too slow, he took it back, saying, "Watchee no good."

"What is the matter with it?" asked the jeweller.

"Oh," said John, "watchee *too much by'm-bye*."

At another time a young Chinese boy in the kitchen was asked why he did not partake of a steak which was very rare. He answered, "Oh, she too muchee 'live."

The Danbury *News* man, Mr. Bailey, alluding, in his *England from a Back Window*, to the condition of religious matters in Ireland, says: "While I am speaking of religion I might as well say that there are four million Catholics and twelve hundred thousand Protestants in Ireland. Of the last-named over a half million are Presbyterians. What Methodists there are reside in the north of Ireland, which is one of the causes, perhaps, of the prosperity of that section. *The poorest place to look for pasturage is under the feet of a Methodist.*"

"I was in a prayer-meeting in —— recently," writes a brother connected with one of our religious weeklies, "and a deacon of the Church, a well-meaning but illiterate man, rose and began some remarks thus: 'Brotherin, we read in the Psalms that it's better ter go to the house of mournin' than ter the house of feastin'. Brotherin,

I was to a funeral to-day, and I enjoyed it *better'n any feast I ever went to.*'"

Sometimes it does take that direction, though as a general thing it depends upon the provisions of the will.

The Drawer feels it incumbent to preserve, as a part of the current eloquence of the time, the following passages from what may be called a "strictly first-class A 1" speech delivered in the Legislature of Indiana on the 21st of January last by Mr. Willard, of Floyd, in nominating, on behalf of the Democratic members, the Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees for United States Senator. After a few preliminary rhetorical touches Mr. Willard let himself out as follows:

Beneath the shade of the encircling elms of Monticello rests in peace the great author of that principle, Thomas Jefferson. Where "roll in endless summer the bright blue waves of the Chesapeake," in their own loved Virginia, lie buried its great defenders, Madison and Monroe. The plumed palmetto nods in tropical beauty above the tomb of Carolina's gifted orator, John C. Calhoun. The birds that carol in the groves of the Hermitage sing their songs above the mortal remains of the lion-hearted Tennesseean, Andrew Jackson. "By the flow of the inland river," Missouri's greatest statesman, Thomas Hart Benton, "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." That river of poetry and romance, the Susquehanna, as it laps the banks of Lancaster, lulls with its murmur the ashes of Pennsylvania's great diplomatist, James Buchanan. By the shores of the mighty lakes a magnificent mausoleum and a marble cenotaph pointing heavenward record the virtues of that greatest political leader of them all, the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas. Though these great supporters of this principle have passed into the illumination of history, though political contests have shaken the country, though wars and revolution have convulsed this government, this great principle, "equal and exact justice toward all men, exclusive privileges to none," fresh as on its natal morn, still remains an eternal bulwark of a nation's liberties, grounded in the hearts of the people, and to-day finds its grandest champion and defender in the idol of Indiana—the next Senator from this State.

There is only one citizen of Indiana who in his high character and lofty talents and abilities will fulfill to-day the desires, wishes, and demands of the people of this State in their choice for Senator. That great leader, who is inspired with all the fiery energy of the young Democracy, and imbued with the sage counsel of the old; that champion of the rights of the people, who on the floor of the Senate first dared to strike one powerful blow to wrest the rights of labor from the iron grasp of financial despotism; that statesman, who has not only the ability to appreciate the wants of the people, but the manhood and fearless courage to right their wrongs; that clearest-headed financier that the West has ever produced—for he has never been deceived by the financial sophistries of Wall Street; that noblest son of Indiana, who belongs not only to this State, not only to our loved West, not to the Democratic party alone, but is the representative of all the oppressed toiling millions of America; that guide to whom an impoverished people are looking as their political Moses to lead them out of the Egypt of financial bondage over to the glorious promised land of better times. Mr. Speaker, in behalf, not of the Democracy on this floor, but in the name of the people of Indiana by fifty thousand majority, I place in nomination as the next Senator from this State the grandest parliamentarian of the latter half of the nineteenth century, the truest friend of the people in this whole broad land, the brilliant orator who has thrilled a continent with his eloquence—Daniel W. Voorhees.

Our friends the pastors will find countless quotable things in that charming book *Samuel Johnson: his Words and his Ways*, recently published by Harper and Brothers.

At one time Johnson had the offer of a rectory in a pleasant county, and of such a yearly value as might have tempted one in better circumstances than himself to accept it, but he declined. He had scruples about the duties of the ministerial function that he could not overcome. "I have not," said he, "the requisites for the office, and I can not in my conscience *shear* that flock which I am unable to feed."

Johnson's hatred of the Scotch, and his *bonmots* expressive of that hatred, are well known. On his return from the Hebrides he was asked by a gentleman what he thought of that country.

"It is a very vile country, to be sure, Sir," returned for answer Mr. Johnson.

"Well, Sir," replies the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it."

"Certainly He did," answers Mr. Johnson, "but we must always remember that He made it for Scotchmen; and comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan, but God made hell."

On another occasion a Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country, observing that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects.

"I believe, Sir," replied Johnson, "you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England."

Mr. Blackburn, M. C. from Kentucky, is one of the orators of the present House of Representatives, and, like all great orators, a capital *raconteur*. Not long since he was the centre of an admiring group, who were listening to the flow of eloquence and anecdote in which he was indulging. During a temporary lull a rough-looking man, who had been an attentive listener, emerged from the crowd, and drawled out, "Stranger, I've listened to you a great while; I don't think it's likely that yellow fever or small-pox would kill you, but if you should have a stroke of lock-jaw, you'd die *sure*."

Another, of Congressman ——, whom Speaker Randall had placed on the Committee of Foreign Relations to fill a vacancy. A Representative asked why the Speaker did this. The reply was: "Oh, he put him on the Foreign Relations to get him off Domestic Relations."

Joaquin Miller was one of the guests at the annual dinner of the Fish-culturists' Association, given in this city on the 26th February. After speeches by Mr. Roosevelt, the president, who called up Mayor Eel-y and other fishy and scaly notabilities, Mr. Joaquin Miller made a little oration, which was inflated with unique facts. Speaking of the fish of Oregon, Mr. Miller mentioned that on his last visit to that region his father took him out fishing in a lake at the head waters of the Willamette River. Beneath the boat were giant petrified trees, every limb portrayed in the limpid water. They took trout fifteen to twenty inches in length, and as yellow as gold. In less than an hour they caught a gunny-bagful! (Cries of "Oh! oh!") "I am telling you the cold truth," said the speaker. "My father was engaged while I was there in putting up a fence to keep the fish from treading down his grass. ["Oh! oh!"] This happens to be a matter of history, gentlemen. The fish out there are able to jump twenty-one and a half feet by actual



"Hurrah! Jennie's found a book full of ghost stories, an' she's goin' to read us one! Won't it be jolly?"

measurement; and when going up the narrow streams to spawn, they sometimes become confused, and landing in the meadows adjacent, flounder about until often one fish will ruin half an acre of grass." (Shouts of disapprobation.)

On one occasion, when General Butler was in command at New Orleans, a colonel up in the Red River region made application for a furlough, which was refused him. Soon after, the colonel left his command without permission, and went to New Orleans, where he was arrested and put in irons as a deserter. Upon an intimation that he wished to make an explanation, General B. had him brought to his headquarters.

"Well, Sir," said the general, sternly, "what have you to say in explanation of your conduct?"

"Well, general, there are two Jews up yonder who have some cotton they want to get through my lines. First they offered me $500, which I refused. Then they offered $1000, then $5000, then $25,000, and at last they offered $100,000; and I tell you, general, *they were getting so near my figure, I thought I'd better leave!*"



OH YES, VERY JOLLY!

Not long since, in Newark, New Jersey, a very diminutive specimen of an Irishman was arraigned before the Court for keeping a disorderly house, the charge being that he was in the habit of selling whiskey on Sunday. On being asked the usual question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" he stretched himself up to his greatest height that he might see the judge on the bench, and in a thin, squeaking voice, said, "A *leetle* guilty, your Honor, I *think*." The Court felt touched by this simple frankness, and put a leetle fine upon the leetle publican.